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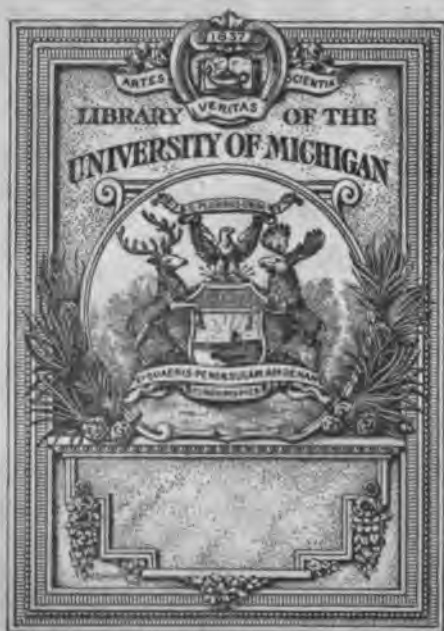
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THE S. S. McCLURE CO.

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Rudyard Kipling "THE FLAG OF THEIR COUNTRY"  
A STORY. With Numerous Illustrations

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See page 57.

GOVERNOR THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

From a photograph taken in March, 1899, for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, by Miss Ben-Yusuf.

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"... three black marks a week meant defaulters' drill."

bad. The pivot-man of the wheel *honly* marks time, Muster Swayne. Now, Muster Corkran, you say you know the drill? Oblige me by takin' over the command and, reversin' my words step by step, relegate them to their previous formation."

"What's this? What's this?" cried the visitor authoritatively.

"A—a little drill, sir," stammered Foxy, saying nothing of first causes.

"Excellent—excellent. I only wish there were more of it," he chirruped. "Don't let me interrupt. You were just going to hand over to some one, weren't you?" He sat down, breathing frostily in the chill air.

"I shall muck it. I know I shall," whispered Stalky uneasily; and his discomfort was

not lightened by a murmur from the rear rank that the old gentleman was General Collinson, a member of the College Board of Council.

"Eh—what?" said Foxy.

"Collinson, K.C.B.—He commanded the Pompadours—my father's old regiment," hissed Swayne major.

"Take your time," said the visitor. "I know how it feels. Your first drill—eh?"

"Yes, sir." He drew an unhappy breath. "Tention. Dress!" The echo of his own voice restored his confidence.

The wheel was faced about, flung back, broken into fours, and restored to line without a falter. The official hour of punishment was long passed, but no one thought of

that. They were backing up Stalky—Stalky in deadly fear lest his voice should crack.

"He does you credit, Sergeant," was the visitor's comment. "A good drill—and good material to drill. Now, it's an extraordinary thing: I've been lunching with your head master and he never told me you had a cadet-corps in the college."

"We 'aven't, sir. This is only a little drill," said the Sergeant.

"But aren't they keen on it?" said McTurk, speaking for the first time, with a twinkle in his deep-set eyes.

"Why aren't *you* in it, though, Willy?"

"Oh, I'm not punctual enough," said McTurk. "The Sergeant only takes the pick of us."

"Dismiss! Break off!" cried Foxy, fearing an explosion in the ranks. "I—I ought to have told you, sir, that——"

"But you should have a cadet-corps." The General pursued his own line of thought. "You *shall* have a cadet-corps, too, if my recommendation in Council is any use. I don't know when I've been so pleased. Boys animated by a spirit like yours should set an example to the whole school."

"They do," said McTurk.

"Bless my soul! Can it be so late? I've kept my fly waiting half an hour. Well, I must run away. Nothing like seeing things for oneself. Which end of the buildings does one get out at? Will you show me, Willy? Who was that boy who took the drill?"

"Corkran, I think his name is."

"You ought to know him. That's the kind of boy you should cultivate. Evidently an unusual sort. A wonderful sight. Five and

twenty boys, who, I dare say, would much sooner be playing cricket—" (it was the depth of winter; but grown people, especially those who have lived long in foreign parts, make these little errors, and McTurk did not correct him)—"drilling for the sheer love of it. A shame to waste so much good stuff; but I think I can carry my point."

"An' who's your friend with the white whiskers?" demanded Stalky, on McTurk's return to the study.

"General Collinson. He comes over to shoot with my father sometimes. Rather a decent old bargee, too. He said I ought to cultivate your acquaintance, Stalky."

"Did he tip you?"

McTurk exhibited a blessed whole sovereign.

"Ah," said Stalky, annexing it, for he was treasurer. "We'll have a hefty brew. You'd pretty average cool cheek, Turkey, to jaw about our keenness an' punctuality."

"Didn't the old boy know we were defaulters?" said Beetle.



"Foxy . . . carried his woes to Keyte."

"Not him. He came down to lunch with the Head. I found him pokin' about the place on his own hook afterwards, an' I thought I'd show him the giddy drill. When I found he was so pleased, I wasn't goin' to damp his giddy ardor. He mightn't ha' given me the quid if I had."

that outside o' business—bounds an' smokin', an' such like—I don't wish to have a more trustworthy young gentleman to 'elp me out of a hole. The way you 'andled the drill was beautiful, though I say it. Now, if you come regular henceforward——"

"But he'll have to be late three times a



"Peronne . . . drilled them for ten minutes."

"Wasn't old Foxy pleased? Did you see him get pink behind the ears?" said Beetle. "It was an awful score for him. Didn't we back him up beautifully? Let's go down to Keyte's and get some cocoa and sassingers."

They overtook Foxy, speeding down to retail the adventure to Keyte, who in his time had been Troop Sergeant Major in a cavalry regiment, and now, a war-worn veteran, was local postmaster and confectioner.

"You owe us something," said Stalky, with meaning.

"I'm 'ighly grateful, Muster Corkran. I've 'ad to run against you pretty hard in the way o' business, now and then, but I *will* say

week," said Beetle. "You can't expect a chap to do that—just to please you, Foxy."

"Ah, that's true. Still, if you could manage it—and you, Muster Beetle—it would give you a big start when the cadet-corps is formed. I expect the General will recommend it."

They raided Keyte's very much at their own sweet will, for the old man, who knew them well, was deep in talk with Foxy.

"I make what we've taken seven and six," Stalky called at last over the counter; "but you'd better count for yourself."

"No—no. I'd take your word any day Muster Corkran.—In the Pompadours, wa

he, Sergeant? We lay with them once—at Umballa, I think it was."

"I don't know whether this ham-and-tongue tin is eighteen pence or one an' four."

"Say one an' fourpence, Muster Corkran. . . . Of course, Seargeant, if it was any use to give my time, I'd be pleased to do it, but I'm too old. I'd like to see a drill again."

"Oh, come on, Stalky," cried McTurk. "He isn't listenin' to you. Chuck over the money."

"I want the quid changed, you ass. Keyte! Private Keyte! Corporal Keyte! Terroop-Sergeant-Major Keyte, *will* you give me change for a quid?"

"Yes—yes, of course. Seven an' six." He stared abstractedly, pushed the silver over, and melted away into the darkness of the back room.

"Now those two'll jaw about the Mutiny till tea-time," said Beetle.

"Old Keyte was at Sobraon," said Stalky. "Hear him talk about that sometimes! Beats Foxy hollow."

The Head's face, inscrutable as ever, was bent over a pile of letters.

"What do you think?" he said at last to the Reverend John Gillett.

"It's a good idea. There's no denying that—an estimable idea."

"We concede that much. Well?"

"I have my doubts about it—that's all. The more I know of boys the less do I profess myself capable of following their moods, but I own I shall be very much surprised if the scheme takes. It—it isn't the temper of the school. We prepare for the Army."

"My business—in *this* matter—is to carry out the wishes of the Council. They demand a volunteer cadet-corps. A volunteer cadet-corps will be furnished. I have suggested, however, that we need not embark upon the



" . . . when a brig went ashore on Branton sands."



"They discussed the speech in the dormitories."

expense of uniforms till we are drilled. General Collinson is sending us fifty lethal weapons—cut-down Sniders, he calls them—all carefully plugged."

"Yes, that is necessary in a school that uses loaded saloon pistols to the extent we do." The Reverend John smiled.

"Therefore there will be no outlay except the Sergeant's time."

"But if he fails you will be blamed."

"Oh, assuredly. I shall post a notice in the corridor this afternoon, and——"

"I shall watch the result."

"Kindly keep your 'ands off the new arm-rack." Foxy wrestled with a turbulent crowd in the gymnasium. "Nor it won't do even a condemned Snider any good to be continual snappin' the lock, Mr. Swayne.—Yiss, the uniforms will come later, when we're more proficient; at present we will confine ourselves to drill. I am 'ere for the purpose of takin' the names o' those willin' to join.—Put down that Snider, Muster Hogan!"

"What are you goin' to do, Beetle?" said a voice.

"I've had all the drill I want, thank you."

"What! After all you've learned? Come on. Don't be a scab! They'll make you corporal in a week," cried Stalky.

"I'm not goin' up for the Army." Beetle touched his spectacles.

"Hold on a shake, Foxy," said Hogan.

"Where are you goin' to drill us?"

"Here—in the Gym—till you are fit an' capable to be taken out on the road." The sergeant threw a chest.

"For all the Northam cads to look at? Not good enough, Foxibus."

"Well, we won't make a point of it. You learn your drill first, an' later we'll see."

"Hullo," said Ansell of Macrea's, shouldering through the mob. "What's all this about a giddy cadet-corps?"

"It will save you a lot o' time at Sandhurst," the Sergeant replied promptly.

"You'll be dismissed your drills early if you go up with a good groundin' before'and."

"Hm! Don't mind learnin' my drill, but

I'm not goin' to ass about the country with a toy Snider. Perowne, what are you goin' to do? Hogan's joinin'."

"Don't know whether I've the time," said Perowne. "I've got no end of extra-tu as it is."

"Well, call this extra-tu," said Ansell. "Twon't take us long to mug up the drill."

"Oh, *that's* right enough, but what about marchin' in public?" said Hogan, not foreseeing that three years later he should die in the Burmese sunlight outside Minhla fort.

"Afraid the uniform won't suit your creamy complexion?" McTurk asked with a villainous sneer.

"Shut up, Turkey. You aren't goin' up for the Army."

"No, but I'm goin' to send a substitute. Iii! Morrell an' Wake! You two fags by the arm-rack, you've got to volunteer."

Blushing deeply—they had been too shy to apply before—the youngsters sidled towards the Sergeant.

"But I don't want the little chaps—not at first," said the Sergeant disgustedly. "I want—I'd like some of the Old Brigade—the defaulters—to stiffen 'em a bit."

"Don't be ungrateful, Sergeant. They're nearly as big as you get 'em in the Army now." McTurk read the papers of those years and could be trusted for general information, which he used as he used his "tweaker." Yet he did not know that Wake minor would be a bimbashi of the Egyptian army ere his thirtieth year.

Hogan, Swayne, Stalky, Perowne, and Ansell were deep in consultation by the vaulting-horse, Stalky as usual laying down the law. The Sergeant watched them uneasily, knowing that many waited on their lead.

"Foxy don't like my recruits," said McTurk, in a pained tone, to Beetle. "You get him some."

Nothing loath, Beetle pinioned two more fags—each no taller than a carbine.

"Here you are, Foxy. Here's food for powder. Strike for your hearths an' homes, you young brutes—an' be jolly quick about it."

"Still he isn't happy," said McTurk.

"For the way we have with our Army  
Is the way we have with our Navy."

Here Beetle joined in. They had found the poem in an old volume of "Punch," and it seemed to cover the situation:

"An' both of 'em led to adversity,  
Which nobody can deny!"

"You be quiet, young gentlemen. If you can't 'elp—don't 'inder." Foxy's eye was still on the council by the horse. Carter, White, and Tyrrell, all boys of influence, had joined it. The rest fingered the rifles irresolutely.

"Half a shake," cried Stalky. "Can't we turn out those rotters before we get to work?"

"Certainly," said Foxy. "Any one wishful to join will stay 'ere. Those who do not so intend will go out, quietly closin' the door be'ind 'em."

Half a dozen of the earnest-minded rushed at them, and they had just time to escape into the corridor.

"Well, why don't you join?" Beetle asked, re-settling his collar.

"Why didn't you?"

"What's the good? We aren't goin' up for the Army. Besides, I know the drill—all except the manual, of course. Wonder what they're doin' inside?"

"Makin' a treaty with Foxy. Didn't you hear Stalky say: 'That's what we'll do—an' if he don't like it he can lump it'? They'll use Foxy for a cram. Can't you see, you idiot? They're goin' up for Sandhurst or the Shop in less than a year. They'll learn their drill an' then they'll drop it like a shot. D'you suppose chaps with their amount of extra-tu are takin' up volunteerin' for fun?"

"Well, I don't know. I thought of doin' a poem about it—rottin' 'em, you know—'The Ballad of the Dogshooters'—eh?"

"I don't think you can, because King'll be down on the corps like a cartload o' bricks. He hasn't been consulted. He's sniffin' round the notice-board now. Let's lure him." They strolled up carelessly towards the housemaster—a most meek couple.

"How's this?" said King with a start of feigned surprise. "Methought you would be learning to fight for your country."

"I think the company's full, sir," said McTurk.

"It's a great pity," sighed Beetle.

"Forty valiant defenders, have we, then? How noble! What devotion! I presume that it is possible that a desire to evade their normal responsibilities may be at the bottom of this zeal. Doubtless they will be accorded special privileges, like the Choir and the Natural History Society—one must not say Bug-hunters."

"Oh, I suppose so, sir," said McTurk, cheerily. "The Head hasn't said anything about it yet, but he will, of course."

"Oh, sure to."

"It is just possible, my Beetle," King wheeled on the last speaker, "that the housemasters—a necessary but somewhat neglected factor in our humble scheme of existence—may have a word to say on the matter. Life, for the young at least, is not all weapons and munitions of war. Education is incidentally one of our aims."

"What a consistent pig he is," cooed McTurk, when they were out of earshot. "One always knows where to have him. Did you see how he rose to that draw about the Head and special privileges?"

"Confound him, he might have had the decency to have backed the scheme. I could do such a lovely ballad, rottin' it; and now I'll have to be a giddy enthusiast. It don't bar our pulling Stalky's leg in the study, does it?"

"Oh, no; but in the Coll. we must be pro-cadet-corps like anything. Can't you make up a giddy epigram, à la Catullus, about King objectin' to it?"

Beetle was at this noble task when Stalky returned all hot from his first drill.

"Hullo, my ramrod-bunger!" began McTurk. "Where's your dead dog? Is it Defence or Defiance?"

"Defiance," said Stalky, and leaped on him at that word. "Look here, Turkey, you mustn't rot the corps. We've arranged it beautifully. Foxy swears he won't take us out into the open till we say we want to go."

"Dis-gustin' exhibition of immature infants apin' the idiosyncrasies of their elders. Snff."

"Have you been drawin' King, Beetle?" Stalky asked in a pause of the scuffle.

"Not exactly; but that's his genial style."

"Well, listen to your Uncle Stalky—who is a great man. Moreover and subsequently, Foxy's goin' to let us drill the corps in turn—*privatim et seriatim*--so that we'll all know how to handle a half company anyhow. *Ergo*, an' *propter hoc*, when we go to the Shop we shall be dismissed drill early; thus, my beloved 'earers, combinin' education with wholesome amusement."

"I knew you'd make a sort of extra-tu of it, you cold-blooded brute," said McTurk. "Don't you want to die for your giddy country?"

"Not if I can jolly well avoid it. So you mustn't rot the corps."

"We'd decided on that, years ago," said Beetle, scornfully. "King'll do the rottin'."

"Then you've got to rot King, my giddy poet. Make up a good catchy Limerick, and let the fags sing it."

"Look here, you stick to volunteerin', and don't jog the table."

"He won't have anything to take hold of," said Stalky, with dark significance.

They did not know what that meant till, a few days later, they proposed to watch the corps at drill. They found the gymnasium door locked and a fag on guard.

"This is sweet cheek," said McTurk, stooping.

"Mustn't look through the key-hole," said the sentry.

"I like that. Why, Wake, you little beast, I made you a volunteer."

"Can't help it. My orders are not to allow any one to look."

"S'pose we do?" said McTurk. "S'pose we jolly well slay you?"

"My orders are, I am to give the name of anybody who interfered with me on my post, to the corps, an' they'd deal with him after drill, accordin' to martial law."

"What a brute Stalky is!" said Beetle. They never doubted for a moment who had devised that scheme.

"You esteem yourself a giddy centurion, don't you?" said Beetle, listening to the crash and rattle of grounded arms within.

"My orders are, not to talk except to explain my orders—they'll lick me if I do."

McTurk looked at Beetle. The two shook their heads and turned away.

"I swear Stalky is a great man," said Beetle after a long pause. "One consolation is that this sort of secret-society biznai will drive King wild."

It troubled many more than King, but the members of the corps were muter than oysters. Foxy, being bound by no vow, carried his woes to Keyte.

"I never come across such nonsense in my life. They've tiled the lodge, inner and outer guard all complete, and then they get to work, keen as mustard."

"But what's it all for?" asked the ex-Troop Sergeant Major.

"To learn their drill. You never saw anything like it. They begin after I've dismissed 'em—practisin' tricks; but out into the open they will *not* come—not for ever so. The 'ole thing is pre-posterous. If you're a cadet-corps, I say, be a cadet-corps, instead o' hidin' be'ind locked doors."

"And what do the authorities say about it?"

"That beats me again." The Sergeant spoke fretfully. "I go to the 'Ead an' 'e gives me no help. There's times when I think he's makin' fun o' me. I've never been

a volunteer-sergeant, thank God—but I've always had the consideration to pity 'em. I'm glad o' that."

"I'd like to see 'em," said Keyte. "From your statements, Sergeant, I can't get at what they're after."

"Don't ask *me*! Ask that freckle-faced young Corkran. He's their generalissimo."

One does not refuse a warrior of Sobraon, or deny the only pastry-cook within bounds. So Keyte came, by invitation, leaning upon a stick, tremulous with old age, to sit in a corner and watch.

"They shape well. They shape uncommon well," he whispered between evolutions.

"Oh, *this* isn't what they're after. Wait till I dismiss 'em."

At the "break-off" the ranks stood fast. Perowne fell out, faced them, and, refreshing his memory by glimpses at a red-bound, metal-clasped book, drilled them for ten minutes. (This is that Perowne who was shot in Equatorial Africa by his own men.)

Ansell followed him, and Hogan followed Ansell. All three were implicitly obeyed.

Then Stalky laid aside his Snider, and, drawing a long breath, favored the company with a blast of withering invective.

"'Old 'ard, Muster Corkran. That ain't in any drill," cried Foxy.

"You never know what you may have to say to your men.—For pity's sake, try to stand up without leanin' against each other, you blear-eyed, herrin'-gutted gutter-snipes. It's no pleasure to *me* to comb you out. That ought to have been done before you came here, you—you Militia broom-stealers."

"The old touch—the old touch. *We* know it," said Keyte, wiping his rheumy eyes. "But where did he pick it up?"

"From his father—or his uncle. Don't ask me! Half of 'em must have been born within ear-shot o' the barracks." (Foxy was not far wrong in his guess.) "I've heard more back-talk since this volunteerin' non-

sense began than I've heard in a year in the service."

"There's a rear-rank man lookin' as though his belly were in the pawn-shop. Yes, *you*, Private Ansell," and Stalky tongue-lashed the victim for three minutes, in gross and in detail.

"Hullo!" He returned to his normal tone. "First blood

flushed, Ansell. You

"Couldn't help the answer.

to me. You wriggled."

flushing," was "Don't think I wriggled, though."

"Well, it's your turn now." Stalky resumed his place in the ranks.

"Lord, Lord! It's as good as a play," chuckled the attentive Keyte.

Ansell, too, had been blessed with relatives in the service, and slowly, in a lazy drawl—his style was more reflective than Stalky's—descended the abysmal depths of personality.

"Blood to me!" he shouted triumphantly. "You couldn't stand it, either." Stalky was a rich red, and his Snider shook visibly.

"I didn't think I would," he said, struggling for composure, "but after a bit I got in no end of a bait. Curious, ain't it?"

"Good for the temper," said the slow-moving Hogan, as they returned arms to the rack.

"Did you ever?" said Foxy, hopelessly, to Keyte.

"I don't know much about volunteers, but it's the rummiest show I ever saw. I can see what they're gettin' at, though. Lord! how often I've been told off an' dressed down in my day! They shape well—extremely well they shape."

"If I could get 'em out into the open, there's nothing I couldn't do with 'em, Major. Perhaps when the uniforms come down, they'll change their mind."

Indeed it was time that the corps made some concession to the curiosity of the school. Thrice had the guard been mal-



Mr. Raymond Martin, M.P.



treated and thrice had the corps dealt out martial law to the offender. The school raged. What was the use, they asked, of a cadet-corps which none might see? Mr. King congratulated them on their invisible defenders, and they could not parry his thrusts. Foxy was growing sullen and restive. A few of the corps expressed openly doubts as to the wisdom of their course; and the question of uniforms loomed on the near horizon. If these were issued, they would be forced to wear them.

But as so often happens in this life, the matter was suddenly settled from without.

The Head had duly informed the Council that their recommendation had been acted upon, and that, so far as he could learn, the boys were drilling.

He said nothing of the terms on which they drilled. Naturally, General Collinson was delighted and told his friends. One of his friends rejoiced in a friend, a Member of Parliament—a zealous, an intelligent, and, above all, a patriotic person, anxious to do the most good in the shortest possible time. But we cannot answer, alas! for the friends of our friends. If Collinson's friend had introduced him to the General, the latter would have taken his measure and saved much. But the friend merely spoke of his friend; and since no two people in the world see eye to eye, the picture conveyed to Collinson was inaccurate. Moreover, the man was an M.P., an impeccable Conservative, and the General had the English soldier's lurking respect for any member of the Court of Last Appeal. He was going down into the West country, to spread light in somebody's benighted constituency. Wouldn't it be a good idea if, armed with the General's recommendation, he, taking the admirable and newly-established cadet-corps for his text, spoke a few words—"Just talked to the boys a little—eh? You know the kind of thing that would be acceptable; and he'd be the very man to do it. The sort of talk that boys understand, you know."

"They didn't talk to 'em much in my time," said the General, suspiciously.

"Ah! but times change—with the spread of education and so on. The boys of to-day are the men of to-morrow. An impression in youth is likely to be permanent. And in these times, you know, with the country going to the dogs?"

"You're quite right." The island was then entering on five years of Mr. Gladstone's rule; and the General did not like what he had seen of it. He would certainly

write to the Head, for it was beyond question that the boys of to-day made the men of to-morrow. That, if he might say so, was uncommonly well put.

In reply, the Head stated that he should be delighted to welcome Mr. Raymond Martin, M.P., of whom he had heard so much; to put him up for the night, and to allow him to address the school on any subject that he conceived would interest them. If Mr. Martin had not yet faced an audience of this particular class of British youth, the Head had no doubt that he would find it an interesting experience.

"And I don't think I am very far wrong in that last," he confided to the Reverend John. "Do you happen to know anything of one Raymond Martin?"

"I was at College with a man of that name," the chaplain replied. "He was without form and void, so far as I remember, but desperately earnest."

"He will address the Coll. on 'Patriotism' next Saturday."

"If there is one thing our boys detest more than another it is having their Saturday evenings broken into. Patriotism has no chance beside 'brewing.'"

"Nor art either. D'you remember our 'Evening with Shakespeare'?" The Head's eyes twinkled. "Or the humorous gentleman with the magic lantern?"

"An' who the deuce is this Raymond Martin, M.P.?" demanded Beetle, when he read the notice of the lecture in the corridor. "Why do the brutes always turn up on a Saturday?"

"Ouh! Reomeo, Reomeo. Wherefore art thou Reomeo?" said McTurk over his shoulder, quoting the Shakespeare artiste of last term. "Well, he won't be as bad as *her*, I hope. Stalky, are you properly patriotic? Because if you ain't, this chap's goin' to make you."

"Hope he won't take up the whole of the evening. I suppose we've got to listen to him."

"Wouldn't miss him for the world," said McTurk. "A lot of chaps thought that Romeo-Romeo woman was a bore. I didn't. I liked her! 'Member when she began to hiccough in the middle of it? P'raps he'll hiccough. Whoever gets into the Gym first, bags seats for the other two."

There was no nervousness, but a brisk and cheery affability about Mr. Raymond Martin,

M.P., as he drove up, watched by many eyes, to the Head's house.

"Looks a bit of a bargee," was McTurk's comment. "Shouldn't be surprised if he was a radical. He rowed the driver about the fare. I heard him."

"That was his giddy patriotism," Beetle explained.

After tea they joined the rush for seats, secured a private and invisible corner, and began to criticise. Every gas-jet was lit. On the little dais at the far end stood the Head's official desk, whence Mr. Martin would discourse, and a ring of chairs for the masters.

Entered then Foxy, with official port, and leaned something like a cloth rolled round a stick against the desk. No one in authority was yet present, so the school applauded, crying: "What's that, Foxy? What are you stealin' the gentleman's brolly for?—We don't birch here. We cane! Take away that bauble!—Number off from the right"—and so forth, till the entry of the Head and the masters ended all demonstrations.

"One good job—the Common-room hate this as much as we do. Watch King wriggle to get out of the draught."

"Where's the Raymondiferous Martin? Punctuality, my beloved 'earers, is the image o' war—"

"Shut up. Here's the giddy Duke. Golly, what a dewlap!" Mr. Martin, in evening dress, was undeniably throaty—a tall, generously-designed, pink-and-white man. Still, Beetle need not have been coarse.

"Look at his back while he's talkin' to the Head. Vile bad form to turn your back on the audience! He's a Philistine—a Bopper—a Jebusite an' a Hivite." McTurk leaned back and sniffed contemptuously.

In a few colorless words, the Head introduced the speaker and sat down amid applause. When Mr. Martin took the applause to himself, they naturally applauded more than ever. It was some time before he could begin. He had no knowledge of the school—its tradition or heritage. He did not know that the last census showed that eighty per cent. of the boys had been born abroad—in camp, cantonment, or upon the high seas; or that seventy-five per cent. were sons of officers in one or other of the services—Willoughbys, Paulets, De Castros, Maynes, Randalls, after their kind—looking to follow their fathers' profession. The Head might have told him this, and much more; but, after an hour-long dinner in his

company, the Head decided to say nothing whatever. Mr. Raymond Martin seemed to know so much already.

He plunged into his speech with a long-drawn, rasping "Well, boys," that, though they were not conscious of it, set every young nerve ajar. He supposed they knew—hey?—what he had come down for? It was not often that he had an opportunity to talk to boys. He supposed that boys were very much the same kind of persons—some people thought them rather funny persons—as they had been in his youth.

"This man," said McTurk, with conviction, "is *the* Gadarene Swine."

But they must remember that they would not always be boys. They would grow up into men, because the boys of to-day made the men of to-morrow, and upon the men of to-morrow the fair fame of their glorious native land depended.

"If this goes on, my beloved 'earers, it will be my painful duty to rot this bargee." Stalky drew a long breath through his nose.

"Can't do that," said McTurk. "He ain't chargin' anything for his Romeo."

And so they ought to think of the duties and responsibilities of the life that was opening before them. Life was not all—he enumerated a few games, and, that nothing might be lacking to the sweep and impact of his fall, added "marbles." "Yes, life was not," he said, "all marbles."

There was one tense gasp—among the juniors almost a shriek—of quivering horror. He was a heathen—an outcast—beyond the extremest pale of toleration—self-damned before all men. Stalky bowed his head in his hands. McTurk, with a bright and cheerful eye, drank in every word, and Beetle nodded solemn approval.

Some of them, doubtless, expected in a few years to have the honor of a commission from the Queen, and to wear a sword. Now, he himself had had some experience of these duties, as a Major in a volunteer regiment, and he was glad to learn that they had established a volunteer corps in their midst. The establishment of such an establishment showed a proper and healthy spirit, which, if fostered, would be of great benefit to the land they loved and were so proud to belong to. Some of those now present expected, he had no doubt—some of them anxiously looked forward to leading their men against the bullets of England's foes, to confront the stricken field in all the pride of their youthful manhood.

Now the reserve of a boy is tenfold deeper

than the reserve of a maid, she being made for one end only by blind Nature, but man for several. With a large and healthy hand, he tore down these veils, and trampled them under the well-intentioned feet of eloquence. In a raucous voice, he cried aloud little matters, like the hope of Honor and the dream of Glory, that boys do not discuss even with their most intimate equals, cheerfully assuming that, till he spoke, they had never considered these possibilities. He pointed them to shining goals, with fingers which smudged out all radiance on all horizons. He profaned the most secret and sacred places of their souls with outcries and gesticulations. He bade them consider the deeds of their ancestors in such a fashion that they were flushed to their tingling ears. Some of them—the rending voice cut a frozen stillness—might have had relatives who perished in defence of their country. They thought, not a few of them, of an old sword in a passage, or above a breakfast-room table, seen and fingered by stealth since they could walk. He adjured them to emulate those illustrious examples; and they looked all ways in their extreme discomfort.

Their years forbade them even to shape their thoughts clearly to themselves. They felt savagely that they were being outraged by a fat man who considered marbles a game.

And so he worked towards his peroration—which, by the way, he used later with overwhelming success at a meeting of electors—while they sat, flushed and uneasy, in sour disgust. After many, many words, he reached for the cloth-wrapped stick and thrust one hand in his bosom. This—this was the concrete symbol of their land—worthy of all honor and reverence! Let no boy look on this flag who did not purpose to worthily add to its imperishable lustre. He shook it before them—a large calico Union Jack, staring in all three colors, and waited for the thunder of applause that should crown his effort.

They looked in silence. They had certainly seen the thing before down at the coast-guard station, or through a telescope, half-mast high when a brig went ashore on Braunton sands; above the roof of the Golf Club, and in Keyte's window, where a certain kind of striped sweetmeat bore it in paper on each box. But the College never displayed it; it was no part of the scheme of their lives; the Head had never alluded to it; their fathers had not declared it unto them. It was a matter shut up, sacred and apart.

What, in the name of everything caddish, was he driving at, who waved that horror before their eyes? Happy thought! Perhaps he was drunk.

The Head saved the situation by rising swiftly to propose a vote of thanks, and at his first motion, the school clapped furiously, from a sense of relief.

"And I am sure," he concluded, the gaslight full on his face, "that you will all join me in a very hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Raymond Martin for the most enjoyable address he has given us."

To this day we shall never know the rights of the case. The Head vows that he did no such thing; or that, if he did, it must have been something in his eye; but those who were present are persuaded that he winked, once, openly and solemnly, after the word "enjoyable." Mr. Raymond Martin got his applause full tale. As he said, "Without vanity, I think my few words went to their hearts. I never knew boys could cheer like that."

He left as the prayer-bell rang, and the boys lined up against the wall. The flag lay still unrolled on the desk, Foxy regarding it with pride, for he had been touched to the quick by Mr. Martin's eloquence. The Head and the Common-room, standing back on the dais, could not see the glaring offense, but a prefect left the line, rolled it up swiftly, and as swiftly tossed it into a glove and foil locker.

Then, as though he had touched a spring, broke out the low murmur of content, changing to quick-volleyed hand-clapping.

They discussed the speech in the dormitories. There was not one dissentient voice. Mr. Raymond Martin, beyond question, was born in a gutter, and bred in a board-school, where they played marbles. He was further (I give the barest handful from great store) a Flopshus Cad, an Outrageous Stinker, a Jelly-bellied Flag-flapper (this was Stalky's contribution), and several other things which it is not seemly to put down.

The volunteer cadet-corps fell in next Monday, depressedly, with a face of shame. Even then, judicious silence might have turned the corner.

Said Foxy: "After a fine speech like what you 'eard night before last, you ought to take 'old oi your drill with re-newed activity. I don't see how you can avoid comin' out an' marchin' in the open now."

"('an't we get out of it, then, Foxy?" Stalky's fine old silky tone should have warned him.

"No, not with his giving the flag so generously. He told me before he left this morning that there was no objection to the corps usin' it as their own. It's a handsome flag."

Stalky returned his rifle to the rack in dead silence, and fell out. His example was followed by Hogan and Ansell.

Perowne hesitated. "Look here, oughtn't we——?" he began.

"I'll get it out of the locker in a minute," said the Sergeant, his back turned. "Then we can——"

"Come on," shouted Stalky. "What the devil are you waiting for? Dismiss! Break off."

"Why—what the—where the——?"

The rattle of Sniders, slammed into the rack, drowned his voice, as boy after boy fell out.

"I—I don't know that I shan't have to report this to the Head," he stammered.

"Report, then, and be damned to you," cried Stalky, white to the lips, and ran out.

. . . . .  
"Rummy thing!" said Beetle to McTurk.  
"I was in the study, doin' a simply lovely poem

about the Jelly-Bellied Flag-Flapper, an' Stalky came in, an' I said 'Hullo!' an' he cursed me like a bargee, and then he began to blub like anything. Shoved his head on the table and howled. Hadn't we better do something?"

McTurk was troubled. "P'raps he's smashed himself up somehow."

They found him, with very bright eyes, whistling between his teeth.

"Did I take you in, Beetle? I thought I would. Wasn't it a good draw? Didn't you think I was blubbin'? Didn't I do it well? Oh, you fat old ass!" And he began to pull Beetle's ears and cheeks, in the fashion that was called "milking."

"I knew you were blubbin'," Beetle replied, composedly. "Why aren't you at drill?"

"Drill! What drill?"

"Don't try to be a clever fool. Drill in the Gym."

"Cause there isn't any. The volunteer cadet-corps is broke up—disbanded—dead—putrid—corrupt—stinkin'. An' if you look at me like that, Beetle, I'll slay you too. . . . Oh, yes, an' I'm goin' to be reported to the Head for swearin'."

The seventh story in this series will appear in the June Number.—EDITOR.

## "THE MAN WITH THE HOE."

*Written after seeing Millet's world-famous painting, now in San Francisco.*

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

*God made man in His own image, in the image of God made He him.—GENESIS.*

BOWED by the weight of centuries he leans  
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,  
The emptiness of ages in his face,  
And on his back the burden of the world.  
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,  
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,  
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?  
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?  
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?  
Whose breath blew out the light within his brain?

{ Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave  
{ To have dominion over sea and land;  
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;  
To feel the passion of Eternity?

Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns {  
And pillared the blue firmament with light?  
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf  
There is no shape more terrible than this—  
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—  
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—  
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!  
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him  
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades? {  
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,  
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose? {  
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;  
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;



THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

From the painting by Jean Francois Millet. By permission of Braun, Clement & Co.

Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,  
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,  
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,  
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,  
Is this the handiwork you give to God,

This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched ?  
How will you ever straighten up this shape ;  
Touch it again with immortality ;  
Give back the upward looking and the light ;  
Rebuild in it the music and the dream ;  
Make right the immemorial infamies,  
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes ?

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,  
How will the Future reckon with this Man ?  
How answer his brute question in that hour  
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world ?  
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings —  
With those who shaped him to the thing he is —  
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,  
After the silence of the centuries ?

This poem was first published in the San Francisco "Examiner" of January 8, 1899. It is republished here by the special permission of the author. EDITOR

## TWO WAIFS OF THE RAIL.

BY JOHN A. HILL,

Author of "The Polar Zone," "Jim Wainright's Kid," and other stories.

SOMETIME toward the close of the War there was a bright-faced boy in our Old Man's office, known then only as "Cy." He was, perhaps, thirteen or fourteen years old; mostly legs and freckles, as New England boys of that age are prone to be, but bright, sharp, and attentive to business. He was a boy you'd like in a minute; but he had the engine fever worse than most of them have it—and even symptoms are bad enough. He hounded me for two years about getting him on to fire; he struck the Old Man regularly twice a week for an opportunity to fire or wipe, and he spent all his leisure time at the round-house.

One morning, some time later, I went down to take the "Esmeralda" out, and noticed on the bulletin this legend: "Train 12, engine 77; engineer, Alexander; fireman, Thompson."

"Thompson? Thompson?" said I, half to myself. "What fireman is that?"

"Cy Thompson, used to be call-boy," said the foreman. "Why, you know 'Cy' Thompson."

So you see at last Cy started out on his career under the guidance of the greatest water-boiler and train-jerker on earth—myself. He was soon changed off to a regular freight, and became one of our best firemen. The people of the town had a great respect for Cy. His father—a lawyer—had been killed at Shiloh, and Cy supported his widowed mother until her death, which occurred shortly after he went firing. He was cleanly, orderly, studious, and a pleasant fellow to have around. He used to go out in society some, and when he went, it was always in the best circles. First he took one girl, then another, once in a while being seen with the daughter of our general manager—but he seemed to have no regular "steady company."

As near as I can remember, it was in 1872 or 1873 that Cy was promoted. He attended strictly to business, and inside of six months he had the reputation of being the best freight man on the road. The officers were pleased, his companions on the road liked

him, and he ought to have been more or less satisfied with himself, but he wa'n't. All at once there came a great change in him. I noticed it first when he began to run his engine into town without taking off his overclothes. Then he got to loafing about the round-house half the time, puttering over his engine, telling stories or reading. He would come in and stay at the house for hours before he would wash up; and the water line advanced steadily from his shoulders to his ears, and finally he washed only around his mouth, except on Sundays. He bought cheap, ill-fitting clothes that were always ripped, or had buttons off, or wrinkled across the back. He ate his lunch up the road one day without washing his hands, and his fireman said he was as bad as a pig; he did so again, and some one else said he was a hog; and I never knew how it all came about, but it wasn't long before we were all calling him "Hogskin" Thompson, and I do not know but what he deserved it.

Hogskin Thompson never lost his reputation as a good runner; he made his engine his home and his idol; she was the cleanest and best in the service. But he was kept off a passenger run when his turn came, on account of his personal habits. He saved money; but pshaw, any one can save money that gets a man's wages and lives like a hog.

During the Centennial, Hogskin's only sister came home from the West, bringing a little son three or four years old. Hogskin laid off three or four weeks to entertain her, washed clear down to the skin, and bought himself a decent suit of clothes. But I don't believe he took his sister anywhere; he devoted himself to that boy—bought him clothes, whole suits, took him everywhere a boy would want to go, and loaded him down with playthings. But just as soon as the sister went home he relapsed into his old habits.

I saw that the defenseless side of Hogskin's fortress was the children's side; if he was to be recalled from associating with himself alone it would be through his love

for little children. Women he had absolutely ignored since he had changed his name from Cy to Hogskin. I invited him up to my house once, and he came and played all evening on the floor with the children, and seemed to enjoy it; but he wouldn't come again. When

marry him. She thought well of him; but her father, who had become rich, pooh-poohed the whole idea, and talked the foolish girl into the belief that she was made of a superior sort of brick-dust, and she declined him. If he had tried the bold-knight-not-to-be-



"... WITH THE DAUGHTER OF OUR GENERAL MANAGER."

Fred had the scarlet fever, Hogskin asked after him every day, and sent him fruit and flowers and sweetmeats; and years afterward I found out that he had done the same when any child was sick that he knew of. He bought many a pair of little shoes, filled many a little stomach, and many a poor mother had cause to feel sorry when Hogskin Thompson was banished from New England. But, bless you, I never heard of his good deeds until after he had gone.

The strike of 1877 sent a good many of us out West, but Hogskin Thompson was one of the first to leave for "parts unknown." He came up to bid me good-by, and I walked down to the depot with him, and going down there he told me the cause of his great change. He had loved the daughter of our Old Man the general manager--and, when he was promoted and proved himself a good engineer, had considered he was worthy of her, as good as she, as clean and pure, as well educated, and as well born, and had told her so, asking her to

baffled-or-fooled-with plan, the girl would have broken her father's law, and I doubt not her own neck, to have gotten him; but he went off in a half-morose, half-mad pet, and kept up his don't-care mien, and failed to wash his neck, and answered to the name of Hogskin, till I rather guess the girl was glad she didn't get him.

Hogskin Thompson passed out of sight and out of mind. Our boys were scattered far and near, and of course the fellows that took our mills did not know Hogskin. As for me, I thought of him once in a while for a year or two, and inquired for him when I met some of the old gang; but I don't believe I had thought of him for ten straight years when one day I met him face to face in the streets of Boston. He didn't look much like the Hogskin Thompson who was exiled after the strike, but I knew him just the same. He wore a plug hat and a good suit of clothes, had a clean stand-up collar, patent-leather shoes, side whiskers, and that same old smile he wore when he was Cy and

before he became Hogskin—I knew him by that smile. I stepped up, stuck out my hand, and said: “This is Mr. Thompson, I believe, Mr. Cyrus Thompson?”

He wrapped my hand up in his, looked me in the eye, and said: “Hogskin Thompson, sure enough; but bless me if you don’t stick me. But keep still, let me see; can’t be Alexander—old John Alexander? Well, well! How are you, old man?”

He pulled my hand through his elbow, and we started off down the street like a pair of boys. He asked me about eleven hundred questions, and I had got in a little over a thousand on him when we brought up at the door of Young’s Hotel. Nothing would do but that I must go in and lunch with him; so in I went.

We went up to the parlor, and before my eyes had got used to the light, in rushed about as handsome a young lady as you’d wish to look at, threw her arms around Thompson’s neck, and called him a dear old papa, and wanted to know where in the world he had been. That girl was born long before 1877, if I was any judge, and I was just trying to get it straight when in came another, in age perhaps seven, a little dream

heart of my wife on sight, and inside of fifteen minutes owned the place and had taken possession.

That night, sitting in the room I call my “den,” Thompson and I mingled the smoke of our cheroots, and went over our lives since 1877. After the young people had gone to bed and the house was still, Mrs. A., woman-fashion, came in with her crochet work and sat down to listen, until there was a lull in the conversation, when she put in her oar.

“I felt so sorry for your little girl to-night, Mr. Thompson,” said she. “She and our Bess were playing with their dolls, and she said, ‘I just wish I had a mamma like you has; I ain’t got a mamma at all, and I do want one so bad. Papa says my mamma got lost, but she will turn up all right one of these days; but I *do* want one just awfully awful, so I do.’”

Thompson laid his cigar on the window-sill, crossed his legs, clasped his hands over his knee, and said: “I guess I’ll have to tell you where and how I got those girls, but say nothing to them—they are happy as they are.

“When I left here in 1877, I went to New York, where I looked around for a few days, and then took steamer for New Orleans. I hunted work around there for some time, but gradually worked my way West to Texas, where I finally struck a job. It was not much of a road then, but it is now. I kept the job, however, as I had learned from experience that jobs were far from being plentiful. They gave me an old engine



“ . . . ASSOCIATING WITH HIMSELF ALONE . . . ”

of loveliness, and she had hugs for “papa” too. Cy saw my perplexity, and winking at me gravely, he formally introduced each as his daughter, and we went to lunch.

Thompson and his girls went home with me that afternoon. The girls captured the

that was in pretty bad shape, and as there was no shop on the road worth the name, I concluded to put the old scrap in as good repair as possible myself.

“I worked nights and Sundays facing valves, pening out the packing, filing brasses,



etc., etc., until the old Roger was the best engine on the road. In order to do this I spent much of my time in my overclothes and at the engine, and am afraid that I was about as untidy as ever, for it wasn't long before they were calling me 'Hogskin' Thompson again. I don't know where they got the name; I suppose I must have given it away myself.

"My run was over a desolate part of the country, good enough for grazing, perhaps, but not much else. Houses were few and far between, and towns still scarcer. Away out on the middle of the division there was a family living in a hut originally built by the graders on the road. This family had apparently squatted here and occupied the cabin; and they had attempted, in a half-hearted way, to cultivate a little strip of land along a creek bottom. There was an old wagon, with the bows for cover still up, standing near; one horse usually ambled around with his forefeet hobbled, and a

half-starved cow was often seen tied to a wheel of the wagon. Everything in the surroundings betokened abject poverty.

"The man was a typical 'mover' from the Southern States. He could be seen, as a usual thing, sitting on the sod-banking, on the shady side of the house, idly whipping the ground with a stick, or smoking his cob pipe and gazing at the horizon, with his brain absolutely at rest. He was laziness personified. The woman's form was often to be seen in the little garden, but her back was always turned, and a sun-bonnet forever covered up her head. The liveliest creature around there was a little girl, five or six years old. She always stood bare-headed and open-eyed beside the track when we went by. I noticed that she had made little houses and yards by sticking up twigs in the ground, and had made animals of cobs, with legs of twigs. One day I bought a nice dressed doll, put it in a box, and threw it to her. When I went back she had it in her

arms, and smiled at me—we were acquainted. I got her shoes, stockings, hat, and many other things, and threw them to her, and she wore them. I used to whistle for her as we came in sight, and, rain or shine, she was out to see me, and the doll was always clasped to her little breast, dirtier each time, but always there.

"The woman was not to be seen the next spring for some time. So one day I slowed down and asked the little lady where her ma was; she answered simply, 'Sick.' Coming back the next day, I stole a large piece of ice from an empty refrigerator car, and threw it off, and did so every trip for a week or two. But one day my little friend stood in the door of the hut weeping as if her heart would break, and the Cracker stood outside with his hat off, in an awed manner, that told me at once that the mother had gone to her long home. I stopped, consulted my watch, and found that we could stay there an hour if necessary; then I went over to the Cracker. The little girl came running to me, laid her little head on my shoulder, and after sobbing a long time, told me that her dear mamma was dead and 'all cold.' The Cracker moved up, and said: 'Yes, sir, she is dead.'

"How long ago?" I asked.

"Yesterday."

"Any neighbors?"



W. P. M. 11

"... SMILED AT ME WE WERE ACQUAINTED."

“‘No.’  
 “‘What can we do for you?’  
 “‘She left some writin’, sir.’

“I took off my greasy cap, and stepped inside the cabin. It was bare enough, but clean. On the poor bed lay the wasted form of a once beautiful woman—once the picture of Lottie—she had evidently died of consumption. The Cracker took up a copy of the Book of Mormon, turned to the fly-leaf in the back, and



handed it to me, saying: ‘I don’t read.’”  
 “‘I took it, and in faint pencil lines, but in handsome script, I read: ‘Bury me under the cottonwood by the brook. I am twenty-eight years of age. Lottie was born at Salt Lake, Utah, June 4, 1873. I was the third wife. Her true name is Lottie M——.’”

“That was all; even the name was carried away by the dead; the writing bore evidence of having been done a little at a time, probably after the sufferer got too weak to hold the pencil.

“Our crew dug a grave by the tree near the cabin, and wrapping the sheet around the wasted form, we laid it in the shallow opening and covered it over, the little girl weeping, and the father standing idly by with a troubled look on his face. He said that they had plenty in the house, and that he would pick up his traps and move into town at once, where I promised to find him and help him get work and put the little one in school.

“Our time was short now, so we hurried away; and I shall never forget the weeping little figure that stood outside the cabin, holding her doll, and watching us out of sight. The next day, going back, I noted that the cabin was deserted and the wagon gone, and ten miles further on I passed the outfit: the one old horse hitched to the double wagon, the pole strapped up to his

side, the weather-beaten cow limping along behind, and the Cracker sitting on the corner of the wagon-box, his feet on the whiffletree and his cob pipe between his teeth. He did not look up as we passed—perhaps he was thinking. We did not see the little girl.

“I went out the next night on a coal train, and ten miles the *other side* of the deserted cabin I saw something ahead, between the rails, that looked like a coyote or a dog, going from us. When we got within a hundred feet or so, it stepped out of the way, and turned, and looked toward the engine—it was my little girl. Clapsed in her arms was her precious doll, and in a little paper sack she had some corn bread and a few childish trifles, as I afterward found. I called for brakes, left the engine with the fireman, and jumped off opposite her. She was overjoyed to see me, and said she was going home to my house to stay. I took her into the cab, and at the first stop turned her loose in my lunch-pail—she was ravenous.

“I learned from her that she had followed my train away from the house two days before. She said that man wasn’t her own papa, and she was afraid of him, and he wasn’t good to her. When we got to the other end of the road, the Cracker was there, and saw Lottie, and said he ‘knowed she

would go on the track' till she met me, and that he 'didn't spend any time hunting for her.'

"He sold his outfit, got half drunk the next day, and came and wanted me to give him fifty dollars for his share in the girl. I told him I would give him the money if he would get sober and tell me all he knew about Lottie and her mother. He said he would do it, but that I would find it a greater and wickeder story than I had ever read of in a book. I arranged that he should meet me the next morning and tell me the story.

"That evening I made arrangements with two sisters who kept a boarding-school to take the girl until she was fifteen years of age. Coming through the yard, on my way back to my boarding-house, I saw a lot of lanterns and a crowd around one of the switch-engines. I went over to see what was the matter, and found that they had run over and mangled a man. I held a lantern down to the upturned face: it was my Cracker. Lottie's story was sealed up, and the key cast into the unknown ocean of eternity.

"I at once adopted her legally, filled out the name her mother had written in the book to Lottie M. Thompson, and she has now forgotten that she ever was anything else. Her influence made a man of me again. I braced up, changed my appearance, and came back from Hogskin to Cy, and was happy, devoting my time and attention between runs to my new daughter."



"I HELD A LANTERN DOWN TO THE UPTURNED FACE: IT WAS MY CRACKER."

Thompson picked up his cigar, lit it, and leaned back in his chair to watch the smoke curl toward the ceiling. Mrs. A. wiped her eye on a corner of her apron, and I kept still.

"Whatever became of old man Hodges, John?" asked Thompson, by way of changing the subject. Hodges was our old general manager.

"Dead this five years," said I.

"Died pretty poor, too," spoke up Mrs. A. "Lost money every move he made, late years; lost his wife, then the old homestead, and then his position; he was keeping books before he died. His daughter Clara supported him toward the last."

"Whom did she marry?" asked Thompson.

"Nobody, never married; and it's a shame, too [that sounds just like a woman];

Clara would have made some man a good wife; she's just as nice as she can be. She sews; why, she made this dress I have on; lives over at Newton, just opposite the depot. But, Mr. Thompson, you never told us where you got your little girl—the one you call Dolor—that's a curious name."

"I forgot that, Mrs. Alexander. Her story is shorter and more mysterious than Lottie's," said he. "Shortly after I found Lottie, my care of my Roger attracted the Old Man's attention, and he made me master-mechanic. I held this job a couple of years or more, and was then made superintendent. I held this position until six years ago this month, when our general manager died, and I was chosen to succeed him."

"Shortly after I took charge, we acquired control of some other lines, which placed in our hands quite a system, and I went over all the lines to inspect and report on them. I must be back at headquarters within a given time, and that called for my traveling all night and the next day. My engineer was worn out, and there was no one available to relieve him; so I agreed to run the engine over one division myself, letting the engineer sleep in the car."

"It was a dark night, but in nice weather, and we made very fast time; and I am ready to swear that I never took my eyes off the track for an instant and did not see an obstruction. After running fifty-six miles we stopped for water, and I started out to oil a little, remarking to the fireman that it seemed like old times. In going around the pilot I was horrified to find blood on the flag-staff on my side and a piece of torn black lace in a sliver on the pilot. In going back to the cab, my attention was caught by something white lying on the running-board, between the cab and the air-pump—it was a large wicker basket with a cover. I took it down carefully and opened it, and there, sleeping peacefully, with her thumb in her mouth, was a girl baby five or six months old. She was neatly dressed, and on a button of her little slip was a bit of paper on which was written the single word 'Dolores'—I call her 'Dolor.'"



"'IT WAS A LARGE WICKER BASKET WITH A COVER.'"

"I side-tracked my special till daylight, and stopped all trains. Then we went back over that fifty-six miles of track, but there was nowhere any sign of an accident, and none has ever been reported. Whether we killed that child's mother that night, or whether the child was put on the running-board and left to its fate, I never knew. The presence of the paper with the child's name would indicate the latter. Certainly it must have been there a long time when found, for the meshes of the basket were full of cinders. I adopted her at once, and she is a little jewel, too. Romantic, wasn't it?" concluded Thompson, knocking the ashes off his vest.

Then Mrs. A. wiped her eyes, and went up to bed, saying good-night.

The next morning Thompson asked Mrs. A. to keep his girls for a day or two—which she was more than ready to do.

"Going to town with me, Thompson?" said I.

"No," said he; "I'm going to Newton."



LINCOLN AT McCLELLAN'S HEADQUARTERS, ANTIETAM, OCTOBER 3, 1862.

From a photograph loaned by Mr. C. M. Derickson, Mercer, Pa. After defeating Lee at Antietam on September 17th, McClellan had failed to follow up his advantage, alleging that his army lacked "everything" and needed rest. Lincoln then went to Antietam to study the situation for himself; and it was during this visit that the picture was taken. At Lincoln's right stands McClellan.

## LINCOLN'S SEARCH FOR A MAN.

BY IDA M. TARBELL.

Author of "The Early Life of Lincoln."

LINCOLN'S LONG PATIENCE WITH THE GENERALS WHO TRIED AND FAILED. HIS CAREFUL STUDY OF MOVEMENTS AND MEN. THE FINDING OF GRANT.



THE most anxious task of Abraham Lincoln's Presidential life was finding a man to put at the head of the armies of the United States whom he could trust to keep his nerve in defeat and his poise after victory, to push always forward, doing his best with the materials given him. For lack of such a man, the President, during nearly three years of the war, gave his personal attention to a thousand military details of which he had

known nothing before; and he made decisions on multitudes of questions for which he felt himself unfit. Conscious of his ignorance, and anxious to avoid errors, he exhausted every source of information on the army and its movements. Secretary Stanton himself did not watch the army more closely than did President Lincoln. Indeed, of the three rooms occupied by the military telegraph office at the War Department, one was called the "President's room," so much time did he spend there. During a part of the war, this

room was occupied by Mr. A. B. Chandler, now the President of the Postal Telegraph Union.

"I was alone in this room," says Mr. Chandler,\* "and as few people came there to see me, Mr. Lincoln could be alone. He used to say, 'I come here to escape my persecutors. Many people call and say they want to see me for only a minute. That means, if I can hear their story and grant their request in a minute, it will be enough.' My desk was a large one with a flat top, and intended to be occupied on both sides. Mr. Lincoln ordinarily took the chair opposite mine at this desk. Here he would read over the telegrams received for the several heads of departments, all of which came to this office. It was the practice to make three copies of all messages received, to whomsoever addressed. One of these was what we called a 'hard copy,' and was saved for the records of the War Department; two carbon copies were made by stylus, on yellow tissue paper, one for Mr. Lincoln and one for Mr. Stanton. Mr. Lincoln's copies were kept in what we called the 'President's drawer' of the 'cipher desk.' He would come in at any time of the night or day, and go at once to this drawer, and take out a file of the telegrams, and begin at the top to read them. His position in running over these telegrams was sometimes very curious. He had a habit of sitting frequently on the edge of his chair, with his right knee dragged down to the floor. I remember a curious expression of his when he got to the bottom of the new telegrams and began on those that he had read before. It was, 'Well, I guess I have got down to the raisins.' The first two or three times he said this he made no explanation, and I did not ask one. But one day, after the remark, he looked up under his eyebrows at me with a funny twinkle in his eyes, and said, 'I used to know a little girl out West who sometimes was inclined to eat too much. One day she ate a good many more raisins than she ought to, and followed them up with a quantity of other goodies. It made her very sick. After a time the raisins began to come. She gasped and looked at her mother, and said, 'Well, I will be better now, I guess, for I have got down to the raisins.'"

"Mr. Lincoln frequently wrote telegrams in my office. His method of composition was slow and laborious. It was evident that he thought out what he was going to say before he touched his pen to the paper. He would sit looking out of the window, his left elbow on the table, his hand scratching his temple, his lips moving, and frequently he spoke the sentence aloud or in a half whisper. After he was satisfied that he had the proper expression, he would write it out. If one examines the originals of Mr. Lincoln's telegrams and letters, he will find very few erasures and very little interlining. This was because he had them definitely in his mind before writing them. In this he was the exact opposite of Mr. Stanton, who wrote with feverish haste, often scratching out words, and interlining frequently. Sometimes he would seize a sheet which he had filled, and impatiently tear it into pieces."

#### LINCOLN'S VISITS TO THE ARMIES.

The President's constant difficulty was to obtain the exact information he wanted from the armies. Often the answers to his letters and telegrams asking information were so unsatisfactory that he went in per-

son to fields within easy reach of Washington to see how things were going. His first important visit of this nature was made in May, 1862, when he and Stanton and Chase went to Norfolk on what the President referred to as "a campaign of our own." In July, 1862, after McClellan had retired from before Richmond to Harrison's Landing on the James River and was sending the most despairing reports to Washington, the President went down personally to examine the situation. Among his papers published by Nicolay and Hay\* there is a memorandum of his interviews at this time with McClellan and his corps commanders, which shows how carefully he tried to inform himself. To each he had put the following questions:

What is the whole amount of your corps with you now?

What is the aggregate of your killed, wounded, and missing, from the attack on the 26th ultimo till now?

In your present encampment what is the present and prospective condition as to health?

Where and in what condition do you believe the enemy to be now?

If it were desired to get the army away, could it be safely effected?

Is the army secure in its present position?

He had written down carefully the answers to these questions, thus securing an analysis of the condition of the army and the opinion of the generals on the questions at that moment pressing.

One result of this visit to McClellan was to fix Lincoln's determination to have in Washington a general-in-chief of all the armies who could supplement his own meager knowledge of military matters, and who could aid him in forming judgments. He knew that in the campaign against Richmond which had ended so unsatisfactorily he had, at more than one critical moment, made decisions which were contrary to McClellan's plans. He knew that McClellan claimed that these decisions had caused his failure. He had acted to the best of his judgment in every case, but he undoubtedly felt the danger in a civilian's taking such a responsibility. He wanted a man at his side whom he believed was wiser than he in these matters. So far the war had brought out but one man who seemed to him at all fit for this work, Major-General H. W. Halleck, the commander of the Department of the Mississippi. On his return to Washington from his visit to McClellan, almost the first act of the President was to summon Halleck to Washington as General-in-Chief.

\* Interview for McClure's Magazine, corrected by Mr. Chandler.

\* Abraham Lincoln, Complete Works.

## LINCOLN AT ANTIETAM.

One of the most momentous of Lincoln's military visits was that made to McClellan's army in October, 1862. In the interval between this visit and that to Harrison's Landing in July a series of dramatic events had occurred. Early in August, McClellan had been ordered to move his army from the James northward to Acquia Creek. He had struggled against the movement, believing he could, if reinforced, capture Richmond, and when forced to yield he had made the movement with delay and ill-humor. The withdrawal of McClellan freed Lee's army, and the Confederate general marched quickly northward against the Army of Virginia under General Pope. On August 30th, Lee defeated Pope in the second battle of Bull Run—a defeat scarcely less discouraging to the Federals than the first Bull Run had been, and one that caused almost as great a panic at Washington. Pope was defeated, the country generally believed, because McClellan, who was hardly twenty miles away, did not, in spite of orders, do anything to relieve him. It seemed to Lincoln that McClellan even wanted Pope to fail. The indignation of the Secretary of War and of the majority of the members of the cabinet was so great against McClellan that a protest against keeping him any longer in command of any force was written by Stanton and signed by three of his colleagues. Major A. E. H. Johnson, the private secretary of Stanton, first published this protest.\* Mr. Johnson says that the President thought it unwise to publish the document that Mr. Stanton had prepared; but he consented that the following protest should be signed and handed to him as a substitute. The understanding of the cabinet members interested was that this revised protest should go to the country. Mr. Johnson believes that Mr. Lincoln himself wrote this protest; at all events, he is certain that the President consented to it.

The undersigned, who have been honored with your selection as part of your confidential advisers, deeply impressed with our great responsibility in the present crisis, do but perform a painful duty in declaring to you our deliberate opinion that at this time it is not safe to intrust to Major-General McClellan the command of any army of the United States. And we hold ourselves ready at any time to explain to you in detail the reasons upon which this opinion is based.

In spite of this evident sympathy of Lincoln with the indignation against McClellan,

\* The Washington "Evening Star," March 18, 1863.

on September 2d he placed that general in command of all the troops around Washington. Probably no act of his ever angered the Secretary of War so thoroughly. A large part of the North, too, was indignant. A general cry went up to the President for a new leader.

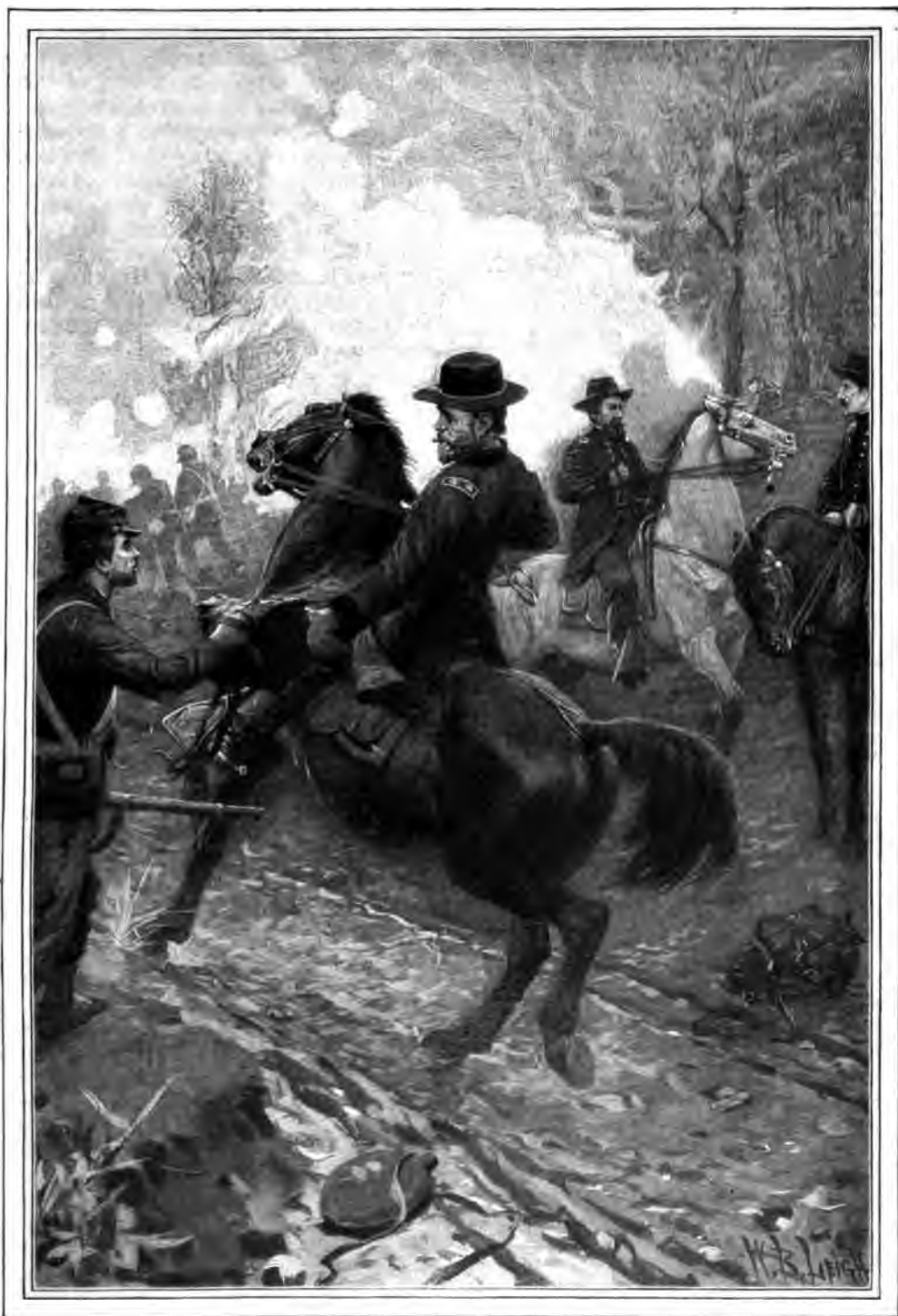
Lincoln only showed again in this determined and bitterly criticised action his courage in acting in a crisis according to his own judgment. The army under Pope was demoralized. Washington was, perhaps, in danger. The defeat had robbed Pope of confidence. Halleck, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, was beseeching McClellan to come to his relief. There was no other general in the army who could, Lincoln believed, so quickly "lick the troops into shape," as he put it, and man the fortifications around the city. He made the order, and McClellan entirely justified the President's faith in him. He did put the army into form, and was able to follow at once after Lee, who was making for Maryland and Pennsylvania. Overtaking Lee at Antietam, north of the Potomac, McClellan defeated him on September 17th. But to Lincoln's utter despair, he failed to follow up his victory and allowed Lee to get back south of the Potomac River; nor would he follow him, in spite of Lincoln's reiterated urging. It was this failure to move McClellan's army from camp that sent Lincoln to visit him early in October. He would find out the actual condition of the army; see if, as McClellan complained, it lacked "everything" and needed rest. He found McClellan with over 100,000 men around him; two days of his visit he spent in the saddle reviewing this force. He visited the hospitals, talked with the men, interviewed the generals, saw everything. What his opinion of the ability of the army to do something was, is evident from an order sent McClellan the day after he returned to Washington: "The President directs that you cross the Potomac and give battle to the enemy or drive him south." This was on October 6th. A week later, McClellan being still in camp, Mr. Lincoln wrote him the following letter:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., October 13, 1862.

MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN.

My Dear Sir: You remember my speaking to you of what I called your over-cautiousness. Are you not over-cautious when you assume that you cannot do what the enemy is constantly doing? Should you not claim to be at least his equal in prowess, and act upon the claim? As I understand, you telegraphed General





GRANT AT FORT DONELSON, FEBRUARY 15, 1862.

On the right, in the picture, Generals McDowell and Lew Wallace appear as they are discussing the question of reinforcements for the Union right, which had just suffered severely from a sharp sally of the Confederate garrison; and General Grant is shown as, riding down the lines, "the muddiest man in the army," he called for some of the knapsacks from the Confederate dead, and on finding three days' rations in each, shrewdly inferred that the garrison were trying to escape. An immediate general assault was made, and next day (February 16th) the fort surrendered. This, with the capture of Fort Henry, which had been effected by Grant on February 6th, opened the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers to the Union forces; and marked Grant, almost in a day, as one of the most promising generals in all the armies.



Halleck that you cannot subsist your army at Winchester unless the railroad from Harper's Ferry to that point be put in working order. But the enemy does now subsist his army at Winchester, at a distance nearly twice as great from railroad transportation as you would have to do without the railroad last named. He now waggons from Culpeper Court House, which is just about twice as far as you would have to do from Harper's Ferry. He is certainly not more than half as well provided with wagons as you are. I certainly should be pleased for you to have the advantage of the railroad from Harper's Ferry to Winchester, but it wastes all the remainder of autumn to give it to you, and, in fact, ignores the question of time, which cannot and must not be ignored. Again, one of the standard maxims of war, as you know, is to "operate upon the enemy's communications as much as possible without exposing your own." You seem to act as if this applies against you, but cannot apply in your favor. Change positions with the enemy, and think you not he would break your communication with Richmond within the next twenty-four hours? . . .

If he should move northward, I would follow him closely, holding his communications. If he should prevent our seizing his communications, and move toward Richmond, I would press closely to him, fight him, if a favorable opportunity should present, and at least try to beat him to Richmond on the inside track. I say "try"; if we never try, we shall never succeed. If he makes a stand at Winchester, moving neither north nor south, I would fight him there, on the idea that if we cannot beat him when he bears the wastage of coming to us, we never can when we bear the wastage of going to him. This proposition is a simple truth, and is too important to be lost sight of for a moment. In coming to us he tenders us an advantage which we should not waive. We should not so operate as to merely drive him away. As we must beat him somewhere or fail finally, we can do it, if at all, easier near to us than far away. If we cannot beat the enemy where he now is, we never can, he again being within the intrenchments of Richmond. . . .

This patient, sensible letter had no effect on McClellan. Now, forbearing as Lincoln was as a rule, he could lose his patience in a way which it does one good to see. He lost it a few days later, when McClellan gave as a reason for inaction that his cavalry horses had sore tongues.

"I have just read your despatch about sore-tongued and fatigued horses," Lincoln telegraphed. "Will you pardon me for asking what the horses of your army have done since the battle of Antietam that fatigues anything?"

Yet even for this telegram he half apologized two days later:

Most certainly I intend no injustice to any, and if I have done any I deeply regret it. To be told, after more than five weeks' total inaction of the army, and during which period we have sent to the army every fresh horse we possibly could, amounting in the whole to 7,918, that the cavalry horses were too much fatigued to move, presents a very cheerless, almost hopeless, prospect for the future, and it may have forced something of impatience in my despatch.

On the first day of November, McClellan

crossed the Potomac; but four days later the President, acting on a curious, half-superstitious ultimatum which he had laid down for his own guidance, removed the General. He had decided, Mr. Hay heard him say, that if McClellan permitted Lee to cross the Blue Ridge and place himself between Richmond and the Army of the Potomac, there would be a change in generals. Four days later Lee did this very thing, and Lincoln, unmoved by the fact that McClellan had at last begun the movement south, kept the compact with himself.

#### TRYING A NEW MAN.

But who should be asked to take the command of the army? There was no man whose achievements made him preëminent—no one whom the country demanded as it had Frémont and McClellan. The choice necessarily was confined to the corps commanders of the Army of the Potomac, and General Burnside was ordered to relieve McClellan. Lincoln had been watching Burnside closely for many months. Indeed, he had already twice asked him to take the command, but Burnside, believing in McClellan and mistrusting his own fitness, had refused.

With an anxious heart the President watched the new commander as he followed Lee into Virginia and took a position north of the Rappahannock, facing Lee, who was now at Fredericksburg, on the south of the river. Burnside at once made ready for battle, beginning his movement on December 9th. During the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th, the President studied intently the yellow-tissue telegrams in his drawer at the telegraph office, telling where troops were crossing the river and what positions had been gained. At half-past four o'clock on the morning of the 14th, a message was received saying that the troops were all over the river—"loss, 5,000." This meant that the final struggle was at hand. About eight o'clock that morning, Mr. Lincoln appeared at the telegraph office of the War Department in dressing-gown and carpet slippers. Mr. Rosewater, the present editor of the Omaha "Bee," was receiving messages, and he says that the President did not leave the room until night. Secretary Stanton, Major Eckert, and Captain Fox were the only other persons present, as he remembers. The excitement and suspense were too great for any one to eat, and it was not until evening that the Secretary sent out for food for the watchers. All day the 15th the anxiety

lasted ; then, at a quarter past four o'clock on the morning of the 16th, came news of a retreat. "I have thought it necessary," telegraphed Burnside from the north of the Rappahannock, "to withdraw the army to this side of the river." Slowly the dreadful returns came in—over 10,000 men dead and wounded, 2,000 more missing.

Lincoln's faith in Burnside was sorely tried by the battle of Fredericksburg. Reports which soon came to him of the discouragement of the army, and the disaffection of the corps commanders, alarmed him still further, and he refused, without Halleck's consent, to allow Burnside to make a new movement which the latter had planned. But Halleck declined, at this critical moment, to accept the responsibilities of his position as General-in-Chief and to give a decision. Lincoln felt his desertion deeply.

'If in such a difficulty as this,' he wrote Halleck, 'you do not help, you fail me precisely in the point for which I sought your assistance. You know what General Burnside's plan is, and it is my wish that you go with him to the ground, examine it as far as practicable, confer with the officers, getting their judgment and ascertaining their temper—in a word, gather all the elements for forming a judgment of your own, and then tell General Burnside that you do approve or that you do not approve his plan. Your military skill is useless to me if you will not do this.'

The passing weeks only added to the disorganization of the Army of the Potomac, and on January 25th the President ordered General Joseph Hooker to relieve General Burnside. Stanton and Halleck were not satisfied with the selection. They wanted the next experiment tried on a Western general who was promising well, General W. S. Rosecrans. That Lincoln himself saw danger in the appointment is evident from the letter he wrote to General Hooker :

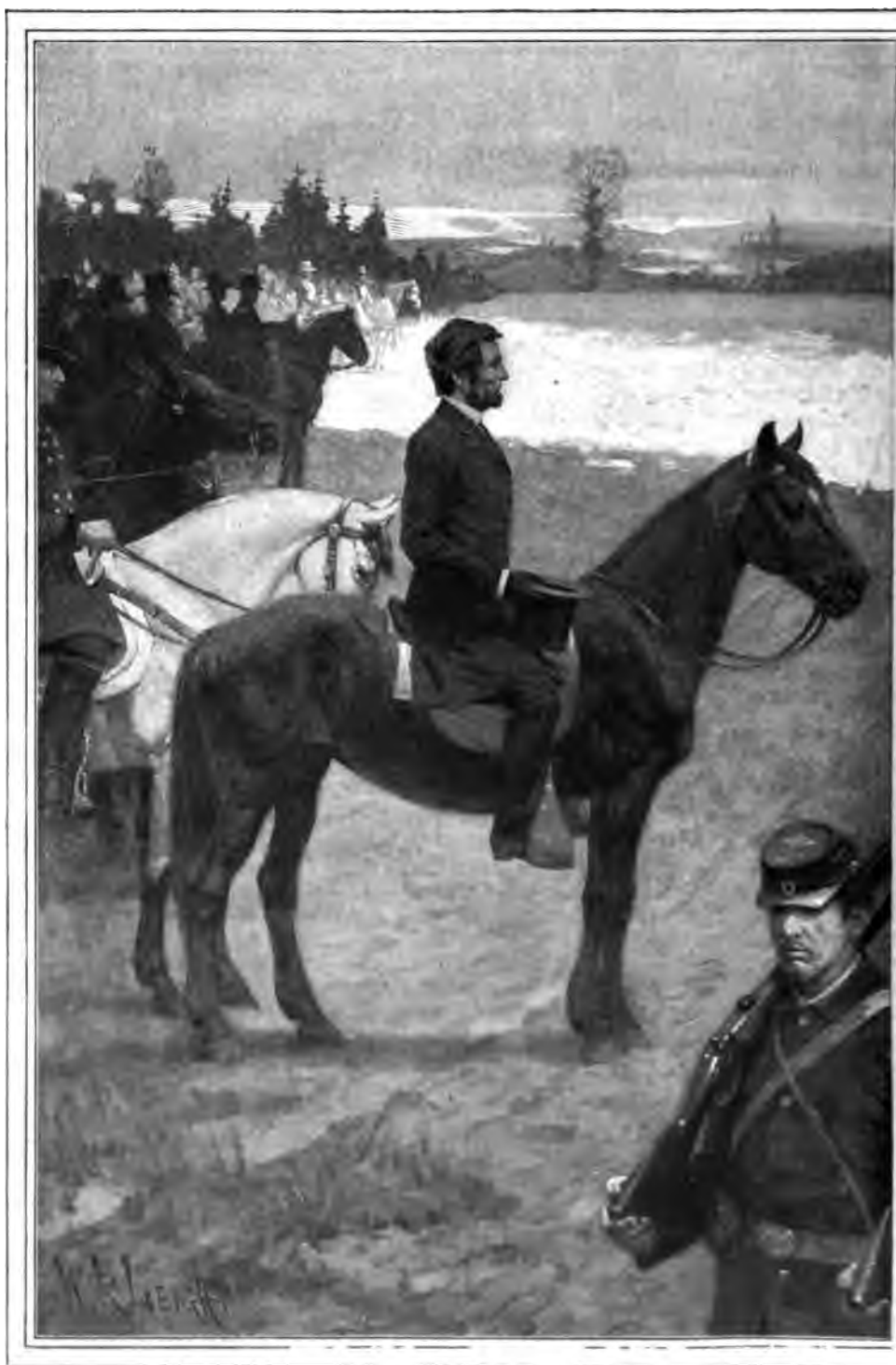
*General* : I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appear to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier, which of course I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable if not an indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm ; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country, and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those gen-

erals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it ; and now beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories. Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

Hooker had a manly heart, and the President's words appealed to the best that was in him. Noah Brooks tells how he heard the General read the letter soon after its receipt. "He finished reading it," writes Mr. Brooks, "almost with tears in his eyes ; and as he folded it and put it back in the breast of his coat, he said, 'That is just such a letter as a father might write to a son. It is a beautiful letter, and although I think he was harder on me than I deserved, I will say that I love the man who wrote it.'"

By the first of April, the Army of the Potomac had been put into splendid form by General Hooker. An advance against the enemy, still entrenched at Fredericksburg, where Burnside had engaged him, was contemplated, but prior to the battle a grand review of the troops before the President was planned. It was on Saturday, April 4th, that Lincoln left Washington, by a river steamer, for Hooker's headquarters at Falmouth, Virginia. A great snow-storm began that night, and it was with serious delay and discomfort that the review was conducted. Difficult as it was, the President was indefatigable in his efforts to see all the army, to talk with every officer, to shake hands with as many men as possible. A strange foreboding seemed to possess him. Hooker's confident assurance, "I am going straight to Richmond, if I live," filled him with dread. "It's about the worst thing I have seen since I have been down here," he told Noah Brooks, who was one of the party. When he watched the splendid column of that vast army of a hundred thousand, there was no rejoicing in his face. The defeats of two years, the angry clamor of an unhappy North, the dead of a dozen battlefields, seemed written there instead. So haggard was his countenance that even the men in the line noticed it. Ira Seymour Dodd, in one of his graphic Civil War stories, has described this very review, and he tells how he and his comrades were almost awe-



GRAND REVIEW OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN,  
AT FALMOUTH, VA., IN APRIL, 1863. GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER  
HAD NOW BEEN IN COMMAND OF THIS ARMY SINCE JANUARY 25,  
1863, AND HAD BROUGHT IT INTO "SPLENDID FORM."



stricken by the glimpse they caught of the President's face :

As we neared the reviewing-stand, the tall figure of Lincoln loomed up. He was on horseback, and his severely plain, black citizen's dress set him in bold relief against the crowd of generals in full uniform grouped behind him. Distinguished men were among them ; but we had no eyes save for our revered President, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, the brother of every soldier, the great leader of a nation in its hour of trial. There was no time save for a marching salute ; the occasion called for no cheers. Self-examination, not glorification, had brought the army and its chief together. But we passed close to him, so that he could look into our faces and we into his.

None of us to our dying day can forget that countenance ! From its presence we marched directly onward toward our camp, and as soon as "route step" was ordered and the men were free to talk, they spoke thus to each other : "Did you ever see such a look on any man's face ?" "He is bearing the burdens of the nation." "It is an awful load ; it is killing him." "Yes, that is so ; he is not long for this world !"

Concentrated in that one great, strong yet tender face, the agony of the life or death struggle of the hour was revealed as we had never seen it before. With new understanding we knew why we were soldiers.

A day later Lincoln left the army, but before going he said to Hooker and his generals, "Gentlemen, in your next battle put in all your men." The next battle occurred on May 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th. Over 37,000 men were left out of the fight, and on May 5th the army again withdrew north of the Potomac. The news of the retreat reached the President soon after noon of May 6th.

"About three o'clock in the afternoon," says Noah Brooks, "the door opened, and Lincoln came into the room. I shall never forget that picture of despair. He held a telegram in his hand, and as he closed the door and came toward us, I mechanically noticed that his face, usually sallow, was ashen in hue. The paper on the wall behind him was of the tint known as 'French gray,' and even in that moment of sorrow and dread expectation I vaguely took in the thought that the complexion of the anguished President's visage was almost exactly like that of the wall. He gave me the telegram, and in a voice trembling with emotion, said, 'Read it—news from the army.' The despatch was from General Butterfield, Hooker's chief of staff, addressed to the War Department, and was to the effect that the army had been withdrawn from the south side of the Rappahannock, and was then 'safely encamped' in its former position. The appearance of the President, as I read aloud these fateful words, was piteous. Never, as long as I knew him, did he seem to be so broken up, so dispirited, and so ghostlike. Claspings his hands behind his back, he walked up and down the room, saying, 'My God, my God, what will the country say ! What will the country say !'"

This consternation was soon mastered. Lincoln's almost superhuman faculty of putting disaster behind him and turning his whole force to the needs of the moment

came to his aid. Ordering a steamer to be ready at the wharf, he summoned Halleck, and at four o'clock the two men were on their way to Hooker's headquarters. The next day, the President had the situation in hand, and was planning the next move of the Army of the Potomac.

The country could not rally so quickly from the blow of Chancellorsville. From every side came again the despairing cry, "Abraham Lincoln, give us a man !" But Lincoln had no man of whom he felt surer than he did of Hooker, and for two months longer he tried to sustain that General. A fundamental difficulty existed, however—what Lincoln called a "family quarrel"—an antagonism between Halleck and Hooker, which caused constant friction. Since the beginning of the war, Lincoln had been annoyed, his plans thwarted, the cause crippled, by the jealousies and animosities of men. So far as possible the President tried to keep out of these complications. "I have too many family controversies, so to speak, already on my hands, to voluntarily, or so long as I can avoid it, take up another," he wrote to General McClelland once. "You are now doing well—well for the country, and well for yourself—much better than you could possibly be if engaged in open war with General Halleck."

But his letters and telegrams show how, in spite of himself, he was continually running athwart somebody's prejudice or dislike. For example, take the following from the unpublished collection of the War Department :

WAR DEPARTMENT,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 28, 1862.

GOVERNOR O. P. MORTON, Indianapolis, Ind.:

Your despatch of to-day is just received. I have no recollection of either John R. Cravens or Cyrus M. Allen having been named to me for appointment under the tax law. The latter particularly has been my friend, and I am sorry to learn that he is not yours. No appointment has been or will be made by me for the purpose of stabbing you.

A. LINCOLN.

The trouble between Halleck and Hooker reached a climax at a critical moment. On June 3d, Lee had slipped from his position on the Rappahannock and started north. Hooker had followed him with great skill. Both armies were well north of the Potomac, and a battle was imminent when, on June 27th, angered by Halleck's refusal of a request, Hooker resigned.

During the days when Hooker was chasing Lee northward, the President had spent

much of his time in his room at the telegraph office. Mr. Chandler, who was on duty there, relates that one of his most constant inquiries was about the Fifth Corps, under General Meade. "Where's Meade?" "What's the Fifth Corps doing?" he was asking constantly. He had, no doubt, seen that he might be obliged to displace Hooker, and was observing the man whom he had in mind for the position. At all events, it was Meade whom he now ordered to take charge of the army.

The days following were ones of terrible suspense at Washington. The North, panic-stricken by the Southern invasion, was clamoring at the President for a hundred things. Among other demands was a strongly supported one for the recall of McClellan. Colonel A. K. McClure, of Philadelphia, who, among others, urged Lincoln to restore McClellan, says in a letter to the writer:

When Lee's army entered Pennsylvania in June, 1863, there was general consternation throughout the State. The Army of the Potomac was believed to be very much demoralized by the defeat of Chancellorsville, by want of confidence in Hooker as commander, and by the apprehension that any of the corps commanders, called suddenly to lead the army just on the eve of the greatest battle of the war, would not inspire the trust of the soldiers. The friends of General McClellan believed that he could best defend the State. He was admittedly the best organizer in our entire army, and preëminently equipped as a defensive officer, and they assumed that his restoration to the command would bring an immense Democratic support to the Administration.

Lincoln's view of the matter is fully shown in the following telegram, now published for the first time. It was sent in reply to one from Colonel McClure urging McClellan's appointment.

WAR DEPARTMENT,  
WASHINGTON CITY, June 30, 1863.

A. K. MCCLURE, Philadelphia:

Do we gain anything by opening one leak to stop another? Do we gain anything by quieting one clamor merely to open another, and probably a larger one?

A. LINCOLN.

Three days after his appointment, Meade met Lee at Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania, and after three days of hard fighting defeated him. During these three terrible days—the 1st, 2d, and 3d of July—Mr. Lincoln spent most of his time in the telegraph office.

"He read every telegram," says Mr. Chandler, "with the greatest eagerness, and frequently was so anxious that he would rise from his seat and come around and lean over my shoulder while I was translating the cipher. After the battle of Gettysburg,

the President urged Meade to pursue Lee and engage him before he should cross the Potomac. His anxiety seemed as great as it had been during the battle itself, and now, as then, he walked up and down the floor, his face grave and anxious, wringing his hands and showing every sign of deep solicitude. As the telegrams came in, he traced the positions of the two armies on the map, and several times called me up to point out their location, seeming to feel the need of talking to some one. Finally, a telegram came from Meade saying that under such and such circumstances he would engage the enemy at such and such a time. 'Yes,' said the President bitterly, 'he will be ready to fight a magnificent battle when there is no enemy there to fight!'"\*

Perhaps Lincoln never had a harder struggle to do what he thought to be just than he did after Meade allowed Lee to escape across the Potomac. He seems to have entertained a suspicion that the General *wanted* Lee to get away, for in a telegram to Simon Cameron, on July 15th, he says: "I would give much to be relieved of the impression that Meade, Couch, Smith, and all, since the battle at Gettysburg, have striven only to get Lee over the river without another fight." The day before, he wrote Meade a letter in which he put frankly all his discontent:

My dear General, I do not believe you appreciate the magnitude of the misfortune involved in Lee's escape. He was within your easy grasp, and to have closed upon him would, in connection with our other late successes, have ended the war. As it is, the war will be prolonged indefinitely. If you could not safely attack Lee last Monday, how can you possibly do so south of the river, when you can take with you very few more than two-thirds of the force you then had in hand? It would be unreasonable to expect, and I do not expect, you can now effect much. Your golden opportunity is gone, and I am distressed immeasurably because of it.

I beg you will not consider this a prosecution or persecution of yourself. As you had learned that I was dissatisfied, I have thought it best to kindly tell you why.†

He never sent the letter. Thinking it over, in his dispassionate way, he evidently concluded that it would not repair the misfortune and that it might dishearten the General. He smothered his regret, and went on patiently and loyally for many months in the support of his latest experiment.

#### LINCOLN FINDS HIS MAN.

But while in the East the President had been experimenting with men, in the West a man had been painfully and silently making himself. His name was Ulysses S.

\* Interview for MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE, corrected by Mr. Chandler.

† Abraham Lincoln. A History. By Nicolay and Hay.

Grant. The President had known nothing of his coming into the army. No political party had demanded him; indeed he had found it difficult at first, West Point graduate though he was and great as the need of trained service was, to secure the lowest appointment. He had taken what he could get, however, and from the start he had always done promptly the thing asked of him. It was this habit of his of doing things that brought him at last, in the spring of 1862, to the command of a movement in which Lincoln was deeply interested. This was the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, near the mouth of the Tennessee River. "Our success or failure at Fort Donelson is vastly important, and I beg you to put your soul in the effort," Lincoln wrote on February 16th to Halleck and Buell, then in command of Missouri and Tennessee. While the President was writing his telegram, Grant, in front of Fort Donelson, was writing a note to the Confederate commander, who had asked for terms of capitulation: "No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately on your works." To the harassed President at Washington these words were like a war-cry. He had spent the winter in a vain effort to inspire his supposed great generals with the very spirit breathed in the words and deeds of this unknown officer in the West.

Grant was now made a major-general, and entrusted with larger things. He always brought about results; but in spite of this, the President saw there was much opposition to him. For a long period he was in partial disgrace; but Lincoln must have noticed that while many other generals, whose achievements were less than Grant's, complained loudly and incessantly at reprimands

"scribbling," the President called it. Grant said nothing. He stayed at his post doggedly, working his way inch by inch down the Mississippi.

Finally, in July, 1862, when General Halleck was called to Washington as General-in-Chief, Grant was put at the head of the armies of the West. There was much opposition to him. Men came to the President urging his removal. Lincoln shook his head. "I can't spare this man," he said. "He fights." Many good people concluded that he drank. "Can you tell me the kind of whiskey?" asked Lincoln. "I should like to send a barrel to some of my other generals."

Nevertheless, the President grew anxious as the months went on. The spring of 1862

Mississippi was, after the capture of Richmond, the most important task of the war. The wrong man there was only second in harm to the wrong man on the Potomac. Was Grant a "wrong man"? Little could be told from his telegrams and letters. "General Grant is a copious worker and fighter," said Lincoln later, "but he is a very meager writer or telegrapher." Finally, the President and the Secretary of War sent for a brilliant and loyal newspaper man, Charles A. Dana, and asked him to go to Grant's army, "to act," said the President, "as the eyes of the Government at the front." His real mission was to find out for them what kind of a man Grant was. Dana's letters soon showed Lincoln that Grant was a general that nothing could turn from a purpose. That was enough for the President. He let him alone, and watched. When, finally, Vicksburg was captured, he wrote him the following letter—it may be called his first recognition of the General:

WASHINGTON, July 13, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL GRANT,

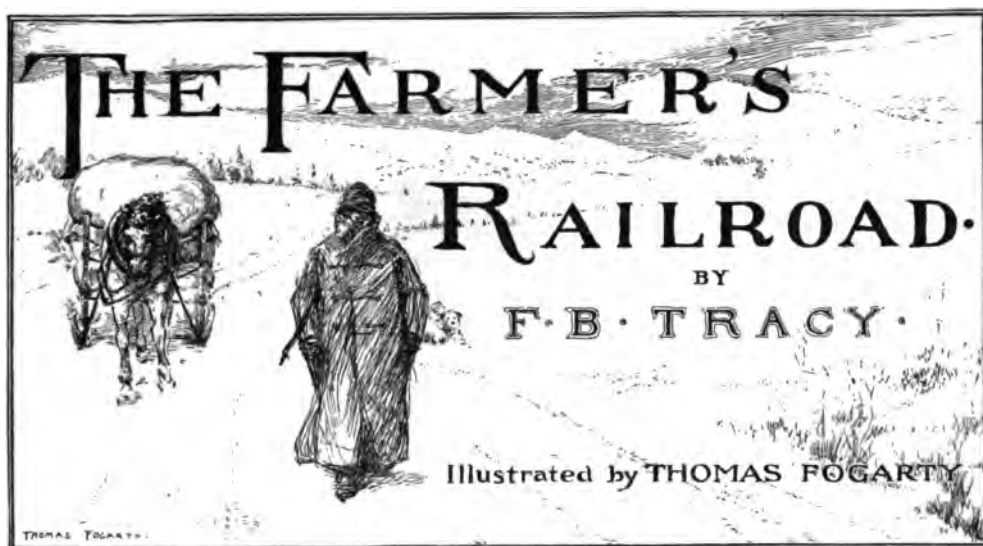
*My Dear General:* I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment of the noble and estimable service you have done the country. I want to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you told me what you really did—march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the new guns, and then go below; and I never had any doubt excepting general hope that you knew better than I did. At the Adams Pass expedition and the like could scarcely have you get below and take Fort Gibson, and I still more so. I thought you should go down the river and take down the batteries, and when you came up and told me of the thing I did, I feared it was wrong. I was glad to make the personal acknowledgment that a man was right and I was wrong.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

Grant was busy with new movements before this letter reached him; indeed, as soon as Vicksburg capitulated, he had begun getting ready to do something else. So occupied was he that he did not even take time to write his plans to the Government, asking Mr. Dana to look for him.

Three and a half months later, after the Army of the Confederacy had been defeated at Chickasaw, and had retired at Chattanooga, where it lay completely disorganized and on the verge of starvation, Grant was called to its relief. In a month he had driven the Confederates from their positions on the ridges at Lookout and captured East Tennessee. There was to be general Lincoln's mind a light that at last he had found the man he wanted.



W E'LL now open this meetin' with pra'r. Brother Mercer, will you lead in pra'r?"



DANIEL MINDS.

people in appearance and unique in composition. Their long dog-skin overcoats, their high coon-skin caps, their uncombed hair and shaggy beards, all told of their hardy, toilsome pioneer life. Fifteen years ago that now rapidly growing and rich section of Dakota lay deserted by all save the roaring blizzards, the wolves, and the deer--lay all unconscious of the majestic power in its womb to yield No. 1 hard wheat, which at Liverpool grades above all other wheat in the world. Those who first dared to try its

worth were Manitobans, and after they had uncovered its great secret, floods of Canadians, chiefly from Ontario, followed them, until it became a New Ontario in Dakota. Despite their Scotch conservatism, they were keenly alive to all new sensations, and the freshness and oddity of this prairie life seemed to them an attribute of the United States rather than conditions pertaining to all pioneer sections in the wheat belt.

The presence of these people in that hall of the proud and new court-house at Lansing was to hear Daniel Minds give out his scheme of railroad-building. At the end of the prayer, the man who had called for it rose from his knees (he was a Methodist) and began to talk in an embarrassed, halting manner. There was something peculiarly attractive in his way of speaking. If you had passed him as he was often seen in December, walking beside his wheat wagon to keep warm on his way to market at Lansing, you would have seen little that was inviting about him. But there glistened in his eye as he stood before the people that night a winsomeness, a courage, and a hope which the dullest felt. He was tall, with a small head and eyes; his hair was reddish brown, and his slight mustache, which clustered around his mouth, was of the same color. His dress was plain and rough, but clean and well brushed. Awkwardly, apologetically, and with a strange smile, he said:

"I s'pose yuh want tuh know what I've got tuh say about this new plan to build a railroad. Well, it seems kinder funny fer



me to stand up here and try tuh talk tuh yuh. Amany of yuh, I reckon, think my place is cleanin' out Moody's stable, 'z I useto do seven and eight years ago. Law me, course I can't make a speech; but I can tell yuh in a plain way what is the Lord's will regardin' this road, fer I b'lieve that the Lord hez called me tuh this work, and

Ten cents a bushel freight on wheat that brings only sixty cents a bushel at Duluth for the best, and a heap sight less for what's got caught by a frost, is too high, and yuh all know it is.

"And this high charge works two ways. Yuh know we complain a good deal at the way the stores stick it onto us in the way of

prices; sometimes they're twict what they are in Ontario. Well, Brother Mercer showed me a freight bill the other day on some hardware, and it was awful. It explained tuh me why he had tuh charge suh much fer his goods.

"Now, you fellers know all this, and I tell yuh the only way fer tuh get relief is fer us tuh build a road ourselves up tuh Duluth. 'Twon't help us at all to git in another road



TO HEAR DANIEL MINDS GIVE OUT HIS SCHEME."

that's why I asked Frank Mercer tuh open the meetin' with pra'r.

"Yuh know, I guess, that we've hed purty hard times the last few years. Of course, we ain't ez bad off ez the corn States, and 'z long ez this land will raise 'z good wheat 'z it does now and 'z much of it, we'll git along. But we ain't doin' 'z well as we useto when wheat was so high. Now, I don't look fer any more dollar wheat, stiddy. I don't know why. Some say it's silver, and some say it's terif, but it seems tuh me that with all this wild land bein' plowed up and sowed in wheat, and with folks in the cities agitatin' colonization of the poor inter the country, we can't expect anything but more wheat and lower price. And the only thing we can do is to keep down expenses, and lower what it costs to produce the wheat.

"Now one big reason why you and me hev suh little left after the crop is sold is the big slice the railroad takes of it. The Great Mogul charges us jest ez much fer haulin' our stuff tuh Duluth 'z he did ten years ago, when wheat was worth a dollar a bushel.

here of the same kind 'z this one. They've got both roads at Gardner, and they ain't any better off. They putend tuh fight a lot, but it's all a humbug, and I b'lieve the Great Mogul owns 'em both.

"I got our school-teacher at Hanning tuh draw a map fer me, and here it is. Yuh see, both these Dakota roads sway 'way down to the south a hundred and more miles out of their way to Duluth. Why don't they run straight? Here I've drawn a line acrost from this town of Lansing straight tuh Duluth, over land where a grade would cost 'most nuthin' and a hundred miles could be saved. This road's goin' tuh be built some day. The only question is, whether we're goin' tuh build it fer our own benefit er let some Eastern fellers build it fer theirs. I say we can build that road, and I'll tell yuh how."

Daniel Minds had always been odd. In his youth he was converted, and became a camp-meeting exhorter and revivalist in his ignorant, hearty, and peculiar way; but suddenly "the power" left him, and he returned un-

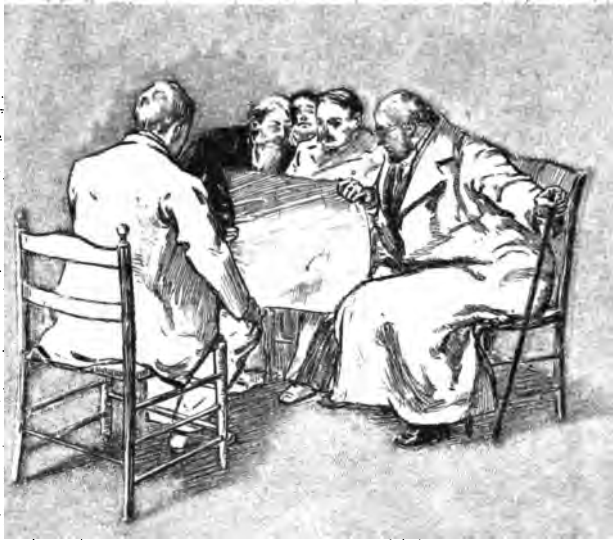
complainingly to his farm drudgery, holding fast all the while to his devout faith. He first became known to Dakotans as the smart banker Moody's roustabout and stable-boy. He later filed on a homestead just across on this side of the international boundary, and, after marrying one of Alfred Aker's daughters, settled down on his quarter section. To all appearances he was a serious, hard-working farmer, like hundreds of others who helped to enthrone King Wheat in that frozen land. He was regarded as "queer" by his neighbors; but they were all queer, and that phrase meant little.

He was thoughtful, and the long winter nights gave him opportunity for much reading. In some way his attention became fixed on the transportation problem, and it absorbed him. He brooded over it summer and winter, and it would not let him rest.

Bit by bit a plan came to him, and at length he unfolded it to friends and relatives. They told him that it was wild and impracticable, but their words disturbed him in no way. Night after night he would rise from his bed, and gazing from the one window of his shack, far into the north, where the aurora is seen to play most brilliantly many times in the year, he would give himself up to planning for the success of his railroad scheme.

This meeting at Lansing was his first one, and it had attracted a great crowd. But it was a silent, undemonstrative throng to which

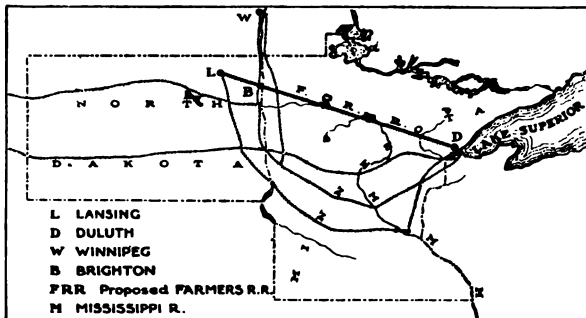
he poured out his hopes and plans. The road was to be called the Farmer's Railroad, and it was to be built by the farmers of the Red River Valley themselves. The grade



"SEVERAL LEADING CITIZENS REMAINED TO TALK WITH HIM."

once built, the remainder of the task would be easy. The project was to earn no profits, except to keep up repairs and equipments, and was to be wholly coöperative and owned by the people along the line. But the message was too good to be true, and the audience would not receive it. They did not rend him to pieces. Their crucifixion took another form. When he had done, he asked any who cared, to propound questions to him; but no one replied. All sat perfectly quiet, until one arose and left, and then, one by one, all the remainder followed his example,

not even the mayor, who cordially liked Minds, caring to talk to him when he was, most probably, in a condition of mind so downcast. Yet they were all self-convicted cowards. They believed Minds was right and that his scheme was possible, but they were afraid to say so to one another. Even in their boisterous laughter and ridicule, which floated up to Minds as they poured down into the street, they were saying to themselves, "We build the road? I believe we really can, but it sounds fool-



MAP SHOWING ROUTE OF THE PROPOSED FARMER'S RAILROAD.



"WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?" CRIED THE CZAR."

ish, and I am not going to expose myself to my associates' ridicule, when it is evident that they all think Minds is crazy."

Minds sat quietly in his chair until they had all gone, and then arose, and said nothing as he helped the janitor put out the lights. As they walked down the stairs he made some remark about the weather, and with a cheery "Good-by" he went to his hitching-rack, and was soon off on his pony for home. His thoughts may have been very bitter as he rode across the trackless, treeless, fenceless, and almost houseless country from Lansing to the boundary, thirty miles away. But not at that time, nor at any other time, did anyone hear him speak bitterly or hopelessly. To his wife's anxious inquiry he said:

"We had a big meetin', but they wouldn't say anything. I guess they didn't think much of the talk; but when they think over the railroad scheme, they'll change their minds."

Mastered and led by his daimon, he began a systematic canvass of towns along the proposed route to the river. The results were apparently the same. His fame had preceded him, and he was pictured as a harmless vision-chaser. In several of his meetings he was interrupted by jeers, but his good nature did not leave him. At Brighton, however, on the river, he met his first encouragement. Judicious and respectful questions were asked of him, and several leading citizens remained to talk with him after the meeting was over.

He had felt, for some time, a great longing to go to St. Paul, the headquarters of

the Northwestern railways, and learn how those great roads were managed. This feeling grew too strong for resistance when he arrived at Brighton. But he had little money, and he could not ride his pony so far without danger of hurting it permanently. So he threw the bridle back over the pony's head, slapped the rump, and started

the little animal back to the Hanning farm. Then he crossed the river, and began a 400-mile walk to St. Paul.

The Great Mogul was busy at his desk when his office boy came in and, with some hesitancy, said:

"There's a rough-looking fellow out here who wants to see you. He has been hanging around the building for several days, but he won't see anybody but you."

It was one of the Mogul's cheerful days. Prospects for the intercontinental amalgamation scheme were becoming excellent. The bank across the water had written most encouragingly, and it looked to the Mogul as if one more visit to Europe would place the two great lines in his grasp. So he said quickly:

"Oh, well, let him in."

Minds entered.

It was late spring, just before seeding, and the Northwest was a mass of mud. A portion of the mass seemed to have clung to Minds. His face was unshaven and worn, his trousers were torn, and their sides glistened with mud which had dried there. His winter cap looked heavy and wet, and his hair was disheveled and knotted.

At his desk sat the Great Mogul, tall, portly, forceful, and with the magnetic tone and air of success. Thirty years before, he had worked as a day laborer in that city. He had seized a slender chance, and had risen slowly, until his genius for railroad-building was discovered and developed. He grabbed this line and that one, and extended them first to Duluth, then to Winnipeg, and then on to the West, until by buying, seizing, leas-

ing, building, by any means *getting* lines and connections, his trains reached the Pacific.

Of that whole system he was the Boss, the Master. His employees were peons, slaves. Scarcely any one paid as poor wages as the Great Mogul, and for such mean pay no one expected so much work. To the high officials of the road, men distinguished for ability and strength, he was overbearing and imperious. His voice was the Jupiter Tonans of the railroad world of that region. He had bold plans for reaching way out to the Orient and securing the monopoly of the business with Japan. Little did he care for the protests of the people. It was no concern of his that his name was a household word in many parts of the Northwest, and almost always with bitterness and an oath. The fact that the success of his plan would place that region under an industrial despotism was as nothing to him compared with the glorification of his success and ambition.

This is the man behind the desk. And before him stands the Homesteader, the Dreamer, the Prairie Dog; rough, uncouth, ignorant, but supremely gifted with pure visions.

"Well, what do you want?" cried the Czar in his abrupt way.

This sharp note startled Minds, and he advanced to the desk with the same peculiar smile, and told the great man of his own railroad project, ending with the astonishing request, made with simple dignity, for transportation over the lines of the road as a courtesy extended from one railroad president to another!

The scene was ludicrous in the eyes of the Mogul, and at its consummation he roared with glee. It was his first laugh for days, and it caused consternation throughout the building. After quizzing Minds and finding that he was really intending this Utopian scheme, the Great Mogul said, "All right,

I'll give you a pass;" and then he added with a chuckle, "And if you are in the same business at the end of the year, drop in and I'll renew it for you."

Minds thanked him effusively, and left the office with a radiant face. He then went directly to Duluth, which was to be the terminus of the new railroad, for there he thought he could arouse an interest in business men. But his efforts were apparently fruitless. The newspapers took him up gaily, and had much sport over the visit of "Farmer" Minds. That city had just felt the disaster of a collapsed boom, and no farmer from Dakota could enlist the support of the quaking business men.

Unwearied and undaunted, he then plunged into the country on a journey never before made by a white man. He had been told that his proposed line was impracticable, because in its route lay lakes and swamps which could not be bridged. He determined to find out for himself, and set out on foot to traverse the land between Duluth



"HE RODE ACROSS THE TRACKLESS AND ALMOST HOUSELESS COUNTRY."

and the Red River. The thought of starvation, of dying on the prairie or in the great woods, or being drowned in the lakes did not come to him. He was a dreamer, and he thought of naught save the fruition of his dreams.

It had become almost summer. The mountains lay off in the distance, the first he had ever seen; yonder to the east lay Lake Superior, while to the west stretched the rich prairie. Now he plunged into the woods, and he who had known for so many years a land where a riding whip was hard to find was almost crazed by the great pineries. Luckily he had a chart and a compass, and he held doggedly to his route. Now he entered on prairie land, but found few tilled fields after leaving the towns. How he slept in hollow logs or in the open clearings; how

he floundered in bogs and swamps, and, once, almost went down in the quicksand of a creek; how he was welcomed by the trapper, the frontiersman, the lone farmer, and the Indians of the great reservation, all of whom saved him from famine—these are tales which he told very seldom, and then only to justify

nary plan was to issue shares of stock to the farmers and business men, for which they would contribute labor on the grade or money. He figured that \$10 from every quarter-section of land through which the railroad passed would form a capital large enough for a basis. Further than the grading of



"TO THOSE WHO ENTERTAINED HIM HE NEVER FAILED TO TELL OF HIS MISSION."

his faith in the divinity of his inspiration. To those who entertained him he never failed to tell of his mission, and they all knew that he was sincere, but doubted his rationality. He found to his great joy that there were no serious obstacles to his route, and that his first plan was entirely feasible so far as the survey was concerned. In three weeks he had traversed the 300 miles, and it was with a glad heart that he saw the Red River and the town of Brighton rise into view.

The cold and narrow-minded people of that region, so unresponsive at first to the appeals of the farmer railroad builder, were not proof against his earnest and steady activity in projecting his doctrines; their works could be carried by siege if not by assault, and it was not many months until Minds's many railroad meetings had aroused much friendly interest and sympathy. Duluth finally seized hold of the enterprise, some capital was provided, a company was incorporated, of which Minds was made president, at a salary of \$75 per month, and Brighton was made headquarters. In every county on the proposed railroad, meetings were held and local organizations were formed. The scheme became more clearly defined, and its practical nature was seen by business men. Minds's prelimi-

the road he would not go at first in his public plans. He was shrewd enough to see that there would be needed some additional capital to equip the road after the grade should be completed. He had now arrived at the point in his plans where it was necessary to secure the means for the raising of this equipment fund.

So he determined on a bold step which startled all his friends and set the press of the Northwest into a roar of mirth. He announced his intention of going to New York to negotiate for the capital to complete the road. This was a rich opportunity for the paragrapher and cartoonist, and they improved it to the full with fanciful sketches of, and gibes at, "Farmer Minds in Wall Street," etc. The idea was, of course, quite absurd; but all the ridicule had no effect on Minds, who set out for New York with his cheerful smile.

It was a bright morning in February when Minds reached New York. He did not pause to look at the sights, but as soon as he left the station he began to hunt for the haunts of the financiers. He soon found, to his great dismay, that the day was a holiday and no broker's office would be open. But he was especially anxious to see a Western

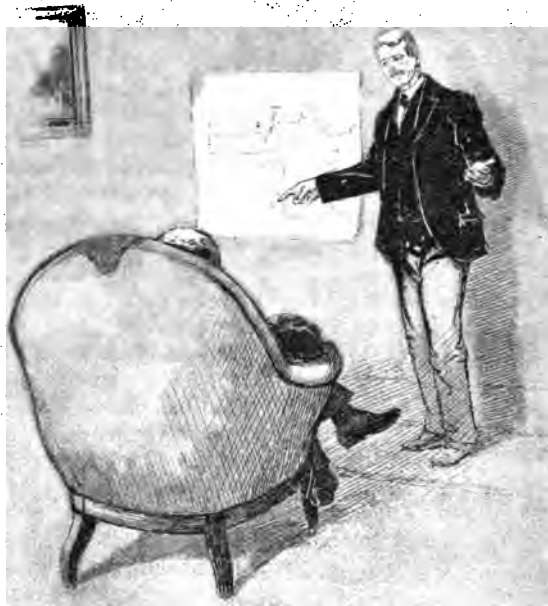
United States senator whose real home was in New York and who was a wealthy railroad projecter. So he learned the Senator's residence address and went up to the house. And this is the story Minds told to the Dakota farmers of his visit to the East:

"I rung the bell at the Senator's house, and the feller that opened the door told me that the Senator wasn't up yet (though it was after nine o'clock). He told me tuh come back at noon, but he was sure the Senator wouldn't see me that day, bein's it was a hollerday. Well, I went back at plum noon, and the Senator's wife, leastways I s'pose she was his wife, opened the door. When I asked to see the Senator, she told me that he wouldn't see me ner anybody else. I told her that wouldn't do at all, I must see him, fer I had come two thousan' miles fer that one thing. I went on tellin' her about the Farmer's Railroad in Dakota, and she kept on refusin', and I guess between us two there was considerable noise, until finally the Senator himself come out to see what was the row. He laughed when he saw me, fer some reason, and told me to come in anyway.

"But I tell yuh, he was mad enough when he found what I had come fer. 'Why,' he says, 'I'm bothered to death every day with these swindlers an' fools, and I won't let another one of 'em spoil a holiday fer me.' I told him then purty warm-like that I wasn't a swindler er a fool, but a plain Dakota farmer, and I kep' on a-talkin' that way until he said, weary-like, 'Oh, well, set down, and let's hear quick what's yer scheme.'

"So I got out my map and pinned it agin the wall, and begun tuh tell him the whole thing ez I hev told it tuh you, and he set there, sayin' nuthin', but

blinkin' his eyes. Well, when I got all tired out and couldn't think of anything else tuh say, he begun to talk, and I wisht yuh could



"I . . . BEGUN TUH TELL HIM THE WHOLE THING."

have heard the questions he asked me. There was the queerest things he asked about--where I lived, what kind of a house, who my wife was, how many children we had, what we had tuh eat, how I done my farmin', who my neighbors was, and a thousand more questions jes' about as funny.

"In the evenin' he sent out fer a chum of his, and I went over the whole thing again. Then we had supper, er dinner, they called it, and it was, sure enough, dinner fer me that day, fer I'd had but one meal before that. Well, I tell yuh, it was a funny sight, me tellin' them millionaires about things out here on the prairie! Finally, after they had looked over my papers and see that I wasn't a fraud, they got off in a corner and talked a long time. Well, the upshot of it was that they agreed to give me just what I wanted, a guarantee to loan me \$5,000 a mile for the road's equipment when the gradin' was done. They couldn't believe at first that the road could be built so cheap, but I had all the figgers down purty fine, and showed 'em how it could be done, and I've got their agreement in black and white right in my pocket.

"New York is a purty nice, big place, with lots of sights, and I could have spent a whole



"THE SENATOR HIMSELF  
COME OUT TO SEE WHAT  
WAS THE ROW."

week there, seein' things; but the Farmer's Railroad didn't have the time, and I went right off to Washington to see about gettin' my bill through Congress. Yuh see, when anybody wants to build a road through an Indian reservation, he has to git a special act of Congress. Well, of course, our road runs through that reservation in northern Minnesota, and I had to git the law passed. Mebbe some of you 'member that some fellers and newspapers in this country said it would cost us \$50,000 to git that bill passed. Well, it was put through and signed by the President in a week's time, and it didn't cost a cent, and them Congressmen wouldn't let the farmer pay for even his own meals."

On his way back home, Minds visited the Carnegie mills at Pittsburg and the Illinois Steel Works at Joliet, to see the rails turned out and to get their prices. When he arrived at Brighton, he found many circulars from Wall Street firms and other capitalists awaiting him in which they complained because he had not negotiated with them.

His campaign among the farmers now took on notes of power, inspiration, and triumph. The meetings were very large and enthusiastic, and stock was taken up with avidity. Various towns clamored for the honor of the main line. Calls came for organization meetings in Minnesota as well as in Dakota. Those who had called Minds a lunatic now showered praise upon him and entertained him lavishly. The leading men of every community became active in support of the project. Its success seemed certain.

Soon, however, nature conspired with many other circumstances in an attitude which seemed that of malevolence to defeat the scheme. First, there came a "backward spring." The ice and snow remained on the ground until late in April, and in some sections until May, and then melted in a few days, causing disastrous floods which prevented seeding. Then, after seeding, cold rains fell, and much of the wheat was chilled and required replanting, which in some cases with farmers of small means was impossible, and the result was that the wheat came up more than a month behind over the whole Red River Valley. Then there came several terrific hail-storms, which almost wholly wiped out the crops in several townships in one county and which cut a swath through many other sections. The result was that farmers failed to pay their subscriptions for stock in the railroad, and soon the news was carried over the whole Northwest that the farmers,

the class to be chiefly benefited by the road, were deserting it.

Upon the top of this news came a gigantic and crushing blow to Minds at the meeting of the directors that summer at Brighton, at which his scheme for raising the money was rejected and outvoted and he himself was practically removed from the position of chief. There had been rumors during the early summer that there was in the directorate some jealousy of Minds, and it was said that the inspiration came from St. Paul, but no fear was felt by Minds or any of his nearest friends of any formidable revolt. The action of the directors must, therefore, have been a great shock to his reason and hopes; but he gave no sign. He spent most of his time at Brighton, supervising the surveys and the grading, which had already begun. At times he visited his home at Hanning, and when asked about the condition of affairs, simply said with a smile, "The directors think they can raise \$300,000 easier than I can raise \$100,000, and all I can do is to let them try and do it." His hopes were high that when the annual meeting of the road was held in January he would be restored.

Everything looked most auspicious for Minds when the directors assembled at Brighton for the annual meeting. The plan which they had adopted had proved a failure, everywhere was confidence in Minds, and the condition of the farmers was better than they had anticipated, which, with higher prices for their wheat, made the time an excellent one to revive interest in the railroad. But when the meeting began, his enemies were seen to be in full control, and he was retired from the presidency and every vestige of power was taken away from him.

Minds was silent, and for the first time dejected, after this overwhelming verdict. But he remained at Brighton for the rest of that winter, and the last heard from him was that he had reentered the evangelist field, which he had tried when a boy, and was holding great and thrilling revival meetings near Brighton, until a few days ago the newspapers contained this despatch:

"Daniel Minds, the Farmer's Railroad projector, was to-day adjudged insane, and removed to the State Hospital for the Insane. Last Monday he announced that Christ would come in six days and he had been called to warn people of the event. He is in a terrible physical condition, unable to sleep, and talks incessantly on almost every subject. Unless he gets relief soon he cannot live long."

And the Farmer's Railroad was not built.

## STORIES OF ADMIRAL DEWEY.

BY OSCAR KING DAVIS,

Correspondent of the New York "Sun" at Manila.



IN September, Admiral Dewey transferred his flag to the "Baltimore," and sent the "Olympia" to Hong Kong to be docked and cleaned. The "Baltimore" lay on the Manila side of the bay, not far off the breakwater. One morning the Admiral went ashore. He drove out to the palace of the Governor-General in Malacañan, stopped a few minutes, and went back to his ship. He had seen enough of Manila for a long time. The next afternoon, sitting on the quarter-deck of the "Baltimore," he talked about this little excursion.

"It was my first trip ashore," he said. "They showed me the palace of Admiral Montojo, and his town house with the signal staff in front of it. Think of an admiral in command of a fleet living on shore and giving his orders from his front yard! Think of an admiral with a town house and a palace in the country, like a great banker or merchant! No wonder he lost! How could he expect to win? Why, I would go to the 'McCulloch,' if necessary, but I'd be afloat."

He looked about the bay at the ships of his squadron. It was a brilliant, clear afternoon, and the ships were good to see. Their gray war-paint was fresh and clean, their flags were bright and beautiful; the white-clad jackies lounging about were stalwart, sturdy fellows. Forward on the gun deck of the "Baltimore" the sailormen were lounging about, sleeping, reading, smoking, playing cards or checkers.

"Just look at those men," exclaimed the Admiral. "Aren't they a fine lot? See the condition they are in, in spite of all the work of the summer. They haven't been off the ship for more than three months, and you know what hard work they have had. See that big fellow leaning against the rail. Isn't he a magnificent specimen? Suppose some sudden emergency should arise, do you know how long it would take to have this ship ready for action? Less than four minutes.

I've a great notion to try it just to show you how quickly they would be ready.

"It's just the same everywhere. I come over here from the 'Olympia,' and in five minutes I am as much at home as if I had been here always."

"Orderly!" he called, and a stalwart marine came up quickly and saluted. The Admiral gave some trifling order, and the marine went away. "I never saw that man before," the Admiral went on, "but that makes no difference. He knows his work, and he does it just as if he had been my orderly for years.

"Naturally I am proud of the work of the squadron. I should not be fit to command it if I were not proud of its work; but I am proudest of my men. They are splendid fellows. They have done their work well. The people haven't realized how good their navy was. I would rather have command of this squadron than hold any office any people could give me."

And as I looked at the Admiral and saw the light in his eyes as he watched his men, I knew it was true. He knew their temper, and he had tried their worth. He knew, too, their devotion to himself. They would take one of his "paper-shelled" cruisers against the proudest battleship afloat, and cheer as they went to certain death, if Dewey made the signal. He wouldn't be George Dewey if he were not proud of them.

The talk drifted back to the first of May, and I spoke of some of the captains who declared that it was the hand of God that turned aside the Spanish shells on that morning and left our ships and men scatheless.

"I believe it, I believe it," exclaimed the Admiral. "Oh, yes, I believe it. It is easier to believe that than it is to believe that so many shells could have missed us from simple human inaccuracy of fire. I would stand there and see the smoke and fire from a Spanish gun and know that the shell was coming directly at the 'Olympia.' I would say, 'Surely that must hit us;' and yet it didn't. God knows where all the shells went."



He was silent a few moments, looking down at the deck, lost in the recollection of that turbulently triumphant morning, and then:

"If I were a religious man" he hesitated a moment—"well, I hope I am a religious man—yes, I am a religious man—but if I were a religious man in the sense in which that term ordinarily is understood—if I were the good Presbyterian some persons have said I am—I should certainly say that the Lord meant to punish Spain for her years of wickedness and misrule in these islands. Why, look at it!" He jumped up and swung his hand around in a broad, sweeping gesture that took in Manila and the beautiful country behind and beyond it. "We have taken an empire and have lost scarcely a man."

He stood for a minute with his hand resting on the temporary rail, looking out toward the Mariveles Mountains, where the air sprites were already piling up their sundown bouquet of cloud roses. "It was the judgment of God," he said, half to himself, "the judgment of God."

Over the old green wall of Fort Santiago, the starry flag he had given the city that day it was dedicated to freedom by his act was snapping its beautiful folds in the lively breeze. The afternoon sun lit up its bright stripes, and it caught his eye as he turned to resume his chair. He paused, waved his hand toward it, and said, "I hope it floats there forever."

#### THE ADMIRAL'S APPEARANCE AND CHARACTERISTICS.

Many pictures of Admiral Dewey have been published in the last few months, but very few of them show much of the man as he is. Most of them show a rather long, narrow face, with high, slightly receding forehead and Roman nose. As a matter of fact, there is more breadth and less length to the face than these pictures show. It is a square face, and its most prominent feature is the rugged under jaw. The eyes are wide apart, and set well back under heavy brows. The forehead is high, broad, and bold. The nose is large, and the mouth generous, but firm. Most of his pictures show more of a mustache than the Admiral wore last summer. Mustache and hair are almost white. The complexion is dark, as are the eyes. He is not a big man physically, but he is astonishingly quick in his actions. His shoulders are so square and his

broad back is so straight that many a man much his junior might envy him them. His step is quick and springy; his whole bearing is one of alertness and readiness. His mental process is lightning-like. He thinks like a flash, and goes all around his subject in less time than many a man would take to study one side. Yet he does not jump to conclusions, and there are times when he is very deliberate. He reasons to his determinations, and, whatever his personal preferences or beliefs or feelings, he can dissociate them entirely from his work. His logic machine is absolutely sound and in the finest order. It turns out conclusions with mathematical precision. The sharpest critic he has can hardly find one point in the long record made in Manila Bay where he can put down his finger and say, "There Dewey made a mistake."

The Admiral has a peculiar trick of thinking out loud, and sometimes when he is pondering some subject he will argue with any man whom chance sends along. On such occasions he will advance as his definite conclusion whatever side of the question happens to be uppermost in his mind, and stand ready to defend it with considerable warmth. On the morning of my first interview with him in Manila Bay, he spent several minutes demonstrating to me that the Filipinos were "forty times more capable of governing themselves than the Cubans." In less than a week he gave me an argument upon exactly the opposite side, ignoring the first talk as completely as if it had never occurred. Each time his assertions were of the most positive character, and the apparent contradiction puzzled me greatly until I came to understand better his mental attitude. Finally he reached the conclusion about the Filipinos which all the world now knows, and instantly his course of action was shaped to conform to his belief.

The period of delay after his May-day victory, when the Admiral was waiting for the army to get ready to occupy Manila, was very trying to him. Complications arose which placed a heavy strain on his intensely nervous organism. The actions of the German squadron of observation, and the attempt to send Cárara to relieve Manila, are familiar history; but it is doubtful if the "sheltered people" here at home ever realized, or can realize, the anxiety that all this caused Admiral Dewey. Yet there wasn't a moment when his confidence was shaken. His plans were made for every contingency, and when he sent word to Von Diederichs

that the Germans could "have a fight here and now, or at any time and any place," he meant just exactly what he said. Moreover, his own plan of action was mapped out, and the disposition of his ships, in case of battle with the Germans, was arranged. There can be no doubt whatever, no matter what denials or disavowals the Germans may make or have made, that the situation for a time was very critical in Manila Bay. I have heard it said of Dewey's talk to the German flag lieutenant on the "Olympia," that day he "laced out" Von Diederichs's staff officer and brought the whole matter to a focus, that it was "very undiplomatic." Well, suppose it was undiplomatic; it was also tremendously effective. The Admiral lost his temper, and he said what was in his heart with the clear-cut emphasis of an unusually plain-spoken man. That practically settled the "German incident." One afternoon on the "Olympia," when he had been talking to me about the German incident, he pointed to the wrecks of the Spanish ships, lying about Cavite, and exclaimed, "That was one of the least of my difficulties here."

After all, it was perfectly characteristic of Dewey that he should lose his temper. The wonder is rather that he kept it so long. He is very high strung. His nerves are constantly on a hair-trigger, and his temper is their admirable match. It is a strong man's temper; but as a general thing, this strong man holds it in complete control. Once in a while it gets away from him for a little time, and then things hum. But it is just like an electric storm. It is soon over, and the air is the clearer for the outburst.

#### HOW THE ADMIRAL SPENDS THE DAY.

During his long watch before Manila, almost the only recreation the Admiral took was in the navy-yard at Cavite. Nearly every fair morning he went ashore a little before ten o'clock, and for an hour or so walked about with Captain Wood of the "Petrel," who was commandant of the yard. He talked very freely with Captain Wood, as he did, in fact, with almost all his officers, and it is simple truth and justice to say that more loyal and devoted support could not have been given him. Except for this walk in the navy-yard, the Admiral spent his time on the "Olympia," very rarely leaving her. He appeared on the quarterdeck early in the morning, and there he sat or walked about nearly all day. There he met the captains or others who

came to see him; there he transacted the business that came up for his personal attention; there he read, studied, visited, lived, during the tedious trying months. If the day was bad, weather-dodgers were spread, and he still sat there, keeping a diligent lookout on the whole squadron. If something happened on another ship that he didn't understand, he was quite likely to have signal made to find out about it. He knew completely what was going on in the squadron, and there wasn't an officer or man who didn't understand the hopelessness of trying to fool him.

Every afternoon at two o'clock he turned in for his siesta, and during it nothing was permitted to disturb him. No one could see him. That time was sacred. He is not a good sleeper, and very often spent restless nights. It was not uncommon for him to be up for hours in the middle watch, reading or walking about or sitting alone on the quarterdeck. So when he turned in for his siesta, all the ship did its best to give him a quiet nap. Usually the siesta was over by four o'clock, and then he would sit on the quarterdeck and read and smoke and see callers. There were half a dozen wicker chairs out there, big, wide-armed fellows, well calculated for comfort. Sometimes he would have his orderly bring the little mascot monkey down from the superstructure deck, and he would play with it as a child would, holding it in his arms and fondling it, coaxing it to show off its tricks, persuading it to jump and run about, saying, "Oh you little beauty," and giving himself up completely to the relaxation.

#### SOME FRIENDLY LAPSES IN BRITISH NEUTRALITY AT HONG KONG.

Until a week after Manila surrendered, the only means of communication with the rest of the world was by despatch boat to one of the Asiatic ports. Hong Kong was by far the most available of these places, for many reasons, and there the despatch boat usually was sent. It took some clever work on the part of our agents at Hong Kong and our officers on the despatch boat to avoid violating British neutrality, but they were always successful. The little merchant ship "Zafiro," which Dewey had bought in Hong Kong before he set out for the Philippines, was the vessel usually employed in this work. She was commanded by Lieutenant Walter McLean, who did more good solid work for American success in the Spanish war than many a man whose more

spectacular field got him public acclamation or special reward of honor and promotion.

The method of getting things out of Hong Kong was very simple. It consisted principally in constructing a huge fence of ignorance around everything that went on on board the "Zafiro" while she was in the vicinity of Hong Kong. Lieutenant McLean always carried the Admiral's despatches to the government, and attended personally to cabling them from Hong Kong, waiting there until he had received the replies and had answered such questions from Washington as were in his province. The last thing before leaving Manila Bay for Hong Kong he always went to the Admiral for his despatches and his final instructions, and always as he was leaving the flagship for the "Zafiro" the Admiral would say, in his most emphatic manner:

"Now don't you bring a thing back from Hong Kong, sir, not a thing; not a pound of anything, sir; not a single package."

And McLean would say, "Ay, ay, sir," and obey absolutely. He never brought back a pound of anything or a single package. There were always many pounds and many packages. Before the "Zafiro" got out of Manila Bay, McLean would meet Pay Director Smith, the fleet paymaster, on board, going up to Hong Kong "to see some friends for a few days." It was curious how many times Smith got leave during the summer to visit friends in Hong Kong, and always just when the "Zafiro" happened to be going up for a short stay. He is another man whose work was not heard of outside the fleet, but it counted a great deal more in the scale of solid worth than many things that have been celebrated in special and general orders.

When the "Zafiro" reached Hong Kong, she anchored in Chinese waters usually in Kau-lung Bay—and Lieutenant McLean went ashore with his despatches. The last thing before going he would give positive orders that in his absence not a thing of any description, particularly coal, should be taken on board. How in the world it happened nobody ever knew exactly; but as soon as McLean and Smith were fairly away, men would come from all sorts of places, in all sorts of boats, with all sorts of bundles, boxes, and packages. None of the ship's officers ever saw any of these things come aboard; no one ever saw the coal lighters alongside; no one, in fact, knew anything about what was going on; but in some way the ship was coaled, and supplies for various

messes came aboard, and occasionally even stores for the fleet, coffee and hard bread, for instance. The plain, unvarnished fact was that anybody could go to the "Zafiro" and put anything he liked aboard, and nobody would question or stop him. The wonder is that the Spaniards did not blow her out of the water with a dynamite or some other infernal machine. No examination of the things taken aboard was made until the despatch boat was well on her way back to Manila; and then some queer things were discovered sometimes. Once Lieutenant McLean found that the Hong Kong post-office people had put the Spanish mail for Manila aboard. He couldn't chuck it overboard, and he couldn't eat it; so he took it along, and the Admiral had it delivered through the British squadron.

#### A SACK OF POTATOES BECOMES AN AFFAIR OF NATIONS.

Once when the German incident was at almost its most critical stage, the "Zafiro" got nearly back to Cavite before Lieutenant McLean discovered thirteen sacks of potatoes addressed to Admiral Von Diederichs. There was no telling who put them aboard the "Zafiro," nor, in fact, did Lieutenant McLean care very much. The question with him was how to get rid of them. He knew he couldn't send them to the Germans without Dewey's knowing it, and he didn't want to confiscate them or throw them overboard. He kept them for several days after reaching Cavite, hoping that something would turn up which would enable him to get rid of them, but nothing did, and at last they were in danger of spoiling. So he put on a bold front, and appealed to Dewey. It was about nine o'clock in the evening when he went to the Admiral with his trouble. The Admiral was sitting in a chair tilted back against the bulkhead at the rear of his cabin, smoking a cigar, and looking out through an open gun-port at the lights of Manila twinkling across the bay.

"Sit down, Mr. McLean, sit down," he said, as the "Zafiro's" commander came in.

McLean sat down, and began to talk. At first the conversation was of a general character, but McLean watched his chance, and finally got around to the potatoes as diplomatically as he could. The Admiral heard him through, and then began in his softest and suavest and most dangerous voice:

"Mr. McLean, when you came in I was sitting here looking across the bay at those

lights shining over that city, and I was thinking of the thousands and thousands of innocent women and children, of sick and non-combatants, whose lives are in my hands. I was thinking of the terrible destruction of life and property which would result from a bombardment of that city, which it is within my power to begin at any minute. I was thinking of the tremendous responsibility that rests upon me in this situation; and I was thinking, too, of the soldiers who are here, dependent upon this squadron and upon me for support, thousands of miles from home as they are. And I was thinking of the responsibility laid upon me for their sakes——” His voice was rising and his gesture growing emphatic, and McLean knew he was in for something lively. The chair that had been tilted back against the bulkhead dropped forward on the deck with a click, and the Admiral went on——“and I was thinking of the two thousand splendid fellows under my care in this squadron and of the responsibility resting upon me for their sakes; and while I am thinking about such things as these, sir, you come in here and interrupt me with a nasty little question about potatoes.” The voice had reached the top notch of pitch and force, and the Admiral got out of his chair and started toward McLean, shaking his finger at the lieutenant and shouting: “I don’t care what you do with those potatoes. By George, I——”

But McLean had fled. The instant the Admiral stood up McLean got out of his chair also, and when Dewey started for him McLean started for the door. He went on the run, too, standing not at all upon ceremony, and slammed the door behind him as he went out. The Admiral saw him go with amusement and amazement. When the door slammed, he stopped short in his advance and in his talk, and stood for half a minute silent and motionless. Then he turned to Captain Lamberton, who was sitting on the other side of the cabin, and said, with a chuckle, “Well, I scared him.”

Also, but that was of course farthest from his mind at the time, there was no responsibility resting upon him in the matter of the potatoes, for he had made no decision. The next morning a German launch came down to Cavite, and Lieutenant McLean sent the potatoes to Von Diederichs by it. That afternoon signal was made from the “Olympia” to the “Zafiro”: “Commanding officer will repair on board at once.” Lieutenant McLean went, wondering what

was up. As he came up the gangway of the flagship the watch on deck told him the Admiral wanted to see him at once on the quarterdeck. He climbed down from the superstructure, and the Admiral came toward him saying, “Young man, what did you do with those potatoes?”

“I sent them to the German admiral, sir,” replied McLean.

“Well, it’s lucky for you you did,” said the Admiral.

Some time after that Dr. Krüger, the German consul in Manila, went to M. André, the Belgian consul, whom he knew to be on good terms with the Admiral, and asked the Belgian to use his good offices in promoting more friendly relations between the Germans and the Americans. Dr. Krüger wanted to arrange a meeting with the Admiral at which he could assure Dewey of the good intentions of the Germans. He talked about the causes of the friction, and denied the stories then current that potatoes had been landed in the city from German warships: it was entirely false, he said.

“Oh, no,” said M. André, “it is quite true, for I have some of the potatoes in my house right now.”

“Well, at any rate,” replied Dr. Krüger, “I am not so very well informed about the potatoes, but Paymaster Smith, of the ‘Olympia,’ knows all about them.”

However, M. André arranged the interview, and Dr. Krüger saw the Admiral. In telling M. André about it afterward Dewey said: “I talked to him a few minutes, and then I told him I was busy.”

So good relations were reëstablished with the Germans.

#### THE ADMIRAL’S REMEMBRANCES FROM HOME.

Since the fall of Manila, and to some extent even before that, the friends and admirers of the Admiral here at home have been sending him all sorts of gifts: some of them fine and of value, but very many of them just little tokens of esteem from persons who never saw him and probably never heard of him until after his Manila Bay victory, but who are genuinely proud of the man and his achievements. These things have given the Admiral keen pleasure. I have seen and heard him give expression to the greatest delight over such little gifts, and have known him to make signal to some of his captains to come over to the “Olympia” and see his new presents. He displayed the enthusiasm of a child over things

which pleased him, and he has been touched very deeply by the numberless evidences which have reached him of the place he has won in the hearts of his countrymen. For a long time he did not realize it, and even now it is doubtful if he comprehends it thoroughly. He is a simple and direct man who did what he saw before him simply and directly and with no thought whatever of what was to come to him. The wild acclaim which greeted his performance seemed to daze him at first, but he knows now enough of the feeling here to be afraid of the reception that is waiting him. He was never what would be called a robust man, however, and is not in rugged health now. Moreover, the strain of the long campaign before Manila has told on him, so that it will be probably with genuine relief, even in spite of what is in store for him here, that he starts home.

In the eyes of the world, May 1, 1898, probably always will be the great day in Dewey's history. It was a glorious victory he won on that day, but it was a greater that he won on August 13th. The victory of May 1st was showy and spectacular; there were fight, flame, smoke, death in it, the overwhelming of a gallant squadron by superior power and skill. But even of that victory the great point usually is unnoticed. The plan of the battle itself was not Dewey's, but Brumby's and Calkins's. Dewey himself says so openly. It was the flag lieutenant and the navigator of the "Olympia" who persuaded the Admiral to go in past Corregidor in line ahead instead of in line abreast; but it was Dewey who determined to go into the bay, and there was where the fight was made and won.

During those three months and a half of waiting before Manila, Admiral Dewey reached the conclusion that it was possible to take the city without loss of life; to force a peaceful surrender. He knew that he could take it by bombardment whenever he chose. He knew, too, with what wild applause victory after bombardment would be greeted at home. He had before him the example of Great Britain, which made Sey-

mour a vice-admiral for the bombardment of Alexandria. And he was great enough to resist the temptation. He was morally strong enough to put himself and his own glory in the background, and to consider the little brown men and women whose lives would be snuffed out in such an attack. That was his victory, and it was the greatest achievement of the war with Spain. Throughout all the negotiations with Augustin and Jaudenes for the surrender of the city, Dewey was the only American who had faith in ultimate success. Merritt, Anderson, Greene, even his own flag lieutenant, thought he would fail, but Dewey believed and won.

"Nowadays," said Dr. Depew two or three years ago, "the tendency is to fresco our idols, not to analyze them." There has been such an immense amount of fresco work in the idolatry of George Dewey since the 1st of May, 1898, that what attempt at analysis has been made has been practically covered up. It is, perhaps, too soon for analysis, anyway. The performances which have so distinguished this plain citizen of Vermont are hardly far enough away as yet to be in good focus; but in the broader sense most of this frescoing is based upon a rough sort of analysis, and, like the actions of its subject, has its foundation sure and stable. It was my fortune to be on more or less intimate and cordial terms with Admiral Dewey during six months of his operations in Manila Bay. I saw him many times, under constantly differing circumstances. I saw him well and ill, pleased and displeased, good-natured and angry, in action and in repose, when everything was moving to his satisfaction, and when the gravest complications threatened him; but under whatever cloud of anxieties and difficulties he might be he was always the same: self-reliant, confident, the George Dewey so dear to millions of Americans—the real George Dewey, cherished in the hearts of his fellows, whatever image of him his flamboyant frescoers set up for public worship; a plain man, simple, strong, great.





## SKETCHES IN EGYPT.

TEXT AND PICTURES BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.

### III.



*The Sheikh of the Pyramids.*

THE starting of the engines had us up fairly early the next morning, and we found the country very much changed. The desert now came to the river's edge, and granite had taken the place of limestone ; it seemed as though we had come to the end of fertile Egypt. Two white vultures were the only living things in sight. Then we came to some wonderful bends in the river, and the sakiehs once more began to dip up the muddy water ; but the skins of the men who worked them had changed : they glistened like coal in the sunlight.

By two o'clock we reached Assuan, and moored to the island of Elephantine, just opposite the town, from which any number of little, bright, painted ferry-boats rowed towards us, and in a few minutes some thin-legged Egyptian policemen and a few natives were on the bank, and a small boy with a stick had been selected to mind the turkeys that we had brought from Esneh. Some of the poor birds were very weak on their legs, and where they ought to have been red they were only a pale salmon color ; but the little cook promised that they would be all right in a day or two. Some of the crew had homes on the island, and they all put on their best clothes and were met by friends. They immediately established a laundry on shore, and the

building of an oven proved that we were to be there for some time.

We began the 27th with a visit to the tombs on Grenfell Hill, high on the river's bank, below Elephantine. There was a strong wind, full of sand, from the south, and the light natives had trouble in getting the heavy boat to the foot of the hill. The wind helped us back to the "Nitocris," and after lunch we crossed the river to Assuan, where the inhabitants seemed especially prepared for tourists. The natives were more theatrical in Assuan, and the bazaars were filled with musical instruments, made as primitive as possible to please the traveler.

There is a railroad at Assuan. It is only a small, disconnected link; but some day it will be part of a road to the Cape, and vestibule trains will run over it, and passengers may only get flying glimpses of Philæ from car windows. Think of being on a train that went by Pharaoh's Bed in the night! But it is impossible to believe that the world could become used to such a wonderful place, and it is to be hoped that all trains will go slow when they come to Philæ; for without it Egypt would be like Romeo and Juliet without a balcony. It is the most romantic ruin in Egypt, and it marks the end of the first-cataract tourist's journey.

If the "Nitocris" had been a sailing dahabiyeh and had belonged to us, and if the sea-

son had been younger and the river higher, we would have had her pulled up one cataract after another until we had made some important discoveries; but we were one-month tourists on a hired boat, and that night, while

the "Nitocris" was tied fast to some large wooden pegs driven deep into the beach, we read how the "Rip Van Winkle" and other dahabiyeers had gone to Abu-

Simbel.

The next morning we chose the nine o'clock train, in preference to camels and donkeys; and after some minutes of rocking and twisting in the little box-car, we were ferried from the mainland to the famous island, where we were to forget Komombos and all the others amid new beauties, which no guide-book can exaggerate.

After lunch we walked to the northern end of the island, and boarded a big, clumsy, eight-oared boat with a great deal of rigging lashed overhead, and our homeward journey began. There was a crew of ten, and we soon had the greatest respect for their skill, especially one little man with crooked teeth, who sat in the stern and shouted over our heads at the men in the boat.

The rapids were tame enough at first. The wind was strong against us, and we found some shelter behind the high granite islands we drifted among. The river had worn them

into fantastic shapes so closely resembling temples that hieroglyphics had been cut on the polished stones by the Pharaohs,



BRITISH INFLUENCE



who never tired of seeing their names in the last I reprint.

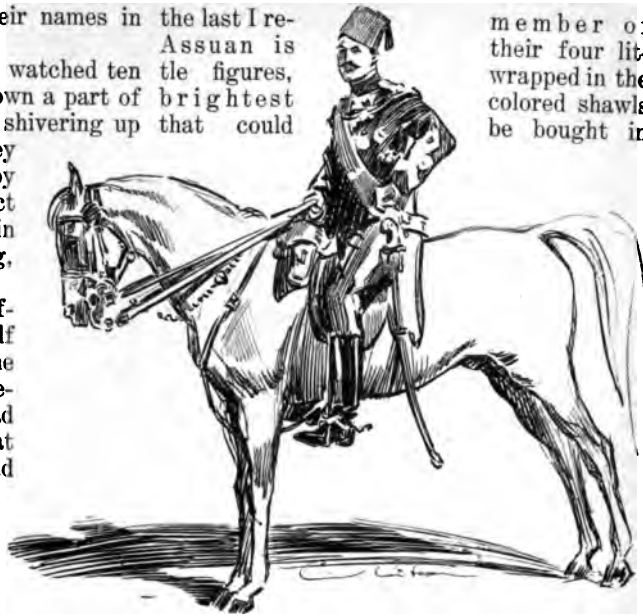
At one place we stopped and watched ten or fifteen boys swim and float down a part of the rapids. They would come shivering up to us, and the next instant they would be in the water shooting by us on a log, screaming to attract our attention, and then back again to us, with their teeth chattering, for backsheesh.

But after that it was very different. The man at the tiller half stood up, and I could see, by the little patches of sand on his forehead, that the wrinkles there had formed in two parallel lines, that he had been praying while we had been watching the boys swim, and by the same sign, I could see that most of the crew had been doing the same thing; and Muhammad must have been with us, for fifty times within half that number of minutes we needed help. With the little man in the stern continually wetting his lips and jamming the tiller from side to side, apparently steering in just the wrong place and always proving that he was right, we "shot" over the uneven surface of the river, dodging half-buried rocks, first near one bank and then the other, until we reached the natural bed of the river. Here the crew began their battle with the wind, and by evening, after much chanting and hard rowing on their part, we reached the "Nitocris," feeling very much as if our faces had been sand-papered.

During our stay at Elephantine we made friends with four little Bisharin girls. They were graceful and pretty, and had the power to make the most dismal tomb cheerful. They followed us to the quarries back of Assuan, and turned the top of the half-finished obelisk into a stage and danced in the sunlight, while the blackest man in Africa played an instrument of his own invention. And

the last I re-  
Assuan is  
tle figures,  
brightest  
that could

member of  
their four lit-  
wrapped in the  
colored shawls  
be bought in



H. H. Prince Mahomet Ali, Cairo, February 14, 1896.

Lower Egypt, and they waving their hands until a bend in the river hid them.

It was a novelty to find ourselves going with the current, which had been until now against us, and we could count on much bigger runs; but there was double the danger of running on a sand-bar, and from that time on there was always a man with a pole in the bow.

On the 30th, we stopped beneath our old friend Komombos, and visited Edfu the next day, and from the top of its pylons we looked into the mud-walled yards of the town, where little fly-covered children stopped playing with goats and called to us, even at that height, for backsheesh.

On the 31st, we were once more in Luxor, where the donkey boys and beggars gave us a hearty welcome. Again we visited Thebes, and were followed from tomb to tomb by the usual vendors of imitation antiques and shriveled mummy-hands.

Our trips back from



A Luxor dancing-girl.



Thebes were always enlivened by donkey races across the great fields of young wheat, in the middle of which the great Memnons sit. Those races generally proved that "Columbus" was a faster donkey than "New York."

Pharaoh must have continually thought of the future. His tombs at Thebes show how anxious he was to outlast time. And it seems hard that his carefully prepared plans should have been interfered with. How impressive it would be to find at the end of the long subterranean passage the king whose one wish had been to lie there. He must have visited it often before his death. He might have superintended its building and criticised the drawings that decorate its walls. But the sarcophagus is now empty, and its lid is broken, and the king's new friends have put him in a cheap wooden house; and written on a piece of cardboard and tacked on the glass case in which he now lies, is the name he was so fond of cutting in granite.



Shopping.

One year more or less makes very little difference to Egypt, but the New Year was properly welcomed aboard the "Nitocris," for one of us had never seen a January 1st before. So it happened that, even in Egypt, the occasion was treated as a novelty, and the "Nitocris" once more blossomed out with lanterns, and looked as well that night as her more graceful rivals, the sailing *dahabiyyehs*, that were anchored above and below us.

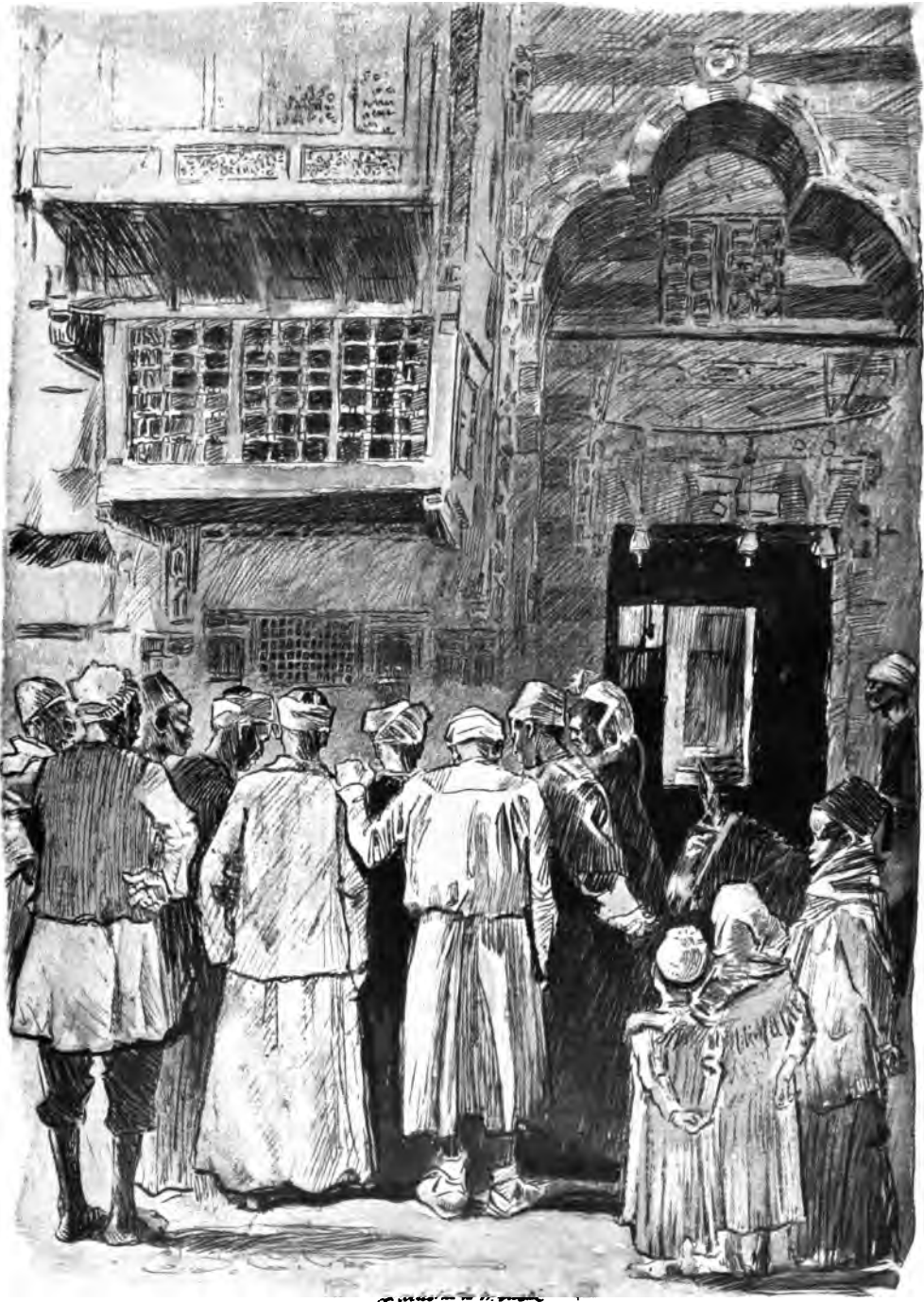
January 4th was our last day at Luxor. We had ridden up the limestone valley at Thebes to



On Greenfell Hill. The Keeper of the Tomb, Assuan, December 20, 1897.

the Tombs of the Kings; had spent several days and a moonlight night at Karnak. We had said good-by to our donkey-boys. Mine had held an umbrella over me with one hand, and had fought natives at the same time with the other, and I hope that some day he will be a dragoman. Before daylight on the 5th, we had once more started north, with only five more days on the river left to us. At night we tied to the bank and walked through moon-lit villages, and did our best to imagine that our journey had only just begun.

On the evening of the 7th, an extraordinary thing happened. It rained hard enough to make a noise on the awning over us, and in the excitement we almost forgot that there were only three more days between us and Cairo. We had begun to count the hours and to dread that fatal bend in the river that would show us the pyramids at Sakkarah, where we were to spend our last night. We



An artist in the mouski.

passed *dahabiyehs* with American and English flags flying over them, and we were filled with envy. Handkerchiefs and parasols were sympathetically waved at us, and at a distance we may have looked cheerful; but it was a forlorn, childish feeling to be taken home because our time was up and our *dahabiyeh* had another engagement. We felt that all the other boats knew our secret, and we even suspected the crew of having become

tired of us and only remaining civil in order to collect the present that they were expecting.

Ghesiri's suggestion that we spend the night of the 10th at Cairo seemed to prove that they were anxious to have done with us ; but we had no inclination to be tied to the bank at Cairo over night, waiting to be sent away in the morning before a crowd of natives, and among them, possibly, those other people who had chartered our boat. We would wait at Sakkara, and not get to Cairo one minute before our time was up.

On the 8th, we visited a sugar factory at Tel-el-Amarna, and later, on the same day, passed our first landing-place, Beni Hassan.

By noon on the 9th, we reached the fatal bend in the river and saw that we were once more in the land of pyramids, and we were soon tied to the bank beneath which once stood the city of Memphis.

We rode to Mariette's House, past the pyramids and the colossal Rameses lying on his back among tall palms, surrounded, for some reason, by a mud house, as if the great granite figure hadn't already proved that it

could continue its battle with time unassisted by a few mud bricks and some tin roofing that is very much in the way.

We lit candles and walked through the hot, suffocating galleries of the mausoleum, and peered into the huge granite sarcophagi that once held the mummied sacred bulls. Then we rode to the tomb of Ti, and Ghesiri's last lecture was about that gentleman.

In the distance was Cairo ; and even a view of the pyramids at Gizeh and the citadel failed to console us, and we still mourned our late month on the Nile. We took our last donkey ride through the palms that now grow where Memphis once stood, and reached the "Nitocris" by sundown.

By midday on the 10th, we shook hands with the crew and left the "Nitocris" tied to the bank where we had first found her, just as though nothing had happened ; and after all, what had happened was this : six more tourists had gone to the first cataract and back and a few more Egyptian sketches had been made. For us the performance of the Nile was at an end, and we were once more in the streets on our way to the Ghe-



As seen on first day of Monte Carlo, the Nile, 1890.

zireh Hotel with a determination to console ourselves with Cairo, which now looked to us, after our stay in the country, like a full-grown European capital.

By January 10th, the season had commenced and the prices of rooms had doubled. Since we left, several steamers from the west had brought an army of tourists, who were turning Africa into New York, London, and Paris. And at the Casino, in the Ghezireh

Gardens, was as good an imitation of Monte Carlo as the law allows, but such a poor one that even the Frenchmen who worked it seemed ashamed of themselves, and the New Yorker who owned it was very seldom seen there.

At Shepherd's there is always the man who has "been there before," and like the same man at the play, he sits beside you and interprets the picture. You finally promise that you will not go to the "mouskie" without him and that you will not see the Sphinx by moonlight unless he is there; for if you do, not having been there before, you will be sure to go too early or too late. He says the moon should be at just such an angle and no other. The peddlers in the "mouskie" know him, and while they entertain him with little cups of sweet tea they complain that they have had no luck since they last saw him, and they ask eagerly after that gentleman he brought to them the year before, the gentleman who had such exquisite taste and backed it up so generously with his money. And you drink their tea, and feel, as you leave the shops, after having only looked at



*The man who has been there before.*

their things, that they will never ask affectionately after you. The man who has been there before generally walks in front of you, as if he was not as anxious to have you see the place as he is to have you see that he knows his way about, and after all it is no small thing to be proud of. If I ever go to the "mouskie" again, I shall pity the greenhorn who happens to be with me.

The bazaars are dirty, and so many pasty-faced Turks squatting about in the filth grow tiresome. At first they are described in letters home as fascinating and picturesque, and whole days are spent with them, buying hundreds of things that are destined to be left in hotel bureau drawers and gradually lost. The souvenirs we buy in the "mouskie" seem to melt away. The precious stones we bought there turn to glass; the slippers become pasteboard; the gilt things tarnish, and the brass work bends itself into old junk, and the "mouskie" is only a confused dream; so no wonder the old traveler is proud that he can actually find his way about in it. He had probably begun to think that there never had been such a place.

But Egypt is full of real things, and probably the most genuine thing of them all is the English occupation. Egypt herself is the best proof of how necessary to her well-being this is. It is hard to tell just how unhappy the fellaheen were before the English came. The Egyptian is not the sort of man that complains. After centuries of oppression, he now accepts whatever form of government is offered in a brow-beaten way, and shuffles along after his donkey, and pays his tax for bringing a few bundles of clover across the bridge into Cairo without a murmur; and, judging by his looks, I doubt if he would make much disturbance if he found some morning that the tax on his clover had been doubled. He evidently feels like a very small depositor in a broken bank. England is the largest creditor, and is straightening things out for them both, and he is satisfied.

There never were so many cooks trying to spoil a broth. Before a Consul-General is received by the Khedive, the Sultan of Turkey must first approve of him, and it is said that the Sultan allows months to go by before he gives his consent, which is his Oriental way of showing his authority. But Egypt is geographically so important that, in spite of herself, she will be saved, and with England's

help she will some day pay her debts, and in centuries to come the fellah may learn to hold his head up like the Nubian.

There is no fear of Egypt becoming dull and commonplace, for if the East and the West should ever fight, it must be for the possession of her canal; and many an unborn soldier's reputation will be made before the railroad that has started up the Nile's valley reaches Cape Town. The same land that offers death and reputation to the strong gives life to the weak, and the tired rich man on his *dahabiyeh* and the soldier on the transport go up the Nile side by side, and in most cases they both find what they are in search of.

Shepherd's, in all probability, will forever remain a composite portrait of Europe and Asia, with Cairo as its frame. Time has made, and probably will continue to make, some slight alteration in Upper Egypt's appearance; but the locomotive's whistle will have difficulty in breaking the silence and calm of Karnak and Thebes. And the present indications are that Egypt will remain true to the Pharaohs of old, and until the Judgment Day she will, in all probability, (assisted by the Nile, who made her) continue to quietly resist the attentions of modern nations, and patiently wait for that last day.



At Kom Ombo.

## THEODORE ROOSEVELT, GOVERNOR.

BY J. LINCOLN STEFFENS.



WHEN Colonel Theodore Roosevelt disembarked at Montauk Point from the transport which brought him and his Rough Riders from Santiago, he was full of the fight that was over. A score of his friends who had hurried down eager to see him were pressing against the line of bayonets at the end of the pier; they were full of something else. One by one they seized him, and one by one they whispered to him:

"You are the next Governor of New York."

"Good," he said, half hearing; but he turned to wave at the yellow fellows just tumbling out of the boat. "What do you think of the regiment?" he asked.

"Campaign buttons are out with your picture already."

"Yes? Bully! Look at them. Aren't they crack-a-jacks?"

"But how do you feel? Do you think you can stand the strain of a political campaign?"

"I feel like a bull moose. I'm ashamed of myself to be so sound and well. See, that's K Troop."

And he pointed out men who had distinguished themselves. It was impossible to get his attention.

"Colonel, Croker said a few weeks ago that the man who would be the next governor must have been wounded in battle."

"Did he? Well, I have a wound. See here on my wrist, a piece of shrapnel—see?" There was no trace left. "Well, it was there, anyhow."

He laughed with the crowd, but again he turned to the column of khaki, and was soon off with his men in Cuba again, when a sober-faced man with a steady, quiet voice said:

"Platt wants you to run for governor, Colonel."

The soldier turned sharply, looked at the man a moment, then said:

"I'll see you again about this matter."

It began then. Senator Thomas C. Platt, the boss of the Republican party, and President Roosevelt of the Police Board had not been friends, for the police commissioner had refused to serve any of the purposes of the boss in New York City. The Assistant Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Roosevelt had called, in Washington, upon the United States Senator from New York State and Mrs. Platt; but that was official courtesy, a social duty, and a personal and private pleasure. Politically the two men were out. The one was a reformer, the other was the head and front of the machine; but both were politicians, different, yet practical politicians.

Mr. Platt realized the truth of what the Tammany boss had said, that only a soldier could carry the State. That was not all, however. Mr. Platt had blundered the year before. He and his party had established the Greater New York, and then had lost it to Tammany by fighting obstinately for a machine candidate for mayor against Seth Low, an independent Republican. The whole of the reform element in the party had been alienated, and had turned up with more votes than the machine could show. Theodore Roosevelt represented that body of voters. The reformer as much as the soldier, therefore, was needed to unite the party and play good politics.

But would a man like Mr. Roosevelt be useful to the machine? And could a man like Mr. Roosevelt afford to strengthen the machine?

The boss sent emissaries to Montauk, and so did the independent Republicans. While the machine men talked to the Rough Rider in his tent, the independents lay waiting on the grass under the regimental colors, watching the cowboys ride their bucking broncos.

"Mr. Platt does not expect much of you," was the gist of the party's message. "The

**NOTE.**—The author of this article is responsible for it, no one else; not Governor Roosevelt. And where the Governor is quoted, the sense and spirit of his utterances have been given faithfully, though the exact language may not always have been remembered.—J. L. S.

party needs a leader who can carry the State. After that, the candidate for governor shall be governor."

This was fair.

Then the reformers spoke: "We want to smash Platt. He's down now. One more blow will end him. Take an independent nomination, and the machine will have to support you. You must do so. You are of us, you belong to us. If you don't, you are a ruined man."

This sounded rather like the threatening language of boss-ship.

One day the Colonel walked slowly down over the plain, kicking little stones across the sand and thinking. He had fought hard for reform; he always would. He had stood for it in the city of New York, and the city had turned to Tammany. He owed the city allegiance, but it could not command him to disregard everything else. And since he had served it he had served the nation, which had its claims and its attractions. But to do large things in the nation the individual must act through, for, and with his party.

Was he thinking of the Presidency?

He stopped short. "No, no. Don't ever say that again. I never sought an office. I always wanted a job, for I like work. Do you know, I have been thinking lately that I should like to have a professorship of history in some good college? I'd enjoy that sort of work. Still there is one big public job I'd like to do, a bully big job, and I hope to get it some day, but it is under, much under, that of governing the United States."

Then he walked on, and told what his ambition was, and how he would go about accomplishing the task of its achievement. But long before he approached it there were other things; and these, like that, required organization, party.

Why not be a boss, then, and do something fine in boss-ship?

Again he stopped. "There is a chance for big things there, but they are not for me. I know what I can do, and I know what I can't do. And my limitations end at that. It is impossible, it is unattractive. The cavalry for me, not the engineers."

The Republican party in New York State should stand for the higher interests of the State. It must, for Tammany can win at the Tammany game. All the "cranks," "theorists," "reformers," "kickers," all the "fools" are naturally of the Republican party. It is the problem of the Republican leader to lead all, not some, of these ele-

ments, and leadership there must be, since "bossing" will not do. Croker has another problem. He has none of the cranks, etc. He has the ignorant, the selfish, the naturally subordinate minds which need, love, caress a master. Republican politicians in New York State have learned too much politics from the Democrats, and their mistake always has been the application of Tammany methods to a party these do not fit.

Colonel Roosevelt saw not any one great specialized service that he could do to the State by governing it, only the general one of governing well. There was the canal scandal; the Republican superintendence of the Department of Public Works had been extravagant, incompetent, and notoriously corrupt, and the great Erie Canal, which is in this department, was not effectively improved, though nine millions was set aside and spent on it for that purpose.

"I'll stick the knife way into that," the Rough Rider said, "and I'll turn it clear around."

A few other things required vigorous treatment, but nothing lay waiting in the State to compare with the reform of the police department nothing that was worth risking everything in the world for.

The big thing would be to lead the party to victory; then, as governor, carry out a policy which would be a party policy and would be so plainly, constantly, and bravely for the good of the State that the party would be set solidly down on public confidence. That meant to hold all the elements of the party together: the good all except the useless asses; the "bad" all except the incorrigible rascals. The utmost hope would be by thus strengthening the party, with the restoration to it of all the best and most difficult Independents, to prove that, at least for the Republican party of the State of New York, good public service was good practical politics - a policy on which the machine could win.

Colonel Roosevelt decided to accept the party nomination, if it came properly to him, and to decline the independent nomination anyway.

Oh, what a howl there was then! The Independents would not, they declared they could not, believe Mr. Roosevelt would "betray them," put his "neck into Platt's collar," resuscitate the "dead boss," etc., etc. The outcry could be heard at Camp Wikoff; but the Colonel was dictating his report on deficiencies of the Santiago campaign, disbanding his regiment, and writing the story



of the Rough Riders. He paused as he was about to mount his horse for a ride down to the surf for a bath, to say that his friends the enemy forgot that he always had been a party man; that he stuck to the party when he fought hardest for decency in the Legislature; that he voted for Blaine after leading the opposition to him in convention. And when he rode off with his cowboy troopers, he led the laughter.

Then the city wished to know how the nomination would be arranged. Would the boss go to the candidate, or would the candidate go to the boss? Both sides were anxious about this. The Independents said that would be the final humiliation, and the machine men shook their heads solemnly over it. They picked out a tactful man to approach the candidate, who alone thought nothing of this terrible question of etiquette.

This man called on Mr. Roosevelt, and, announcing that the nomination was practically decided upon, asked whether he would call on Mr. Platt in town.

"Of course I will. But why doesn't the Senator come down here and see our camp? He may not have a chance to see such a sight for a generation."

It appeared then that the Senator was a little particular about the etiquette of the matter.

"Oh, well, I'm not. I'll be in New York any time he says after I'm through here."

"What's the difference?" he said afterward. "Can you see how it matters whether I call on Platt or Platt calls on me? I can't. Since I have decided to accept the party nomination and to work with the party and for it, I have to see the leaders. I want to, anyway. For I am acting in good faith. I mean to go as far as I can with them. Of course I may have to break away and fight, and in that case I will fight hard, as they know. But I wish to start fair, give the leaders of the party every possible chance, and see. And mark this now: I'll do much more for Mr. Platt than I'll promise to do. I won't promise anything, but all that I possibly can do for the machine I will. It seems to me that that is no more than honest; it certainly is necessary to the achievement of my hope to strengthen the party by bettering it. See Platt? Yes, I'll see him now, and I'll see him after election; I'll see him when I'm governor."

So when all was arranged, Colonel Roosevelt called publicly on the boss. He went to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and his cab stopped at the main entrance. Some machine men

seized him as he stepped out on the curb, and led him surreptitiously off to a by-entrance and up a side stairway. They wished to spare him the publicity, perhaps, of an entrance among the reporters in the main hall; but when he left Mr. Platt, he came down the main stairway and talked with the reporters, greeted some of his Rough Riders, and drove away from the front door.

That first interview with the boss was characteristic of both men. When Mr. Roosevelt entered the room and shook hands with the Senator, he said at once:

"Before you say anything, Mr. Platt, let me say this: that if I accept the nomination of the Republican organization I will stand with the ticket. Any support that is not for the rest of the ticket I will not seek, and an independent nomination of myself without my colleagues I will refuse. Now I am ready to listen."

Mr. Platt paused. But he said the thing that was uppermost in his mind; something of the old enmity.

He wanted Mr. Roosevelt to be the candidate of the party for governor, because he thought Mr. Roosevelt could win. If he thought any other man would run better, he'd take that other man. But he believed Mr. Roosevelt was the leader who could carry the ticket to victory, and he did want this year to win.

Then they talked. Benjamin B. Odell, the Chairman of the State Committee, was there, and Lemuel Ely Quigg, the Chairman of the New York County Committee. They had reports from the districts everywhere showing the conditions which indicated that the party could carry the State, but only by a fight, a hard fight. Most of the returning soldiers were not fit for much more fighting, but a look at Mr. Roosevelt was enough. They laughed. He was ready for another campaign.

The conference was going off smoothly. But the conditions! Mr. Platt asked that the governor would give him an opportunity to express his views on any important matter that came up before deciding upon it.

Mr. Roosevelt said certainly he would; he would always listen to anything Mr. Platt had to say about any act of his. He would give a hearing to any party leader. But, if he was elected governor, he would be governor.

The Senator said of course. He would have no respect for Mr. Roosevelt if he were not the governor.

That was all.



Then happened one of those surprising disappointments of politics which make sceptics of good men and try the courage of the strong. When Mr. Roosevelt came out of that conference and walked down into the crowd in the hotel lobby, he was elated that his old party opponents had accepted him on the strength of his character. They had exacted no pledges; they had suggested none. Nothing had been breathed or hinted to make either him or his friends regret that he had gone there. He meant to act fairly by these politicians whom he had antagonized in the past; but he could not, would not, tell them this. That they did not ask him to say so, but took him on faith, was a gratifying compliment to his self-respect. It showed that they believed they knew him well enough to foresee what he would do and what he would not do, without saying a word about it.

There was no reason why they should not. His life had been a public career from the year he left college. But if his enemies trusted him, why should not his friends? The Independents, the reformers, the "better element" had a personal acquaintance with him, the intimacy of which should have made them surer than this boss of his sense of dignity and decency. Indeed, if the boss had expressed a distrust and asked a pledge, though Mr. Roosevelt would have left the room and quit the business altogether, he would have been able to understand the psychology of the insult. He might even have called it natural.

It was not the boss, however, who offered the insult, but those others. When he walked out into the street rejoicing over the outcome of his visit, he heard the uproar of reproach, and he saw that it came from his old political allies. They wanted to know what had been said, they wanted to know how he could have brought himself to "see Platt." They drew back from him and asked what kind of a man Croker would offer them. Of course Croker's man would be Croker's man, and Croker named his candidate, a Van Wyck, who, though a judge, was taken by the boss because, being a brother of Mayor Van Wyck and like him in character, he would probably prove as satisfactory to a boss. And many of the Independents said "a Van Wyck" was good.

It is true most of these political friends of Mr. Roosevelt did in the end vote the Republican ticket, but they did not help his canvass. It was to be a hard campaign, and they started it off with their backs for a damper. Those who supported him did so

in a way that hurt more than it helped him. "We'll have to vote for him," they said. "There's nothing else for us to do. But it is hard, and we cannot advise others to follow our example."

So the campaign began coldly, with the candidate standing alone among the strangers of yesterday, the politicians of his party and their leaders. It looked as though defeat were ahead of Mr. Roosevelt, and he was bitterly disappointed. But the Rough Rider soon remembered that, if defeat had to come, it was distant a month or more and that in the mean time there was a chance for a fight. That cheered him up. He went to Benjamin B. Odell, the Chairman of the Republican State Committee, and asked to be allowed to stump the State. Mr. Odell did not like the idea. A candidate who goes about making speeches is apt to say something which will hurt somebody's feelings and give the other party a chance to make points. The district leaders throughout the State, however, began to send in reports which changed Mr. Odell's view. There was apathy everywhere, and it appeared that, if victory was possible at all, the Rough Rider personally would have to win it, for he alone would be able to warm the rank and file to enthusiasm. So Mr. Roosevelt was allowed to go his way.

He stumped the State up and down and across and zigzag, speaking by day from the end of his special train and at night at mass-meetings, in the towns and cities. A promise of good government was his principal theme. Most of his speeches were pleas for the public confidence which had always been his. Twenty times a day he referred to the canal scandal, and he said that he would punish the corruptionists of the Public Works Department. But he had to depend for the most part on his appeal to the people to trust him to be what he had been before.

The only special incident of his campaign which helped him was the nomination of Judge Joseph F. Daly to be reelected Judge of the Supreme Court—and this had a sequel. Daly was a Democrat, and had long been on the bench. The New York bar petitioned both parties to nominate him, but his own party refused because Daly had declined to remove, at the request of Richard Croker, a clerk of good service and abilities, to make way for a friend of the boss. Mr. Roosevelt made very effective use of this as an instance of the encroachment of the boss power upon the courts, which last of all should be touched by any influence that

would diminish public faith in ultimate justice. Even this, however, was more forcible in the city, where Judge Daly sat and was known, and Tammany had the city sure. In the country, where Mr. Roosevelt made his fight, it was his personality that counted; and it did count. The campaign which began so gloomily brightened up as the Rough Rider went on, and toward the end there was genuine enthusiasm. The bets that had been at odds against him changed, till a few days before election (November 8th) they were ten to seven in his favor, and then most of the Democrats' stakes were put up to affect public opinion and influence doubtful voters.

The whole Republican ticket was elected, but Mr. Roosevelt ran ahead of the other candidates. He had 661,707 against 643,921 for Van Wyck, a plurality of 17,786. The next highest plurality was 15,839, the lowest 8,664.

Mr. Platt said: "I feel that Colonel Roosevelt deserves all honor and credit for the victory in the State, for I am certain that he is the only man who could have carried our standard to victory this year. The Republicans of New York State are indebted to Colonel Roosevelt in no small degree for our splendid triumph to-day, and he has my heartiest congratulation and best wishes."

The moment the result was known, the interest in the relations of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Platt intensified. Governor Frank S. Black had begun his term by consulting the boss and obeying him, and now at the end he and Mr. Platt were strangers, political foes. Mr. Black's friends, Mr. Platt's, and Mr. Roosevelt's almost all agreed that the new governor would succeed no better than the old in keeping peace with the boss. Mr. Roosevelt himself was not very hopeful, but he was cheerful; for, as he said in the first post-election days, he was trying, in good faith, to serve both the State and the party, and, as he had declared at Montauk, he believed sincerely that these were not only compatible, but identical. At any rate, he would stand for the State, so that whatever happened that should not suffer; and if the party did not prosper, it should not be for lack of a good administration.

Part of this universal scepticism about the durability of such an alliance was due to the supposed character of the new governor. People who do not know him personally think he is quarrelsome, egoistic, headstrong, self-sufficient, and unthinking. He is a fighter, but he is more wary of entrance to a quarrel than any self-respecting man I know; it is

only when "being in" that he bears it as Polonius advises. One of his faults is his openness to the counsel of others. But here again, and in the matter of thinking, he is two personalities in one—the first slow, reflective, open-minded; the other quick, reckless, and set. He gives time to making a decision; after he has settled upon a course, he ceases to be a man of thought and becomes altogether the man of action, the character, naturally enough, in which he is most widely known.

So far, as governor he has appeared in the other character. He himself says the deliberate side predominates now, and I infer from some of his remarks about his experiences in the war, that he thinks fighting under arms altered him in some essential way. Once in arguing with him about a certain public measure he had determined upon, I exclaimed:

"That's right, Governor."

"It is not only right," he answered quickly, "it is wise. I'm a changed man."

But I will leave it to Mr. Platt whether the change isn't only one of proportion, not of fundamentals. The Senator knows that the fighting man in Colonel Roosevelt was not fought out on San Juan Hill. He and the Governor have not "split" yet (March 18th), despite some of the interesting reports that they had; but they have seen fight in each other's eyes. However, this is a story of peace.

The Governor-elect began at once to do what he said privately at Montauk that he would do—more for Mr. Platt than he would promise him. He recognized in the Senator the head of the regular party organization, and, after his Cuban experience and his campaign for governor, Mr. Roosevelt acknowledged respectfully the first-rate fighting qualities of the regulars. But the volunteers also had their good points, so the Governor-elect asked Seth Low as well as Senator Platt to advise him. Others also were invited to the first council—Benjamin B. Odell, who is the executive head of the State machine; Elihu Root, an able lawyer; Joseph H. Choate, and some more. This was good politics, for it brought together all wings of the party, and the Governor-elect, being for the first time a straight-out party man, sought the unification of all the elements in it.

Right at the start Mr. Roosevelt declared the first principle of his dealings with these party leaders. Governor Black not only refused to make some of the appointments the

boss asked; he chose men with a following, to the end that they would in their grateful allegiance to him be Black men. That is to say, he undertook to build up a machine of his own. His success was not great. His party group was not strong enough to renominate him, but it was distinct enough to vote for him in the convention with unpromising loyalty.

Mr. Roosevelt was the leader of no wing of the party, and when he said at Montauk that he could not be a boss, he meant also that he would not try to be. This was not because he was not ambitious.

"I should like at the end of my first term," he said one day, "to be renominated and reelected; but it must be on my own terms. If the machine shall wish to defeat me, however, it will be able to do so, and I shall not grieve or regret it. I shall have no rival machine to oppose it. It cannot have all its men appointed. But whenever I reject its nominations and take other men, they will not be mine. They will simply be better men than the leaders found, and, if they have any party services to render, I do and shall refer them to the organization that represents the party. I am the Governor of the State of New York, and all I care for is to have an administration that will be an honor to my name, a service to the State, and a credit to the party."

Another principle which the Governor laid down for his own guidance in machine politics was to stand, not for the appointment of men of his own selection, but simply for good men, better than those he removed. The only exceptions he made to this rule were in the departments or places where, either because very bad work had been done in them or extraordinary duties remained in them to be done, exceptional qualifications were needed. In such cases the Governor has not allowed the machine to have a voice in appointments, and he has sought out his own men. But as an offset he has given over to the machine all the unimportant minor positions and, under some restrictions, many of the secondary departments.

The Department of Public Works, which had been conducted to the disgrace of the party, was one of the places he kept for himself. That was to be cleaned out; and since party politicians were pretty sure to be injured by exposures and possibly prosecutions, a courageous man was needed for superintendent; and since this necessary reorganization was a tremendous work, the superintendent had to be able. Mr. Platt had a

candidate for the place, but the Governor would not consider him. He went about among the greatest engineers in the State trying to induce them to give up private enterprises worth twenty thousand and fifty thousand dollars a year to take the State's seven thousand. They refused; but the Governor finally induced Colonel J. M. Partridge, a man of great executive ability, to undertake the job. Likewise the post of adjutant-general was important. General Tillinghast, who held it during the war, had blundered so badly that the State militia was disorganized. The Governor took this matter into his own hands by appointing Major-General Roe to the command, Avery D. Andrews to be Adjutant-General. Mr. Andrews is a Democrat, but he is a graduate of West Point; and as for his personal and political character, the Governor had learned all about that in the New York City police board, where they had served together as commissioners. Again, in the appointment of a surrogate of New York County the Governor went beyond the machine. Edward J. Fallows, a young assemblyman who had practised in the court, knew that one of the branches was corrupted, and he headed a legislative committee which proved his allegations publicly. The Tammany surrogate resigned, and the Governor, who had himself as a young assemblyman exposed the same court, backed up Mr. Fallows by insisting upon appointing to the bench a man of his own choosing. The machine had its man, and the machine "demanded" his appointment; but the Governor quietly nominated James M. Varnum, and the Senate as quietly approved.

The machine accepted all these independent acts of the Governor, and in at least two cases, those of Colonel Partridge and Surrogate Varnum, Mr. Platt said the men chosen against his wishes were his men. And in a way he spoke truly, for they certainly were no other man's men, and the Governor advised all his appointees to adopt his rule of relationship with the machine. He consulted Mr. Platt, and so might they. He disregarded the boss, if necessary, when anything large was at stake, and rendered unto Caesar the things that were Caesar's. The point was to do the utmost for the State and the party, and to that end the whole administration had to work together. Governor, heads of departments, and the Legislature, which, being regular Republican, was the machine's.

The only time the boss and the Governor disagreed hopelessly over an appointment

was when a Democratic justice of the Supreme Court, Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, talked of resigning. Mr. Roosevelt thought at once of Judge Daly, the Democrat whom the Republican party had renominated for the bench at the request of the New York bar. Daly had been defeated, and here was an opportunity to appoint him and show that the party was sincere in its declaration for a free bench. But the bar had urged also the nomination on both tickets of Justice Cohen; the Democrats had rejected him, and the Republicans had accepted him. Judge Cohen likewise had been defeated, and Mr. Platt urged him for Judge O'Brien's place. When two candidates were equally worthy, surely the Republican should be preferred, he argued, and the Governor personally rather preferred Cohen. But the principle of non-partisanship on the bench would be more emphatically illustrated by the choice of Daly, and the Governor decided to appoint him.

This decision the Governor conveyed to Mr. Platt one evening in December. They were to meet the next morning, and, in order to keep the Daly-Cohen controversy off the table, the Governor sent word that he had made up his mind about it. Just what was done that night I do not assume to know, but Mr. Platt and some of his friends were up quite late, and before the meeting next day it became known that Mr. Croker, who hated Daly and was interested, for the sake of discipline, in the punishment of a judge who disobeyed him, had persuaded Judge O'Brien to withdraw his resignation. Of course the inference was that Mr. Platt had passed on to Mr. Croker the Governor-elect's decision, and that the Tammany boss took the hint and kept his judge on the bench. There is nothing a politician enjoys more than a "move" of this sort, and when Mr. Platt was asked if he had inspired it he winked wickedly and smiled.

And Mr. Roosevelt—he laughed outright when he was told. He knew how the politician loved the sensation of driving a knife into a man's back, and he said: "They can beat me at that game every time. I never look under the table when I play, and I never shall. Face to face I can defend myself and make a pretty good fight, but any weakling can murder me. Remember this, however, that if I am hit that way very often I will take to the open, and the blows from the dark will only help me in an out-and-out battle."

The Daly controversy was ended, of course; but it served a good end. It put the Rough

Rider on his guard. He dropped it out of sight, however, and went on telling his political allies all that was in his mind, what he would and what he would not do, giving his confidence in perfect good faith and assuming honesty and fair play. But he foresaw that, if the fight should come, the first blow would come unawares, and would catch him in the space between his shoulder-blades.

It was thought and said that this thrust was delivered in the Legislature. In the period between November 8, 1898, and January 1, 1899, the policy of the party as to legislation was, of course, frequently discussed at the meetings of the Governor and Messrs. Platt, Odell, and Seth Low. At first the Governor and the machine leaders were far apart. For instance, Mr. Roosevelt wished to have passed a civil-service bill which should "put back the starch" that Governor Black had had taken out of the law on this subject. Mr. Platt opposed any change in the Black or "starchless" law. On the other hand, Mr. Platt was set on a police bill which should loosen Tammany's grip upon the New York City police department. Mr. Roosevelt was opposed to any interference by the State in the purely local affairs of the city.

Now Mr. Roosevelt had a peculiar interest in police affairs. His administration of the police department had brought into it and up out of the vileness of it a set of men who had caught some of his spirit. There were honest, enthusiastically loyal patrolmen, and among the officers a few had either "reformed" or pretended to; they at least were doing what the Governor used to call "straight police duty." The moment Tammany recovered control, these officers were sent off to the country precincts, while the rascals who had been dismissed the force and barely escaped prison were promoted to the highest places. The men in the lower grades were "pounded"—that is to say, they were shifted about from Coney Island to Kingsbridge, as far as possible from their homes, and, when they moved their families to Kingsbridge, they were "fired back to Coney" or Staten Island. Good police service was punished. This is no exaggeration. Tammany requires good political service, and the discipline of gross injustice and petty abuse was applied to teach the police force that "reform" does not pay, whereas corruption and blackmail bring the highest rewards.

Mr. Roosevelt knew all about this. The

men who suffered told him their stories, and other witnesses whom he had trusted at the police headquarters reported it to him. His old friends of police days begged him to lay an iron hand on the department, but he would not. The city had chosen the Tammany rule—let the city abide by its choice. He was concerned about the men on the force who were known as “Roosevelt men,” and if he had been anything of the boss he would have cared, for political reasons, to foster his party or following on the force. But he never seemed to think of this. He ground his teeth over the persecutions of the honest fellows, and he laid away a hope that later on he would have the right to help them. Tammany, if left free to do its worst, might make the city turn to him, and always he said the city was a part of the State. “Home rule” was no fetich for him. Now, however, his demesne was the State at large, and the city should work out its own salvation. He would not investigate, he would not consent to a reorganization law, nothing to check police excesses.

Mr. Platt urged and the other machine leaders grumbled, but none of their schemes found favor with the Governor till Elihu Root stepped in and drew a bill to abolish the bi-partisan board of police and turn over all the power of four commissioners to one single head, who was to be appointed by the Mayor, but was to be removable by the Governor if the police were allowed to interfere in elections. This attracted the Governor. The Mayor was a Tammany man. He would name a police commissioner who would give Tammany absolute control, and leave it free to do its very worst. At the same time it would give the Governor the right to prevent the abuse of police power for political purposes, which affected the State and the nation. This bill, moreover, would make it certain that, if the city of New York should elect a good Republican mayor, he could appoint to the police department a man who would have sufficient power to clean it out from top to bottom, without having to fight or compromise with three other com-

missioners of various degrees of ability and morality.

Mr. Platt accepted this bill. Mr. Roosevelt liked it immensely. It was introduced, and with it went a civil-service bill, both of which were to be party measures. The Republicans had a large majority in the Assembly, but the Senate was theirs by only two votes, and it soon developed that four Republican senators were opposed to the police bill. A caucus was held, and these men bolted. It was time for the party whip, but none was applied. The police bill was “dead,” the civil-service bill was “asleep in committee,” and, when Congress adjourned, Senator Platt went to Florida to rest.

“Ha, ha,” said the Black men. “What did we tell you? If Platt wanted those bills to pass, they would pass.”

There is an alternative. Senator Platt has tried in the past to beat two of the objecting senators in their home districts; but they have won out over him, and they are really independent. They trade their votes freely, and they work with the Democrats, who, unfortunately, in New York State, are almost always able to buy up as many Republicans as they want in an emergency. So it may be that Mr. Platt is boss only when it is easy to boss (he has called himself the “easy boss”), and that he is “pulling straight” as hard as he can. He came back from the South in time to try pressure at Albany, and he said he meant to apply it.

So far as the Governor is concerned, the situation is clear, a little amusing, but quite simple. Mr. Platt wanted the police bill, agreed to the construction of it step by step, and says he still is for it. Mr. Odell says that it is a party measure, and that he is working for it. No one knows to the contrary. It is all very well for irresponsible persons to see the knife in the gloved hand, but the Governor has started out to give and take confidence, and in good faith he must act till the blood flows. The experiment making is too interesting and too important to shy off from at the first whisper of suspicion, and no one wound of this sort can kill.



## II.

### I.—THE LOON.

At some far time,  
This water sprite  
A brother to the coyote must have been.  
For when the sun is set,  
Forth from the failing light  
His harsh cries fret  
The silence of the night,  
And the hid wolf answers with a wailing  
keen.

### II.—CAMP FIRES.

#### 1. POPPLE.

A RIVER curves like a bended bow,  
And over it winds of summer lightly blow ;  
Two boys are feeding a flame with bark  
Of the pungent popple. Hark !  
They are uttering dreams. "I  
Will go hunt gold towards the western  
sky,"  
Says the older lad ; "I know it is there,  
For the rainbow shows just where  
It is. I'll go camping, and take a pan,  
And shovel gold, when I'm a man."

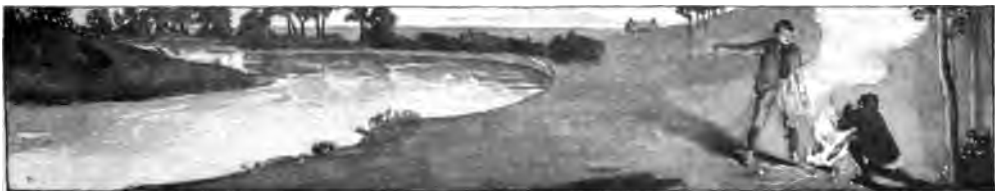
#### 2. SAGE BRUSH.

The burning day draws near its end,  
And on the plain a man and his friend

Sit feeding an odorous sage-brush fire.  
A lofty butte like a funeral pyre,  
With the sun atop, looms high  
In the cloudless, windless, saffron sky.  
A snake sleeps under a grease-wood plant ;  
A horned toad snaps at a passing ant ;  
The plain is void as a polar floe,  
And the limitless sky has a furnace glow.  
The men are gaunt and shaggy and gray,  
And their childhood river is far away ;  
The gold still hides at the rainbow's tip,  
Yet the wanderer speaks with a resolute lip.  
"I will seek till I find—or till I die,"  
He mutters, and lifts his clenched hand high,  
And puts behind him love and wife,  
And the quiet round of a farmer's life.

#### 3. PINE.

The dark day ends in a bitter night.  
The mighty mountains, cold and white  
And stern as avarice, still hide their gold  
Deep in wild cañons fold on fold.  
Both men are old, and one is grown  
As gray as the snows around him sown.  
He hovers over a fire of pine,  
Spicy and cheering ; toward the line  
Of the towering peaks he lifts his eyes.  
"I'd rather have a boy with shining hair,  
To bear my name, than all your share  
Of earth's red gold," he said ;  
And died, a loveless, childless man,  
Before the morning light began.



"I'll go camping . . . and shovel gold."



"I will seek till I find—or till I die."

### III.—O THE FIERCE DELIGHT!

O THE fierce delight, the passion  
That comes from the wild  
Where the rains and the snows go over,  
And man is a child!

Go, set your face to the open,  
And lay your breast to the blast,  
When the pines are rocking and groaning,  
And the rent clouds tumble past.

Go swim the streams of the mountains,  
Where the gray-white waters are mad;  
Go set your foot on the summit,  
And shout and be glad!

### IV.—RELENTLESS NATURE.

SHE laid her rivers to snare us,  
She set her snows to chill,  
Her clouds had the cunning of vultures,  
Her plants were charged to kill.  
The glooms of her forests benumbed us,  
On the slime of her ledges we sprawled;  
But we set our feet to the northward,  
And crawled and crawled and crawled!  
We defied her, and cursed her, and shouted,  
"To hell with your rain and your snow.  
Our minds we have set on a journey,  
And despite of your anger we go!"

### V. A MOUNTAIN PASS.

It is a grim and grievous way!  
Its bulbous ledges, cold and gray,  
Lie naked to the light of day,  
And every word the water saith  
Is bitter, and the breezes' breath  
Is rotten with the reek of death.

Along the gray-green granite wall  
The sea's dank vapors snake-like crawl,  
And hide each roaring waterfall.  
And when the winter winds are high,  
The ghosts of murdered horses cry,  
And on the snows go rushing by.

God's curse is on it and on those  
Who forced their gaunt beasts through the  
snows;  
And men shall answer for their woes.

### VI.—THE END OF THE TRAIL.

HERE the trail ends Here by a river  
So swifter, and darker, and colder  
Than any we crossed on our long, long  
way.

Steady, Dan, steady. Ho, there, my dapple.  
You first from the saddle shall slip and be  
free.

Now go, you are clear from command of a  
master;

Go wade in the grasses, go munch at the  
grain.

I love you, my faithful, but all is now over;  
Ended the comradeship held 'twixt us  
twain.

I go to the river and the wide lands be-  
yond it,

You go to the pasture, and death claims  
us all.

*For here the trail ends!*

*Here the trail ends!*

Draw near with the bronchos.

Slip the hitch, loose the cinches,

Slide the saw-bucks away from each worn,  
weary back.

We are done with the ax, the camp, and the  
kettle;

Strike hand to each cayuse and send him  
away.

Let them go where the roses and grasses  
are growing.

To the meadows that slope to the warm  
western sea.

No more shall they serve us; no more shall  
they suffer

The sting of the lash, the heat of the day.

Soon they will go to a winterless haven.

To the heaven of beasts, where none may  
enslave.

*For here the trail ends!*



"He died, a loveless, childless man."

*Here the trail ends.*

Never again shall the far-shining mountains  
allure us ;

No more shall the icy, mad torrents appal.  
Fold up the sling ropes, coil down the  
cinches,

Cache the saddles, and put the brown bridles  
away.

Not one of the roses of Navajo silver,  
Not even a spur shall we save from the rust.  
Put away the worn tent-cloth, let the red  
people have it ;

We are done with all shelter, we are done  
with the gun.

Not so much as a pine branch, not even a  
willow

Shall swing in the air 'twixt us and our God.

Naked and lone we cross the wide ferry,  
Bare to the cold, the dark, and the rain.  
*For here the trail ends.*

*Here the trail ends.* Here by the landing  
I wait the last boat, the slow silent one.  
We each go alone—no man with another,  
Each into the gloom of the swift black flood.  
Boys, it is hard, but here we must scatter ;  
The gray boatman waits, and I—I go first.  
All is dark over there where the dim boat  
is rocking—

But that is no matter ! no man need to fear ;  
For clearly we're told the powers that  
lead us

Shall govern the game to the end of the day.  
*Good-by—here the trail ends !*



*The end of the trail.*



## IN MISSOURI.

BY HENRI BRONSON AND VIOLA ROSEBORO'.



**T**HERE were more battles fought in Missouri during the first year of the Civil War than in any other State in the Union, and the conflict was the fiercer because the men who fought knew each other knew the stubborn valor and the unconquerable will of enemies who had been their friends and neighbors.

It was in the midst of this fierce, close death-struggle that the lovers whose history is here brokenly outlined came into that inheritance which, though rarely indeed it happens so, may sweeten our sad human life to the end. Young lovers all but always imagine that their love is for them the supremely important thing in the universe; but in the rushing, maddening throbs of the great days of 1861 these two, in the very hour of their betrothal, were lifted to heights of impersonal emotion that made their fate look a little thing. But life and love are never so thrilling as when existence itself is held but as an imperiled stake in a great cause, and for them life and love rose now to flood-tide height.

Major McIntyre, a veteran of the Mexican War, and his three sons Georgia's father and her brothers were already gone to join the wonderful army which flew together at the call of Sterling Price, when Paul Campbell kissed his sweetheart good-by and rode after them. Major McIntyre was made colonel of an infantry regiment, his sons serving under him; and Paul Campbell won the captaincy of a company of cavalry for the very reason that half the lads who formed it cherished a romantic devotion to Georgia McIntyre, and in the high spirit of their young chivalry joyed in ratifying her choice of their bravest and best.

It fell out that the first battle Paul's regiment saw, and one of the first fought in the State, took place near the McIntyre homestead. General Price hurried a portion of his half-formed command to this Western country where a body of Federal troops were operating, and after a skirmish, late one spring afternoon, the two little armies went

into position for the decisive action of the next day.

Captain Campbell, coming on the field with his company as that day broke, riding along behind the battle line, saw, sitting upon her big horse and darkly outlined against the brightening sky, Georgia. With bared head he rode toward her, the dawn wind blowing back his brown curls, his clean-cut boyish face solemnly alight, and his blue eyes growing bluer: the build and the carriage and the face of him all spoke of pride of character - perhaps more of pride than of deep-based strength to back it; but the pride was still unbowed and unsullied, making for all things honorable, and in his slim, haughty youth he looked the fit mate for the sword at his side.

Georgia bent down to speak to a passing soldier, a man who had never seen her before, but he stood uncovered, poised as if eager to do her bidding. Of course, the woman-worship he was bred to counted for something in this expression; but there was an aura of womanhood about the girl that must have made even men of quite other ideas feel that she was one it was a duty and a privilege to serve and to protect. She was a supple, slim-waisted, deep-breasted creature, who, as seen upon her horse that morning, might have brought the thought that here in the bud was a woman fit to mother a mighty race. But if you had come close enough to look into the dark oval of her face, you would have forgotten everything but its mystical, still exaltation and the wonder of her tender, large-irised, midnight eyes. Only her eyes seemed to count in Georgia's beauty, though all was well enough, and the flower-curved mouth exquisite. The glory and gloom of the eyes preoccupied attention; they varied, to be sure, with each light and shadow passing over her soul, and the deeper, darker emotions had dilated them not often in her short life. Yet always a capacity for suffering lay in their depths, and appealed to all to be good to her.

She lifted her head when Paul spoke to her as to a greeting expected, and stretched forth her little gauntleted hand with a half manly directness that gave the last touch of

sweetness to her utter femininity. Their words were very few and simple. After an instant's silent gaze, Georgia asked where was her father's regiment. He told her that it was posted on the extreme right, and as his own company had just been ordered to cover the right flank of the command, they rode across the field together.

The forces lay on the low hills on either side a small creek, the right flank of the Con-

federates with a coolness and precision little below that of veterans, though none of them had been in the service three months and most of them had never seen a battlefield before. Their appearance was strikingly different from that of the men on the other side. These were collected in crowds that had little about them of military precision; and they were not in uniform, but wore the clothes they had had on when they left their fields



"He cast a startled, questioning look at Georgia as he passed her."

federates resting at a point where the stream made a sharp bend and widened out into a swamp. On the hill beyond, the bugles called the men in blue from the ground where they had lain. The drums beat, and the standard-bearers took their places, and as the Stars and Stripes were unfurled the Federal soldiers occupied the ground on the crest of the hill marked by the flag of their country. That crest they were to hold against the swelling crowd on the other side of the creek, where men and more men were coming together from every direction. Theirs seemed a thin line of blue and steel, but it was a well-formed line, well armed, and well equipped, and occupying a strong position, and the men wheeled into their formation

and shops and offices, altered only by hard marching and rough camping. Their arms were as various—shotguns, rifles, and old muskets; but they were ready to shorten the range and make this pitiful armament terrible. But strangest of all was their formation. Three lines of battle there were; the first under the direction of officers some of whom had been trained at West Point. It was composed of those who had guns of some sort, a motley crew with only what General Sigel at Springfield called a "worm-fence formation," though, to be sure, he found it there more like a stone wall before he fled before it. Just back of that another, stranger still, was, without officers, bringing itself awkwardly into shape: a line it was

such as has been rarely, indeed, heard of in history, a line almost as strong in numbers as the one in front, and made of just such stalwart fighters, but fighters without arms. Patient and grim they must wait; they were there to take the guns and the places of the wounded and the dead as they fell. But the third line! Nothing like it had ever been seen before since men first made war. Stretched out behind the others, a short distance to the rear, was a long array of women, watchful, faithful, the mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts of the men before them, and with them standing between the enemy and their homes. They were as firm and almost as stalwart as the men as they stood there in the drifting dust of the road, some barefooted, in sun-bonnets and calico gowns; some better clothed, some rich, many poor; all there to do their part, to succor suffering and to sanctify death. None of them dreamed of their men faltering before the foe; they were not there to keep them true; but no man, however stricken by the horror of deadly danger, would ever dare to face that line. As they stood there waiting for the slain—but not the recreant—they were a reserve guard none could break.

Perhaps from the evanescence of human life springs always the flower of its poetry; but as Paul and Georgia rode among them, love and youth shone more bubble-like than ever before to men who were themselves to die within the hour.

Colonel McIntyre, his big, gaunt figure rising above the crowd, saw the pair, and waved his sword to them.

"If you ride up there at once you'll have time, dear, to speak to him," said Paul.

"No," she answered; "I'd like to, but I'll not disturb him now. I only want to be as near him and the boys as I can. I'll stay with the women over there by that tree, till" the soft voice vibrated but the more harp-like as, after an instant's break, she finished her sentence "till we are needed." Then her dark eyes deepening, "And you, Paul, where will you be?"

"Just over there at the end of your father's line" the masculine thrill of combat leaped in his tenor tone "but remember not to come near the rear of the cavalry; wounded and frightened horses will make the place too dangerous. And you must not stay on your horse; hitch him near you where you can get him in an instant. And now, my love, good-by."

Again she laid her hand, bare now, in his

"Come to me, send for me—" she began, and could say no more.

"If there is time, sweetheart."

"God bless and protect you, dear, and prosper you against the enemy." Her tone was clear and major again. With a touch and a gesture, grave and brave, she sent him from her. "Good-by, and good-by, Paul," she called beneath her breath as the first fire opened against the Confederate center.

The women made ready for their labors, and had not long to wait. As the golden day waxed, the black conflict roared louder, and the women grew busier, and the country doctors acting as surgeons must needs work faster. No one had time to note the progress of the fight; surging backward and forward, it had swung a little away from them, a little to the left.

Georgia had seen men she knew brought in, her family's friends and an old playmate of her own; but from her father and brothers and lover she had heard nothing. There was no time to ask questions, and she worked on as steadily as if she were a strong woman inured to horrors; but she was, indeed, only a high-hearted child, and every hour of this fearful strain was wearing away the strength that controlled her.

Presently her youngest brother, the one nearest herself in age, was brought to her insensible. With cold hands she washed the blood from a wound in his head. As she bandaged it, he opened his eyes, asked her for water, and, drinking it, caught at a fence hard by, and staggered to his feet. He could tell her little about the others, only that the Colonel was unharmed a while ago, and that Chester had been hit hours before, but not hurt much, and had gone on fighting.

"Let me go, sister; I've got to go," he was saying, when he interrupted himself. "Hello! What's that? What's Paul Campbell doing?"

There was a queer, sharp note in his voice, and Georgia wheeled to look, with her hand quick pressed to her breast. Captain Campbell's company had disappeared, and Paul himself was flying down the road, bearing backward to where the wounded lay. He was covered with dust and grime and blood, cap and coat gone, sword and scabbard thrown away, and on foot he was running hard, and stooping under the embankment to protect himself from the Federal fire. As he swerved directly toward the brother and sister, he shouted something, and as he came closer, with failing breath he cried:



"THE OLD COLONEL HAD HER IN HIS ARMS WHEN HER LOVER . . . SPRANG TO HIS SIDE."

"My company has been cut to pieces by the artillery. My horse is killed. I must have another. You are in no danger now—Georgia, can I take yours? Where is he? Yes, I see."

Georgia had pointed to where the horse was tied, her eyes not swerving from his. He had only slackened his pace as he spoke, and now he ran to the horse, tore off the side-saddle, threw himself across its back, and flew down the road without another word, only he cast a startled, questioning look at Georgia as he passed her. But she

had turned to her brother as a dead woman walking might move, and the forecast of pain that had always haunted her beautiful eyes was fulfilled in the anguish that dilated them now.

"Tell me, Charley, what does it mean? Is it true?" Her voice was the dead woman's voice, only her eyes could express the depth of her living agony.

"It must be," the dazed, inexperienced boy answered her; "but I would not have believed it if I had not seen it."

"Is every one running, Charley? Is father

dead, and the boys? They would not run. Is it all over, Charley? What does it mean?"

"It means that Paul Campbell has broken down into a coward, and is the first and only man to run this day. Let him go and save himself. I'll find him yet, and so help me God, I'll kill him for making my sister look like that. Let him go, sister, he's not worth your grief!" So the boy unwittingly mocked her. "Now these other fellows need you, and I must go back," and with that he kissed her and was gone. Georgia did not even look after him; she was gazing down the road to the left where Paul had disappeared. Stumbling against a bucket of water, she stooped and dipped herself a drink. She turned her head this way and that before she started, with a rapid, wavering step, toward the front, where the battle was raging. "I must see father; I must find father," she whispered to herself.

In the meantime Captain Campbell had turned to the right, and approaching the line again, rode up to where General Price, on his horse, was watching the conflict. Saluting and speaking rapidly, he said: "General, my company, which was covering our right flank, has been cut to pieces by the Federal artillery. Those that are left are fighting on foot under Colonel McIntyre. Our right flank is uncovered and exposed, and I am ordered by Colonel McIntyre to ask you to send a company of cavalry or a battery to protect it before it is turned by the enemy. The danger is great and the time short."

Quietly enough the General looked at the blackened, disheveled figure. He stroked his long white mustache as he said: "You seem to have been where it was pretty hot, Captain; you've had hard fighting on the right. Is McIntyre still holding his position?"

"His regiment has drifted to the left, but his lines are unbroken; but now there is a gap between him and the swamp through which the enemy might charge."

"He must extend his line to the right and cover the gap to the swamp. I have no reinforcements to send him. Everything is engaged. He must hold on the best he can. Tell him so, and tell him from me that he and his command have distinguished themselves this day, and he has my thanks and consideration. You see the horses those youngsters are holding over there? You may have them, and mount all those unarmed fellows that you can; take them back with you. They'll look like fresh cavalry. That's

all I can do for you, but maybe you'll be able to save the flank and win the battle with them."

The awful courage of that unarmed reinforcement did indeed deceive the Union officers. As the Federal forces were reaching out to charge and crush the right wing, they saw the ground reoccupied, and checked the movement, thinking their opportunity had passed. The battery that had destroyed Campbell's company had been hurried off to another quarter; for the time the threatened flank was safe, and Campbell hastened to make his report to Colonel McIntyre. The veteran was cheering on and directing his men; they were fighting desperately under a murderous fire; he was galloping along the rear of his line as Campbell came toward him, and at almost the same moment both men saw a vision fantastic and dreadful: Georgia was rushing, stumbling, running through the very heart of the battlefield. She gave the whole mad scene the unreality of a dream. As she drew near her father, both men saw her reel and fall, throwing up her little white hands as she went down. The old Colonel had her in his arms when her lover alighted and sprang to his side. She had been shot in the side of the head, and the blood was streaming over her bosom. As her father raised her, she looked at him, and then she turned her tragic eyes on Paul, but only for a moment. "Oh, father," she moaned, "let him live, live long, for he's afraid to die. Charley would have killed him, but Charley's dead now. Charley wasn't afraid. I'm glad to go. But O God, let him live, he's afraid to die!" And with that she passed away, and her lover stood there helpless against the mistake of the dead. Had she found her father sooner, he could have given her back her happiness, even though he had failed to save her life; but she came first on Charley, wounded again and dying, and she had stayed to the end with him.

Paul Campbell was thanked and cheered and promoted. He became colonel of a regiment known as the most terrible fighters of Jeff Thompson's terrible brigade. And afterward, with Wheeler, with Mosby, in the awful final struggle on the James, and all during the bloody time between, Campbell's cavalry dared everything and feared nothing. When he reached the James, all who had left Missouri with him were gone, and still the man who had led all those dead men with a recklessness even beyond their own lived on.

In 1879 an old fellow, afterward known as Jack Hall, drifted into a Missouri village upon the Gasconade. He got possession of a dilapidated cabin on the edge of the hamlet, and lived there fifteen years, solitary, friendless. He had no visible excuse for existence, and made none. He was held to be a common nuisance because he never worked, and a drunkard because he drank much whisky, though if he was ever drunk no one knew it.

One summer morning in 1894 it was noticed that there was some kind of a flag floating over old Jack's cabin. Two ex-Confederate soldiers lounging around the railway station had the curiosity to go nearer the place to see what it was. A newly erected pole bore an old Confederate battle-flag flying at half-mast. Those old soldiers looked long at the flag they had followed through victory and through defeat, and wondered. The cabin door was closed. They leaned upon a rail-fence, and talked it over, unconsciously hushing their voices. It was a strange sight, that long-forsaken, well-loved banner rising out of the buried past and floating there in the living air and sun.

The news of it spread, and men gathered to gaze. After a while Captain Ramsey, once a Confederate cavalry officer, and two men who had served under him left the little crowd that had collected along the track, and made their way across the rough common to the hut. They hailed the owner two or three times, Missouri fashion, before they knocked. They got no answer. They tried the door; it was unfastened, and they went in. All was clean and orderly, and in the midst of the room was a small platform like a couch; upon it lay something covered by another bullet-tattered flag. Reverently they lifted the ragged colors and looked, just as in times gone they had looked so often, upon a dead Confederate soldier. He wore the full uniform of a colonel of cavalry, his cap upon his breast and his sword by his side. He was clean-shaven but for a long mustache, and the white hair was combed back from the forehead and clustered in thick curls about the still face. They had never seen that face before. Old Jack was unshaven and unkempt always; now all the marks of dissipation and despair had disappeared, and death had brought back the echo of Paul Campbell's high-featured, proud youth. His ancient comrades in arms gazed at him, and forgot old Jack, and saw only a hero "taking his rest." Wonderingly they

looked about them. None of them had ever visited him. The hermit had admitted no one while he lived, but dead he had called to them by a messenger he knew they would heed.

A letter on the table was addressed to a famous lawyer in St. Louis. He too had once fought for the defeated flag. Captain Ramsey sent it unopened, and though ignorant of his history, buried the outcast with the honors of a soldier.

In the letter to Judge Watson, Paul Campbell told his boyhood's friend how he had lived, and how at last he felt the long, long burden of the years slipping from him and the end of their pain and shame at hand. The recluse wrote with a child-like simplicity that showed forthright the nature of the man—a nature deep and single, narrow if you will, a type of what we call the man of action, taking few impressions from life and holding them to the end. His letter spoke not only of the love of his youth, as if the tragedy of that shipwreck were upon him with all its poignancy unsoftened; but he told of his feelings about God and the mysterious future with the unquestioning directness of one who wholly believed, though he, a sinner, but dimly understood, the religion his mother had taught him.

"I have tried all my life," he wrote, "to hope that Georgia knew the truth, but I could not feel it so, and my burden has seemed greater than I could bear. I must always have been a broken man without her, yet I might have been a man, but for the sense of her blameless misery always upon me. But now, when the warning symptoms at my heart promise me quick release from this life, the darkness is melting; I have faith that she knows. You will get this as a message from the dead. You may be told I took my life. It does not matter what these strangers here think; but you, my friend, who knew Georgia McIntyre—and I know you have never forgotten her—and who know my history now, you will be sure that however I have fallen in my wretchedness, at least I have never been tempted into cowardice. I'll meet her, God willing, with no stain upon my honor, and I think now it will be very soon. The happiness of it——"

There the pen had fallen, blotting the page in rolling across it. The happiness of it had thickened his wild and broken heart-beats till the old soldier must needs hasten with his last signature and lay himself down to await the bliss of death.



ELEPHANTS EATING THEIR DESSERT OF SUGAR-CANE.

From a photograph by Metzker & Co., Secunderabad.

## THE INTELLIGENCE OF ELEPHANTS.

WITH STORIES ILLUSTRATING THEIR UTILITY TO MAN.

BY COLONEL F. T. POLLOCK.

**O**F all wild animals subjugated by man probably the most useful is the elephant. He learns marvelously, never forgets what he has learned, has great strength, and is wonderfully acute in his senses. When in good health, his whole skin is sensitive to the slightest touch, and the top of the proboscis has, probably, as keen a sensibility as the points of the human fingers. His eye, also, is keen, though the range of his vision is probably not very extensive. Indeed, sight is not the most useful sense in such places as those which elephants inhabit; and the senses of animals are, in general, adapted to the nature of their haunts. The sense of hearing is a much more serviceable one among tall vegetation than that of sight, and from the size of the elephant's ears and the freedom with which he can move them backwards and forwards, there is reason to conclude that in him this sense is very acute. His sense of smell, however, is the leading one, as it enables him to find what he seeks, and to avoid that which it is his instinct to shun. The trunk of the elephant is preëminently adapted for this purpose, as it is copiously supplied with nerves, and there is ample evidence that it is under the gui-

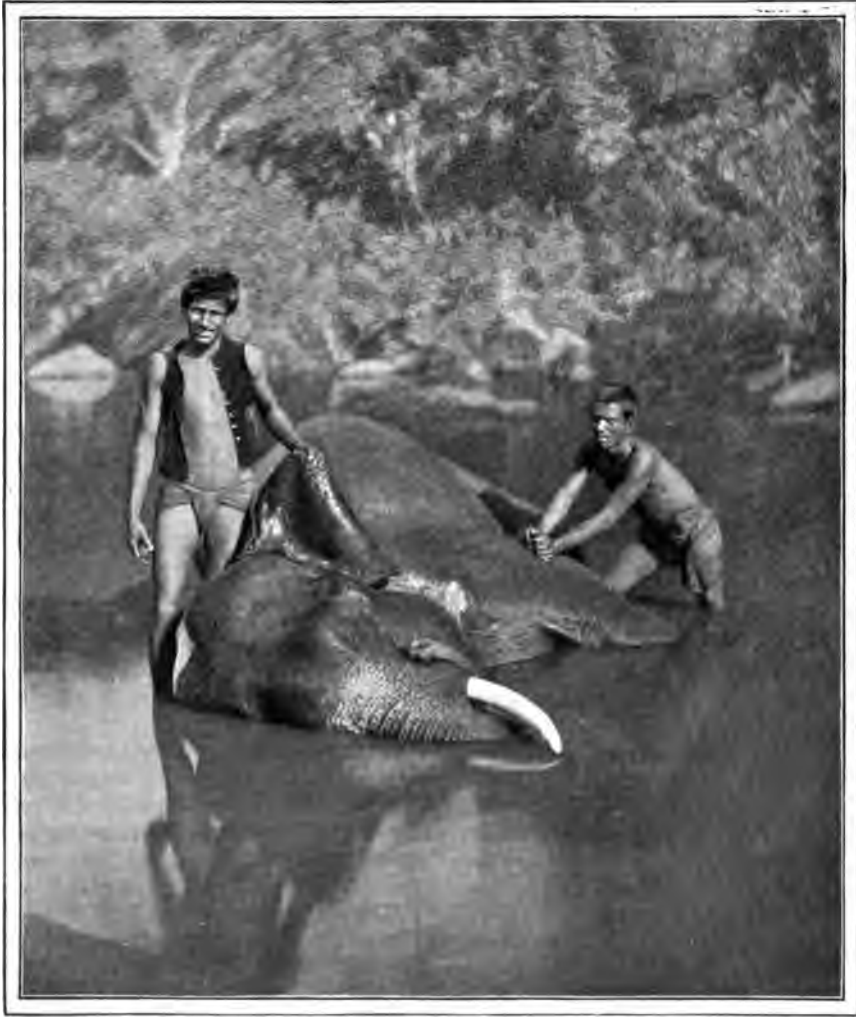
dance of his proboscis that he chooses or rejects those articles which are offered to him. It is impossible to approach a wild herd from the windward, as long before a hunter can get within shot from that quarter, they will either flee or charge. And not only the elephant's sensibility, but also his instinct, is remarkable, and he is capable of being taught almost anything.

The peculiar sagacity of elephants is especially exemplified in the use that is made of them in running down and ensnaring their kind. Many of the females are let loose in the forests, and decoy the males into stockades erected for that purpose. When the nights are dark and the places where the elephants feed are known to the hunters, they advance towards them with four trained female elephants; and when they have determined upon the particular elephant they mean to secure, three of the trained elephants are conducted silently and slowly by their drivers, at a moderate distance from each other, near the place where the male is feeding. Thence, unattended, they advance cautiously, feeding as they go, and are mistaken for wild ones. When the male perceives them, he takes a good scent

all round, and then approaches them. A female goes on each side of him, gradually closes up, and commences to caress him, and while he is occupied with these the third places herself crosswise close up behind him. Then, behind the third, a fourth is quietly brought up, laden with ropes and attendants,

class of trappers. Two or three club together, and if they catch three or four elephants in a season they think themselves lucky.

Running down and noosing elephants, of which I shall give some description further on, is very destructive to life. So many



THE DAILY BATH.

From a photograph by Spooner & Co., London.

who immediately get under the belly of the third and quickly tether the legs of the wild one, which is thus secured beyond the hope of escape. Now when we consider that the three first elephants act without any guide, it says a great deal for their sagacity and training that they are as unfailing in the business as they are. This mode of capturing elephants is adopted only by the poorer

captives die from the rope cutting deep into their necks that the Government has forbidden it; but it is carried on all the same extensively in the remoter forests. It also uses up many tame elephants before their time, from the exertions they undergo. I have my doubts, however, about elephants living up to 150 years and more, as is asserted by some writers. Yet it is well





PILING TEAK TIMBER, RANGOON.

known that elephants have been worked up to eighty years of age. When very old, it is said, elephants do not lie down often for the purpose of sleeping, and it has been also asserted that instances have been known of an elephant not having lain down for a whole year, merely sleeping a little off and on whilst standing. Wild ones sleep occasionally leaning up against the bole of a tree; but they far more frequently lie down, and an old friend of mine who had been searching for an old tusker at last came upon him from hearing him snore, and slew him as he lay. In camp I have seen elephants lying down asleep, using a foot as a sort of pillow.

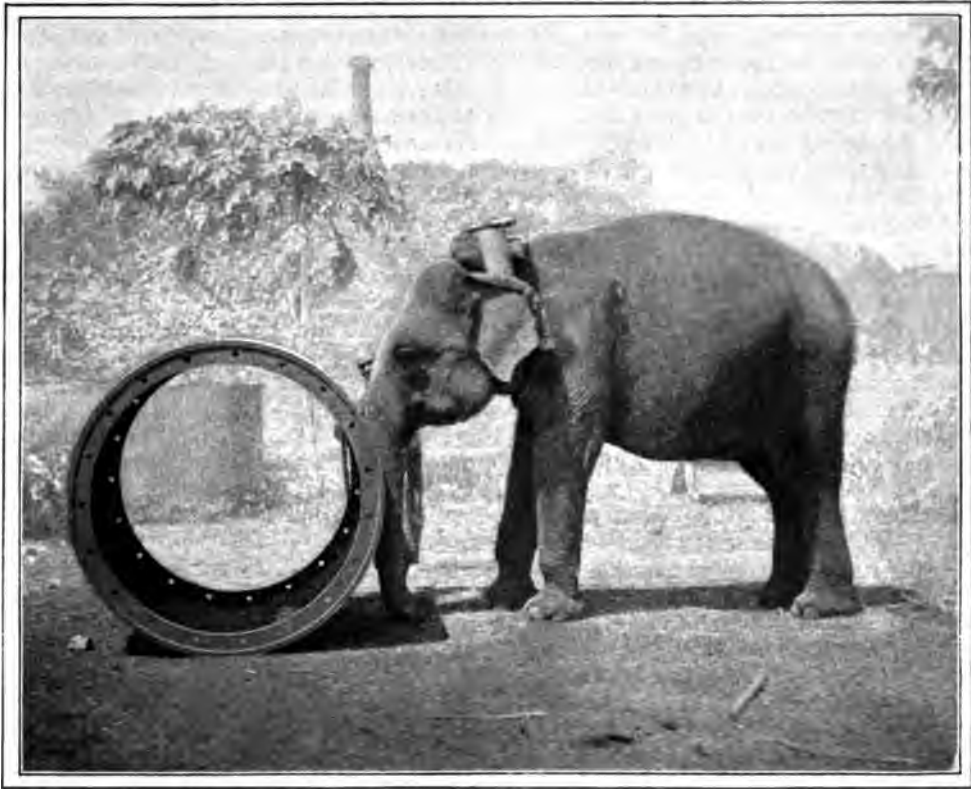
Elephants are indispensable for moving heavy batteries of artillery in India. Their tractable nature renders them invaluable animals for such purposes. But when the guns are brought into action, the elephants are replaced by bullocks, as the latter are not subject to panic like the former. In the plains of India two elephants will drag a heavy gun along at the rate of about three and a half miles an hour. Each battery consists of six guns four forty pounders and two 6.3-inch howitzers. There are twelve

elephants to each battery, two to each gun or howitzer. There is a jemadar, twelve mahouts, and twelve grass-cutters to look after the elephants.

We are accustomed from time immemorial to associate the horse with the pomp and circumstance of war; but the elephant—though a non-combatant is not a whit behind the horse in intelligence, and there appears to be very little for which he is not adapted. For the transport of siege trains one cannot imagine a more valuable animal. The gentle ox is also of great value, especially under fire, but it takes a great many of him to equal one elephant.

The following is a description by the late Colonel Walter Campbell of the use an elephant is put to on a march. He is not alluding to those employed in dragging siege guns, but to those told off to assist gunners in moving their guns through a country rendered heavy by its boggy nature or owing to recent rains:

“It is interesting on the line of march to mark the extraordinary sagacity displayed by elephants attached to each battery in helping them out of the numerous difficulties



ROLLING AN IRON CYLINDER.

they encounter. The elephants employed for this purpose have their foreheads covered by a strong leathern shield to protect them from injury when pushing against the guns. Whenever a gun comes to grief by sticking in a quagmire, one of these sagacious brutes is brought up to assist it out of the difficulty. With the important air of an experienced engineer he marches up and deliberately examines the state of affairs. Twisting his trunk round the spoke of one wheel, he gives it a lift, as if to ascertain the depth and tenacity of the mud, and then quietly walks round and does the same by the other wheel, dropping it again with a knowing twinkle of the eye, as if he said to himself, 'All right, I can start her, I think.' Then he deliberates for some minutes, giving a slight push here and a slight pull there, when, having at last made up his mind as to the best mode of proceeding, he probably applies his forehead to the muzzle of the gun, and uttering a shrill trumpet-like sound, as a signal for the gun bullocks to pull together, pushes against it with his massive weight, which, if the bullocks obey the signal, is generally sufficient to start the gun.

But sometimes when bullocks are over-driven or sulky, they refuse to obey the signal. It is then amusing to witness the indignation of the elephant. I have seen him spring up with a scream of rage, and brandishing his trunk, rush at the team of bullocks as if to take summary vengeance on them or their driver; and this threat generally produces the desired effect."

The forests whence timber is procured are often at considerable distances from water carriage, and but for these useful slaves the logs could not be dragged to the water's edge. Thus many elephants are employed during the cold weather in transporting teak timber, which had been felled the year previous and cut up into suitable lengths, to where it can be formed into rafts. Not only do they drag the pieces, but help in arranging them alongside one another in the water, and so to form them into rafts. I do not know what the huge timber yards in Rangoon and Moulmein would do without these trained animals. I spent some years in Rangoon as a sapper and engineer officer, and really the human way in which an elephant will test the weight and balance of a log before lifting it



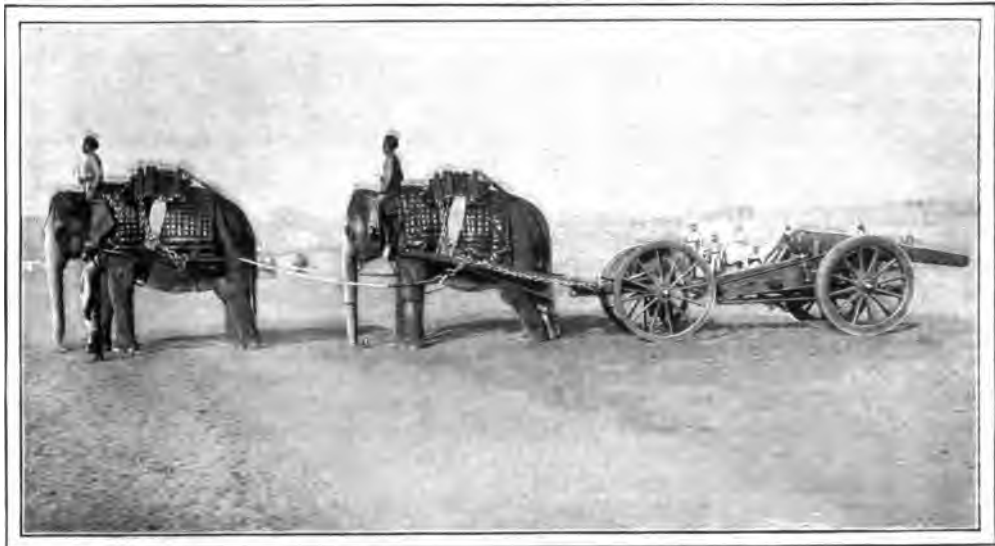
possible, with one leg advanced and her whole weight thrown to the side opposite to the captive. But even then we were dragged some distance, until, finding himself choking, the youngster had to halt. The second noose was then thrown, and the captive made sure. Now came the dangerous task of loosening the slip-knot by means of a rope attached to the knot for that purpose, and replacing it with stout ropes round the throat of the victim. But these men are so expert from constant practice that an accident very seldom occurs. Two or three tame elephants now close up and lavish attentions on the half-strangled stranger; the assistants slip off, and tether the hind and front legs in a moment. Often it is a very difficult task to loosen the slip-knot, as it frequently cuts deep into the flesh, and many elephants die after capture of mortification of their wounds.

Directly an elephant finds himself caught he resigns himself to his fate, and goes quietly to the place fixed for a temporary or permanent camp, and is there broken in and made fit for work in six months. Mr. Nuttall, who for thirty years was superintendent of government *keddahs*, said he had used an elephant for tiger hunting two months after its capture, and was chasing wild ones off the back of another three months after; but such instances are very unusual, of course.

When a wild elephant is very obstreperous and unusually strong, the noose-rope is cut, and the elephant allowed to go free. Now and then, but very seldom, where a foolish attempt is made to capture an unusually large tusker, the *koonkie* is overthrown and the hunters killed. But the rich bankers who manage or finance these hunts, give strict orders that the hunters are not to capture large males, as so many die and it is money thrown away, and they heavily fine the catchers if they disobey these orders.

Wild elephants during the heat of the day retire to forests or to dense thickets, and show great ingenuity in choosing their place of siesta.

There are, in various parts of India, medium-sized ponds that in the middle of the hot weather contract. They are full of coarse fish. By stirring up the mud, the fish, to breathe, are forced to come to the surface, and this can best be done by sending in a lot of elephants and making them go up and down until the water is like pea soup. The greater part of the fish come gasping to the surface, and are caught in hand-nets, knocked on the head, or grasped by the hands of the men. It is not bad fun while it lasts. Some of the fish burrow their way into the muddy bottom, and there hibernate, as it were, until the rains recommence and the ponds are filled again.



HEAVY ELEPHANT BATTERY.

From a photograph by Metzker & Co., Secunderabad.

# THE ORIGIN OF THE SUN AND PLANETS.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.

## DR. T. J. J. SEE'S NEW LAW AND ITS BEARING ON THE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSE.



HERE is nothing quite so mercilessly destructive in science as the discovery of a new law. Investigators spend centuries in formulating and developing a theory and in writing libraries to support it. One day there appears a man who sees far and thinks high, and with a single simple equation he overturns the traditions of an age. What a rattling of dry bones followed Newton's discovery of the eternal law of the falling body! How Darwin shook the world with the earliest announcement of his law of evolution!

And now, from out of the West, comes Dr. T. J. J. See, the astronomer, announcing the discovery of a new law, hardly second in profound import to the law of gravitation. The commonly accepted story of the universe, and how it came to be what it is, has been a part of the school-books of two generations; Dr. See tells it anew and in wonderful ways. He builds broadly on the foundation of his new law, and each step in his argument is so consummately logical and so profoundly simple that when he reaches the statement that our sun will one day shine blue instead of yellow, and that our earth has never been hot enough to vaporize iron, his conclusions seem hardly astonishing.

Dr. See is a Westerner, a rugged, keen-eyed, long-headed Missourian of the stock that bred plainsmen and pioneers, with the advantage of the best scientific education that the age affords. He stands three inches over six feet in height, and he is not yet thirty-three years old—a man to work eighteen hours out of every twenty-four and live to a hearty old age. Some two years ago he aroused the interest of the astronomical public by announcing from Flagstaff, Arizona, where he had been at work on a survey of the southern heavens with the great Lowell telescope, the discovery of no fewer than 600 new stellar systems, each having an im-

portance in the universe similar to that of our own solar system. In making his investigations he examined more than 200,000 fixed stars in two years' time. Previous to his work at Flagstaff, Dr. See was for four years professor of mathematical astronomy in the Chicago University, where he went directly from the University of Berlin; and he has recently been appointed professor of mathematics in the United States Naval Observatory, a life position. His present discovery, made in May, 1898, as the result of a close study of the character of the double stars, was first announced last January, in the Lowell Institute at Boston.

Newton's law governing the attraction of gravitation is the one universal natural law so far known to man. It applies to all bodies, gaseous, liquid, and solid, whether cold or hot. Everything falls. Dr. See's law applies only to gaseous masses, but as nearly all the heavenly bodies constituting the universe are or were in a gaseous condition, the law has the widest application and the most profound significance.

Dr. See's law is based on the simple and well-known principle that a gas, when compressed, gives out heat. Compress the air in a bicycle pump, and the pump grows warm under the hand. The attraction of gravitation in a gaseous body of huge dimensions acts as a natural and very similar compressing power. That is, a gaseous star compresses itself and produces heat. Dr. See's law, formulated by means of a simple mathematical computation, expresses the relation of the temperature of a gaseous star to its size. This is the formula:

$$T = \frac{K}{R}.$$

T is the temperature of a heavenly body, R is the radius of that body, and K is the constant. That is, the temperature of a gaseous star varies inversely as the radius. If R decreases, T must increase proportionately. In other words, when a gaseous body

shrinks, its temperature increases; or, to make the illustration specific, our sun, which is known to be growing smaller (Sir Robert Ball says at the rate of ten inches a day), is therefore growing much hotter. This is exactly contrary to the generally accepted belief that the sun is cooling off. It is true that the earth does not receive as much heat from the sun as it did a few million years ago, when there were tropical forests in Idaho; but Dr. See explains that, while the sun was not then as hot as it is now, the radiating surface was much more extensive. More heat comes from a big cook-stove than from an alcohol lamp, although the latter may be a hundred times as hot.

"Since the time of Laplace," says Dr. See, "it has been the assumption of astronomers that our solar system began as an impalpable nebulous mass, heated to an almost inconceivable degree. Laplace's hypotheses, already anticipated by Kant, were accepted by Herschel, Zöllner, Proctor, and others, because there seemed to be no other way of accounting for the heat of the sun. The theory of the formation of the solar system founded on Laplace's assumption is familiar to almost every lay reader. You will remember the description: How in the beginning the solar system was a vast mass of fiery mist, which, with the passage of the ages, revolved more and more rapidly. Finally a ring formed on the outer edge, like one of the rings of Saturn, composed of matter which could not keep up with the tremendous revolving speed of the inner mass. This independent body, held in place near the main body of the nebula by the attraction of gravitation, assumed the form of a sphere, and began revolving on its own axis. Thus Neptune was formed. Then came Uranus and Saturn. All of the planets, according to this theory, were gaseous and flaming hot when separated from the sun; but the earth, Mars, and Venus have since cooled down to their present state."

That is the old story of the formation of the solar system, and, indeed, of the formation of all other stellar systems in the universe.

"Now then," continues Dr. See, "having established the new law that the temperature of a gaseous star varies inversely as the radius, or, as I call it briefly,  $T$  equals  $K$  over  $R$ , it is exceedingly easy to show the earlier condition of our universe. We know from the experiments of eminent physicists and astronomers that the present heat of the sun is not far from  $8,000^{\circ}$  Centigrade above

the absolute cold of interstellar space. Remember that when  $R$ , the radius, increases,  $T$ , the temperature, must decrease in like proportion. Suppose, then, that the sun's radius was twice what it is to-day, the temperature would be only  $4,000^{\circ}$ . Is that clear? Go still further, and suppose that the sun had eight times its present diameter; the temperature would be only  $1,000^{\circ}$ .

"Now, at one time the sun's mass was so immense that it covered the entire space now occupied by the solar system. By the very simple application of the new law, we find that, when the radius of the sun was so extended that it reached the orbit of Neptune, the temperature must have been at the almost inconceivable condition of cold represented by  $1^{\circ}$  above the absolute zero. As the absolute zero, or the cold of space, has been determined approximately at  $273^{\circ}$  below zero Centigrade, then our sun, or the impalpable, nebulous mass which then composed it, must have had a temperature of  $272^{\circ}$  below zero—cold enough to make a liquid of air and then freeze it solid into air-ice.

"This was the original condition of our solar system and of all other stellar systems—a formless swarm of icy masses floating like some great flock of birds in blue space. This aggregation of bodies probably gave out a faint luminescence, such as we observe in the tails of comets, a light probably due to electrical action, the exact nature of which we do not yet understand. I imagine it must have had nearly the appearance of a great fog-bank, with just about as much luminescence. When you come to think of it, space may to-day be full of just such cold, dark, nebulous masses as that which formed our sun. We know definitely of some of them, and it is a singular fact, going to prove my law, that the spectroscope has so far been able to find only two substances in these nebulae. The first is hydrogen, one of the lightest of known gases and one of the first to escape from the frozen state of absolute cold; and the other is an unknown substance which we have called *nebulium*. All of the other substances are probably present in the nebulae, but they are in a solid and non-luminous state. According to the old theories, as I have said, the developing mass was a white-hot, flaming body, the like of which we now see nowhere in the universe, even with our best telescopes. Either there are no more heavenly systems in process of formation or else the old theories are erroneous. For my part, I believe that the dim,

cold nebulae, of which we now know next to nothing, will in the long course of time become suns and systems.

"Imagine a great stretch of nebulae made up of gaseous and solid particles, which I have popularly compared to a great swarm of fleecy birds, floating in space. One of these nebulae, smaller than many of the others, is to become our solar system, of which the earth is such an insignificant grain. Although vast and attenuated, this nebula has set up a slow motion, which is the beginning of development. It revolves on its axis. It is also condensing gradually by the attraction of gravitation. As it grows smaller and a trifle more compact it revolves a little faster. In the course of a few million years, when its circumference has reached what is now about the orbit of Neptune, a part of the outer edge, unable to keep up with the movement of the mass, is detached, not unlike the mud from a revolving buggy wheel. That is Neptune. Later Uranus is left behind, and then Saturn and Jupiter. And as the central mass gradually shrinks inward, the temperature, according to the new law, necessarily increases. Mars is formed at  $249^{\circ}$  below zero Centigrade, the earth at  $233^{\circ}$ , and finally Mercury at  $181^{\circ}$ —all, as you will see, far below zero.

"As each of these worlds takes up a separate existence, it, too, begins shrinking and generating heat. The nebula of our earth was probably about as large as the present orbit of our moon, and after having begun independent rotation, it, in turn, cast off a world. That world is our moon. The earth nebula was comparatively small, and shrunk rapidly. From what we know of the length of its nebular radius, it is difficult to see how its temperature ever could have exceeded about  $1,000^{\circ}$  Centigrade. In other words, I don't believe there ever was heat enough here to vaporize iron, although the temperature was sufficient to fuse lava such as now issues from our volcanoes. It used to be held by men of science that the interior of the earth was a fiery globe filled with molten liquid substances, and that the volcanoes were vents analogous to chimneys. It is probable, however, that the heat does not increase after a certain depth has been reached. Beyond that, it remains uniform throughout the entire interior of the globe. If the earth ever had been as hot as many of the planets are to-day, all of our atmosphere would have been driven off into space and this would now be an airless world. The earth still continues its shrinking: slowly now, but as

certainly as ever. The earthquakes are the remnants of its shrinking throes.

"The great planets, Neptune, Uranus, Saturn, and Jupiter, after being detached from the mother nebula, also went through the regular shrinking process. And as they shrunk, their temperatures rose higher and higher, until finally the solid matter melted, and they became gaseous, as they are to-day. The shrinking is still going on, and instead of growing colder, as astronomers have long taught, these planets are growing steadily hotter, and in the end they may shine of their own light, and not merely reflect the illumination they receive from the sun. Already there are faint signs of luminosity in Uranus, and perhaps also in Jupiter."

Having considered the condition of the planets of the solar system, Professor See again reverted to the present condition of the sun.

"The sun is still a gaseous body," he said, "and it therefore conforms to the new law. We know that it is shrinking from year to year, and it is, therefore, growing gradually hotter. At present the radiance is yellow. As the years go by and the heat increases, we may expect the light to grow gradually whiter and whiter, until it approaches the glare of an arc lamp, and after that it will gradually become blue, the next step marked in the spectrum. It will then have reached the condition of the blue stars of our heavens, Sirius and Vega, and it will have shrunk to a density nearly approaching that of an incompressible liquid.

"There is a vast chance for speculation as to what effect these changes in the color of the sun's light will have on our earth. We know that we shall receive less heat, owing to the smaller radiating surface of the sun; but just what effect a glare which is blue instead of yellow will have on the earth, its foliage, and inhabitants, if plants and animals exist at that time, we can scarcely imagine.

"There is one very important argument showing that our sun is relatively millions of years younger than Sirius. Sirius is surrounded by a dense atmosphere of hydrogen. As the heights of atmospheres of various densities are regulated by the attraction of gravitation, the lightest, hydrogen, naturally appears at the top, the heavier gases being drawn down by gravity. Sirius, as we of the earth see it, gives spectroscopic evidence of hydrogen only.

"Now, if our sun had already passed through the Sirian stage and the tempera-

ture were falling, as many astronomers believe, a hydrogen atmosphere, which had been separated from the other elements by the effects of gravity, ought to surround its globe. But we find just a contrary condition. All the elements of the sun are about evenly mixed, such heavy vapors as calcium and iron mixing freely with light elements like hydrogen and helium; so that we infer that the sun has not yet reached a stage of density sufficient to draw the heavy gases to the bottom and leave only hydrogen at the top, as in the case of Sirius.

"After the sun has become a blue star, like Sirius, blue being the mark of old age among stellar bodies, it will radiate an intensely blue light for perhaps a million years, and then suddenly begin falling in temperature. In the sudden cooling it may for a time appear reddish. Then it will become a liquid, and finally a dark solid. Sirius and other blue stars must reach this dark stage comparatively soon. Indeed, we have an example of a dying star, one in which the light is going out, in the companion of Sirius, which, although half as large as Sirius, gives only a ten-thousandth part as much light.

"I presume that the heavens are full of these vast inert bodies of dead stars. They represent the other extremes from the icy cold nebula out of which stars spring into existence. Owing to the presence of these dead stars and the nebulae in space, I think it impossible for us to form any idea of the limits of the universe. Some investigators have grappled with the problem of finding the shape and extent of the universe, going even so far as to make drawings showing its general outlines. Their arguments were based on the amount of light received from various portions of the heavens. They argue that if the universe has no limit, and is filled with stars scattered promiscuously in all directions through infinite space, the light must be continuous all over the heavens, and the sky must be one glowing canopy as bright as the disk of the sun. This argument would seem, however, to be unfounded, because these dead stars and the nebulae, which partake of the nature of a cosmical fog, obscure from our earth like curtains vast blue stretches of unknown space, leaving revealed to mortal eyes only the nearer portions of the universe of fixed stars.

"The problem of creation, what the universe is and what its boundaries are, though difficult and mysterious beyond all conceiving, is not absolutely beyond the ken of man. All we know is that our system is moving

through space among a thousand other systems in the direction of the constellation Hercules, at the rate of about nineteen miles a second. So far as we can observe, it seems to be moving in a straight line, although it must be following the well-known law of motion among heavenly bodies and describing a great circle or an ellipse, but the circle is so inconceivably immense, and we have moved such a short distance since the beginning of modern observation, that it seems as though we were going in a straight line."

It occurs to the listener, after hearing this marvelous story of the genesis of the universe and the evolution of our solar system, to ask what will be the end of it all; what will become of our earth when the sun is a cold, icy clod; what is the end of all things so far as our solar system is concerned? Dr. See answers guardedly.

"We know," he says, "that all of our planets are doomed to death and cold, the present condition of our moon. The end will come long before the sun has cooled off. The law of gravitation continues its slow work of destruction. The moon, which, according to Darwin's theory of the tides, has been gradually forced away from the earth, will, when there are no longer any tides upon the earth's surface, be slowly drawn back again, and one day it will fall upon the earth with fearful force, no doubt causing a conflagration more awful than we can imagine. In the same way the moons of Jupiter will fall. Then the planets one after another will be drawn into the sun, producing for the time being a terrible blast of heat, although if all of the planets in our system were to be dropped upon the sun in a single day, their masses are so insignificant compared with the immensity of the mass of the sun, that they would serve to keep up the heat only a few hundred thousand years.

"After the last of the planets has fallen, the sun, having reached the limit of compression, will cool down and become gradually dimmer and dimmer, until the residents of other stars, if there be such, will gradually lose sight of it, and it will become a dark wanderer in space. Then, perhaps, at the end of hundreds of millions of years, it too will fall into the central mass around which it revolves as we now revolve around it.

"But we cannot say that this is really the end, for no man knows, and man's mind is not big enough even to imagine how many systems, one within the other, make up God's creation."



# THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA.

## A NOVEL.

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON.

### CHAPTER I.

#### LONESOMENESS.



**W**HEN the rusty hands of the office clock marked half-past four, the editor-in-chief of the "Carlow County Herald" took his hand out of his hair, wiped his pen on his last notice from the White Caps, put on his coat, swept out the close little entry, and left the sanctum for the bright June afternoon.

He chose the way to the west, strolling thoughtfully out of town by the white, hot, deserted Main Street, and thence onward by the country road into which its proud half-mile of old brick store buildings, tumble-down frame shops, and thinly painted cottages degenerated. The sun was in his face where the road ran between the summer fields, lying waveless, low, gracious in promise; but coming to a wood of hickory and beech and walnut that stood beyond, he might turn his down-bent hat-brim up and hold his head erect. Here the shade fell deep and cool on the green tangle of rag and iron weed and long grass in the corners of the snake fence, although the sun beat upon the road so close beside. There was no movement of the crisp young leaves overhead; high in the boughs there was a quick flirt of crimson where two robins hopped noiselessly. The late afternoon, when the air is quite still, had come; yet there rested somewhere on the quiet day a faint, pleasant, woody smell. It came to the editor of the "Herald" as he climbed to the top rail of the fence for a seat, and he drew a long breath to get the elusive odor more luxuriously—and then it was gone altogether.

"A habit of delicacies," he said aloud, addressing the wide silence complainingly. "One taste, and they quit," he finished, gazing solemnly upon the shining little town down the road.

It was a place of which its inhabitants sometimes remarked easily that their city

had a population of from five to six thousand souls; but it should be easy to forgive them for such statements: civic pride is a virtue. The town lay in the heart of that fertile stretch of flat lands in Indiana where Eastern travelers, glancing from car-windows, shudder and return their eyes to interior upholstery, preferring even the swaying caparisons of a Pullman to the monotony without. The landscape runs on interminably level lines: bleak in winter, a desolate plain of mud and snow; hot and dusty in summer, miles on miles of flat lonesomeness, with not one cool hill slope away from the sun. The persistent tourist who seeks for signs of man in this sad expanse perceives a reckless amount of rail fence; at intervals a large barn; and, here and there, man himself, incurious, patient, slow, looking up from the fields apathetically as the Limited flies by. Now and then the train passes a village built scatteringly about a court-house, with a mill or two humming near the tracks. This is a county seat, and the inhabitants and the local papers refer to it confidently as "our city."

Such a county seat was Plattville, capital of Carlow County. The social and business energy of the town concentrated on the Square, and here, in summer time, the gentlemen were wont to lounge from store to store in their shirt sleeves; and in the center of the Square stood the old red-brick court-house, loosely fenced in a shady grove of maple and elm—"slipp'ry ellum"—called the "Court-House Yard." When the sun grew too hot for the dry-goods box whittlers in front of the stores around the Square and the occupants of the chairs in front of the Palace Hotel on the corner, they would go across and drape themselves over the fence and carve their initials on the top board. From the position of the sun, the editor of the "Herald" judged that these operations were now in progress, and he was not deeply elated by the knowledge that whatever desultory conversation might pass from man to man on the fence would probably be inspired by his own convictions expressed editorially in the "Herald."

He drew a faded tobacco-bag and a brier pipe from his pocket, and, after filling and lighting the pipe, twirled the pouch mechanically about his finger; then, suddenly regarding it, patted it caressingly. It had been a giddy little bag long ago, gay with embroidery in the colors of the editor's university; and although now it was frayed to the verge of tatters, it still bore an air of pristine jauntiness, an air of which its owner in no wise partook. He looked from it toward the village in the clear distance, and sighed softly as he put the pouch back in his pocket; and, resting his arm on his knee and his chin on his hand, sat blowing clouds of smoke out of the shade into the sunshine, absently watching the ghostly shadow on the white dust of the road.

A little garter snake crept under the fence beneath him and disappeared in the underbrush; a rabbit, progressing on its travels by a series of brilliant dashes and terror-smitten halts, came within a few yards of him, sat up with quivering nose, and eyes alight with fearful imaginings—vanished, a flash of fluffy brown and white. Shadows grew longer; a cricket chirped, and heard answers; there was a woodland stir of breezes, and the pair of robins left the branches overhead in eager flight, vacating before the arrival of a flock of blackbirds hastening thither ere the eventide should be upon them. The blackbirds came, chattered, gossiped, quarreled, and beat each other with their wings above the smoker sitting on the top fence-rail.

But he had remembered—a thousand miles to the east it was Commencement Day—seven years to a day from his own Commencement.

Five years ago, on another June afternoon, a young man from the East had alighted on the platform of the station north of Plattville, and entering the rickety omnibus that lingered there, seeking whom it might rattle to deafness, demanded to be driven to the Herald Building. It did not strike the driver that the newcomer was precisely a gay young man when he climbed into the omnibus; but an hour later, as he stood in the doorway of the edifice he had indicated as his destination, depression seemed to have settled into the marrow of his bones.

Plattville was instantly alert to the stranger's presence, and interesting conjectures were hazarded all day long at the back door of Martin's Dry-Goods Emporium (this was the club during the day), and at supper the new arrival and his probable purposes were dis-

cussed over every table in the town. Upon inquiry he had informed Judd Bennett, the driver of the omnibus, that he had come to stay. Naturally such a declaration caused a sensation, as people did not come to Plattville to live, except through the inadvertency of being born there. In addition, the young man's appearance and attire were reported to be extraordinary. Many of the curious, among them most of the marriageable females of the place, took occasion to pass and repass the sign of the "Carlow County Herald" during the evening.

Meanwhile the stranger was seated in the dingy office up-stairs with his head bowed low on his arms. Twilight stole through the dirty window-panes and faded into darkness. Night filled the room. He did not move. The young man from the East had bought the "Herald" from an agent; had bought it without ever having been within a hundred miles of Plattville. The "Herald" was an alleged weekly which had sometimes appeared within five days of its declared date of publication and sometimes missed fire altogether. It was a thorn in the side of every patriot of Carlow County, and Carlow people, after supporting the paper loyally and long, had at last given it up and subscribed for the "Gazette," published in the neighboring county of Amo. The former proprietor of the "Herald," a surreptitious gentleman with a goatee, had taken the precaution of leaving Plattville forever on the afternoon preceding his successor's arrival. The young man from the East had vastly overpaid for his purchase. Moreover, the price he had paid for it was all the money he had in the world.

The next morning he went bitterly to work. He hired a compositor from Rouen, a young man named Parker, who set type all night long and helped him pursue advertisements all day. The citizens shook their heads pessimistically. They had about given up the idea that the "Herald" could ever amount to anything, and they betrayed an innocent, but caustic, doubt of ability in any stranger.

One day the new editor left a note on his door, "Will return in fifteen minutes."

Mr. Rodney McCune, a politician from the neighboring county of Gaines, happening to be in Plattville on an errand to his henchmen, found the note, and wrote beneath the message the scathing inquiry, "Why?"

When he discovered this addendum, the editor smiled for the first time since his ad-

vent, and reported the incident in his next issue, using the rubric, "Why Has the 'Herald' Returned to Life?" as a text for a rousing editorial on "honesty in politics," a subject of which he already knew something. The political district to which Carlow belonged was governed by a limited number of gentlemen whose wealth was ever on the increase; and "honesty in politics" was a startling conception to the minds of the passive and resigned voters, who talked the editorial over on the street corners and in the stores. The next week there was another editorial, personal and local in its application; and thereby it became evident that the new proprietor of the "Herald" was a theorist who believed in general that a politician's honor should not be merely of that middling healthy species known as "honor amongst politicians;" and, in particular, that Rodney McCune should not receive the nomination of his party for Congress. Now, Mr. McCune was the undoubted dictator of the district, and his followers laughed at the stranger's fantastic onset; but the editor was not content with the word of print; he hired a horse and rode about the country, and (to his own surprise) proved to be an adaptable young man who enjoyed exercise with a pitch-fork to the farmer's profit while the farmer talked. He talked little himself, but after listening an hour or so, he would drop a word from the saddle as he left; and then, by some surprising wizardry, the farmer, thinking over the interview, decided there was some sense in what that young fellow said, and grew curious to see what the young fellow had further to say in the "Herald."

Politics is the one subject that goes to the vitals of every rural American; and a Hoosier will talk politics after he is dead.

Everybody read the campaign editorials, and found them interesting, although there was no one who did not perceive the utter absurdity of a young stranger's dropping into Carlow and involving himself in a party fight against the boss of the district—it was entirely a party fight; for, by grace of the last gerrymander, the nomination carried with it the certainty of election.

A week before the convention there came a provincial earthquake; the news passed from man to man in awe-struck whispers. McCune had withdrawn his name, making the shallowest of excuses to his cohorts. Nothing was known of the real reason for his disordered retreat, beyond the fact that he had been in Plattville on the morning before his

withdrawal and had issued from a visit to the "Herald" office in a state of palsy. Mr. Parker, the Rouen printer, had been present at the close of the interview; but he held his peace at the command of his employer. He had been called into the sanctum, and had found McCune white and shaking, leaning on the desk.

"Parker," said the editor, exhibiting a bundle of papers he held in his hand, "I want you to witness a verbal contract between Mr. McCune and myself. These papers are an affidavit and copies of some records of a street-car company which obtained a charter while Mr. McCune was in the Legislature. They were sent to me by a man I do not know, an anonymous friend of Mr. McCune's; in fact, a friend he seems to have lost. On consideration of our not printing these papers Mr. McCune agrees to retire from politics for good. You understand, if he ever lifts his head again, politically, we publish them, and the courts will do the rest. Now, in case anything should happen to me—"

"Something will happen to you, all right!" broke out McCune. "You can bank on that, you black—"

"Come," the editor interrupted, not unpleasantly. "Why should there be anything personal in all this? I don't recognize you as my private enemy—not at all; and I think you are getting off rather easily; aren't you? You keep out of politics, and everything will be comfortable. You ought never to have been in it, you see. It's a mistake not to go square, because in the long run somebody is sure to give you away like the fellow who sent me these. You promise to hold to a strictly private life?"

"You're a traitor to the party," groaned the other; "but you only wait—"

The editor smiled sadly. "Wait nothing! Don't threaten, man. Go home to your wife. I'll give you three to one she'll be glad you are out of it."

"I'll give *you* three to one," said McCune, "that the White Caps will get you if you stay in Carlow. You want to look out for yourself, I tell you, my smart boy!"

"Good-day, Mr. McCune," was the answer. "Let me have your note of withdrawal before you leave town this afternoon." The young man paused a moment, then extended his hand, as he said: "Shake hands, won't you? I—I haven't meant to be too hard on you. I hope things will seem easier and gayer to you before long, and if if anything should turn up that I can do

for you in a private way, I'll be very glad, you know. Good-by."

The sound of the "Herald's" victory went over the State. The paper came out regularly. The towns-folk bought it, and the farmers drove in for it. Old subscribers came back. Old advertisers renewed. The "Herald" began to sell in Amo, and Gaines County people subscribed. Carlow folk held up their heads when journalism was mentioned. Presently the "Herald" announced a news connection with Rouen, and with that, and the aid of "patent insides," began an era of three issues a week, appearing on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The Plattville Brass Band serenaded the editor.

During the second month of the new *régime* of the "Herald" the working force of the paper received an addition. One night the editor found some bar-room loafers tormenting a patriarchal old man who had a magnificent head and a grand white beard. He had been thrown out of a saloon, and he was drunk with the drunkenness of three weeks steady pouring. He propped himself against a wall and reproved his tormentors in Latin. "I'm walking your way, Mr. Fisbee," remarked the journalist, hooking his arm into the old man's. "Suppose we leave our friends here and go home?"

Mr. Fisbee was the one inhabitant of the town possessing an unknown past, and a glamor of romance was thrown about him by the gossips, who agreed that there was a dark, portentous secret in his life, an opinion not too well confirmed by the old man's appearance. His fine eyes had a habit of wandering to the horizon, and his expression was mild, vague, and sad, lost in dreams. At the first glance one guessed that his dreams would never be practicable in their application, and some such impression of him was probably what caused the editor of the "Herald" to nickname him, in his own mind, "The White Knight."

Mr. Fisbee, coming to Plattville from nobody knew where, had taught in the High School for ten years; but he proved quite unable to refrain from lecturing to the dumb-founded pupils on archæology, neglecting more and more the ordinary courses of instruction, growing year by year more forgetful and absent, lost in his few books and his own reflections, until at last he had been discharged for incompetency. The dazed old man had no money and no way to make any. One day he dropped in at the hotel bar, where Wilkerson, the professional drunkard, favored

him with his society. The old man understood; he knew it was the beginning of the end. He sold his books in order to continue his credit at the Palace bar, and once or twice, unable to proceed to his own dwelling, spent the night in a lumber yard, piloted thither by the hardier veteran Wilkerson.

The morning after the editor took him home, Fisbee appeared at the "Herald" office in a new hat and a decent suit of black. He had received his salary in advance, his books had been repurchased, and he had become the reportorial staff of the "Carlow County Herald;" also he was to write various treatises for the paper. For the first few evenings, when he started home from the office, his chief walked with him, chatting cheerfully, until they had passed the Palace bar. But Fisbee's redemption was complete.

The editor of the "Herald" kept steadily at his work; and, as time went on, the bitterness his predecessor's swindle had left in him passed away. But his loneliness and a sense of defeat grew and deepened. When the vistas of the world had opened to his first youth, he had not thought to spend his life in such a place as Plattville; but he found himself doing it, and it was no great happiness to him that the Hon. Kedge Halloway, of Amo, whom the "Herald's" opposition to McCune had sent to Washington, came to depend on his influence for renomination; nor did the realization that the editor of the "Carlow County Herald" had come to be McCune's successor as political dictator produce a perceptibly enlivening effect upon the young man. The years drifted very slowly, and to him it seemed that they went by while he stood far aside and could not even see them move. He did not consider the life he led an exciting one; but the other citizens of Carlow did when he undertook a war against the White Caps, denizens of Six-Cross-Roads, seven miles west of Plattville. The natives were much more afraid of the White Caps than he was; they knew more about them and understood them better than he did.

There was no thought of the people of the Cross-Roads in his mind as he sat on the snake fence staring at the little smoky shadow dance on the white road in the June sunshine. On the contrary, he was occupied with the realization that there had been a man in his class at college whose ambition needed no restraint, his promise was so great—in the strong belief of the university, a belief he could not help knowing—and that

seven years to a day from his Commencement this man was sitting on a fence-rail in Indiana.

Down the pike a buggy came creaking toward him, gray with dust, old and frayed like the fat, shaggy gray mare that drew it, her unchecked, despondent head lowering before her, while her incongruous tail waved incessantly, like the banner of a storming party. The editor did not hear the flop of the mare's hoofs nor the sound of the wheels, so deep was his reverie, till the vehicle was nearly opposite him. The red-faced and perspiring driver drew rein, and the journalist looked up, and waved a long white hand to him in greeting.

"Howdy' do, Mr. Harkless?" called the man in the buggy. "Soakin' in the weather?" He spoke in shouts, though neither was hard of hearing.

"Yes; just soaking," answered Harkless. "It's such a gipsy day. How is Mr. Bowlder?"

"I'm givin' good satisfaction, thank ye, and all at home. *She's* in town."

"Give Mrs. Bowlder my regards," said the journalist, comprehending the symbolism. "How is Hartley?"

The farmer's honest face shaded over for a second. "He's be'n steady ever sence the night you brought him home, six weeks straight. I'm kind of bothered about to-morrow: he wants to come in for show-day, and seems if I hadn't any call to say no. I reckon he'll have to take his chance and us, too. Seems more like we'd have to let him, long as we got him not to come in last night for Kedge Halloway's lecture at the court-house. Say, how'd that lecture strike you? You give Kedge a mighty fine send-off to the audience in your introduction, but I noticed you spoke of him as 'a thinker' without sayin' what kind. I didn't know you was as cautious a man as that! Of course I know Kedge is honest."

Harkless sighed. "Oh, he's the best we've got, Bowlder."

"Yes, I presume so, but—" Mr. Bowlder broke off suddenly as his eyes opened in surprise, and he exclaimed: "Law! I'd never of expected to see you settin' here to-day. Why ain't you out at Judge Briscoe's?" This speech seemed to be intended with some humor, for Bowlder accompanied it with the loud laughter of sylvan timidity risking a joke.

"Why? What's going on at the Judge's?"

"Goin' on! Didn't you see that strange

lady at the lecture with Minnie Briscoe and the Judge and old Fisbee?"

"I'm afraid not, Bowlder."

"They couldn't talk about anything else at the post-office this morning and at Tom Martin's. She come yesterday on the afternoon accommodation. You ought to know all about it, because when Minnie and her father went to the deepoe they had old Fisbee with 'em, and when the buckboard come through town he was settin' on the back seat with her. That's what stirred the town up so. Nobody could figger it out anyway, and nobody got much of a good look at her then except Judd Bennett. He said she had kind of a new look to her; that's all any of 'em could git out of Judd; he was in a sort of a dreamy state. But Mildy Upton—you know Mildy? She works out at Briscoe's——"

"Yes, I know Mildy."

"She come in to the post-office with the news this lady's name was Sherwood, and she lives at Rouen. Miss Tibbs says that wasn't no news; you could tell she was a city lady with both your eyes shut. But Mildy says Fisbee was goin' to stay for supper; and he come to the lecture with 'em, and drove off with 'em *afterwards*. Sol Tibbs says he reckoned it was because Fisbee was the only man in Carlow that Briscoes thought had read enough books to be smart enough to talk to her; but Miss Seliny says, if that was so, they'd have got you instead; and so they had to all jest about give it up. Of course everybody got a good look at her at the lecture they set on the platform right behind you and Halloway and she *did* look smart. What got *me*, though, was the way she wore a kind of a little dagger stuck straight through her head. Seemed a good deal of a sacrifice jest to make sure your hat was on right. You never see her at all?"

"I'm afraid not," answered Harkless, absently. "Miss Briscoe stopped me on the way out, and told me she had a visitor."

"Young man," said Bowlder, "you better go out there right away." He raised the reins, and clucked to the gray mare. "Well, *she'll* be mad I ain't in town for her long ago. Ride in with me?"

"No, thank you. I'll walk in for the sake of my appetite."

"Wouldn't encourage it too much livin' at the Palace Hotel," observed Bowlder. "Sorry ye won't ride." He gathered the loose ends of the reins in his hands, leaned far over the dash-board, and struck the mare a hearty thwack. The tattered banner of tail jerked indignantly, but she consented to

move down the road. Bowlder thrust his big head through the sun-curtain behind him, and continued the conversation: "See the White Caps ain't got ye yet."

"No, not yet," Harkless laughed.

"Reckon the boys 'druther ye stayed in town after dark," the other called back. "Well, come out and see us - if ye git any spare time from the Judge's." He laughed loudly again in farewell, and the editor waved his hand as Bowlder finally turned his attention forward to the mare. When the flop, flop of her hoofs had died out, Harkless realized that the day was silent no longer; it was verging into evening.

He dropped from the fence, and turned his face toward town and supper. He felt the life and light about him; heard the clatter of the blackbirds above him; heard the homing bees hum by; saw the vista of white road and level landscape framed on two sides by the branches of the grove, a vista of infinitely stretching fields of green, lined here and there with woodlands, and flat to the horizon-line, the village lying in their lap. No roll of meadow, no rise of pasture-land relieved their serenity, nor shouldered up from them to be called a hill.

A farm-bell rang in the distance, a tinkling coming small and mellow from far away; and at the lonesomeness of that sound he heaved a long, mournful sigh. The next instant he broke into laughter, for another bell rang over the fields, the court-house bell in the Square. The first four strokes were given with mechanical regularity, the pride of the custodian who operated the bell being to produce the effect of a clock-work bell, such as he had once heard in the court-house at Rouen; but the fifth and sixth strokes were halting achievements, as, after four o'clock, he often lost count in the strain of the effort for precise imitation. There was a pause after the sixth; then a dubious and reluctant stroke, seven; a longer pause, followed by a final ring with desperate decision—eight! Harkless looked at his watch; it was twenty minutes of six.

As he crossed the court-house yard to the Palace Hotel, on his way to supper, he stopped to exchange a word with the bell-ringer, who, seated on the steps, was mopping his brow, with an air of hard-earned satisfaction.

"Good evening, Schofields'," he said. "You came in strong on the last stroke to-night."

"What we need here," responded the bell-ringer, "is more public-sperrited men.

I ain't kickin' on you, Mr. Harkless, no *sir*; but we want more men like they got in Rouen. We want men that'll git Main Street paved with block or asphalt; men that'll put in factories; men that'll *act*—not set round like that ole fool Martin, and laugh and polly-woggle along and make fun of public sperrit, day in, day out. I reckon I do *my* best for the city."

"Oh, nobody minds old Tom Martin," observed Harkless. "It's only half the time he means anything by what he says."

"That's just what I hate about him," returned the bell-ringer in a tone of high complaint. "You can't never tell which half it is. Look at him now!" The gentleman referred to was standing over in front of the hotel, talking to a row of coatless loungers, who sat with their chairs tilted back against the props of the wooden awning that projected over the sidewalk. Their faces were turned toward the court-house, and even those lost in meditative whittling had looked up to laugh. Mr. Martin, one of his hands thrust in a pocket of his alpaca coat and the other softly caressing his wiry, gray chin-beard, his rusty silk hat tilted forward till the brim almost rested on the bridge of his nose, was addressing them in a one-keyed voice, the melancholy whine of which, though not the words, penetrated to the court-house steps.

The bell-ringer, whose name was Henry Schofield, but who was known as Schofields's Henry (popularly abbreviated to Schofields'), was moved to indignation. "Look at him," he cried. "Look at him! Everlastingly goin' on about my bell! Well, let him talk; let him talk!"

As Mr. Martin's eye fell upon the editor, who, having bade the bell-ringer good-night, was approaching the hotel, he left his languid companions and crossed the street to meet him.

"I was only oratin' on how proud the city ought to be of Schofields'," he said mournfully, as they shook hands; "but he looks kind of put out with me." He hooked his arm in that of the young man, and detained him for a moment as the supper-gong sounded from within the hotel. "Call on the Judge to-night?" he asked.

"No. Why?"

"I reckon you didn't see that lady with Minnie last night."

"No."

"Well, I guess you better go out there, young man. She might not stay here long."

## CHAPTER II.

## THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER.

THE Briscoe buckboard rattled along the elastic country road, the roans setting a sharp pace as they turned eastward on the pike toward home.

"They'll make the eight miles in three-quarters of an hour," said Judge Briscoe proudly. He turned from his daughter at his side to Miss Sherwood, who sat with Mr. Fisbee behind them, and pointed ahead with his whip. "Just beyond that bend we pass through Six-Cross-Roads."

Miss Sherwood leaned forward eagerly. "What did you mean last night, after the lecture," she said to Fisbee, "when you asked Mr. Martin who was to be with Mr. Harkless?"

"Who was watching him," he answered.

"Watching him? I don't understand."

"Yes; they have shot at him from the woods at night, and--"

"But who watches him?"

"The young men of the town. He has a habit of taking long walks after dark, and he is heedless of all remonstrance; so the young men have organized a guard for him, and every evening one of them follows him until he goes to the office to work for the night. It is a different young man each night, and the watcher follows at a distance, so that he does not suspect."

"But how many people know of this arrangement?"

"Nearly every one in the county except the Cross-Roads people, though it is not improbable that they have discovered it."

"And has no one told him?"

"No; he would not allow it to continue. He will not even arm himself."

"They follow and watch him, night after night, and every one knows and no one tells him? Oh, I must say," cried the girl, "I think these are good people!"

The buckboard turned the bend in the road, and they entered a squalid settlement built raggedly about a blacksmith shop and a saloon. "I'd hate to have a breakdown here," Briscoe remarked quietly.

Half a dozen shanties clustered near the forge; a few roofs scattered through the shiftlessly cultivated fields; four or five barns propped by fence-rails; some sheds with gaping apertures through which the light glanced from side to side; a squad of thin, "razor-back" hogs, now and then worried by gaunt

hounds; and some abused-looking hens, groping about disconsolately in the mire; a broken-topped buggy with a twisted wheel, settling into the mud of the middle of the road (there was always abundant mud here in the driest summer); a dim face sneering from a broken window—Six-Cross-Roads was forbidding and forlorn enough by day. The thought of what might issue from it by night was unpleasant; and the legends of the Cross-Roads, together with an unshapen threat easily fancied in the atmosphere of the place, made Miss Sherwood shiver as though a cold draft had crossed her.

"It is so sinister!" she exclaimed. "And so unspeakably mean! This is where they live, the people that hate him, is it? The White Caps?"

"They call themselves that," replied Briscoe. "Usually White Caps are a vigilance committee in a region where the law isn't enforced. These fellows aren't that kind; they got together to wipe out grudges, and sometimes didn't need any grudge—just made their raids for pure devilment. There's a feud between us and them that goes back into pioneer days, and only a few of us old folks know much about it."

"And he was the first to try to stop them?"

"Well, you see our folks are pretty long-suffering," said Briscoe, apologetically. "We'd sort of got used to the meanness of the Cross-Roads. It took a stranger to stir things up, and he did. He sent eight of them to the penitentiary, some for twenty years."

As they passed the saloon a man stepped into the doorway and looked at them. He was coatless, and clad in garments worn to the color of dust. His bare head was curiously malformed, higher on one side than on the other, and though the buckboard passed rapidly and at a distance, this singular lop-sidedness was plainly visible to the occupants, lending an ugly significance to his meager, yellow face. He was tall, lean, hard, powerfully built. He eyed the strangers with affected languor, and then, when they had gone by, broke into sudden, loud laughter.

"That was Bob Skillett, the worst of the lot," said the Judge. "Harkless sent his son and one brother to prison, and it nearly broke his heart that he couldn't swear to Bob."

When they were beyond the village and in the open road again, Miss Sherwood took a deep breath. "I think I breathe more freely. That was a hideous laugh he sent after us."

The Judge glanced at his guest's face, and chuckled. "I guess we won't frighten you much," he said. "Young lady, I don't believe you'd be afraid of many things, would you? You don't look like it. Besides, the Cross-Roads isn't Plattville, and the White Caps have been too scared to do anything much except try to get even with the 'Herald' for the last two years, ever since it went for them. They're laying for Harkless, partly for revenge and partly because they daren't do anything until he's out of the way."

The girl gave a low cry with a sharp intake of breath. "Ah! One grows tired of this everlasting American patience! Why don't the Plattville people do something before they——"

"It's just as I say," Briscoe answered. "Our folks are sort of used to them. I expect we do about all we can. The boys look after him nights, but the main trouble is that we can't make him understand he ought to be more afraid of them. If he'd lived here all his life he would be. If they get him, there'll be trouble of an illegal nature." He broke off suddenly, and nodded to a little old man in a buckboard, turning off from the road into a farm lane which led up to a trim cottage with a honeysuckle vine by the door. "That's Mrs. Wimby's husband," said the Judge in an undertone.

Miss Sherwood observed that Mrs. Wimby's husband was remarkable for the exceeding plaintiveness of his expression. He was a weazened, blank, pale-eyed little man, with a thin, white mist of neck whisker, and he was dressed in clothes much too large for him. No more inoffensive figure than this feeble, little old man could be imagined; yet his was the distinction of having received a hostile visit from his neighbors of the Cross-Roads. A vagabonding tinker, he had married the one respectable person of the section, a widow, who had refused several gentlemen at the Cross-Roads; and so complete was the bridegroom's insignificance, that to all the world his own name was lost; the bride continued to be known by her former name, as "Mrs. Wimby," and her spouse was usually called "Widder-Woman Wimby's Husband" or "Mr. Wimby." The bride supplied his wardrobe with the garments of her former husband; and alleging this proceeding as the cause of their anger, the White Caps broke into the farm-house one night, tore the old man from his bed, and before his wife's eyes lashed him with sapling shoots till he was near to death

A little yellow cur that had followed his master on his wanderings was found licking the old man's wounds, and they deluged the dog with kerosene, and then threw the poor animal upon a bonfire they had made, and danced around in heartiest enjoyment.

The man recovered, but that was no palliation of the offense to the mind of a hot-eyed young man from the East, who was besieging the county authorities for redress and writing brimstone and saltpeter for his paper. The powers of the county proving either lackadaisical or timorous, he appealed to those of the State; and he went every night to sleep at a farm-house, the owner of which had received a warning from the White Caps; and one night it befell that he was rewarded, for the raiders attempted an entrance. He and the farmer and the farmer's sons beat off the marauders, and did a satisfactory amount of damage in return. Two of the White Caps they captured and bound, and others they recognized. Then the State authorities hearkened to the voice of the "Herald" and its owner; there were arrests, and in the course of time there was a trial. Every prisoner proved an alibi—could have proved a dozen; but the editor of the "Herald," after virtually conducting the prosecution, went upon the stand and swore to man after man. Eight men went to the penitentiary on his evidence, five of them for twenty years. The Plattville Brass Band serenaded the editor of the "Herald" again.

There were no more raids, and the Six-Cross-Roads men who were left kept to their hovels, appalled and shaken; but, as time went by and left them unmolested, they recovered a measure of their hardiness, and began to think on what they should do to the man who had brought misfortune and terror upon them. For a long time he had been publishing their threatening letters and warnings in a column which he headed "Humor of the Day."

When the Briscoe buckboard had left the Cross-Roads far behind and had come in sight of Plattville, Miss Briscoe's visitor turned to Fisbee with a repetition of the shiver that the laughter of Mr Skillett had caused her, and said, half under her breath: "I wish -- I half wish -- that we had not driven through there." She clasped Mr Fisbee's hand gently; his eyes shone. He touched her fingers with a strange, shy reverence.

"You will meet him to-morrow," he said softly.

She laughed, and pressed his hand. "I'm afraid not. I was almost at his side last



night when Minnie asked him to call on me. He wasn't even interested enough to look at me."

Something over two hours later, as Mr. Tom Martin was putting things to rights in his domain, the Dry-Goods Emporium, previous to his departure for the evening's gossip and checkers at the drug-store, he stumbled over something soft lying on the floor behind a counter. The thing rose, and would have evaded him, but he put out his hands and pinioned it and dragged it to the show-window, where the light of the fading day defined his capture. The capture shrieked and squirmed and fought earnestly. Grasped by the shoulder, he held a lean, fierce-eyed, undersized girl of fourteen, clad in one ragged cotton garment, unless the coat of dust she wore over all might be esteemed another. Her cheeks were sallow, and her brow was already shrewdly lined, and her eyes were as hypocritical as they were savage. She was very thin and little, but old Tom's brown face grew a shade nearer white when the light fell upon her.

"You're no Plattville girl," he said sharply.

"You lie!" cried the child. "You lie! I am! You leave me go, will you! I'm lookin' fer pap, and you're a liar!"

"You crawled in here to sleep after your seven-mile walk, didn't you?" Martin went on.

"You're a liar!" she screamed.

"Look here," said Martin slowly, "you go back to Six-Cross-Roads and tell your folks that if anything happens to a hair of Mr. Harkless's head, every shanty in your town will burn, and your grandfather, and your father, and your uncles, and your brothers, and your cousins, and your second cousins, and your third cousins will never have the good luck to see the penitentiary. Reckon you can remember that message? But before I let you go to carry it, I guess you might as well hand out the paper they sent you over here with."

His prisoner fell into a paroxysm of rage.

"I'll git pap to kill ye!" she shrieked, striking at him. "I don't know nothin' 'bout yer Six-Cross-Roads, ner no papers, ner yer Mister Harkels neither, ner *you*, ye razor-backed ole devil! Pap'll kill ye! Leave me go! Leave me *go*! Pap'll kill ye! I'll git him to *kill* ye!" Suddenly her struggles ceased, her eyes closed, her tense little muscles relaxed, and she drooped toward the

floor. The old man shifted his grip to support her, and in an instant she twisted out of his hands and sprang out of reach, her eyes shining with triumph and venom.

"Yahay! Mister Razor-back!" she shrilled. "How's that fer high? Pap'll kill ye, Sunday. You'll be screechin' in hell in a week, an' we 'ull set up an' drink our apple-jack an' laff!"

Martin pursued her lumberingly, but she was agile as a monkey, and ran dodging up and down the counters, and mocked him, singing, "Gran'mammy, Tipsey-Toe." At last she tired of the game, and darted out of the door, flinging back a hoarse laugh at him as she went. He followed; but when he reached the street she was a mere shadow flitting under the court-house trees. He looked after her forebodingly; then turned his eyes toward the Palace Hotel on the corner. The editor of the "Herald" was seated under the wooden awning, with his chair tilted back against a post, gazing dreamily at the murky red afterglow in the west.

"What's the use of tryin' to bother him with it?" old Tom asked himself. "He'd only laugh." He noted that young William Todd, the drug, book, and wall-paper clerk, sat near the editor, whittling absently. Martin chuckled. "William's turn to-night," he murmured. "Well, the boys'll take care of him." He locked the doors of the Emporium, tried them, and dropped the keys in his pocket.

As he crossed the Square to the drug-store, where his cronies awaited him, he turned again to look at the figure of the musing journalist. "He ought to go out there," he said, and shook his head sadly. "I don't reckon Plattville's any too sp'ry for that young man. Five years he's be'n here. Well, it's a good thing for us, but I guess it ain't exactly high life for him." He kicked a stick out of his way impatiently. "Now, where'd that imp run to?" he grumbled.

The imp was lying under the court-house steps. When the sound of Martin's footsteps had passed away she crept cautiously from her hiding-place, and stole through the ungroomed grass to the fence opposite the hotel. Here she stretched herself flat in the weeds and took from the tangled masses of her hair, where it was tied with a string, a rolled up, crumpled slip of greasy paper. With this in her fingers she lay peering under the fence, her fierce eyes fixed unwinkingly on the editor of the "Herald."

The street ran flat and gray, in the slowly gathering dusk, straight to the western horizon, where the sunset embers were strewn in long, glowing, dark-red streaks; the maple trees were clean-cut silhouettes against the pale rose and pearl tints of the sky above, and a tenderness seemed to shimmer in the air. The editor often vowed to himself he would watch no more sunsets in Plattville. He thought they were making him morbid. Could he have shared them, it would have been different.

His long, melancholy face grew longer and more melancholy in the twilight, while William Todd patiently whittled near by. Plattville had often discussed the editor's habit of silence, and Mr. Martin had suggested that possibly the reason Mr. Harkless was such a quiet man was that there was nobody for him to talk to; but his hearers did not agree, for the population of Carlow County was a thing of pride, being greater than that of several bordering counties.

A bent figure came slowly down the street, and William Todd hailed it cheerfully: "Evening, Mr. Fisbee."

"A good evening, Mr. Todd," answered the old man, pausing. "Ah, Mr. Harkless, I was looking for you." He had not seemed to be looking for anything beyond the boundaries of his own dreams, but he approached Harkless, tugging nervously at some papers in his pocket. "I have completed my notes for our Saturday edition. It was quite easy, sir; there is much doing."

"Thank you, Mr. Fisbee," said Harkless, as he took the manuscript. "Have you finished your paper on the earlier Christian symbolism? I hope the 'Herald' may have the honor of printing it." This was a form they used.

"I shall be the recipient of honor, sir," returned Fisbee. "Your kind offer will speed my work; but I fear, Mr. Harkless, I very much fear, that your kindness alone prompts it; for, deeply as I desire it, I cannot truthfully say that my essays appear to increase our circulation." He made an odd, troubled gesture as he went on: "They do not seem to read them here, although Mr. Martin assures me that he carefully republishes my article on Chaldean decoration whenever he rearranges his exhibition windows." He plodded on a few paces, then turned irresolutely.

"What is it, Fisbee?" asked Harkless.

Fisbee stood for a moment as though about to speak; then he smiled faintly, shook his head, and went his way. Harkless waved

his hand to him in farewell, and, drawing a pencil and a pad from his pocket, proceeded to injure his eyes in the waning twilight by the editorial perusal of the items his staff had just left in his hands. He glanced over them meditatively, making alterations here and there.

The last one Fisbee had written as follows:

"Miss Sherwood, of Rouen, whom Miss Briscoe knew at the Misses Jennings' finishing school in New York, is a guest of Judge Briscoe's household."

Fisbee's items were written in ink. There was a blank space beneath the last. At the bottom of the page something had been scribbled in pencil. Harkless vainly tried to decipher it; but the twilight had fallen too deep and the writing was too faint, so he struck a match and held it close to the paper. The action betokened only a languid interest; but when he caught sight of the first of the four subscribed lines, he sat up straight in his chair with a sharp ejaculation. At the bottom of Fisbee's page was written in a dainty, feminine hand, of a type he had not seen for years:

"The time has come, the Walrus said,  
To talk of many things,  
Of shoes, and ships, and sealing-wax,  
And cabbages, and kings."

He put the paper in his pocket, and set off rapidly down the village street. At his departure William Todd looked up quickly; then he got upon his feet with a yawn, and quietly followed the editor. In the dusk a tattered little figure rose up from the weeds across the way, and stole noiselessly after William. He was in his shirt-sleeves, his waistcoat unbuttoned and loose. On the nearest corner Mr. Todd encountered a fellow-townsmen, who had been pacing up and down in front of a cottage crooning to a protestive baby held in his arms. He had paused in his vigil to stare after Harkless.

"Where's he bound fer, William?" inquired the man with the baby.

"Briscoes'," answered William, pursuing his way.

"I reckoned he would be," observed the other, turning to his wife, who sat on the doorstep. "I reckoned so when I see that lady at the lecture last night."

The woman rose to her feet. "Hi, Bill Todd!" she said. "What ye got onto the back of yer vest?" William paused, put his hand behind him, and encountered a paper pinned to the dangling strap of his waistcoat. The woman ran to him, and unpinned the paper. It bore a writing. They took

vent, and reported the incident in his next issue, using the rubric, "Why Has the 'Herald' Returned to Life?" as a text for a rousing editorial on "honesty in politics," a subject of which he already knew something. The political district to which Carlow belonged was governed by a limited number of gentlemen whose wealth was ever on the increase; and "honesty in politics" was a startling conception to the minds of the passive and resigned voters, who talked the editorial over on the street corners and in the stores. The next week there was another editorial, personal and local in its application; and thereby it became evident that the new proprietor of the "Herald" was a theorist who believed in general that a politician's honor should not be merely of that middling healthy species known as "honor amongst politicians;" and, in particular, that Rodney McCune should not receive the nomination of his party for Congress. Now, Mr. McCune was the undoubted dictator of the district, and his followers laughed at the stranger's fantastic onset; but the editor was not content with the word of print; he hired a horse and rode about the country, and (to his own surprise) proved to be an adaptable young man who enjoyed exercise with a pitch-fork to the farmer's profit while the farmer talked. He talked little himself, but after listening an hour or so, he would drop a word from the saddle as he left; and then, by some surprising wizardry, the farmer, thinking over the interview, decided there was some sense in what that young fellow said, and grew curious to see what the young fellow had further to say in the "Herald."

Politics is the one subject that goes to the vitals of every rural American; and a Hoosier will talk politics after he is dead.

Everybody read the campaign editorials, and found them interesting, although there was no one who did not perceive the utter absurdity of a young stranger's dropping into Carlow and involving himself in a party fight against the boss of the district—it was entirely a party fight; for, by grace of the last gerrymander, the nomination carried with it the certainty of election.

A week before the convention there came a provincial earthquake; the news passed from man to man in awe-struck whispers. McCune had withdrawn his name, making the shallowest of excuses to his cohorts. Nothing was known of the real reason for his disordered retreat, beyond the fact that he had been in Plattville on the morning before his

withdrawal and had issued from a visit to the "Herald" office in a state of palsy. Mr. Parker, the Rouen printer, had been present at the close of the interview; but he held his peace at the command of his employer. He had been called into the sanctum, and had found McCune white and shaking, leaning on the desk.

"Parker," said the editor, exhibiting a bundle of papers he held in his hand, "I want you to witness a verbal contract between Mr. McCune and myself. These papers are an affidavit and copies of some records of a street-car company which obtained a charter while Mr. McCune was in the Legislature. They were sent to me by a man I do not know, an anonymous friend of Mr. McCune's; in fact, a friend he seems to have lost. On consideration of our not printing these papers Mr. McCune agrees to retire from politics for good. You understand, if he ever lifts his head again, politically, we publish them, and the courts will do the rest. Now, in case anything should happen to me—"

"Something will happen to you, all right!" broke out McCune. "You can bank on that, you black——"

"Come," the editor interrupted, not unpleasantly. "Why should there be anything personal in all this? I don't recognize you as my private enemy—not at all; and I think you are getting off rather easily; aren't you? You keep out of politics, and everything will be comfortable. You ought never to have been in it, you see. It's a mistake not to go square, because in the long run somebody is sure to give you away—like the fellow who sent me these. You promise to hold to a strictly private life?"

"You're a traitor to the party," groaned the other; "but you only wait——"

The editor smiled sadly. "Wait nothing! Don't threaten, man. Go home to your wife. I'll give you three to one she'll be glad you are out of it."

"I'll give *you* three to one," said McCune, "that the White Caps will get you if you stay in Carlow. You want to look out for yourself, I tell you, my smart boy!"

"Good-day, Mr. McCune," was the answer. "Let me have your note of withdrawal before you leave town this afternoon." The young man paused a moment, then extended his hand, as he said: "Shake hands, won't you? I—I haven't meant to be too hard on you. I hope things will seem easier and gayer to you before long, and if anything should turn up that I can do

for you in a private way, I'll be very glad, you know. Good-by."

The sound of the "Herald's" victory went over the State. The paper came out regularly. The towns-folk bought it, and the farmers drove in for it. Old subscribers came back. Old advertisers renewed. The "Herald" began to sell in Amo, and Gaines County people subscribed. Carlow folk held up their heads when journalism was mentioned. Presently the "Herald" announced a news connection with Rouen, and with that, and the aid of "patent insides," began an era of three issues a week, appearing on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The Plattville Brass Band serenaded the editor.

During the second month of the new *régime* of the "Herald" the working force of the paper received an addition. One night the editor found some bar-room loafers tormenting a patriarchal old man who had a magnificent head and a grand white beard. He had been thrown out of a saloon, and he was drunk with the drunkenness of three weeks steady pouring. He propped himself against a wall and reproved his tormentors in Latin. "I'm walking your way, Mr. Fisbee," remarked the journalist, hooking his arm into the old man's. "Suppose we leave our friends here and go home?"

Mr. Fisbee was the one inhabitant of the town possessing an unknown past, and a glamor of romance was thrown about him by the gossips, who agreed that there was a dark, portentous secret in his life, an opinion not too well confirmed by the old man's appearance. His fine eyes had a habit of wandering to the horizon, and his expression was mild, vague, and sad, lost in dreams. At the first glance one guessed that his dreams would never be practicable in their application, and some such impression of him was probably what caused the editor of the "Herald" to nickname him, in his own mind, "The White Knight."

Mr. Fisbee, coming to Plattville from nobody knew where, had taught in the High School for ten years; but he proved quite unable to refrain from lecturing to the dumb-founded pupils on archæology, neglecting more and more the ordinary courses of instruction, growing year by year more forgetful and absent, lost in his few books and his own reflections, until at last he had been discharged for incompetency. The dazed old man had no money and no way to make any. One day he dropped in at the hotel bar, where Wilkerson, the professional drunkard, favored

him with his society. The old man understood; he knew it was the beginning of the end. He sold his books in order to continue his credit at the Palace bar, and once or twice, unable to proceed to his own dwelling, spent the night in a lumber yard, piloted thither by the hardier veteran Wilkerson.

The morning after the editor took him home, Fisbee appeared at the "Herald" office in a new hat and a decent suit of black. He had received his salary in advance, his books had been repurchased, and he had become the reportorial staff of the "Carlow County Herald;" also he was to write various treatises for the paper. For the first few evenings, when he started home from the office, his chief walked with him, chatting cheerfully, until they had passed the Palace bar. But Fisbee's redemption was complete.

The editor of the "Herald" kept steadily at his work; and, as time went on, the bitterness his predecessor's swindle had left in him passed away. But his loneliness and a sense of defeat grew and deepened. When the vistas of the world had opened to his first youth, he had not thought to spend his life in such a place as Plattville; but he found himself doing it, and it was no great happiness to him that the Hon. Kedge Halloway, of Amo, whom the "Herald's" opposition to McCune had sent to Washington, came to depend on his influence for renomination; nor did the realization that the editor of the "Carlow County Herald" had come to be McCune's successor as political dictator produce a perceptibly enlivening effect upon the young man. The years drifted very slowly, and to him it seemed that they went by while he stood far aside and could not even see them move. He did not consider the life he led an exciting one; but the other citizens of Carlow did when he undertook a war against the White Caps, denizens of Six-Cross-Roads, seven miles west of Plattville. The natives were much more afraid of the White Caps than he was; they knew more about them and understood them better than he did.

There was no thought of the people of the Cross-Roads in his mind as he sat on the snake fence staring at the little smoky shadow dance on the white road in the June sunshine. On the contrary, he was occupied with the realization that there had been a man in his class at college whose ambition needed no restraint, his promise was so great—in the strong belief of the university, a belief he could not help knowing—and that

dine danced before him through the lonely years, on fair nights in his walks, and came to sit by his fire on winter evenings when he stared alone at the embers.

And to-night, here in Plattville, he heard a voice he had waited for long, one that his fickle memory told him he had never heard before. But, listening, he knew better—he had heard it long ago, though when and how, he did not know, as rich and true and ineffably tender as now. He threw a sop to his common sense. “Miss Sherwood is a little thing” (the image was so surely tall), “with a bumpy forehead and spectacles,” he said to himself, “or else a provincial young lady with big eyes to pose at you.” Then he felt the ridiculousness of looking after his common sense on a moonlight night in June; also, he knew that he lied.

The song had ceased, but the musician lingered, and the keys were touched to plaintive harmonies new to him. He had come to Plattville before “*Cavalleria Rusticana*” won the prize at Rome, and now, entranced, he heard the “*Intermezzo*” for the first time. Listening to this, he feared to move, lest he should wake from a summer-night’s dream.

A ragged little shadow flitted down the path behind him, and from a solitary apple-tree, standing like a lonely ghost in the middle of the field, came the *woo* of a screech owl twice. It was answered—twice—from a clump of elder-bushes that grew in a fence corner fifty yards west of the pasture bars. Then the barrel of a squirrel rifle issued, lifted out of the white elder blossoms, and lay along the fence. The music in the house across the way ceased, and Harkless saw two white dresses come out through the long parlor windows on to the veranda. “It will be cooler out here,” came the voice of the singer clearly through the quiet. “What a night!”

John vaulted the bars, and started to cross the road. They saw him from the veranda, and Miss Briscoe called to him in welcome. As his tall figure stood out plainly in the bright light against the white dust, a streak of fire leaped from the elder blossoms, and there rang out the sharp report of a rifle. There were two screams from the veranda. One white figure ran into the house. The other, a little one with a gauzy wrap streaming behind, came flying out into the moon-

light, straight to Harkless. There was a second report; the rifle shot was answered by a revolver. William Todd had risen up, apparently from nowhere, and, kneeling by the pasture bars, fired at the flash of the rifle.

“Jump fer the shadder, Mr. Harkless!” he shouted. “He’s in them elders. Fer God’s sake, come back!”

Empty-handed as he was, the editor dashed for the treacherous elder-bush as fast as his long legs could carry him; but before he had taken six strides a hand clutched his sleeve, and a girl’s voice quavered from close behind him: “Don’t run like that, Mr. Harkless; I can’t keep up.”

He wheeled about, and confronted a vision, a dainty little figure about five feet high, a flushed and lovely face, hair and draperies disarranged and flying. He stamped his foot with rage. “Get back in the house!” he cried.

“You mustn’t go,” she panted. “It’s the only way to stop you.”

“Go back to the house!” he shouted, savagely.

“Will you come?”

“Fer God’s sake,” cried William Todd, “come back! Keep out of the road!” He was emptying his revolver at the clump of bushes, the uproar of his firing blasting the night. Some one screamed from the house: “Helen! Helen!”

John seized the girl’s wrists; her gray eyes flashed into his defiantly. “Will you go?” he roared.

“No!”

He dropped her wrists, caught her up in his arms as if she had been a kitten, and leaped into the shadow of the trees that leaned over the road from the yard. The rifle rang out again, and the little ball whistled venomously overhead. Harkless ran along the fence, and turned in at the gate. A loose strand of the girl’s hair blew across his cheek, and in the moon her head shone with gold. She had light brown hair and gray eyes, and a short upper lip like a curled rose-leaf. He set her down on the veranda steps. Both of them laughed wildly.

“But you came with me,” she gasped triumphantly.

“I always thought you were tall,” he answered; and there was afterwards a time when he had to agree that this was a somewhat vague reply.

(To be continued.)

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# MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FOR JUNE



*"Mamma,  
this isn't  
Pears'!"*



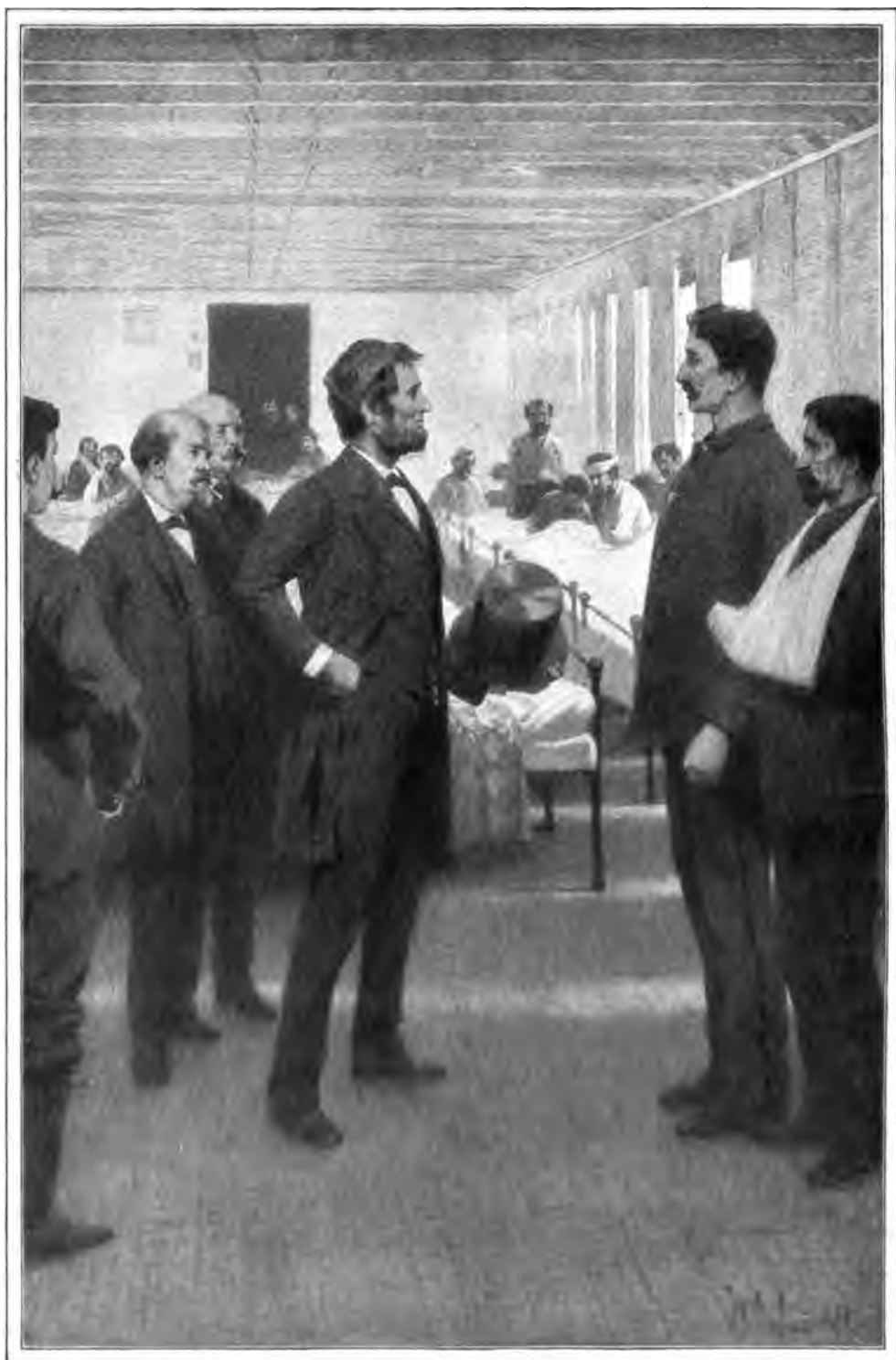
**ONCE BITTEN, TWICE SHY.**

Pears' Soap has no free alkali in it to bite and irritate the skin. It is a pure soap. Even a child appreciates it.

All sorts of people use Pears' Soap, all sorts of stores sell it—especially druggists. Be sure you get Pears'. (Made in Great Britain.)

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LINCOLN AND THE GIANT.

*Drawn by W. R. Leigh*

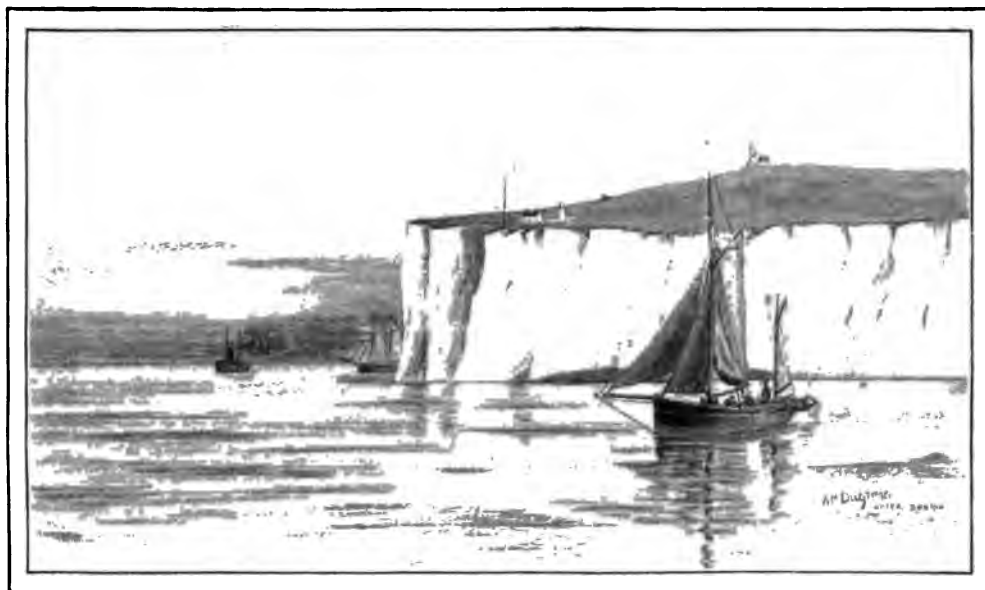
"The Pennsylvanian stood six feet seven inches in his stockings. Lincoln was six feet four. The President . . . stood for a moment speechless."—*See page 164.*

# McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 2.



SOUTH FORELAND, THE ENGLISH STATION FROM WHICH MESSAGES WERE SENT WITHOUT WIRES TO BOULOGNE, FRANCE, THIRTY-TWO MILES AWAY. THE MAST SUPPORTING THE VERTICAL WIRE IS SEEN ON THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF.

## MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPH.

MESSAGES SENT AT WILL THROUGH SPACE.—TELEGRAPHING WITHOUT WIRES ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

**M**R. MARCONI began his endeavors at telegraphing without wires in 1895, when in the fields of his father's estate at Bologna, Italy, he set up tin boxes, called "capacities," on poles of varying heights, and connected them by insulated wires with the instruments he had then devised—a crude transmitter and receiver. Here was a young man of twenty hot on the track of a great discovery, for presently he is writing to Mr. W. H. Preece, chief electrician of the British postal system, telling him about these tin boxes and how he has found out that "when these were placed on top of a pole two meters high, signals could be obtained at thirty meters from the transmitter;" and that "with the same boxes on poles four meters high signals were obtained at 100

NOTE. All the illustrations in this article, except the picture of the Royal Yacht "Osborne," were made expressly for McClure's Magazine.

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meters, and with the same boxes at a height of eight meters, other conditions being equal, nearly up to a mile and a half. Morse signals were easily obtained at 400 meters." And so on, the gist of it being (and this is the chief point in Marconi's present system) that the higher the pole (connected by wire with the transmitter), the greater was found to be the distance of transmission.

In 1896, Marconi came to London and conducted further experiments in Mr. Preece's laboratory, these earning him followers and supporters. Then came the signals on Salisbury Plain through house and hill, plain proof for doubters that neither brick walls nor rocks nor earth could stop these subtle waves. What kind of waves they were Marconi did not pretend to say; it was enough for him that they did their business well. And since they acted best with wire supported from a height, a plan was conceived of using balloons to hold the wires, and March, 1897, saw strange doings in various parts of England: ten-foot balloons covered with tin-foil sent up for "capacities" and promptly blown into slivers by the gale; then six-foot calico kites with tin-foil over them and flying tails; finally tailless kites, under the management of experts. In these trials, despite unfavorable conditions, signals were transmitted through space between points over eight miles apart.

In November, 1897, Marconi and Mr. Kemp rigged up a stout mast at the Needles on the Isle of Wight, 120 feet high, and supported a wire from the top by an insulated fastening. Then, having connected the lower end of this wire with a transmitter, they put out to sea in a tugboat, taking with them a receiving-instrument connected to a wire that hung from a sixty-foot mast. Their object was to see at what distance from the Needles they could get signals. For months, through storm and gale, they kept at this work, leaving the Needles farther and farther behind them as details in the instruments were improved, until by the New Year they were able to get signals clear across to the mainland. Forthwith a permanent station was set up there - first at Bournemouth, fourteen miles from the Needles, but subsequently moved to Poole, eighteen miles.

An interesting fact may be noted, that on one occasion, soon after this installation, Mr. Kemp was able to get Bournemouth messages at Swanage, several miles down the coast, by simply lowering a wire from a high cliff and connecting on a receiver at the lower end. Here was communication estab-

lished with only a rough precipice to serve and no mast at all.

Let us come now to the Kingstown regatta, which took place in July, 1898, and lasted several days. The "Daily Express" of Dublin set a new fashion in newspaper methods by arranging to have these races observed from a steamer, the "Flying Huntress," used as a movable sending-station for Marconi messages which should describe the different events as they happened. A height of from seventy-five to eighty feet of wire was supported from the mast, and this was found sufficient to transmit easily to Kingstown, even when the steamer was twenty-five miles from shore. The receiving-mast erected at Kingstown was 110 feet high, and the despatches as they arrived here through the receiving-instrument were telephoned at once to Dublin, so that the "Express" was able to print full accounts of the races almost before they were over, and while the yachts were out far beyond the range of any telescope. During the regatta more than 700 of these wireless messages were transmitted.

Not less interesting were the memorable tests that came a few days later, when Marconi was called upon to set up wireless communication between Osborne House, on the Isle of Wight, and the royal yacht, with the Prince of Wales aboard, as she lay off in Cowes Bay. The Queen wished to be able thus to get frequent bulletins in regard to the Prince's injured knee, and not less than 150 messages of a strictly private nature were transmitted, in the course of sixteen days, with entire success. By permission of the Prince of Wales, some of these messages have been made public; among others the following:

*August 4th.*

*From Dr. Tripp to Sir James Reid.*

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales has passed another excellent night and is in very good spirits and health. The knee is most satisfactory.

*August 5th.*

*From Dr. Tripp to Sir James Reid.*

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales has passed another excellent night, and the knee is in good condition.

The transmission here was accomplished in the usual way: with a 100-foot pole at Ladywood Cottage, in the grounds of Osborne House, supporting the vertical conductor, and a wire from the yacht's mast lifted eighty-three feet above deck. This wire led down into the saloon, where the instruments were operated and observed with great interest by the various royalties aboard,



WILLIAM MARCONI.

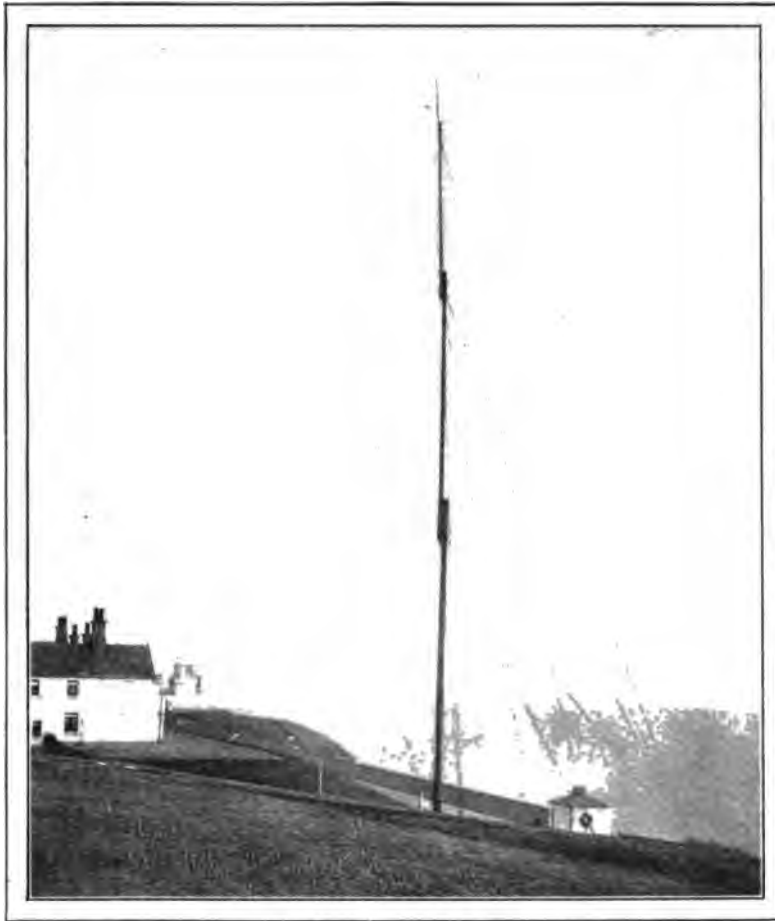
From a photograph taken especially for McClure's MAGAZINE at South Foreland Lighthouse, March 29, 1899.

notably the Duke of York, the Princess Louise, and the Prince of Wales himself. What seemed to amaze them above all was that the sending could go on just the same while the yacht was plowing along through the waves. The following was sent on August 10th by the Prince of Wales while the yacht was steaming at a good rate off Benbridge, seven or eight miles from Osborne:

*To the Duke of Connaught.*

Will be pleased to see you on board this afternoon when the "Osborne" returns.

On one occasion the yacht cruised so far west as to bring its receiver within the influence of the transmitter at the Needles, and here it was found possible to communicate successively with that station and with Osborne, and this despite the fact that both



MAST AND STATION AT SOUTH FORELAND, NEAR DOVER, ENGLAND, USED BY MR. MARCONI IN TELEGRAPHING WITHOUT WIRES ACROSS THE CHANNEL TO BOULOGNE, FRANCE.

From a photograph.

stations were cut off from the yacht by considerable hills, one of these, Headon Hill, rising 314 feet higher than the vertical wire on the "Osborne."

It was at the extreme west of the Isle of Wight that I got my first practical notion of how this amazing business works. Looking down from the high ground, a furlong beyond the last railway station, I saw at my feet the horseshoe cavern of Alum Bay, a steep semicircle, bitten out of the chalk cliffs, one might fancy, by some fierce sea-monster, whose teeth had snapped in the effort and been strewn there in the jagged line of Needles. These gleamed up white now out of the waves, and pointed straight across the Channel to the mainland. On the right were low-lying reddish forts, waiting for some enemy to dare their guns. On the

left, rising bare and solitary from the highest hill of all, stood the granite cross of Alfred Tennyson, alone, like the man, yet a comfort to weary mariners.

Here, overhanging the bay, is the Needles Hotel, and beside it lifts one of Mr. Marconi's tall masts, with braces and halyards to hold it against storm and gale. From the peak hangs down a line of wire that runs through a window into the little sending-room, where we may now see enacted this mystery of talking through the ether. There are two matter-of-fact young men here who have the air of doing something that is al-

together simple. One of them stands at a table with some instruments on it, and works a black-handled key up and down. He is saying something to the Poole station, over yonder in England, eighteen miles away.

"Brripp- brripp- brripp- brrrrrr.  
Brripp brripp- brripp- brrrrrr-  
Brripp- brrrrrr- brripp. Brripp- brripp!"

So talks the sender with noise and deliberation. It is the Morse code working—ordinary dots and dashes which can be made into letters and words, as everybody knows. With each movement of the key bluish sparks jump an inch between the two brass knobs of the induction coil, the same kind of coil and the same kind of sparks that are familiar in experiments with the Roentgen

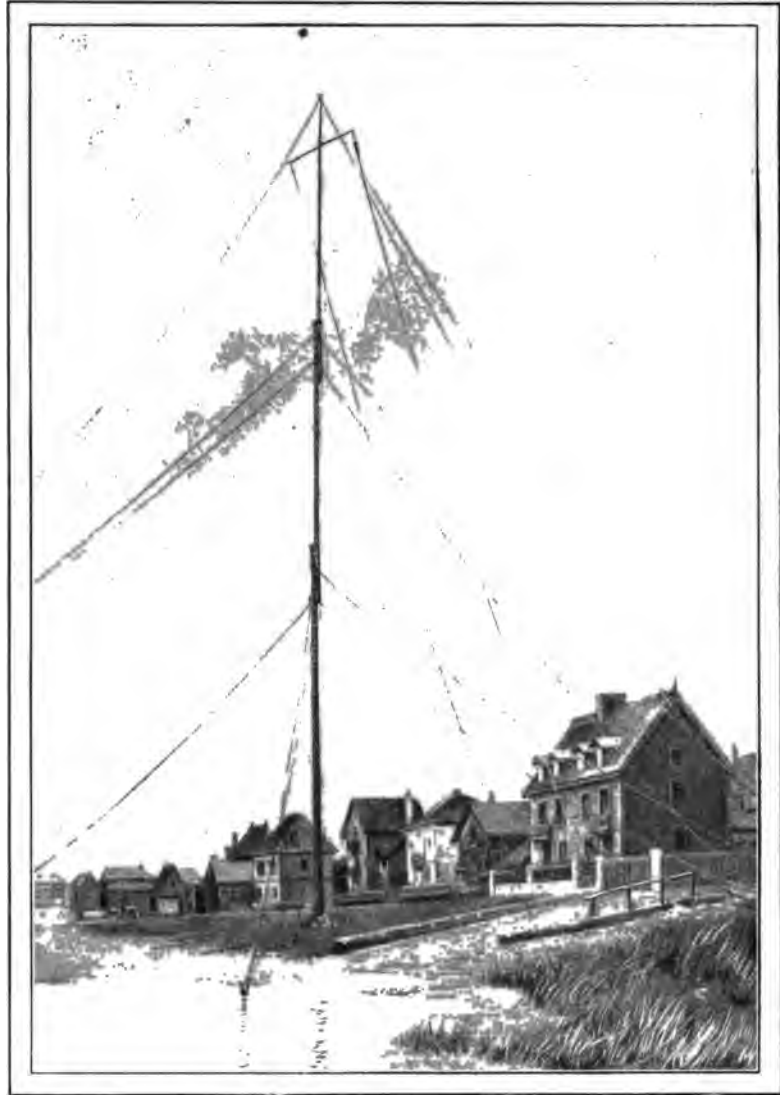
rays. For one dot, a single spark jumps; for one dash, there comes a stream of sparks. One knob of the induction coil is connected with the earth, the other with the wire hanging from the mast-head. Each spark indicates a certain oscillating impulse from the electrical battery that actuates the coil; each one of these impulses shoots through the aerial wire, and from the wire through space by oscillations of the ether, travelling at the speed of light, or seven times around the earth in a second. That is all there is in the sending of these Marconi messages.

"I am giving them your message," said the young man presently, "that you will spend the night at Bournemouth and see them in the morning. Anything more?"

"Ask them what sort of weather they are having," said I, thinking of nothing better.

"I've asked them," he said, and then struck a vigorous series of V's, three dots and a dash, to show that he had finished.

"Now I switch on to the receiver," he explained, and connected the aerial wire with an instrument in a metal box about the size of a valise. "You see the aerial wire serves both to send the ether waves out and to collect them as they come through space.



THE MAST AND STATION AT BOULOGNE, FRANCE, USED BY MR. MARCONI IN TELEGRAPHING WITHOUT WIRES ACROSS THE CHANNEL TO SOUTH FORELAND, ENGLAND.

Drawn from a photograph.

Whenever a station is not sending, it is connected to receive."

"Then you can't send and receive at the same time?"

"We don't want to. We listen first, and then talk. There, they're calling us. Hear?"

Inside the metal box a faint clicking sounded, like a whisper after a hearty tone. And the wheels of a Morse printing-apparatus straightway began to turn, registering dots and dashes on a moving tape.

"They send their compliments, and say they will be glad to see you. Ah, here

comes the weather: 'Looks like snow. Sun is blazing on us at present.'"

It is worthy of note that, five minutes later, it began to snow on our side of the Channel.

"I must tell you," went on my informant, "why the receiver is put in this metal box. It is to protect it against the influence of the sender, which, you observe, rests beside it on the table. You can easily believe that a receiver sensitive enough to record impulses from a point eighteen miles away might be disorganized if these impulses came from a distance of two or three feet. But the box keeps them out."

"And yet it is a metal box?"

"Ah, but these waves are not conducted as ordinary electric waves are. These are Hertzian waves, and good conductors for every-day electricity may be bad conductors for them. So it is in this case. You heard the receiver work just now for the message from Poole, yet it makes no sound while our own sender is going. But look here, I will show you something."

He took up a little buzzer with a tiny battery, such as is used to ring electric bells. "Now listen. You see, there is no connection between this and the receiver." He

joined two wires so that the buzzer began to buzz, and instantly the receiver responded, dot for dot, dash for dash.

"There," he said, "you have the whole principle of the thing right before you. The feeble impulses of this buzzer are transmitted to the receiver in the same way that the stronger impulses are transmitted from the induction coil at Poole. Both travel through the ether."

"Why doesn't the metal box stop these feeble impulses as it stops the strong ones of your own sender?"

"It does. The effect of the buzzer is through the aerial wire, not through the box. The wire is connected with the receiver now, but when we are sending, it connects only with the induction coil, and the receiver, being cut off, is not affected."

"Then no message can be received when you are sending?"

"Not at the very instant. But, as I said, we always switch back to the receiver as soon as we have sent a message; so another station can always get us in a few minutes. There they are again."

Once more the receiver set up its modest clicking.

"They're asking about a new coherer



THE APPARATUS EMPLOYED AT SOUTH FORELAND LIGHTHOUSE FOR COMMUNICATING WITH THE GOOLWIS SANDS LIGHTSHIP AND WITH ROUÏOGNE.

Drawn from a photograph.



TRANSMITTING-INSTRUMENT AT BOULOGNE STATION.

Drawn from a photograph.

we're putting in," he said, and proceeded to send the answer back. I looked out across the water, which was duller now under a gray sky. There was something uncanny in the thought that my young friend here, who seemed as far as possible from a magician or supernatural being, was flinging his words across this waste of sea, over the beating schooners, over the feeding cormorants, to the dim coast of England yonder.

"I suppose what you send is radiated in all directions?"

"Of course."

"Then any one within an eighteen-mile range might receive it?"

"If they had the proper kind of a receiver." And he smiled complacently, which drew further questions from me, and presently we were discussing the relay and the tapper and the twin silver plugs in the neat vacuum tube, all essential parts of Marconi's instrument for catching these swift pulsations in the ether. The tube is made of glass, about the thickness of a thermometer tube and about two inches long. It seems absurd that so tiny and simple an affair can come as a boon to ships and armies and a

benefit to all mankind; yet the chief virtue of Marconi's invention lies here in this fragile coherer. But for this, induction coils would snap their messages in vain, for none could read them. The silver plugs in this coherer are so close together that the blade of a knife could scarcely pass between them; yet in that narrow slit nestle several hundred minute fragments of nickel and silver, the finest dust, siftings through silk, and these enjoy the strange property (as Marconi discovered) of being alternately very good conductors and very bad conductors for the Hertzian waves—very good conductors when welded together by the passing current into a continuous metal path, very bad conductors when they fall apart under a blow from the tapper. One end of the coherer is connected with the aerial wire, the other with the earth and also with a home battery that works the tapper and the Morse printing-instrument.

And the practical operation is this: When the impulse of a single spark comes through the ether down the wire into the coherer, the particles of metal cohere (hence the name), the Morse instrument prints a dot,



and the tapper strikes its little hammer against the glass tube. That blow decoheres the particles of metal, and stops the current of the home battery. And each successive impulse through the ether produces the same phenomena of coherence and decoherence, and the same printing of dot or dash. The impulses through the ether would never be strong enough of themselves to work the printing-instrument and the tapper, but they are strong enough to open and close a valve (the metal dust), which lets in or shuts out the stronger current of the home battery—all of which is simple enough after some one has taught the world how to do it.

Twenty-four hours later, after a breezy ride across the Channel on the self-reliant side-wheeler "Lymington," then an hour's railway journey and a carriage jaunt of like duration over gorse-spread sand dunes, I found myself at the Poole Signal Station, really six miles beyond Poole, on a barren promontory. Here the installation is identical with that at the Needles, only on a larger scale, and here two operators are kept busy at experiments, under the direction of Mr. Marconi himself and Dr. Erskine-Murray, one of the company's chief electricians. With the latter I spent two hours in profitable converse. "I suppose," said I, "this is a fine day for your work?" The sun was shining and the air mild.

"Not particularly," said he. "The fact is, our messages seem to carry best in fog and bad weather. This past winter we have sent through all kinds of gales and storms without a single breakdown."

"Don't thunder-storms interfere with you, or electric disturbances?"

"Not in the least."

"How about the earth's curvature? I suppose that doesn't amount to much just to the Needles?"

"Doesn't it though? Look across, and judge for yourself. It amounts to 100 feet at least. You can only see the head of the Needles lighthouse from here, and that must be 150 feet above the sea. And the big steamers pass there hulls and funnels down."

"Then the earth's curvature makes no difference with your waves?"

"It has made none up to twenty-five miles, which we have covered from a ship to shore; and in that distance the earth's dip amounts to about 500 feet. If the curvature counted against us then, the messages would have passed some hundreds of feet over the receiving-station; but nothing of the sort happened. So we feel reasonably confident that

these Hertzian waves follow around smoothly as the earth curves."

"And you can send messages through hills, can you not?"

"Easily. We have done so repeatedly."

"And you can send in all kinds of weather?"

"We can."

"Then," said I after some thought, "if neither land nor sea nor atmospheric conditions can stop you, I don't see why you can't send messages to any distance."

"So we can," said the electrician, "so we can, given a sufficient height of wire. It has become simply a question now how high a mast you are willing to erect. If you double the height of your mast, you can send a message four times as far. If you treble the height of your mast, you can send a message nine times as far. In other words, the law established by our experiments seems to be that the range of distance increases as the square of the mast's height. To start with, you may assume that a wire suspended from an eighty-foot mast will send a message twenty miles. We are doing about that here."

"Then," said I, multiplying, "a mast 160 feet high would send a message eighty miles?"

"Exactly."

"And a mast 320 feet high would send a message 320 miles; a mast 640 feet high would send a message 1,280 miles; and a mast 1,280 feet high would send a message 5,120 miles?"

"That's right. So you see if there were another Eiffel Tower in New York, it would be possible to send messages to Paris through the ether and get answers without ocean cables."

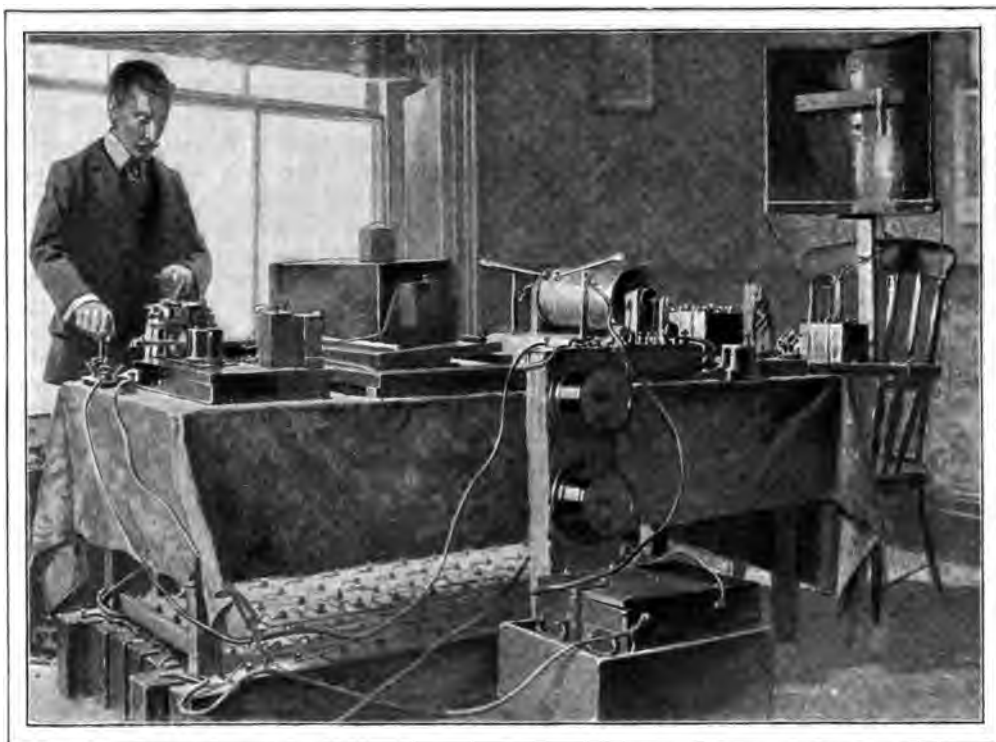
"Do you really think that would be possible?"

"I see no reason to doubt it. What are a few thousand miles to this wonderful ether, which brings us our light every day from millions of miles?"

"Do you use stronger induction coils," I asked, "as you increase the distance of transmission?"

"We have not up to the present, but we may do so when we get into the hundreds of miles. A coil with a ten-inch spark, however, is quite sufficient for any distances under immediate consideration."

After this we talked of improvements in the system made by Mr. Marconi as the result of experiments kept up continuously since these stations were established, nearly



THE WIRELESS TELEGRAPH STATION AT POOLE, SHOWING SENDING AND RECEIVING INSTRUMENTS. IN THE RIGHT-HAND CORNER IS THE COPPER REFLECTOR USED IN DIRECTING THE WAVES.

Drawn from a photograph.

two years ago. It was found that a horizontal wire, placed at whatever height, was of practically no value in sending messages; all that counts here is the vertical component. Also that it is better to have the wire conductor suspended out from the mast by a sprit. It was found, furthermore, that by modifying the coherer and perfecting various details of installation the total efficiency was much increased, so that the vertical conductor could be lowered gradually without disturbing communication. Now they are sending to the Needles with a sixty-foot conductor, whereas at the start a wire with 120 feet vertical height was necessary.

So much for my visits to these pioneer etherial stations (if I may so style them), which gave me a general familiarity with the method of wireless telegraphy and enabled me to question Mr. Marconi with greater pertinence during several talks which it was my privilege to have with him. What interested me chiefly was the practical and immediate application of this new system to the world's affairs. And one thing that

came to mind naturally was the question of privacy or secrecy in the transmission of these aerial messages. In time of war, for instance, would communications between battleships or armies be at the mercy of any one, including enemies, who might have a Marconi receiver?

On this point Mr. Marconi had several things to say. In the first place, it was evident that generals and admirals, as well as private individuals, could always protect themselves by sending their despatches in cipher. Then, during active military operations, despatches could often be kept within a friendly radius by lowering the wire on the mast until its transmitting power came within that radius.

Marconi realizes, of course, the desirability of being able in certain cases to transmit messages in one and only one direction. To this end he has conducted a special series of experiments with a sending-apparatus different from that already described. He uses no wire here, but a Righi oscillator placed at the focus of a parabolic copper reflector two or three feet in diameter. The waves

sent out by this oscillator are quite different from the others, being only about two feet long, instead of three or four hundred feet, and the results, up to the present, are less important than those obtained with the pendulum wire. Still in trials on the Salisbury Plain, he and his assistants sent messages perfectly in this way over a distance of a mile and three-quarters, and were able to direct these messages at will by aiming the reflector in one direction or another. It appears that these Hertzian waves, though invisible, may be concentrated by parabolic reflectors into parallel beams and projected in narrow lines, just as a bull's-eye lantern projects beams of light. And it was found that a very slight shifting of the reflector would stop the messages at the receiving end. In other words, unless the Hertzian beams fell directly on the receiver, there was an end of all communication.

"Do you think," I asked, "that you will be able to send these directed messages very much farther than you have sent them already?"

"I am sure we shall," said Marconi. "It is simply a matter of experiment and gradual improvement, as was the case with the undirected waves. It is likely, however, that a limit for directed messages will be set by the curvature of the earth. This stops the one kind, but not the other."

"And what will that limit be?"

"The same as for the heliograph, fifty or sixty miles."

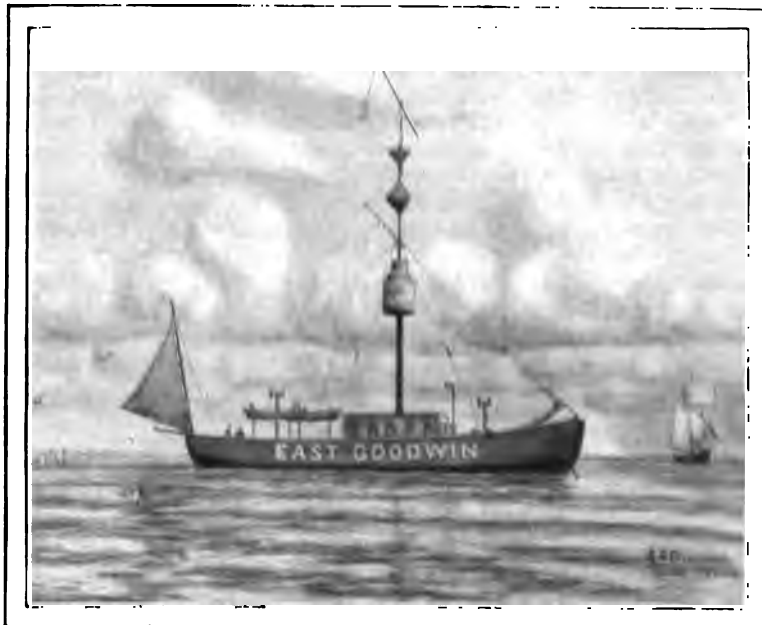
"And for the undirected messages there is no limit?"

"Practically none. We can do a hundred miles already. That only requires a couple of high church steeples or office buildings. New York and Philadelphia, with their skyscraping structures, might talk to each other through the ether whenever they wished to try it. And that is only a beginning. My system allows messages to be sent from one moving train to another moving train or to a fixed point by the tracks; to be sent from one moving vessel to another vessel or to the shore, and from lighthouses or signal stations to vessels in fog or distress."

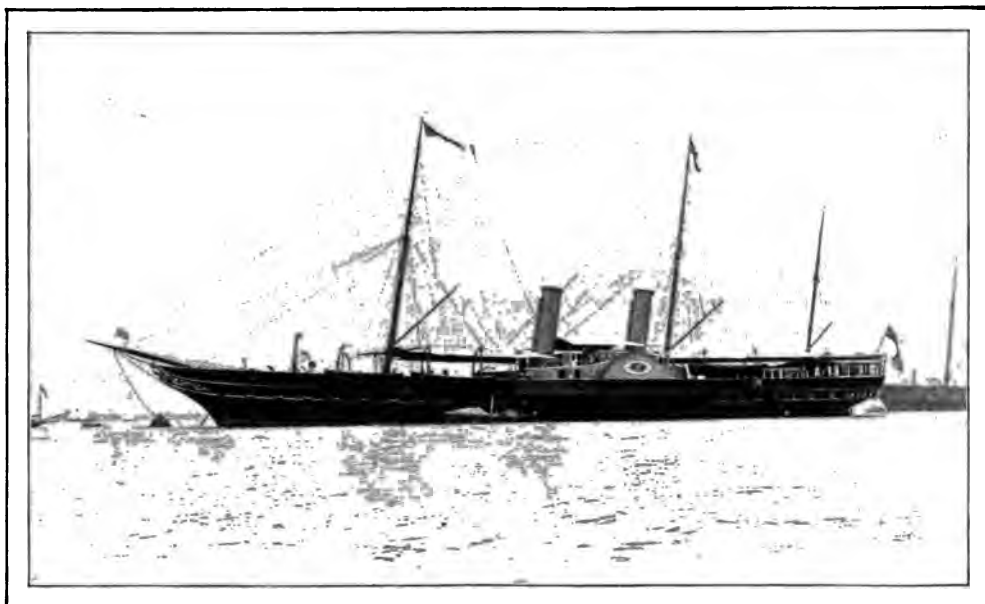
Marconi pointed out one notable case where his system of sending directed waves might render great service to humanity. Imagine a lighthouse or danger spot in the sea fitted with a transmitter and parabolic reflector, the whole kept turning on an axis and constantly throwing forth impulses in the ether—a series of danger signals, one might call them. It is evident that any vessel fitted with a Marconi receiver would get warning through the ether (say by the automatic ringing of a bell) long before her lookout could see a light or hear any bell or fog-horn. Furthermore, as each receiver gives warn-

ing only when its rotating reflector is in one particular position—that is, facing the transmitter—it is evident that the precise location of the alarm station would at once become known to the mariner. In other words, the vessel would immediately get her bearings, which is no small matter in a storm or fog.

Again, the case of lightships off shore gives the Marconi system admirable opportunity of replacing cables, which



THE GOODWIN SANDS LIGHTSHIP. Struck in a collision on April 28th, the lights were lost. The Marconi apparatus (shown suspended by a spar from the mast head), and so set to pointing shore, twelve miles away.



THE ROYAL YACHT "OSBORNE," FROM WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES TELEGRAPHED WITHOUT WIRES.

The sending and receiving wire is suspended from the rope connecting the two mast-heads, and can be distinguished by the wire cone near the top. From a photograph by A. E. Beken.

are very expensive and in constant danger of breaking. In December, 1898, the English lightship service authorized the establishment of wireless communication between the South Foreland lighthouse at Dover and the East Goodwin lightship, twelve miles distant; and several times already warnings of wrecks and vessels in distress have reached shore when, but for the Marconi signals, nothing of the danger would have been known. One morning in January, for instance, during a week of gales, Mr. Kemp, then stationed at the South Foreland lighthouse, was awakened at five o'clock by the receiver bell, and got word forthwith that a vessel was drifting on the deadly Goodwin Sands, firing rockets as she went. At this moment there was so dense a fog bank between the sands and the shore that the rockets could never have been seen by the coast-guards. They were now, however, informed of the crisis by telegraph, and were able to put out at once in their life-boats.

At another time, also in heavy fog, a warning gun sounded from the lightship, and at once the receiver ticked off: "Schooner headed for sands. Are trying to make her turn."

"Has she turned yet?" questioned Kemp.

"No. We've fired another gun."

"Has she turned yet?"

"Not yet. We're going to fire again. There, she turns." And the danger was over without calling on the life-boat men, who might otherwise have labored hours in the surf to save a vessel that needed no saving.

Another application of wireless telegraphy that promises to become important is in the signaling of incoming and outgoing vessels. With Marconi stations all along the coast it would be possible, even as the discovery stands to-day, for all vessels within twenty-five miles of shore to make their presence known and to send or receive communications. So apparent are the advantages of such a system that in May, 1898, Lloyds began negotiations for the setting up of instruments at various Lloyds' stations; and a preliminary trial was made between Ballycastle and Rathlin Island in the north of Ireland. The distance signalled over here was seven and a half miles, with a high cliff intervening between the two positions; the results of many trials here were more than satisfactory.

I come now to that historic week at the end of March, 1899, when the system of wireless telegraphy was put to its most severe test in experiments across the English Channel between Dover and Boulogne. These were undertaken at the request of the French Government, which is considering a

purchase of the rights to the invention in France. During the several days that the trials lasted, representatives of the French Government visited both stations, and observed in detail the operations of sending and receiving. Mr. Marconi himself and his chief engineer, Mr. Jameson Davis, explained how the installations had been set up and what they expected to accomplish.

At five o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, March 27th, everything being ready, Marconi pressed the sending-key for the first cross-channel message. There was nothing different in the transmission from the method grown familiar now through months at the Alum Bay and Poole stations. Transmitter and receiver were quite the same; and a seven-strand copper wire, well insulated and hung from the sprit of a mast 150 feet high, was used. The mast stood in the sand just at sea level, with no height of cliff or bank to give aid.

"Bripp — bripp — bripp — bripp — brrrrrr," went the transmitter under Marconi's hand. The sparks flashed, and a dozen eyes looked out anxiously upon the sea as it broke fiercely over Napoleon's old fort that rose abandoned in the foreground. Would the message carry all the way to England? Thirty-two miles seemed a long way.

"Bripp—bripp—brrrrr—bripp—brrrrr—bripp—bripp." So he went, deliberately, with a short message telling them over there that he was using a two-centimeter spark, and signing three V's at the end.

Then he stopped, and the room was silent, with a straining of ears for some sound from the receiver. A moment's pause, and then it came briskly, the usual clicking of dots and dashes as the tape rolled off its message. And there it was, short and commonplace enough, yet vastly important, since it was the first wireless message sent from England to the Continent: First "V," the call; then "M," meaning, "Your message is perfect;" then, "Same here 2 c m s. V V V," the last being an abbreviation for two centimeters and the conventional finishing signal.

And so, without more ado, the thing was done. The Frenchmen might stare and chatter as they pleased, here was something come into the world to stay. A pronounced success surely, and everybody said so as messages went back and forth, scores of messages, during the following hours and days, and all correct.

On Wednesday, Mr. Robert McClure and I,

by the kindness of Mr. Marconi, were allowed to hold cross-channel conversation, and, in the interests of our readers, satisfy ourselves that this wireless telegraphy marvel had really been accomplished. It was about three o'clock when I reached the Boulogne station (this was really at the little town of Wimereux, about three miles out of Boulogne). Mr. Kemp called up the other side thus: "Moffett arrived. Wishes to send message. Is McClure ready?"

Immediately the receiver clicked off: "Yes, stand by;" which meant that we must wait for the French officials to talk, since they had the right of way. And talk they did, for a good two hours, keeping the sparks flying and the ether agitated with their messages and inquiries. At last, about five o'clock, I was cheered by this service along the tape: "If Moffett is there, tell him McClure is ready." And straightway I handed Mr. Kemp a simple cipher message which I had prepared to test the accuracy of transmission. It ran thus:

McCLURE, DOVER : Gniteerg morf Ecnarf ot Dnalgne  
hguorht eht rehte. **MOFFETT.**

Read on the printed page it is easy to see that this is merely, "Greeting from France to England through the ether," each word being spelled backward. For the receiving operator at Dover, however, it was as hopeful less a tangle of letters as could have been desired. Therefore was I well pleased when the Boulogne receiver clicked me back the following:

MOFFETT, BOULOGNE : Your message received. It  
reads all right. Vive Marconi. **McCLURE.**

Then I sent this:

MARCONI, DOVER : Hearty congratulations on success of first experiment in sending aerial messages across the English channel. Also best thanks on behalf of editors McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for assistance in preparation of article. **MOFFETT.**

And got this reply:

MOFFETT, BOULOGNE : The accurate transmission of your messages is absolutely convincing. Good-by. **McCLURE.**

Then we clicked back "Good-by," and the trial was over. We were satisfied: yes, more, we were delighted.

I asked one of Marconi's chief engineers if the Boulogne and Dover installation would remain permanent now. He said that depended on the French and English governments. The latter has a monopoly in Eng-

land on any system of telegraphy in which electric apparatus is used; and all cross-channel cables are of British ownership.

"There must be a great saving by the wireless system over cables," I said.

"Judge for yourself. Every mile of deep-sea cable costs about \$750; every mile for the land-ends about \$1,000. All that we save, also the great expense of keeping a cable steamer constantly in commission making repairs and laying new lengths. All we need is a couple of masts and a little wire. The wear and tear is practically nothing. The cost of running, simply for home batteries and operators' keep."

"How fast can you transmit messages?"

"Just now at the rate of about fifteen words a minute; but we shall do better than that no doubt with experience. You have seen how clear our tape reads. Any one who knows the Morse code will see that the letters are perfect."

"Do you think there is much field for the Marconi system in overland transmission?"

"In certain cases, yes. For instance, where you can't get the right of way to put up wires and poles. What is a disobliging farmer going to do if you send messages right through his farm, barns and all? Then see the advantage in time of war for quick communication, and no chance that the enemy may cut your wires."

"But they may read your messages."

"That is not so sure, for besides the possibility of directing the waves with reflectors, Marconi is now engaged in most promising experiments in syntony, which I may describe as the electrical tuning of a particular transmitter to a particular receiver, so that the latter will respond to the former and no other, while the former will influence the latter and no other. That, of course, is a possibility in the future, but it bids fair soon to be realized. There are even some who maintain that there may be produced as many separate sets of transmitters and receivers capable of working only together as there are separate sets of Yale locks and keys. In that event, any two private individuals might communicate freely without fear of being understood by others. There are possibilities here, granting a limitless number of distinct tunings for transmitter and receiver, that threaten our whole telephone system. I may add, our whole newspaper system."

"Our newspaper system?"

"Certainly; the news might be ticked off tapes every hour right into the houses of all

subscribers who had receiving-instruments tuned to a certain transmitter at the news-distributing station. Then the subscribers would have merely to glance over their tapes to learn what was happening in the world."

We talked after this of other possibilities in wireless telegraphy and of the services Marconi's invention may render in coming wars.

"If you care to stray a little into the realm of speculation," said the engineer, "I will point out a rather sensational rôle that our instruments might play in military strategy. Suppose, for instance, you Americans were at war with Spain, and wished to keep close guard over Havana harbor without sending your fleet there. The thing might be done with a single fast cruiser in this way: Supposing a telegraphic cable laid from Key West, or any convenient point on your shores, and ending at the bottom of the sea a few miles out from the harbor. Let us imagine this to have been done without knowledge of the Spaniards. And suppose a Marconi receiving-instrument, properly protected, to be lying there at the bottom in connection with the cable. Now, it is plain that this receiver will be influenced in the usual way by a Marconi transmitter aboard the cruiser, for the Hertzian waves pass well enough through water. In other words, you can now set the armature of a relay down at the ocean's bottom clicking off Morse signals as fast as you like, and it is a simple matter of electrical adjustment to make that armature repeat these signals automatically over the whole length of cable in the ordinary way.

"With this arrangement, the captain of your cruiser may now converse freely with the admiral of the fleet at Key West or with the President himself at Washington, without so much as quitting his deck. He may report every movement of the Spanish warships as they take place, even while he is following them or being pursued by them. So long as he keeps within twenty or thirty miles of the submerged cable-end, he may continue his communications, may tell of arrivals and departures, of sorties, of loading transports, of filling bunkers with coal, and a hundred other details of practical warfare. In short, this captain and his innocent-looking cruiser may become a never-closing eye for the distant American fleet, an eye fixed continually upon an enemy all unsuspecting of this communication and surveillance. And it needs but little thought to see how easily an enemy at such disadvan-

tage may be taken unawares or be led into betraying important plans."

This conception struck me as so interesting that I pressed my informant to say how far he thought it lay in the realm of speculation.

"Why," said he, "it is a sensible enough little dream that might be realized, if any one cared to spend the money and take the necessary trouble. There is no doubt our instruments could be made to operate a cable at sea-bottom, just as they could be made to blow up a powder magazine in a beleaguered city or steer a ship from a distance, or——"

"Steer a ship from a distance?" I interrupted.

"Certainly, a small one, say a lightship, with no one aboard her."

"How could you steer her?"

"Oh, by a simple arrangement of commutators and relays. It isn't worth while going into the thing, but you could send one signal through the ether that would part her cables, say by an explosive tube or a simple fusing

process. Then you could send another signal that would open her throttle-valve and start her engines. Of course, I'm assuming fires up and boilers full. Then you could send other signals that would put her helm to starboard or port and so on. And straightway your lightship would go where you wanted her to. There may not seem to be much sense in steering an empty lightship about, but don't you see the vast usefulness in warfare of such control over certain other craft? Think a moment."

He smiled mysteriously while I thought.

"You mean torpedo craft?"

"Exactly. The warfare of the future will have startling things in it; perhaps the steering of torpedo craft from a distance will be counted in the number. But we may leave the details to those who will work them out."

And here, I think, we may leave this whole fascinating subject, in the hope that we have seen clearly what already is, and with a half discernment what is yet to be.

## STALKY AND CO.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Author of "In Ambush," "Captains Courageous," "The Day's Work," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY L. RAVEN-HILL.

### VII.

#### THE LAST TERM.



It was within a few days of the holidays, the term-end examinations, and, more important still, the issue of the College paper which Beetle edited. He had been cajoled into that office by the blandishments of Stalky and McTurk and the extreme rigor of study law. Once installed, he discovered, as others have done before him, that his duty was to do the work while his friends criticized. Stalky christened it the "Swillingford Patriot," in pious memory of Sponge—and McTurk compared the output unfavorably with Ruskin

and De Quincey. Only the Head took an interest in the publication, and his methods were peculiar. He gave Beetle the run of his brown-bound, tobacco-scented library; prohibiting nothing, recommending nothing. There Beetle found a fat armchair, a silver inkstand, and unlimited pens and paper. There were scores and scores of ancient dramatists; there were Hakluyt, his voyages; French translations of Muscovite authors called Pushkin and Lermontoff; little tales of a heady and bewildering nature, interspersed with unusual songs—Peacock was that writer's name; there was Borrow's "Lavengro"; an odd theme, purporting to be a translation of something,



"The wreck of the Armada galleon."

playing censor to the paper, would read here a verse and here another of these poets, opening up avenues. And, slow breathing, with half-shut eyes above his cigar, would he speak of great men living, and journals, long dead, founded in their riotous youth; of years when all the planets were little new-lit stars trying to find their places in the uncaring void, and he, the Head, knew them as young men know one another. So the regular work went to the dogs, Beetle being full of other matters and meters, hoarded in secret and only told to McTurk of an afternoon, on the sands, walking high and disposedly round the wreck of the Armada galleon, shouting and declaiming against the long-ridged sea.

Thanks in large part to their house-master's experienced dis-

called a "Rubáiyát," which the Head said was a poem not yet come to its own; there were hundreds of volumes of verse—Crashaw; Dryden; Alexander Smith; L.E.L.; Lydia Sigourney; Fletcher and a purple island; Donne; Marlowe's "Faust"; and—this made McTurk (to whom Beetle conveyed it) sheer drunk for three days—Ossian; "The Earthly Paradise"; "Atalanta in Calydon"; and Rossetti—to name only a few. Then the Head, drifting in under pretense of

trust, the three for three consecutive terms had been passed over for promotion to the rank of prefect—an office that went by merit, and carried with it the honor of the ground-ash, and liberty, under restrictions, to use it.

"But," said Stalky, "come to think of it, we've done more giddy jesting with the Sixth since we've been passed over than any one else in the last seven years."

He touched his neck proudly. It was en-





Mary Yeo

circled by the stiffest of stick-up collars, which custom decreed could be worn only by the Sixth. And the Sixth saw those collars and said no word. "Pussy," Abanazar, or Dick Four of a year ago would have seen them discarded in five minutes or . . . But the Sixth of that term was made up mostly of young but brilliantly clever boys, pets of the house-masters, too anxious for their dignity to care to come to open odds with the resourceful three. So they crammed their caps at the extreme back of their heads, instead of a trifle over one eye as the Fifth should, and rejoiced in patent-leather boots on week-days, and marvelous made-up ties on Sundays—no man rebuking. McTurk was going up for Cooper's Hill, and Stalky for Sandhurst, in the spring; and the Head had told them both that, unless they absolutely collapsed during the holidays,

they were safe. As a trainer of colts, the Head seldom erred in an estimate of form.

He had taken Beetle aside that day and given him much good advice, not one word of which did Beetle remember when he dashed up to the study, white with excitement, and poured out the wondrous tale. It demanded a great belief.

"You begin on a hundred a year?" said McTurk unsympathetically. "Rot!"

"And my passage out! It's all settled. The Head says he's been breaking me in for this for ever so long, and I never knew—I never knew. One don't begin with writing straight off, y'know. Begin by filling in telegrams and cutting things out o' papers with scissors."

"Oh, Scissors! What an ungodly mess you'll make of it," said Stalky. "But, anyhow, this will be your last term, too. Seven years, my dearly be-

loved 'earers though not prefects."

"Not half bad years, either," said McTurk. "I shall be sorry to leave the old Coll.; shan't you?"

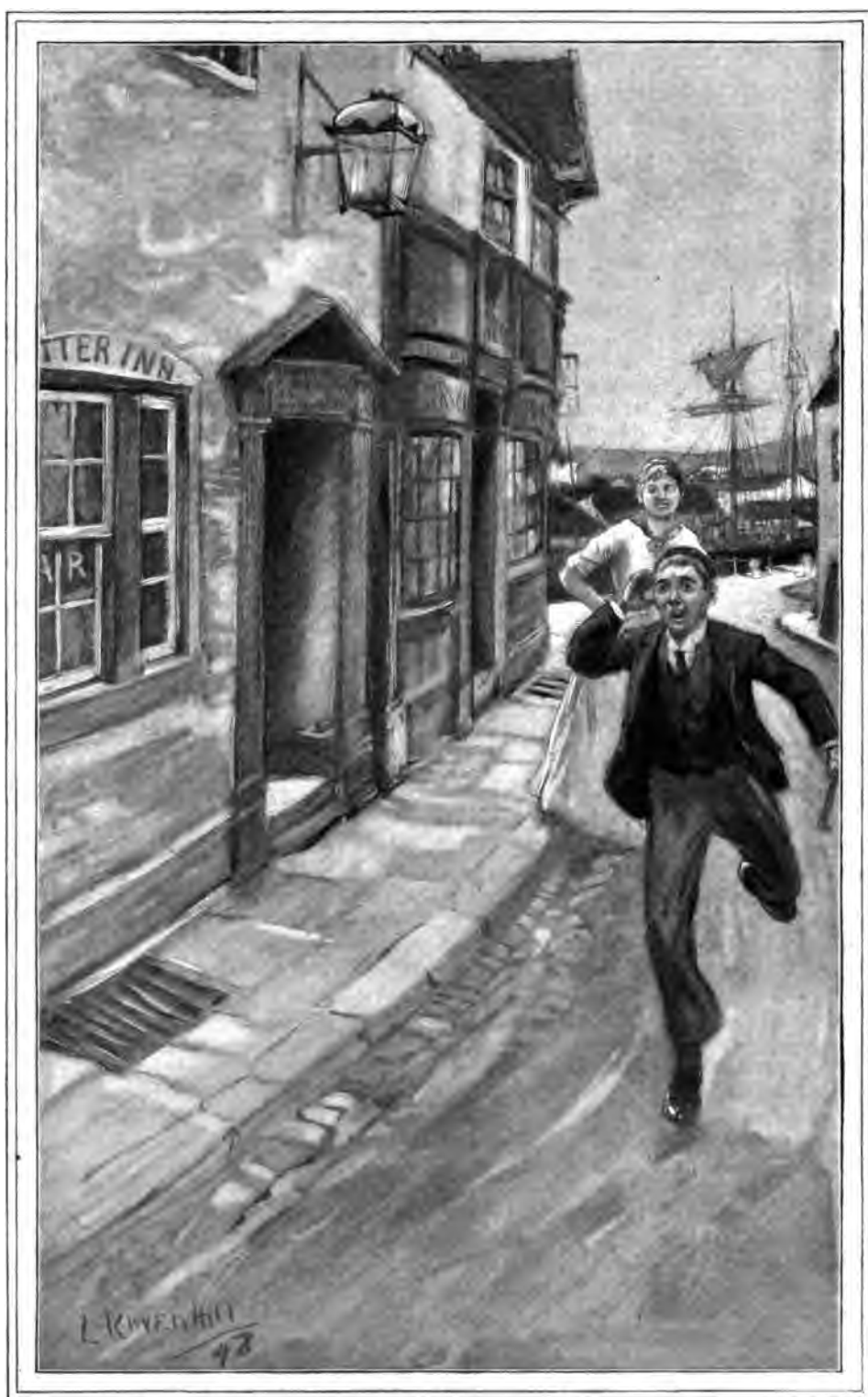
They looked out over the sea creaming along the Pebble Ridge in the clear winter light. "Wonder where we shall all be this time next year?" said Stalky absently.

"This time five years," said McTurk.

"Oh," said Beetle, "my leavin's between ourselves. The Head hasn't told any one. I know he hasn't, because Prout grunted at me to-day that if I were more reasonable—yah!—I might be a prefect next term. I suppose he's hard up for his prefects."

"Let's finish up with a row with the Sixth," suggested McTurk.

"Dirty little schoolboys!" said Stalky,



*"The luckless perfect fool."*

who already saw himself a Sandhurst cadet. "What's the use?"

"Moral effect," quoth McTurk. "Leave an imperishable tradition, and all the rest of it."

"Better go into Bideford an' pay up our debts," said Stalky. "I've got three quid out of my father—*ad hoc*. Don't owe more than thirty bob, either. Cut along, Beetle, and ask the Head for leave. Say you want to correct the 'Swillingford Patriot.'"

"Well, I do," said Beetle. "It'll be my last issue, and I'd like it to look decent. I'll catch him before he goes to his lunch."

Ten minutes later they wheeled out in line, by grace released from five o'clock call-over, and all the afternoon lay before them. So also unluckily did King, who never passed without witticisms. But brigades of Kings could not have ruffled Beetle that day.

"Aha! Enjoying the study of light literature, my friends," said he, rubbing his hands. "Common mathematics are not for such soaring minds as yours, are they?"

("One hundred a year," thought Beetle, smiling into vacancy.)

"Our open incompetence takes refuge in the flowery paths of inaccurate fiction. But a day of reckoning approaches, Beetle mine. I myself have prepared a few trifling foolish questions in Latin prose which can hardly be evaded even by your practised acts of deception. Ye-es. Latin prose. I think, if I may say so—but we shall see when the papers are set—'Ulpian serves *your* need.' Aha! '*Elucescat*, quoth our friend.' We shall see! We shall see!"

Still no sign from Beetle. He was on a steamer, his passage paid into the wide and wonderful world—a thousand leagues beyond Lundy Island.

King dropped him with a snarl.

"He doesn't know. He'll go on correctin' exercises an' jawin' an' showin' off before the little boys next term and next." Beetle hurried after his companions up the steep path of the furze-clad hill behind the College.

They were throwing pebbles on the top of the gasometer, and the grimy gas-man in charge bade them desist. They watched him oil a turncock sunk in the ground between two furze-bushes.

"Cokey, what's that for?" said Stalky.

"To turn the gas on to the kitchens," said Cokey. "If so be I didn't turn her on, yeou young gen'lemen 'ud be larnin' your book by candlelight."

"Um!" said Stalky, and was silent for at least a minute.

"Hullo! Where are you chaps going?"

A bend of the lane brought them face to face with Tulke, senior prefect of King's house—a smallish, white-haired boy, of the type that must be promoted on account of its intellect, and ever afterwards appeals to the Head to support its authority when zeal has outrun discretion.

The three took no sort of notice. They were on lawful pass. Tulke repeated his question hotly, for he had suffered many slights from Number Five study, and most mistakenly fancied that he had at last caught them tripping.

"What the devil is that to you?" Stalky replied with his sweetest smile.

"Look here, I'm not goin'—I'm not goin' to be sworn at by the Fifth!" sputtered Tulke.

"Then cut along and call a prefects' meeting," said McTurk, knowing Tulke's weakness.

The prefect became inarticulate with rage. "Mustn't yell at the Fifth that way," said Stalky. "It's vile bad form."

"Cough it up, ducky!" McTurk said soothingly.

"I—I want to know what you chaps are doing out of bounds?" This with an important flourish of his ground-ash.

"Ah," said Stalky. "Now we're gettin' at it. Why didn't you ask that before?"

"Well, I ask it now. What are you doing?"

"We're admiring you, Tulke," said Stalky. "We think you're no end of a fine chap, don't we?"

"We do! We do!" A dog-cart with some girls in it swept round the corner, and Stalky promptly kneeled before Tulke in the attitude of prayer; so Tulke turned a color.

"I've reason to believe," he began.

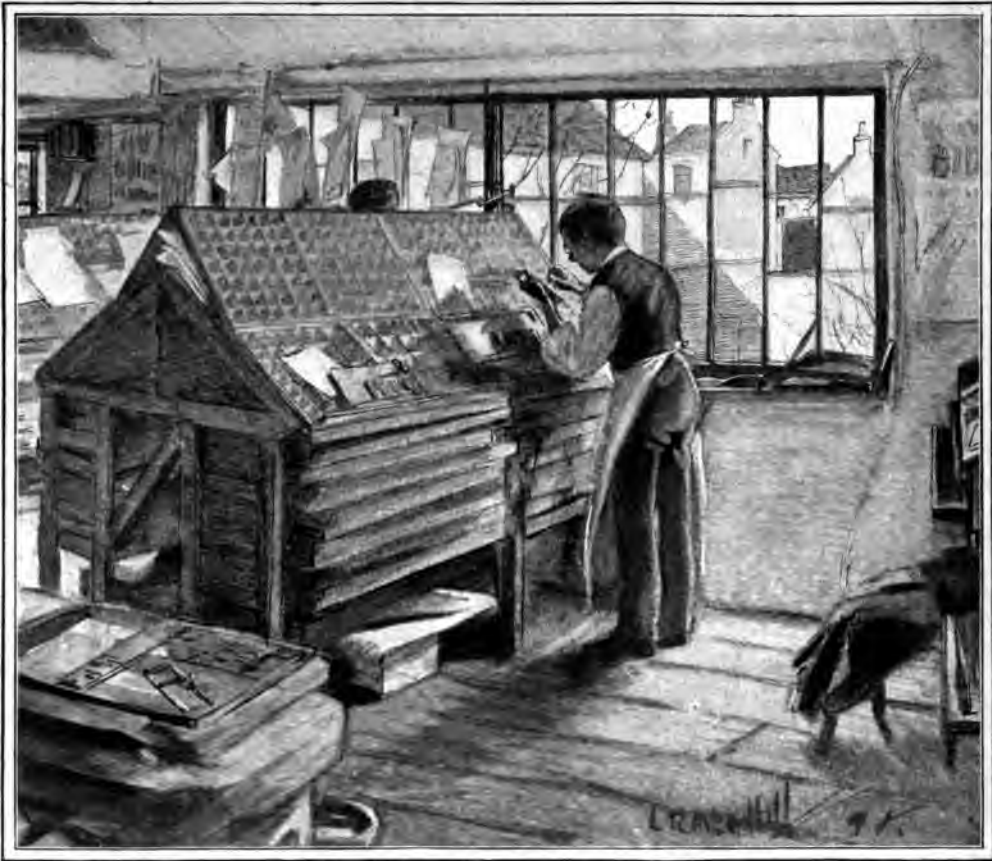
"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!" shouted Beetle, after the manner of Bideford's town crier. "Tulke has reason to believe! Three cheers for Tulke!"

They were given. "It's all our giddy admiration," said Stalky. "You know how we love you, Tulke. We love you so much we think you ought to go home and die. You're too good to live, Tulke."

"Yes," said McTurk. "Do oblige us by dyin'. Think how lovely you'd look stuffed!"

Tulke swept up the road with an unpleasant glare in his eye.

"That means a prefects' meeting sure



"He saw himself already controlling the 'Times.'"

pop," said Stalky. "Honor of the Sixth involved, and all the rest of it. Tulke'll write notes all this afternoon, and Carson will call us up after tea. They daren't overlook that."

"Bet you a bob he follows us!" said McTurk. "He's King's pet, and it's scalps to both of 'em if we're caught out. We must be virtuous."

"Then I move we go to Mother Yeo's for a last gorge. We owe her about ten bob, and Mary'll weep sore when she knows we're leaving," said Beetle.

"She gave me an awful wipe on the head last time—Mary," said Stalky.

"She does if you don't duck," said McTurk. "But she generally kisses one back. Let's try Mother Yeo."

They sought a little bottle-windowed half-dairy, half-restaurant, a dark-browed, two-hundred-year-old house, at the head of a narrow side street. They had patronized it from the days of their fagdom, and were very much friends at home.

"We've come to pay our debts, mother," said Stalky, sliding his arm round the fifty-six-inch waist of the mistress of the establishment. "To pay our debts and say good-by—and—and we're awf'ly hungry."

"Aie!" said Mother Yeo, "makkin' love to me! I'm shaamed of 'ee."

"Reckon us wouldn't du no such thing if Mary was here," said McTurk, lapsing into the broad North Devon that the boys used on their campaigns.

"Who'm takin' my name in vain?" The inner door opened, and Mary, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and apple-cheeked, entered with a bowl of cream in her hands. McTurk kissed her. Beetle followed suit, with exemplary calm. Both boys were promptly cuffed.

"Niver kiss the maid when 'e can kiss the mistress," said Stalky, shamelessly winking at Mother Yeo, as he investigated a shelf of jams.

"Glad to see *one* of 'ee don't want his

head slapped no more?" said Mary invitingly, in that direction.

"Neu! Reckon I can get 'em give me," said Stalky, his back turned.

"Not by me—yeou little masterpiece!"

"Niver asked 'ee. There's maids to Northam. Yiss—an' Appledore." An un-reproducible sniff, half contempt, half reminiscence, rounded the retort.

"Aie! Yeou won't niver come to no good end. Whutt be 'baout, smellin' the cream?"

"Tees bad," said Stalky. "Zmell 'un."

Incautiously Mary did as she was bid.

"Bidevoor kiss."

"Niver amiss," said Stalky, taking it without injury.

"Yeou—yeou—yeou—" Mary began, bubbling with mirth.

"They'm better to Northam—more rich, laike—an' us gets them give back again," he said, while McTurk solemnly waltzed Mother Yeo out of breath, and Beetle told Mary the sad news, as they sat down to clotted cream, jam, and hot bread.

"Yiss. Yeou'll niver zee us no more, Mary. We'm goin' to be passons an' missioners."

"Steady the Buffs!" said McTurk, looking through the blind. "Tulke *has* followed us. He's comin' up the street now."

"They've niver put us out o' bounds," said Mother Yeo. "Bide yeou still, my little dearrs." She rolled into the inner room to make the score.

"Mary," said Stalky, suddenly, with tragic intensity. "Do 'ee lov' me, Mary?"

"Iss—fai! Talled 'ee so since yeou was zo high!" the damsel replied.

"Zee 'un comin' up street, then?" Stalky pointed to the unconscious Tulke. "He've niver been kissed by no sort or manner o' maid in hees borned laife, Mary. Oh, 'tees shaamful!"

"Whutt's to do with me? 'Twill come to 'un in the way o' nature, I reckon." She nodded her head sagaciously. "You niver want me to kiss un sure-ly?"

"Give 'ee half-a-crown if 'ee will," said Stalky, exhibiting the coin.

Half-a-crown was much to Mary Yeo, and a jest was more; but

"Yeu'm afraid," said McTurk, at the psychological moment.

"Aie!" Beetle echoed, knowing her weak point. "There's not a maid in Northam 'ud think twice. An' yeou such a fine maid, tu!"

McTurk planted one foot firmly against the inner door lest Mother Yeo should re-

turn inopportunately, for Mary's face was set. It was then that Tulke found his way blocked by a tall daughter of Devon—that county of easy kisses, the pleasantest under the sun. He dodged aside politely. She reflected a moment, and laid a vast hand upon his shoulder.

"Where be 'ee gwaine tu, my dearr?" said she.

Over the handkerchief he had crammed into his mouth Stalky could see the boy turn scarlet.

"Gie I a kiss! Don't they larn 'ee manners to College?"

Tulke gasped and wheeled. Solemnly and conscientiously Mary kissed him twice, and the luckless prefect fled.

She stepped into the shop, her eyes full of simple wonder.

"Kissed 'un?" said Stalky, handing over the money.

"Iss, fai! But, oh, my little body, *he'm no* Colleger. 'Zeemed tu-minded to cry, laike."

"Well, we won't. You couldn't make us cry that way," said McTurk. "Try."

Whereupon Mary cuffed them all round.

As they went out with tingling ears, said Stalky generally, "Don't think there'll be much of a prefects' meeting."

"Won't there, just!" said Beetle.

"Look here. If he kissed her—which is our tack—he is a cynically immoral hog, and his conduct is blatant indecency. *Confer orationes Regis furiosissimi*, when he collared me readin' 'Don Juan.'"

"('ourse he kissed her," said McTurk.

"In the middle of the street. With his house-cap on!"

"Time, 3.57 P.M. Make a note o' that.

What d'you mean, Beetle?" said Stalky.

"Well! He's a truthful little beast. He may say he was kissed."

"And then?"

"Why, then!" Beetle capered at the mere thought of it. "Don't you see? The corollary to the giddy proposition is that the Sixth can't protect 'emselfes from outrages an' ravishin's. Want nursemaids to look after 'em! We've only got to whisper that to the Coll. Jam for the Sixth! Jam for us! Either way it's jammy!"

"By Gum!" said Stalky. "Our last term's endin' well. Now you cut along an' finish up your old rag, and Turkey and me will help. We'll go in the back way. No need to bother Randall."

"Don't play the giddy garden-goat, then?" Beetle knew what help meant, though he was by no means averse to show-



"They heard him groping in the wet."

ing his importance before his allies. The little loft behind Randall's printing-office was his own territory, where he saw himself already controlling the "Times." Here, under the guidance of the inky apprentice, he had learned to find his way more or less circuitously about the case, and considered himself an expert compositor.

The school paper in its locked formes lay on a stone-topped table, a proof by the side; but not for worlds would Beetle have corrected from the mere proof. With a mallet and a pair of tweezers, he knocked out mysterious wedges of wood that released the forme, picked a letter here and inserted a letter there, reading as he went along and stopping much to chuckle over his own contributions.

"You won't show off like that," said McTurk, "when you've got to do it for your living. Upside down and backwards, isn't it? Let's see if I can read it."

"Get out!" said Beetle. "Go and read those formes in the rack there, if you

think you know so much."

"Formes in a rack! What's that? Don't be so beastly professional."

McTurk drew off with Stalky to prow about the office. They left little unturned.

"Come here a shake, Beetle. What's this thing?" said Stalky, in a few minutes. "Looks familiar."

Said Beetle, after a glance: "It's King's Latin prose exam. paper. *In—In Verrem: actio prima.* What a lark!"

"Think o' the pure-souled, high-minded boys who'd give their eyes for a squint at it!" said McTurk.

"No, Willie dear," said Stalky; "that would be wrong and painful to our kind teachers. You wouldn't crib, Willie, would you?"

"Can't read the beastly stuff, anyhow," was the reply. "Besides, we're leavin' at the end o' the term, so it makes no difference to us."

"Member what the Considerate Bloomer did to Spraggon's account of the Puffin-ton-Hounds? We must sugar Mr. King's milk for him," said Stalky, all lighted from within by a devilish joy. "Let's see what Beetle can do with those forceps he's so proud of."

"Don't see how you *can* make Latin prose much more cock-eyed than it is, but we'll try," said Beetle, transposing an *aliud* and *Asia* from two sentences. "Let's see! We'll put that full-stop a little further on, and begin the sentence with the next capital. Hurrah! Here's three lines that can move up all in a lump."

"One of those scientific rests for which this eminent huntsman is so justly cele-

brated." Stalky knew the Puffington run by heart.

"Hold on! Here's a *vol-voluntate quidnam* all by itself," said McTurk.

"I'll attend to her in a shake. *Quidnam* goes after *Dolabella*."

"Good old *Dolabella*," murmured Stalky.

"Don't break him. Vile prose Cicero wrote, didn't he? He ought to be grateful for——"

"Hullo!" said McTurk, over another forme. "What price a giddy ode? *Qui-quis*—oh, it's *Quis multa gracilis*, o' course."

"Bring it along. We've sugared the milk here," said Stalky, after a few minutes' zealous toil. "Never thrash your hounds unnecessarily."

"*Quis munditiis*? I swear that's not bad," began Beetle, plying the tweezers. "Don't that interrogation look pretty? *Heu quoties fidem!* That sounds as if the chap were anxious an' excited. *Cui flavam religas in rosa*—Whose flavor is relegated to a rose. *Mutatoque Deos flebit in antro*."

"Mute gods weepin' in a cave," suggested Stalky. "'Pon my Sam, Horace needs as much lookin' after as -Tulke."

They edited him faithfully till it was too dark to see.

"Aha! *Elucescebat*, quoth our friend.' Ulpian serves my need, does it? If King can make anything out of *that*, I'm a blue-eyed squatteroo," said Beetle, as they slid out of the loft window into a back alley of old acquaintance and started on a three-mile trot to the College. But the revision of the classics had detained them too long. They halted, blown and breathless, in the furze at the back of the gasometer, the College lights twinkling below, ten minutes at least late for tea and lock-up.

"It's no good," puffed McTurk. "Bet a bob the sergeant is waiting for defaulters under the lamp by the fives-court. It's a nuisance, too, because the Head gave us long leave, and one doesn't like to break it."

"Let me now from the bonded warehouse of my knowledge," began Stalky.

"Oh, rot! Don't Jorrock. Can we make a run for it?" snapped McTurk.

"Bishops' boots Mr. Radcliffe also condemned, an' spoke 'ighly in favor of tops cleaned with champagne an' apricot jam.' Where's that thing Cokey was twiddlin' this afternoon?"

They heard him groping in the wet, and presently beheld a great miracle. The lights of the Coastguard cottages near the

sea went out; the brilliantly illuminated windows of the golf-club disappeared, and were followed by the frontage of the two hotels. Scattered villas dulled, twinkled, and vanished. Last of all, the College lights died also. They were left in the pitchy darkness of a windy winter's night.

"Blister my kidneys. It is a frost. The dahlias are dead!" said Stalky. "Bunk!"

They squattered through the dripping gorse as the College hummed like an angry hive and the dining-rooms chorused, "Gas! gas! gas!" till they came to the edge of the sunk path that divided them from their study. Dropping that ha-ha like bullets, and rebounding like boys, they dashed to their study, in less than two minutes had changed into dry trousers and coat, and, ostentatiously slippered, joined the mob in the dining-hall, which resembled the storm center of a South American revolution.

"Hellish dark and smells of cheese." Stalky elbowed his way into the press, howling lustily for gas. "Cokey must have gone for a walk. Foxy'll have to find him."

Prout, as the nearest house-master, was trying to restore order, for rude boys were flicking butter-pats across chaos, and McTurk had turned on the fags' tea-urn, so that many were parboiled and wept with an unfeigned dolor. The Fourth and Upper Third broke into the school song, the "*Vive la Compagnie*," to the accompaniment of drumming knife-handles; and the junior forms shrilled bat-like shrieks and raided one another's victuals. Two hundred and fifty boys in high condition, seeking for more light, are truly earnest inquirers.

When a most vile smell of gas told them supplies had been renewed, Stalky, waist-coat unbuttoned, sat gorgedly over what might have been his fourth cup of tea. "And that's all right," he said. "Hullo! 'Ere's Pomponius Ego!"

It was Carson, the head of the school, a simple, straight-minded soul, and a pillar of the First Fifteen, who crossed over from the prefects' table and in a husky, official voice invited the three to attend in his study in half an hour.

"Prefects' meetin'! Prefects' meetin'!" hissed the tables, and they imitated barbarically the actions and effects of the ground-ash.

"How are we goin' to jest with 'em?" said Stalky, turning half-face to Beetle. "It's your play this time!"

"Look here," was the answer, "all I want you to do is not to laugh. I'm goin' to take charge o' young Tulke's immorality

—à la King, and it's goin' to be serious. If you can't help laughin' don't look at me, or I'll go pop."

"I see. All right," said Stalky.

McTurk's lank frame stiffened in every muscle and his eyelids dropped half over his eyes. That last was a war-signal.

The eight or nine seniors, their faces very set and sober, were ranged in chairs round Carson's severely Philistine study. Tulke was not popular among them, and a few who had had experience of Stalky and Company doubted that he might, perhaps, have made an ass of himself. But the dignity of the Sixth was to be upheld. So Carson began hurriedly:

"Look here, you chaps, I've—we've sent for you to tell you you're a good deal too cheeky to the Sixth—have been for some time—and—and we've stood about as much as we're goin' to, and it seems you've been cursin' and swearin' at Tulke on the Bideford road this afternoon, and we're goin' to show you you can't do it. That's all."

"Well, that's awfully good of you," said Stalky, "but we happen to have a few rights of our own, too. You can't, just because you happen to be made prefects, haul seniors up and jaw 'em on spec., like a house-master. We aren't fags, Carson. This kind of thing may do for Davies Tertius, but it won't do for us."

"It's only old Prout's lunacy that we weren't prefects long ago. You know that," said McTurk. "You haven't any tact."

"Hold on," said Beetle. "A prefects' meetin' has to be reported to the Head. I want to know if the Head backs Tulke in this business?"

"Well—well, it isn't exactly a prefects' meeting," said Carson. "We only called you in to warn you."

"But all the prefects are here," Beetle insisted. "Where's the difference?"

"My Gum!" said Stalky. "Do you mean to say you've just called us in for a jaw—after comin' to us before the whole school at tea an' givin' 'em the impression it was a prefects' meeting? 'Pon my

Sam, Carson, you'll get into trouble, you will."

"Hole-an'-corner business—hole-an'-corner business," said McTurk, wagging his head. "Beastly suspicious."

The Sixth looked at each other uneasily. Tulke had called three prefects' meetings in two terms, till the Head had informed the Sixth that they were expected to maintain discipline without the recurrent menace of

his authority. Now, it seemed that they had made a blunder at the outset, but any right-minded boy would have sunk the legality and been properly impressed by the Court. Beetle's protest was distinct "cheek."

"Well, you chaps deserve a lickin'," cried one Naughten incautiously. Then was Beetle filled with a noble inspiration.

"For interferin' with Tulke's amours, eh?" Tulke turned a rich sloe color. "Oh, no, you don't!" Beetle went on. "You've had your innings. We've been sent up for cursing and swearing at you, and we're goin' to be let off with a warning! Are we? Now then, you're going to catch it."

"I—I—I—" Tulke began. "Don't let that young devil start jawing."

"If you've anything to say you must say it decently," said Carson.

"Decently? I will. Now look here. When we went into Bideford we met this ornament of the Sixth—is that decent enough?—hanging about on the road with a nasty look in his eye. We didn't know *then* why he was so anxious to stop us, *but* at five minutes to four, when we were in Yeo's shop, we saw Tulke *in* broad daylight, *with* his house-cap on, kissin' an' huggin' a woman *on* the pavement. Is that decent enough for you?"

"I didn't—I wasn't."

"We saw you!" said Beetle. "And now—I'll be decent, Carson—you sneak back with her kisses" (not for nothing had Beetle perused the later poets) "hot on your lips and call prefects' meetings, which aren't prefects' meetings, to uphold the honor of the Sixth." A new and heaven-cleft path



"'I'm Mister Cockran.'"



opened before him that instant. "And how do we know," he shouted—"how do we know how many of the Sixth are mixed up in this abominable affair?"

"Yes, that's what we want to know," said McTurk, with simple dignity.

"We meant to come to you about it quietly, Carson, but you *would* have the meeting," said Stalky sympathetically.

The Sixth were too taken aback to reply. So, carefully modeling his rhetoric on King, Beetle followed up the attack, surpassing and surprising himself.

"It—it isn't so much the cynical immorality of the biznai, as the blatant indecency of it, that's so awful. As far as we can see, it's impossible for us to go into Bideford without runnin' up against some prefect's unwholesome amours. There's nothing to snigger over, Naughten. I don't pretend to know much about these things—but it seems to me a chap must be pretty far dead in sin" (that was a quotation from the school Chaplain) "when he takes to embracing his paramours" (that was Hakluyt) "before all the city" (a reminiscence of Milton). "He might at least have the decency—you're authorities on decency, I believe—to wait till dark. But he didn't. You didn't! Oh, Tulke. You—you incontinent little animal!"

"Here, shut up a minute. What's all this about, Tulke?" said Carson.

"I—look here. I'm awfully sorry. I never thought Beetle would take this line."

"Because—you've—no decency—you—thought—I hadn't," cried Beetle all in one breath.

"Tried to cover it all up with a conspiracy, did you?" said Stalky.

"Direct insult to all three of us," said McTurk. "A most filthy mind you have, Tulke."

"I'll shove you fellows outside the door if you go on like this," said Carson angrily.

"That proves it's a conspiracy," said Stalky, with the air of a virgin martyr.

"I—I was goin' along the street—I swear I was," cried Tulke, "and—and I'm awfully sorry about it—a woman came up and kissed me. I swear I didn't kiss her."

There was a pause, filled by Stalky's long, liquid whistle of contempt, amazement, and derision.

"On my honor," gulped the persecuted one. "Oh, do stop him jawing."

"Very good," McTurk interjected. "We

are compelled, of course, to accept your statement."

"Confound it!" roared Naughten. "You aren't head-prefect here, McTurk."

"Oh, well," returned the Irishman, "you know Tulke better than we do. I am only speaking for ourselves. We accept Tulke's word. But all I can say is that if I'd been collared in a similarly disgustin' situation, and had offered the same explanation Tulke has, I—I wonder what you'd have said. However, it seems on Tulke's word of honor—"

"And Tulkus—beg pardon—*kiss*, of course—Tulkiss is an honorable man," put in Stalky.

"—that the Sixth can't protect 'em-selves from bein' kissed when they go for a walk!" cried Beetle, taking up the running with a rush. "Sweet business, isn't it? Cheerful thing to tell the fags, ain't it? We aren't prefects, of course, but we aren't kissed very much. Don't think that sort of thing ever enters our heads; does it, Stalky?"

"Oh, no!" said Stalky, turning aside to hide his emotions. McTurk's face merely expressed lofty contempt and a little weariness.

"Well, you seem to know a lot about it," interposed a prefect.

"Can't help it—when you chaps shove it under our noses." Beetle dropped into a drawling parody of King's most biting colloquial style—the gentle rain after the thunder-storm. "Well, it's all very sufficiently vile and disgraceful, isn't it? I don't know who comes out of it worst: Tulke, who happens to have been caught; or the other fellows who haven't. And we—" here he wheeled fiercely on the other two—"we've got to stand up and be jawed by them because we've disturbed their intrigues."

"Hang it! I only wanted to give you a word of warning," said Carson, thereby handing himself bound to the enemy.

"Warn? You?" This with the air of one who finds loathsome gifts in his locker. "Carson, *would* you be good enough to tell us what conceivable thing there is that you are entitled to warn us about after this exposure? Warn! Oh, it's a little *too* much. Let's go somewhere where it's clean."

The door banged behind their outraged innocence.

"Oh, Beetle! Beetle! Beetle! Golden Beetle!" sobbed Stalky, hurling himself on Beetle's panting bosom as soon as they

reached the study. "However did you do it?"

"Dear-r man!" said McTurk, embracing Beetle's head with both arms, while he swayed it to and fro on the neck, in time to this ancient burden—

"Pretty lips—sweeter than—cherry or plum,  
Always look—jolly and—never look glum;  
Seem to say—Come away. Kissy!—come, come!  
Yummy-yum! Yummy-yum! Yummy-yum! Yum!"

"Look out. You'll smash my gig-lamps," puffed Beetle, emerging. "Wasn't it glorious? Didn't I 'Eric' 'em splendidly? Did you spot my cribs from King? Oh, blow!" His countenance clouded. "There's one adjective I didn't use—obscene. Don't know how I forgot that. It's one of King's pet ones, too."

"Never mind. They'll be sendin' ambassadors round in half a shake to beg us not to tell the school. It's a deuced serious business for them," said McTurk. "Poor Sixth—poor old Sixth!"

"Immoral young rips," Stalky snorted. "What an example to pure-souled boys like you and me!"

And the Sixth in Carson's study sat aghast, glowering at Tulke, who was on the edge of tears.

"Well," said the head-prefect acidly. "You've made a pretty average ghastly mess of it, Tulke."

"Why—why didn't you lick that young devil Beetle before he began jawing?" wailed Tulke.

"I knew there'd be a row," said a prefect of Prout's house. "But you would insist on the meeting, Tulke."

"Yes, and a fat lot of good it's done us," said Naughten. "They come in here and jaw our heads off when we ought to be jawin' them. Beetle talks to us as if we were a lot of blackguards and—and all that. And when they've hung us up to dry, they go out and slam the door like a house-master. All your fault, Tulke."

"But I didn't kiss her."

"You ass! If you'd said you *had* and stuck to it, it would have been ten times better than what you did," Naughten retorted. "Now they'll tell the whole school—and Beetle'll make up a lot of beastly rhymes and nick-names."

"But hang it. She kissed me!" Outside of his work, Tulke's mind moved slowly.

"I'm not thinking of you. I'm thinking

of us. I'll go up to their study and see if I can make 'em keep quiet!"

"Tulke's awf'ly cut up about this business," Naughten began, ingratiatingly, when he found Beetle.

"Who's kissed him this time?"

"—and I've come to ask you chaps, and especially you, Beetle, not to let the thing be known all over the school. Of course, fellows as senior as you are can easily see why."

"Um!" said Beetle, with the cold reluctance of one who foresees an unpleasant public duty. "I suppose I must go and talk to the Sixth again."

"Not the least need, my dear chap, I assure you," said Naughten hastily. "I'll take any message you care to send."

But the chance of supplying the missing adjective was too tempting. So Naughten returned to that still undissolved meeting, Beetle, white, icy, and aloof, at his heels.

"There seems," he began, with laboriously crisp articulation, "there seems to be a certain amount of uneasiness among you as to the steps we may think fit to take in regard to this last revelation of the—ah—obscene. If it is any consolation to you to know that we have decided—for the honor of the school, you understand—to keep our mouths shut as to these—ah—obscurities, you—ah—have it."

He wheeled, his head among the stars, and strode stately back to his study, where Stalky and McTurk lay side by side upon the table wiping their tearful eyes—too weak to move.

The Latin prose paper was a success beyond their wildest dreams. Stalky and McTurk were, of course, out of all examinations (they did extra-tuition with the Head), but Beetle attended with zeal.

"This, I presume, is a par-ergon on your part," said King, as he dealt out the papers. "One final exhibition ere you are translated to loftier spheres? A last attack on the classics? It seems to confound you already."

Beetle studied the print with knit brows. "I can't make head or tail of it," he murmured. "What does it mean?"

"No, no!" said King, with scholastic coquetry. "We depend upon *you* to give us the meaning. This is an examination, Beetle mine, not a guessing-competition. You will find your associates have no difficulty in——"

Tulke left his place and laid the paper on the desk. King looked, read, and turned a ghastly green.

"Stalky's missing a heap," thought Beetle. "Wonder how King'll get out of it?"

"There seems," King began with a gulp, "a certain modicum of truth in our Beetle's remark. I am—er—inclined to believe that the worthy Randall must have dropped this in forme—if you know what that means. Beetle, you purport to be an editor. Perhaps you can enlighten the form as to formes."

"What, sir? Whose form? I don't see that there's any verb in this sentence at all, an'—an'—the Ode is all different, somehow."

"I was about to say, before you volunteered your criticism, that an accident must have befallen the paper in type, and that the printer reset it by the light of nature. No—" he held the thing at arm's length—"our Randall is not an authority on Cicero or Horace."

"Rather mean to shove it off on Randall," whispered Beetle to his neighbor. "King must ha' been as screwed as an owl when he wrote it out."

"But we can amend the error by dictating it."

"No, sir." The answer came pat from a dozen throats at once. "That cuts the time for the exam. Only two hours allowed, sir. 'Tisn't fair. It's a printed-paper exam. How're we goin' to be marked for it? It's all Randall's fault. It isn't *our* fault anyhow. An exam's an exam," etc., etc.

Naturally Mr. King considered this was an attempt to undermine his authority, and, instead of beginning dictation at once, delivered a lecture on the spirit in which examinations should be approached. As the storm subsided, Beetle fanned it afresh.

"Eh? What? What was that you were saying to MacLagan?"

"I only said I thought the papers ought to have been looked at before they were given out, sir."

"Hear, hear!" from a back bench.

Mr. King wished to know whether Beetle took it upon himself personally to conduct the traditions of the school. His zeal for knowledge ate up another fifteen minutes, during which the prefects showed unmistakable signs of boredom.

"Oh, it was a giddy time," said Beetle, afterwards, in dismantled Number Five.

"He gibbered a bit, and I kept him on the gibber, and then he dictated about a half of Dolabella & Co."

"Good old Dolabella! Friend of mine. Yes?" said Stalky.

"Then we had to ask him how every other word was spelt, of course, and he gibbered a lot more. He cursed me and MacLagan (Mac played up like a trump) and Randall, and the 'materialized ignorance of the unscholarly middle classes,' 'lust for mere marks,' and all the rest. It was what you might call a final exhibition—a last attack—a giddy par-ergon."

"But o' course he was blind squiffy when he wrote the paper. I hope you explained that?" said Stalky.

"Oh, yes. I told Tulke so. I said an immoral prefect an' a drunken house-master were legitimate inferences. Tulke nearly blubbed. He's awfully shy of us since Mary's time."

Tulke preserved that modesty till the last moment—till the journey-money had been paid, and the boys were filling the brakes that took them to the station. Then the three tenderly constrained him to wait awhile.

"You see, Tulke, you may be a prefect," said Stalky, "but I've left the Coll. Do you see, Tulke, dear?"

"Yes, I see. Don't bear malice, Stalky."

"Stalky? Curse your impudence, you young cub," shouted Stalky, magnificent in top-hat, stiff collar, spats, and high-waisted, snuff-colored ulster. "I want you to understand that I'm Mister 'Orkran, an' you're a dirty little schoolboy."

"Besides bein' frabjously immoral," said McTurk. "Wonder you aren't ashamed to foist your company on pure-minded boys like us."

"Come on, Tulke," cried Naughten, from the prefects' brake.

"Yes, we're comin'. Shove up and make room, you Collegers. You've all got to be back next term, with your 'Yes, sir,' and 'Oh, sir,' an' 'No, sir,' an' 'Please, sir'; but before we say good-by we're going to tell you a little story. Go on, Dickie" (this to the driver); "we're quite ready. Kick that hat-box under the seat, an' don't crowd your Uncle Stalky."

"As nice a lot of high-minded youngsters as you'd wish to see," said McTurk, gazing round with bland patronage. "A trifle immoral, but then—boys will be boys. It's no good tryin' to look stuffy, Carson. Mister 'Orkran will now oblige with the story of Tulke an' Mary Yeo!"

## WITH TROOP M ON THE FRONTIER.

BY W. J. CARNEY.



HERE is nothing that will cause more excitement in a frontier post than to hear, in the dead of night, the bugler blowing Boots and Saddles. To hear the same call in the daytime might mean many things—drill, exercise for the horses, or mounted inspection to give an officer an opportunity to show off his troop to some favored visitor. But to hear it after Taps, and when the garrison is quiet, means only one thing, and that is Indians.

It was the winter of '66 and '67 at Fort Sedgwick, Colorado Territory. The night was bitter cold, so cold that the men on guard had to be changed every hour instead of every two hours. The sentry out near the big haystacks had just called the hour of half-past twelve, and as the last words, "All's well," were said, the clear notes of the bugle could be heard from the Adjutant's office, blowing Boots and Saddles.

There was but one troop of cavalry at the fort and three companies of infantry. This one troop had to do the scouting and escort duty for one hundred miles in all directions. It was commanded by Captain John Fox, with Lieutenant Keene second in command. It was said that Troop M, Second United States Cavalry, with old Johnnie Fox at its head, could whip a thousand hostile Indians. Be that as it may, it was called on pretty often to perform hard services.

Thirty-seven men—all that were able to do duty—were soon in the saddle, with three days' rations and 100 rounds of cartridges. We crossed the Platte River on the ice, and headed for Pine Bluff, on what proved to be one of the most terrible expeditions that I ever experienced in my fourteen years on the frontier.

Of course, the officer in command was the only one who knew the object of the expedition; but before morning we learned that the government wood-choppers at work sixty miles northwest of the fort were besieged by Indians, and had not been able to leave their cabins to get wood or water for ten days. A wood-chopper who had made his

escape from camp on the tenth night of the siege reported his companions as in desperate need of help. We kept moving all night, and just at daybreak had made Forty-two-Mile Ranch, or Pole Creek Crossing, on the Laramie road. The troop was commanded by Lieutenant Keene for some reason never explained, and the men were not allowed to leave the ranks during the few moments we stopped at this ranch, although many of us were already more or less frost-bitten: I am sure there were not ten men in the outfit who could load and fire their guns at this time, their hands were so numb with the cold.

About two miles out from the ranch we turned short to the right, and not a thousand yards away we saw a band of about a hundred Indians with their war-paint on; they had stopped to prepare arrows. We gave them a complete surprise, charged their camp, and fired a few wild shots which ought to have shown our Lieutenant how few of the men were able to fight. The Indians sprang to their ponies, and were away in a flash, with our troop hot on their trail. We kept within rifle range of them for three miles or so, firing a few scattering shots as we ran, but only two took effect. I thought every moment that the Indians must find out our helpless condition; if they had turned on us, we would have been killed like sheep in the shambles. I know that if my life had depended on it at that time, I could not have held my carbine except by letting it rest in the hollow of my arm; as for pulling the trigger, that would have been utterly impossible. We lost sight of the Indians in a ravine, and halted for a short time. The helpless condition of the men was made known to Lieutenant Keene; but, nevertheless, he kept on, and all that day we wandered about in the snow-drifts. Our only chance of keeping alive was by dropping off our horses every now and then, and running; when unable to keep up, we held to the stirrup, and the horses dragged us along. When all tired out, we would mount again, and so it went on all day long.

We had now been twenty-one hours without a fire or a drink, even of cold water.



" . . . THE THERMOMETER FROM TEN TO THIRTY-THREE DEGREES BELOW ZERO, AND A BLIZZARD RACING MORE THAN HALF THE TIME."

Never shall I forget with what feelings of despair I watched the night approaching. The air appeared blue, and there was a fine mist that froze to man and horse until the whole troop looked like white spectres. I know, in talking among ourselves, that not many expected to live until morning, unless we got to shelter and a fire. At times we would become so scattered among the drifts that the bugler would be instructed to sound a halt. Poor fellow, it was a strange noise he made with his cold lips—and by the way, he lost one of his feet on that trip, it being so badly frozen that amputation was necessary. At such times, those of us who had the most life would ride around, picking up others who were stuck in the snow-drifts and had given up the struggle. When we got together, we would plunge along again. About midnight we came upon a trail, and it gave us some hope of getting out of our terrible sufferings. Imagine our despair when, on closer inspection, we found it to be our own trail, and that we had been going around in a circle! The snow and mist, or sleet, was now so dense that one could hardly see the man in advance of him; the wind was a perfect roar; the poor horses were becoming weaker and weaker, and there was great danger that they would give out.

Along about daybreak we came to a wood-chopper's cabin. Our Lieutenant went in, and remained about ten minutes. We expected to stay and get warmed up, and have some hot coffee, but the Lieutenant, hearing of a camp further up, where there was more wood cut and plenty of water, started out again. Never was there a greater mistake, for the blizzard came on so severe that we were completely lost, and wandered about on that desolate ridge for two days and a night before we got out, making three days and three nights in the saddle, with the thermometer from ten to thirty-three degrees below zero, and a blizzard raging more than half the time.

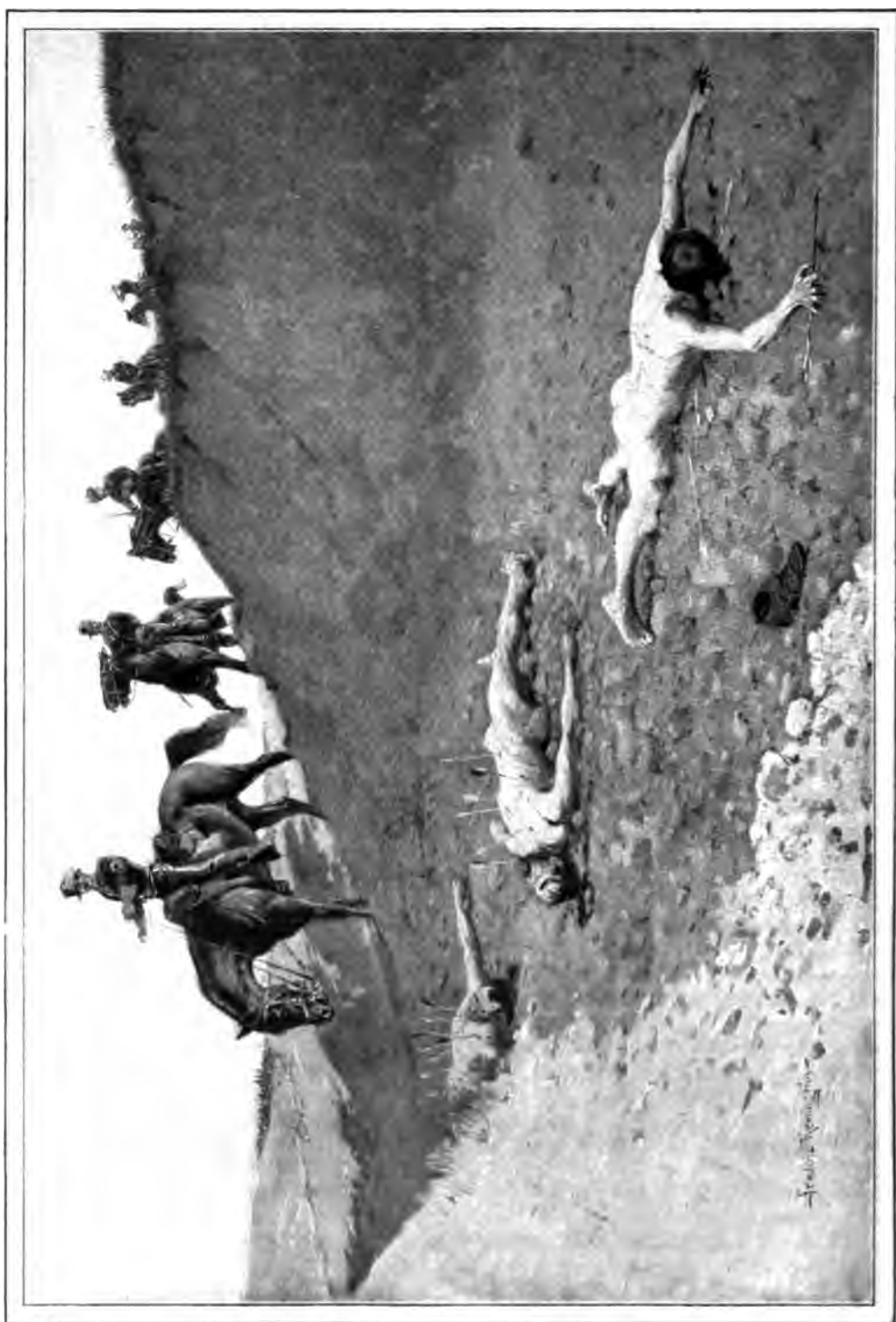
About midnight of the third, or last, night the horses played out, so we were compelled to halt where we were. The snow was so deep that we formed a line two deep, and made a continual right about wheel until the snow was trampled down. Many of the men were unable to dismount, and had to be lifted out of their saddles. There we remained until morning, stamping our feet to keep from freezing to death. Some of the men were foolish enough to pull off their boots, and their frozen feet became so

swollen that they could not get their boots on again and had to tear up their blankets for wrappings to do their feet up in. The spot where we passed that terrible night is where the Union Pacific Railroad depot now stands in the town of Sidney, Nebraska.

When daylight came, we knew we must be in the valley through which ran Lodge Pole Creek. Strange as it may seem, the Lieutenant planned to cut across the plain to the Platte River, a distance of thirty miles at least, and then, by following down the river, to strike Fort Sedgwick; this he planned knowing the possibilities of again being lost. We found out, when it was light enough to see, that two men were missing. One was Private Frank B. Flanders, who dropped out during the second night. He was picked up three days afterward by the wood train. It seemed nothing short of a miracle that he was alive. He was put into a wagon with snow piled around his legs to keep them frozen until he arrived at a place where he could get medical attendance. He had been five days without food or drink, save what snow he ate. Snow, by the way, was all any of us had while we were lost. Flanders had both legs cut off a little above the ankle; in another month he underwent a second operation, and had both legs cut off a little below the knees. He is now living in Goffstown, New Hampshire, or was in 1898.

Now, we all knew that by following down the creek it would not be many hours until we came to a ranch where we could get refreshments and a fire. It will be asked, Was not the Lieutenant undergoing the same hardships as the men, or did he ask them to suffer more than he did? There was one pack-horse with the outfit, and his load was made up entirely of the Lieutenant's belongings, which included plenty of blankets, so that he could be warm anywhere he lay down. He also had enough hard pitch-pine to cook a pot of coffee whenever he wished, and he had an extra horse, and a servant to attend to his wants. We all talked the matter over, and came to the conclusion that in our pitiable plight it meant death to follow the Lieutenant, and there was a committee of three appointed to go to him and state our case. I was one of the three, and, not at all to my liking, I became spokesman. He treated us with contempt, and threatened to have us all court-martialed. I told him I would rather be shot for mutiny than die like a dog in a snow-drift.

We got orders to move, and the poor fellows who were unable to mount we helped to



"WE DISCOVERED IN A LITTLE RAVINE THREE MEN LYING DEAD WITH THEIR BODIES FULL OF ARROWS."

their horses. The creek was to be the test of our discipline. If the Lieutenant crossed it and kept on south, it certainly meant death to many of us. If he turned to the left and went down the creek, it meant that in a few hours we should be under shelter. Of course, it is a soldier's duty to obey orders, and there was not a man of us who would have flinched at any duty, no matter what the suffering, if there had been any sense or reason in it; but to go any farther seemed nothing short of madness. We crossed the creek and started south, and how our hopes sunk! We traveled about an hour, and I don't think there were ten words spoken. Then we all began to talk and shout, and the men were straggled all over the prairie. The storm was coming on again, and I think the Lieutenant got a little "rattled," for we saw him strike out at a trot with five men in an entirely different direction from the one we had been following. I had been all through this valley, and hunted for miles on each side of it, while doing escort duty for the surveyors of the Union Pacific Railroad; so I took it upon myself to guide the party that was left to a place called Loueye's Ranch, where we arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon in a blinding blizzard, and found that the Lieutenant and his party were there ahead of us. We drew up in line in front of the ranch, and as the men began to dismount most of them fell to the ground with the left foot stuck in the stirrup. Colonel Kellogg, with his wife and their escorts, were staying at the ranch over night; he was on his way to Fort Phil Kearny. The Colonel and his beautiful wife helped to get the men into the ranch, and took care of them all through the long night. It was not until then that the awful condition of the men became fully known, for as the heat got to the parts frozen they became terribly swollen. The next day four six-mule government wagons and two mule ambulances came from Fort Sedgwick, and all possible speed was to be made to get the frozen men to the fort, where they could have medical attendance. The cold weather had not abated to any great extent, and it required sharp work to keep those of the men who were frozen the worst from going to sleep in the wagons.

Out of the thirty-seven men who had left the fort four days before, there were twenty-eight empty saddles; and one horse and a man were unaccounted for. The men who were able to ride led the saddled horses. I

noted the angry face of Captain Fox as he saw the remnants of his company go by. He addressed a few remarks to Lieutenant Keene. I did not hear what he said, as enlisted men are not supposed to hear an officer when he reprimands another; but I don't think what he said would look nice in print, nor do I believe the Captain said anything that would prompt the Lieutenant to prefer mutiny charges. There were nine of those frozen men who lost parts of their bodies, some a foot, others a hand; one, a German, went to blow his nose a week or so later, and when he got through he held the fleshy part between his fingers and thumb. One man lost both legs; another lost three fingers; one an ear and the heel of his right foot, and many were discharged for disability.

It took all winter for M troop to get recruited up for the spring campaigns, which opened with active work in our vicinity on the Union Pacific Railroad. The Indians were very troublesome, killing and scalping all along the line. Three surveying parties were forced to come to the fort to escape slaughter. Finally, General Potter, the commander of the fort, gave Colonel Hill, the engineer in charge of the surveying party, twenty cavalymen for an escort, and with the other men in the party it made a very strong force for those times. I went out with this outfit, and was gone four months, during which time we had many sharp brushes with the Indians. Some of the civilians with the surveying party had been picked up back in the States. It was hard to convince them that there was any danger of an attack by Indians, and when warned by the soldiers to keep up with the train, they made a laughing matter of it. One morning, after an early start from Table Rock, the new men began as usual to lag behind, hunting antelope and jack-rabbits. When about two miles from where we had camped the night before, we were startled by hearing rapid firing in the rear. Our sergeant, whose name was Freeman, called for ten of his men to follow, and we went at a fast gallop to the place where the firing had seemed to be. As we drew near, we discovered in a little ravine three men lying dead with their bodies full of arrows. The Indians had stripped them of every stitch of clothing, and then had taken their scalps. Two of the soldiers were sent after a wagon to bring the dead men into camp, and the rest of us took the trail, and followed the Indians; but they got away.



# THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA.

## A NOVEL.

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON.

### SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

By five years of hard, often disheartening, labor, John Harkless, "a young man from the East," has brought the "Carlow County Herald" from bankruptcy to prosperity, and made it a decided moral force in the town of Plattville. He has compelled an unsavory politician, Rodney McCune, to retire to private life; he has sent eight members of a gang of marauders, known as "White Caps," to the penitentiary; and he has retrieved from drunkenness a broken-down school-master, Fishbe, and given him employment on the paper. By these achievements he has secured the gratitude of all concerned except the White Caps, who threaten vengeance. He pays no attention to the threats, and, therefore, some one of his friends, by a secret understanding among them, guards him

at night, without his knowing it. One night, as he is about to enter the house of Judge Briscoe, in order to make a call on a visitor there, Miss Sherwood, he is fired upon. The fire is gallantly returned by William Todd, the appointed guard for that night; but while Harkless is still exposed to it, and is, indeed, making boldly for the very bush from which it comes, he is stopped by a pressure on his arm and a cry at his side. He turns, and sees a young woman whom, presumably, he has never seen before and does not know, but who has been foreshadowed to him in many a romantic dream. He urges her to return to the house; she refuses to leave him; he catches her up in his arms, and carries her in, a final bullet from the White Caps whistling in his ears as he goes. The young woman proves to be the visitor, Miss Sherwood; and she seems to be in some way related to the old man, Fishbe.

### CHAPTER IV.

JUNE.



JUDGE BRISCOE smiled grimly, and leaned on his shotgun, in the moonlight by the veranda. He and William Todd had been kicking down the elder-bushes, and returning to the house, found Minnie alone on the porch. "Safe?" he said to his daughter, who turned an anxious face upon him. "They'll be safe enough now, and in our garden."

"Maybe I oughtn't to have let them go."

"Pooh! They're all right. That scalawag's half-way to Six-Cross-Roads by this time; isn't he, William?"

"He tuck up the fence like a scared rabbit," Mr. Todd responded, looking into his hat to avoid meeting the eyes of the lady; "and I didn't have no call to foller. He knowed how to run, I reckon. Time Mr. Harkless come out the yard again we see him take across the road to the wedge woods, near half-a-mile up. Somebody else with him then - looked like a kid. Must 'a' cut across the field to join him. They're fur enough toward home by this."

"Did Miss Helen shake hands with you four or five times?" asked Briscoe, chuckling.

"No. Why?" said Minnie.

"Because Harkless did. My hand aches, and I guess William's does, too. He nearly

shook our arms off when we told him he'd been a fool. Seemed to do him good. I told him he ought to hire somebody to take a shot at him every morning before breakfast - not that it's any joking matter," the old gentleman finished thoughtfully.

"I should say not," said William, with a deep frown and a jerk of his head toward the rear of the house. "He jokes about it enough. Wouldn't even promise to carry a gun after this. Said he wouldn't know how to use it - never shot one off since he was a boy, on the Fourth of July. This is the third time he's be'n shot at this year, but he says the others was at a - what'd he call it?"

"A merely complimentary range," Briscoe supplied. He handed William a cigar, and bit the end off another himself. "Minnie, you better go in the house and read, I expect - unless you want to go down to the creek and join those folks."

"Me!" she exclaimed. "I know when to stay away, I guess. Do go and put that terrible gun up."

"No," said Briscoe, lighting his cigar deliberately. "It's all safe, there's no question of that; but maybe William and I better go out and take a smoke in the orchard as long as they stay down at the creek."

In the garden, shafts of white light pierced the bordering trees and fell where June roses breathed the mild night breeze, and here, through summer spells, the editor of the "Herald" and the lady who had run to him at the pasture-bars strolled down a path trembling with shadows to where the creek tinkled over the pebbles. They walked

slowly, with an air of being well-accustomed friends and comrades, and for some reason it did not strike either of them as unnatural or extraordinary. They came to a bench on the bank, and he made a great fuss dusting the seat for her with his black slouch hat. Then he regretted the hat—it was a shabby old hat of a Carlow County fashion.

It was a long bench, and he seated himself rather remotely toward the end opposite her, suddenly realizing that he had walked very close to her coming down the narrow garden path. Neither knew that neither had spoken since they left the veranda, and it had taken them a long time to come through the little orchard and the garden. She rested her chin on her hand, leaning forward and looking steadily at the creek. Her laughter had quite gone; her attitude seemed a little wistful and a little sad. He noted that her hair curled over her brow in a way he had not pictured in the lady of his dreams; this was so much prettier. He did not care for tall girls. He had not cared for them for almost half an hour. It was so much more beautiful to be dainty and small and piquant. He had no notion that he was sighing in a way that would have put a furnace to shame, but he turned his eyes from her because he feared that if he looked longer he might blurt out some speech about her loveliness. His glance rested on the bank, but its diameter included the edge of her white skirt and the tip of a little white, high-heeled slipper that peeped out from beneath; and he had to look away from that, too, to keep from telling her that he meant to advocate a law compelling all women to wear crisp white gowns and white kid slippers on moonlight nights.

She picked a long spear of grass from the turf before her, twisted it absently in her fingers, then turned to him slowly. Her lips parted as if to speak. Then she turned away again. The action was so odd, and, somehow, as she did it, so adorable, and the preserved silence was such a bond between them, that for his life he could not have helped moving half-way up the bench toward her.

"What is it?" he asked, and he spoke in a whisper such as he might have used at the bedside of a dying friend. He would not have laughed if he had known he did so. She twisted the spear of grass into a little ball, and threw it at a stone in the water before she answered.

"Do you know, Mr. Harkless, you and I have not 'met,' have we? Didn't we forget to be presented to each other?"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Sherwood. In the perturbation of comedy I forgot."

"It was melodrama, wasn't it?" she said. He laughed, but she shook her head.

"Purest comedy," he said gaily, "except your part of it. You shouldn't have done it. This evening was not arranged in honor of 'visiting ladies.' But you mustn't think me a comedian; truly I didn't plan it. My friend from Six-Cross-Roads must be given the credit of devising the scene, though you divined it."

"It was a little too picturesque, I think. I know about Six-Cross-Roads. Please tell me what you mean to do."

"Nothing. What should I?"

"You mean that you will keep on letting them shoot at you, until they—until you—" She struck the bench angrily with her hand.

"There's no summer theater in Six-Cross-Roads; there's not even a church. Why shouldn't they?" he asked gravely. "During the long and tedious evenings it cheers the poor Cross-Roader's soul to drop over here and take a shot at me. It whiles away dull care for him, and he has the additional exercise of running all the way home."

"Ah," she cried indignantly, "they told me you always answered like this."

"Well, you see the Cross-Roads efforts have proved so thoroughly hygienic for me. As a patriot I have sometimes felt extreme mortification that such bad marksmanship should exist in the county, but I console myself with the thought that their best shots are unhappily in the penitentiary."

"There are many left. Can't you understand that they will organize again and come in a body, as they did before you broke them up? And then, if they come on a night when they know you are wandering out of town——"

"You have not had the advantage of an intimate study of the most exclusive people of the Cross-Roads, Miss Sherwood. There are about thirty gentlemen who remain in that neighborhood while their relatives sojourn under discipline. If you had the *entrée* over there, you would understand that these thirty could not gather themselves into a company and march the seven miles without physical debate in the ranks. They are not precisely amiable people, even amongst themselves. They would quarrel and shoot one another to pieces long before they got here."

"But they worked in a company once."

"Never for seven miles. Four miles was their radius. Five would see them all dead."

She struck the bench again. "Oh, you laugh at me! You make a joke of your own life and death, and laugh at everything. Have five years of Plattville taught you to do that?"

"I laugh only at taking the poor Cross-Roaders too seriously. I don't laugh at your running into fire to help a fellow-mortal."

"I knew there wasn't any risk. I knew he had to stop to load before he shot again."

"He did shoot again. If I had known you before to-night—I—" His tone changed, and he spoke gravely. "I am at your feet in worship of your divine philanthropy. It's so much finer to risk your life for a stranger than for a friend."

"That is a man's point of view, isn't it?"

"You risked yours for a man you had never seen before."

"Oh, no; I saw you at the lecture. I heard you introduce the Hon. Mr. Hallo-way."

"Then I don't understand your wishing to save me."

She smiled unwillingly, and turned her gray eyes upon him with troubled sunniness; and under the sweetness of her regard he set a watch upon his lips, though he knew it would not avail him long. He had driveled along respectably so far, he thought; but he had the sentimental longings of years, starved of expression, culminating in his heart. She continued to look at him wistfully, searchingly, gently. Then her eyes traveled over his big frame, from his shoes (a patch of moonlight fell on them; they were dusty; he drew them under the bench with a shudder) to his broad shoulders (he shook the stoop out of them). She stretched her small white hands toward him, and looked at them in contrast, and broke into the most delicious low laughter in the world. At this he knew the watch on his lips was worthless. It was a question of minutes till he should present himself to her eyes as a sentimental and susceptible imbecile. He knew it. He was in wild spirits.

"Could you realize that one of your dangers might be a shaking?" she cried. "Is your seriousness a lost art?" Her laughter ceased suddenly. "Ah, no. I understand. Thiers said the French laugh always in order not to weep. I haven't lived here five years. I should laugh, too, if I were you."

"Look at the moon," he responded. "We Plattvillians own that with the best of

metropolitans; and, for my part, I see more of it here. You do not appreciate us. We have large landscapes in the heart of the city, and what other capital has advantages like that? Next winter the railway station is to have a new stove for the waiting-room. Heaven itself is one of our suburbs; it is so close that all one has to do is to die. You insist upon my being French, you see; and I know you are fond of nonsense. How did you happen to put 'The Walrus and the Carpenter' at the bottom of a page of Fisbee's notes?"

"Was it? How were you sure it was I?"

"In Carlow County!"

"He might have written it himself."

"Fisbee has never in his life read anything lighter than cuneiform inscriptions."

"Miss Briscoe——"

"She doesn't read Lewis Carroll, and it was not her hand. What made you write it on Fisbee's manuscript?"

"He was here this afternoon. I teased him a little about your heading in the 'Herald,' 'Business and the Cradle, the Altar and the Grave,' isn't it? And he said it had always troubled him, but your predecessor had used it, and you thought it good. So do I. He asked me if I could think of anything that you might like better and put in place of it, and I wrote, 'The time has come,' because it was the only thing I could think of that was as appropriate and as fetching as your head-lines. He was perfectly dear about it. He was so serious; he said he feared it wouldn't be acceptable. I didn't notice that the paper he handed me to write on was part of his notes; nor did he, I think. Afterward he put it back in his pocket. It wasn't a message."

"I'm not so sure he did not notice. He is very wise. Do you know, I have the impression that the old fellow wanted me to meet you."

"How dear and good of him!" She spoke earnestly, and her face was suffused with a warm light. There was no doubt about her meaning what she said.

"It was," John answered, unsteadily. "He knew how great was my need of a few minutes' companionableness with——"

"No," she interrupted. "I meant dear and good to me. I think he was thinking of me. It was for my sake he wanted us to meet."

It might have been hard to convince a woman, if she had overheard this speech,

that Miss Sherwood's humility was not the calculated affectation of a coquette. Sometimes a man's unsuspicion is wiser, and Harkless knew that she was not flirting with him. In addition, he was not a fatuous man; he did not extend the implication of her words nearly so far as she would have had him.

"But I had met you," said he, "long ago."

"What!" she cried, and her eyes danced. "You actually remember?"

"Yes; do you?" he answered. "I stood in Jones's field and heard you singing, and I remembered. It was a long time since I had heard you sing:

"I was a ruffler of Flanders,  
And fought for a florin's hire,  
You were the dame of my captain,  
And sang to my heart's desire."

"But that is the balladist's notion. The truth is that you were a lady at the court of Clovis, and I was a heathen captive. I heard you sing a Christian hymn, and asked for baptism."

She did not seem over-pleased with his fancy, for, the surprise fading from her face, "Oh, that was the way you remembered," she said.

"Perhaps it was not that way alone. You won't despise me for being mawkish to-night?" he asked. "I haven't had the chance for so long."

The night air wrapped them warmly, and the balm of the little breezes that stirred the foliage around them was the smell of damask roses from the garden. The creek splashed over the pebbles at their feet, and a drowsy bird, half-wakened by the moon, crooned languorously in the sycamores. The girl looked out at the sparkling water through downcast lashes. "Is it because it is so transient that beauty is pathetic," she said; "because we can never come back to it in quite the same way? I am a sentimental girl. If you are born so, it is never entirely teased out of you, is it? Besides, to-night is all a dream. It isn't real, you know. You couldn't be mawkish."

Her tone was gentle as a caress, and it made him tingle to his finger-tips. "How do you know?" he asked.

"I just know. Do you think I'm very bold and forward?" she said, dreamily.

"It was your song I wanted to be sentimental about. I am like one 'who through long days of toil'—only that doesn't quite apply—'and nights devoid of ease'—but I

can't claim that one doesn't sleep well here, it is Plattville's specialty; like one who

"Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies."

"Yes," she answered, "to come here and to do what you have done, and to live this isolated village life that must be so desperately dry and dull for a man of your sort, and yet to have the kind of heart that makes wonderful melodies sing in itself—oh," she cried, "I say that is fine!"

"You do not understand," he returned, sadly, wishing, before her, to be unmercifully just to himself. "I came here because I couldn't make a living anywhere else. And the 'wonderful melodies'—I have only known you one evening—and the melodies—" He rose to his feet, and took a few steps toward the garden. "Come," he said, "let me take you back; let us go before I—" he finished with a helpless laugh.

She stood by the bench, one hand resting on it; she stood all in the tremulant shadow. She moved one step toward him, and a single long sliver of light pierced the sycamores and fell upon her head. He gasped.

"What was it about the melodies?" she said.

"Nothing. I don't know how to thank you for this evening that you have given me. I—I suppose you are leaving to-morrow. No one ever stays here. I——"

"What about the melodies?"

He gave it up. "The moon makes people insane," he cried.

"If that is true, then you need not be more afraid than I, because 'people' is plural. What were you saying about——"

"I *had* heard them—in my heart. When I heard your voice to-night, I knew that it was you who sang them there, had been singing them for me always."

"So!" she cried, gaily. "All that debate about a pretty speech!" Then, sinking before him in a courtesy, "I am beholden to you," she said. "Do you think no man ever made a little flattery for me before to-night?"

At the edge of the orchard, where they could keep an unseen watch on the garden and the bank of the creek, Judge Briscoe and Mr. Todd were ensconced under an apple-tree, the former still armed with his shotgun. When the young people got up from their bench, the two men rose hastily, then sauntered slowly toward them. When they met, Harkless shook each of them cor-

dially by the hand without seeming to know it.

"We were coming to look for you," explained the Judge. "William was afraid to go home alone; thought some one might take him for Mr. Harkless and shoot him before he got into town. Can you come out with Willetts in the morning, Harkless," he went on, "and go with the young ladies to see the parade? And Minnie wants you to stay to dinner, and go to the show with them in the afternoon."

Harkless seized his hand and shook it, and then laughed heartily as he accepted the invitation.

At the gate Miss Sherwood extended her hand to him, and said politely, while mockery shone from her eyes: "Good-night, Mr. Harkless. I do not leave to-morrow. I am very glad to have met you."

"We are going to keep her all summer if we can," said Minnie, weaving her arm about her friend's waist. "You'll come in the morning?"

"Good-night, Miss Sherwood," he returned, hilariously. "It has been such a pleasure to meet you. Thank you so much for saving my life. It was very good of you indeed. Yes; in the morning. Good-night, good-night." He shook hands with all of them again, including Mr. Todd, who was going with him. He laughed all the way home, and William walked at his side in amazement.

The Herald Building was a decrepit frame structure on Main Street; it had once been a small warehouse, and was now sadly in need of paint. Closely adjoining it, in a large, blank-looking yard, stood a low brick cottage, over which the second story of the old warehouse leaned in an effect of tipsy affection that had reminded Harkless, when he first saw it, of an old Sunday-school book wood-cut of an inebriated parent under convoy of a devoted child. The title to these two buildings and the blank yard had been included in the purchase of the "Herald," and the cottage was the editor's home.

There was a light burning up-stairs in the "Herald" office. From the street a broad, tumble-down stairway ran up on the outside of the building to the second floor, and at the stairway railing John turned and shook his companion warmly by the hand.

"Good-night, William," he said. "It was plucky of you to join in that muss to-night. I shan't forget it."

"I jest happened to come along," replied the other awkwardly; then, with a porten-

tous yawn, he asked: "Ain't ye goin' to bed?"

"No; Parker wouldn't allow it."

"Well," observed William, with another yawn, which threatened to expose the veritable soul of him, "I d'know how ye stand it. It's closte on eleven o'clock. Good-night."

John went up the steps, singing aloud,

"For to-night we'll merry, merry be,  
For to-night we'll merry, merry be,"

and stopped on the sagging platform at the top of the stairs, and gave the moon good-night with a wave of the hand and friendly laughter. At this it suddenly struck him that he was twenty-nine years of age, and that he had laughed a great deal that evening; laughed and laughed over things not in the least humorous, like an excited school-boy making a first formal call; that he had shaken hands with Miss Briscoe, when he left her, as if he should never see her again; that he had taken Miss Sherwood's hand twice in one very temporary parting; that he had shaken the Judge's hand five times and William's four.

"Idiot!" he cried. "What has happened to me?" Then he shook his fist at the moon, and went in to work—he thought.

## CHAPTER V.

MORNING.—"SOME IN RAGS, AND SOME IN TAGS, AND SOME IN VELVET GOWNS."

THE bright sun of circus-day shone into Harkless's window, and he awoke to find himself smiling. For a little while he lay content, drowsily wondering why he smiled, only knowing that there was something new. It was thus, as a boy, he had wakened on birthday mornings, or on Christmas, or on the Fourth of July, drifting happily out of pleasant dreams into the consciousness of long-awaited delights that had come true, yet lying only half awake in a cheerful borderland, leaving happiness undefined.

The morning breeze was fluttering at his window-blind, a honeysuckle vine tapped lightly on the pane. Birds were trilling, warbling, whistling, and from the street came the rumbling of wagons, merry cries of greeting, and the barking of dogs. What was it made him feel so young and strong and light-hearted? The breeze brought him the smell of June roses, fresh and sweet with dew, and then he knew why he had

come smiling from his dreams. He leaped out of bed, and shouted loudly: "Zen! Hello, Xenophon!"

In answer an ancient, very black darkey, his warped and wrinkled visage showing under his grizzled hair like charred paper in a fall of pine ashes, put his head in at the door and said: "Good-mawn', suh. Yessuh. Hit's done pump' full. Good-mawn', suh."

A few moments later the colored man, seated on the front steps of the cottage, heard a mighty splashing within, while the rafters rang with stentorian song:

"He promised to buy me a bonny blue ribbon,  
He promised to buy me a bonny blue ribbon,  
He promised to buy me a bonny blue ribbon,  
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

"Oh dear! What can the matter be?  
Oh dear! What can the matter be?  
Oh dear! What can the matter be?  
Johnnie's so long at the Fair!" -

The listener's jaw dropped, and his mouth opened and stayed open. "*Him!*" he muttered faintly. "*Singin'!*"

"Well the old Triangle knew the music of our tread;  
How the peaceful Seminole would tremble in his bed!"

sang the editor.

"I dunno huccome it," exclaimed the old man; "but, bless Gawd! de young man happy." A thought struck him suddenly, and he scratched his head. "Maybe he goin' away," he said, querulously. "What become o' ole Zen?" The splashing ceased, but not the voice, which struck into a noble marching chorus.

"Oh, my Lawd," said the colored man, "I pray you listen at dat!"

"Soldiers marching up the street.  
They keep the time;  
They look sublime!  
Hear them play Die Wacht am Rhein—  
They call it Schneider's Band.  
Tra la la, la la."

The length of Main Street and all sides of the Square resounded with the rattle of vehicles of every kind. Since earliest dawn they had been pouring into the village, a long procession, on every country road. The air was full of exhilaration; everybody was laughing and shouting and calling greetings, for Carlow County was turning out, and from far and near the country people came; nay, from over the county line; and clouds of dust arose from every thoroughfare and highway, and swept into town to herald their coming. Dibb Zane, the "sprinkling contractor,"

had been at work with the town water-cart since the morning stars were bright, but he might as well have watered the streets with his tears; which, indeed, when the farmers began to come in, bringing their cyclones of dust, he drew nigh unto, after a burst of profanity as futile as his cart.

"Tief wie das Meer soll deine Liebe sein."

hummed the editor in the cottage. His song had taken on a reflective tone, as that of one who cons a problem, or musically ponders which card to play. He was kneeling before an old trunk in his bed-chamber. From one compartment he took a neatly folded pair of duck trousers and a light-gray tweed coat; from another, a straw hat with a ribbon of bright colors. He examined these musingly. They had lain in the trunk for a long time undisturbed. He shook the coat, and brushed it. Then he laid the garments upon his bed, and proceeded to shave himself carefully, after which he donned the white trousers, the gray coat, and, rummaging in the trunk again, found a gay pink cravat, which he fastened about his tall collar (also a resurrection from the trunk) with a pearl pin. He took a long time to arrange his hair with a pair of brushes. When at last it suited him and his dressing was complete, he sallied forth to breakfast.

Xenophon stared after him as he went out of the gate whistling heartily. The old darkey lifted his hands, palms outward.

"Lan' name, who dat!" he exclaimed aloud. "Who dat in dem pan-jingeries? He gone jine de circus?" His hands fell upon his knees, and he got to his feet rheumatically, shaking his head with foreboding. "Honey, honey, hit' baid luck, baid luck sing 'fo' breakfus'. Trouble 'fo' de day be done. Trouble, honey, great trouble. Baid luck, baid luck!"

Along the Square the passing of the editor in his cool equipments was a progress, and wide were the eyes and deep the gasps of astonishment caused by his festal appearance. Mr. Tibbs and his sister rushed from the post-office to stare after him.

"He looks just beautiful, Solomon," said Miss Tibbs.

Harkless usually ate his breakfast alone, as he was the latest riser in Plattville. (There were days in the winter when he did not reach the hotel until eight o'clock.) This morning he found a bunch of white roses, still wet with dew and so fragrant that the whole room was fresh and sweet with

their odor, prettily arranged in a bowl on the table, and, at his plate, the largest of all with a pin through the stem. He looked up smilingly and nodded at the red-faced, red-haired waitress who was waving a long fly-brush over his head. "Thank you, Charmion," he said. "That's very pretty."

"That old Mr. Wimby was here," she answered, "and he left word for you to look out. The whole possetucky of Johnsons from the Cross-Roads passed his house this morning, comin' this way, and he see Bob Skillett on the Square when he got to town. He left them flowers. Mrs. Wimby sent 'em to ye. I didn't bring 'em."

"Thank you for arranging them."

She turned even redder than she always was, and answered nothing, vigorously darting her brush at an imaginary fly on the cloth. After several minutes she said abruptly, "You're welcome."

There was a silence, finally broken by a long, gasping sigh. Astonished, he looked at the girl. Her eyes were set unfathomably upon his pink tie; the wand had dropped from her nerveless hand, and she stood rapt and immovable. She started violently from her trance. "Ain't ye goin' to finish yer coffee?" she asked, plying her instrument again, and, bending slightly, whispered: "Say, Eph Watts is over there behind ye."

At a table in a far corner of the room a large gentleman in a brown frock coat was quietly eating his breakfast and reading the "Herald." He was of an ornate presence, though entirely neat. A sumptuous expanse of linen exhibited itself between the lapels of his low-cut waistcoat, and an inch of bediamonded breastpin glittered there like an icledge on a snowy mountain-side. He had a steady blue eye and a dissipated iron-gray mustache. This personage was Mr. Ephraim Watts, who, following a calling more fashionable in the eighteenth century than in the latter decades of the nineteenth, had shaken the dust of Carlow from his feet some three years previously, at the strong request of the authorities. The "Herald" had been particularly insistent upon his deportation. In the local phrase, Harkless had "run him out o' town." Perhaps it was because the "Herald's" opposition (as the editor had explained at the time) had been "merely moral and impersonal," and the editor had confessed to a liking for the unprofessional qualities of Mr. Watts, that there was but a slight embarrassment when the two gentlemen met to-day. His breakfast finished, Harkless went over to the other and ex-

tended his hand. Cynthia, the waitress, held her breath, and clutched the back of a chair. However, Mr. Watts made no motion toward his well-known hip-pocket. Instead, he rose, flushing slightly, and accepted the hand offered him.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Watts," said the journalist, cordially. "And, also, if you are running with the circus and calculate on doing business here to-day, I'll have you fired out of town before noon. How are you? You're looking extremely well."

"Mr. Harkless," answered Watts, "I cherish no hard feelings, and I never said but what you done exactly right when I left, three years ago. No, sir; I'm not here in a professional way at all, and I don't want to be molested. I've connected myself with an oil company, and I'm down here to look over the ground. It beats poker and fan-tan hollow, though there ain't as many chances in favor of the dealer and in oil it's the farmer that gets the rake-off. I've come back, but in an enterprising spirit, this time, to open up a new field and shed light and money in Carlow. They told me never to show my face here again; but if you say I stay, I guess I can. I always was sure there was oil in the county, and I want to prove it for everybody's benefit. Is it all right?"

"My dear fellow," laughed the young man, shaking the gambler's hand again, "it is all right. I have always been sorry I had to act against you. Everything is all right. Stay and bore to Korea if you like. Did ever you see such glorious weather?"

"I'll let you in on some shares," Watts called after him as he turned away. The other nodded in reply, and was leaving the room when Cynthia detained him by a flourish of the fly-brush. "Say," she said—she always called him "Say"—"you've forgot yer flower."

He came back, and thanked her. "Will you pin it on for me, Charmion?"

"I don't know what call you got to speak to me out of my name," she responded, looking at the floor moodily.

"Why?" he asked, surprised.

"I don't see why you want to make fun of me."

"I beg your pardon, Cynthia," he said, gravely. "I didn't mean to do that. I haven't been considerate. I didn't think you'd be displeased. I'm very sorry you pin it on my coat?"

Her face was lifted in grateful pleasure, and she began to pin the rose to his lapel. Her hands were large and red, and trembled.

She dropped the flower, and, saying huskily, "I don't know as I could do it right," seized violently upon a pile of dishes, and hurried from the room.

Harkless rescued the rose, pinned it on his coat himself, with the internal observation that the red-haired waitress was the queerest creature in the village, and set forth upon his holiday.

Mr. Lige Willetts, a stalwart bachelor, the most eligible in Carlow, and an habitual devotee of Minnie Briscoe, was seated on the veranda when Harkless turned in at the gate of the brick house. "The ladies will be down right off," he said, greeting the editor's cool finery with a perceptible agitation, and the editor himself with a friendly shake of the hand. "Mildy says to wait out here."

There was a faint rustling within the house: the swish of draperies on the stairs; a delicious whispering, when light feet descend, tapping, to hearts that beat an answer, the telegraphic message, "We come! We come! We are near! We are near!" Lige Willetts stared at Harkless. He had never thought the latter was good-looking until he saw him step to the door to take Helen Sherwood's hand and say, in a strange, low, tense voice, "Good-morning," as if he were announcing, at the least, "Every one in the world, except us two, died last night. It is a solemn thing, but I am very happy."

They walked, Minnie and Mr. Willetts a little distance in front of the others. Harkless could not have told, afterward, whether they rode, or walked, or floated on an air-ship, to the court-house. All he knew distinctly was that a divinity in a pink shirt-waist, and a hat that was woven of gauzy cloud by mocking fairies to make him stoop hideously to see under it, dwelt for the time on earth, and was at his side, dazzling him in the morning sunshine. Last night the moon had lent her a silvery glamour. She had something of the ethereal whiteness of night-dews in that watery light, a nymph to laugh from a sparkling fountain at the moon, or, as he thought, remembering her courtesy for his pretty speech, perhaps a little lady of King Louis's court, wandering down the years from Fontainebleau and appearing to clumsy mortals sometimes of a summer night when the moon was in their heads.

But to-day she was of the daintiest color, a pretty girl whose gray eyes twinkled to his in gay companionship. He marked how the sunshine danced across the shadows of her fair hair, and seemed itself to catch a

luster rather than impart it, and the light of the June day drifted through the gauzy hat to her face, touching it with a delicate and tender flush that came and went like the vibrating pink of early dawn. She had the divinest straight nose, tip-tilted a faint, alluring trifle; and a dimple cleft her chin, "the deadliest maelstrom in the world!" He thrilled through and through. He had been only vaguely conscious of the dimple in the night. It was not until he saw her by daylight that he really knew it was there.

The village hummed with life before them. They walked through shimmering airs, sweeter to breathe than nectar is to drink. She caught a butterfly basking on a jimson-weed, and, before she let it go, held it out to him in her hand. It was a white butterfly. He asked which was the butterfly.

"Bravo!" she said, tossing the captive craft above their heads and watching the small sails catch the breeze. "And so you can make little flatteries in the morning, too. It is another courtesy you should be having from me, if it weren't for the dustiness of it. Wait till we come to the board walk."

She had some big pink roses at her waist.

Indicating these, he answered, "In the meantime, I know very well a lad that would be blithe to accept a pretty token of any lady's high esteem."

"But you have one already—a very beautiful one." She gave him a genial up and down glance from head to foot, half quizzical and half applauding, but so quick he scarcely saw it; and he was glad he had resurrected the straw hat with the youthful ribbon and his other festal vestures. "And a very becoming flower a white rose is," she continued, "though I am a bold girl to be blarneying with a young gentleman I met no longer ago than last night."

"But why shouldn't you blarney with a gentleman, when you began by saving his life?"

"Especially when the gentleman had the politeness to gallop about the county with me tucked under his arm." She stood still, and laughed softly but consummately, and her eyes closed tight with the mirth of it. She had taken one of the roses from her waist, and as she stood holding it by the long stem, its cool petals lightly pressed her lips.

"You may have it—in exchange," she said. He bent down to her, and she fastened her rose in place of the white one in his coat. She did not ask him, directly or



indirectly, who had put the white one there for him. She knew by the way it was pinned that he had done it himself. "Who is it that ev'ry morning brings me these lovely flow'rs?" she burlesqued, as he bent over her.

"Mr. Wimby," he returned. "I will point him out to you. You must see him, and Mr. Bodeffer, who is the oldest inhabitant—and the crossest—of Carlow."

"Will you present them to me?"

"No; they might talk to you and take some of my time with you away from me."

Her eyes sparkled into his for the merest fraction of a second, and she laughed. Then she dropped his lapel, and they proceeded. She did not put the white rose in her belt, but carried it.

The Square was heaving with a jostling, moving, good-natured, happy, and constantly increasing crowd that overflowed on Main Street in both directions, and whose good nature augmented in the ratio that its size increased. The streets were a kaleidoscope of many colors, and every window opening on Main Street or the Square was filled with eager faces. By nine o'clock all the windows of the court-house, in the center of the Square, were occupied. Here most of the damsels congregated to enjoy the spectacle of the parade, and their swains attended, posted at coigns of less vantage behind the ladies. Some of the faces that peeped from the windows of the dark, old, shady court-house were pretty, and some of them were not pretty; but nearly all of them were rosy-cheeked, and all were pleasant to see because of the good cheer they kept.

Here and there, along the sidewalk below, a father worked his way through the throng, a licorice-bedaubed cherub on one arm, his coat (borne with long enough) on the other, followed by a mother, with the other children hanging to her skirts and tagging exasperatingly behind, holding red and blue toy balloons and delectable candy batons of spiral-striped peppermint in tightly closed, sadly sticky fingers. A thousand cries rent the air—the strolling mountebanks and gypsying booth-merchants, the peanut-vendors, the boys with palm-leaf fans for sale, the candy-sellers, the popcorn peddlers, the Italian with the toy balloons that float like a cluster of colored bubbles above the heads of the crowd and the balloons that wail like a baby; the red-lemonade man, shouting in the shrill voice that reaches everywhere and endures forever: "Lemo'! Lemo'! Five a glass! Ice-cole lemo'! Five cents, a nickle, a half-a-time, the twentiethpotofadollah! Lemo'!

Ice-cole lemo'!"—all the vociferating harbingers of the circus crying their wares. Timid youths in shoes covered with dust through which the morning polish but dimly shone, and unalterably hooked by the arm to blushing maidens, bought recklessly of peanuts, of candy, of popcorn, of all known sweetmeats, perchance, and forced their way to the lemonade stands; and there, all shyly, silently sipped the crimson-stained ambrosia. Everywhere the hawkers dinned, and everywhere was heard the plaintive squawk of the toy balloon.

In the court-house yard, and so sinning in the very eye of the law, two swarthy, shifty-looking gentlemen were operating (with some greasy walnut shells and a pea) what the fanciful or unsophisticated might have been pleased to call a game of chance, and the most intent spectator of the group around them was Mr. James Bardlock, the Town Marshal. He was simply and unofficially and earnestly interested. Thus, the eye of the law may not be said to have winked upon the nefariousness now under its vision; it gazed with strong curiosity, an itch to dabble, and, it must be admitted, a growing hope of profit—the game was so direct and the player so sure. Several countrymen had won small sums; and one, a charmingly rustic stranger, with a peculiar accent (he said that him and his goil should now have a smoot' olt time off his winninks—though the lady was not manifested), had pocketed twenty-five dollars with no trouble at all. The two operators seemed depressed, declaring the luck against them and the Plattville people too brilliant at the game.

It was wonderful how the young couples worked their way arm-in-arm through the thickest crowds, never separating; even at the lemonade stands they drank holding the glasses in their outer hands; such are the sacrifices demanded by etiquette. But, observing the gracious outpouring of fortune upon the rare rustic just mentioned, a youth in a green tie disengaged his arm—for the first time in two hours—from that of a girl who looked upon him with fond, uncertain smiles, and conducting her to a corner of the yard, bade her remain there until he returned. He had to speak to Hartley Bowlder, he explained.

Then he plunged, red-faced and excited, into the circle about the shell manipulators, and offered to lay a wager.

"Hol' on there, Hen Fentriss," thickly objected a flushed young man beside him. "Iss my turn."

"I'm first, Hartley," returned the other. "You can hold yer hosses, I reckon."

"Plenty fer each and all, gents," interrupted one of the shell-men. "Place yer spondulics on de little ball. W'ich is de nex' lucky gent to win our money? Gent bets four sixty-five he seen de little ball go under de middle shell. Up she comes! Dis time *we* wins; Plattville can't win *every* time. Who's de nex' lucky gent?"

Fentriss edged slowly out of the circle, abashed, and with rapidly whitening cheeks. He paused for a moment outside, slowly realizing that all his money had gone in one wild, blind whirl—the money he had earned so hard and saved so hard to make a holiday for his sweetheart and himself. He stole one glance around the building to where a patient figure waited for him. Then he fled down a side alley, and soon was out upon the country road, tramping suddenly homeward through the dust, his chin sunk in his breast, and his hands clenched tight at his sides. Now and then he stopped and bitterly hurled a stone at a piping bird on the fence or gay Bob White in the fields. At noon the patient figure was still waiting in the corner of the court-house yard, meekly twisting a coral ring upon her finger.

But the flushed young man who had spoken thickly to her deserter drew an envied roll of bank-bills from his pocket, and began to bet with tipsy caution, while the circle about the gamblers watched with fervid interest, especially Mr. Bardlock, Town Marshal.

From far up Main Street came the cry "She's a-comin'! She's a-comin'!" and this announcement of the parade proving only one of a dozen false alarms, a thousand discussions took place over old-fashioned silver timepieces as to when "she" was really due. Schofield's Henry was much appealed to as an arbiter in these discussions, from a sense of his having a good deal to do with time in a general sort of way; and thus Schofield's came to be reminded that it was getting on toward ten o'clock, whereas, in the excitement of festival, he had not yet struck nine. This, rushing forthwith to do, he did; and, in the elation of the moment, seven or eight besides. Miss Helen Sherwood was looking down on the mass of shifting color from a second-story window of the court-house, and she had the pleasure of seeing Schofield's emerge on the steps beneath her when the bells had done, and heard the cheers (led by Mr. Martin) with which the crowd greeted his appearance after the performance of his feat.

She turned beamingly to Harkless. "What a *family* it is!" she laughed. "Just one big, jolly family! I didn't know people could be like this until I came to Plattville."

"That is the word for it," he said, resting his hand on the casement beside her. "I used to think it was desolate, but that was long ago." He leaned from the window to look down. In his dark cheek was a glow the Carlow folks had never seen there, and somehow he seemed less thin and tired than usual; indeed, he did not seem tired at all; by far the contrary, and he carried himself upright (when he was not stooping to see under the hat), though not as if he thought about it. "I believe they are the best people I know," he went on. "Perhaps it is because they have been so kind to me; but they are kind to each other, too—kind, good people."

"I know," she said, nodding, "I know. There are fat women, women who rock and rock on piazzas by the sea, and they speak of country people as the 'lower classes.' How happy this big family is in not knowing it is the lower classes!"

"We haven't read Nordau down here," said John. "Old Tom Martin's favorite work is 'The Descent of Man,' and Miss Tibbs cares most for 'Lalla Rookh' and 'Beulah'—and why not?"

"It was a girl from Southeast Cottonbridge, Massachusetts," said Helen, "who heard I was from Indiana and asked me if I didn't 'hate to live so far away from things.'" There was a pause while she leaned out of the window with her face aside from him. Then she remarked, carelessly, "I met her at Winter Harbor."

"Do you go to Winter Harbor?" he asked.

"We have gone there every summer until this one for years. Have you friends who go there?"

"I had—once. There was a classmate of mine from Rouen——"

"What was his name? Perhaps I know him." She stole a glance at him, and saw that his face had fallen into sad lines.

"He's forgotten me, I dare say. I haven't seen him for seven years, and that's a long time, you know; and he's 'out in the world,' where remembering is harder. Here in Plattville we don't forget."

"Were you ever at Winter Harbor?"

"I was—once. I spent a very happy day there long ago, when you must have been a little girl. Were you there in——"

"Listen!" she cried. "The procession is coming. Look at the people!"

The parade had seized a psychological moment. There was a fanfare of trumpets in the east. Lines of people rushed for the streets; and as one looked down on the big straw hats and sunbonnets and many kinds of finer head apparel tossing forward, they seemed like surf sweeping up the long beaches. She was coming at last. The boys whooped in the middle of the street; some tossed their arms to heaven, others expressed their emotion by somersaults; those most deeply moved walked on their hands. In the distance one saw, over the heads of the multitude, tossing banners and the moving crests of triumphal cars, where "cohorts were shining in purple and gold."

There was another flourish of music. Then all the band gave sound, and, with the blare of brass and the crash of drums, the glory of the parade burst upon Plattville. (Glory in the utmost! The impetus of the march-time music; the flare of royal banners; the smiling of beautiful court ladies and great silken nobles; the swaying of howdahs on camel and elephant, and the awesome shaking of the earth beneath the elephant's feet, and his devastating eye (every one declared he looked the alarmed Mr. Bill Snoddy, stoutest citizen of the county, full in the face as he passed him, and Mr. Snoddy felt not at all reassured when Tom Martin severely hinted that it was with the threatening glance of a rival); then the badinage of the clown, creaking by in his donkey-cart; the terrific recklessness of the spangled hero who was drawn along in a cage with two striped tigers—the delight of all this glittering pomp and pageantry needed even more than walking on your hands to express.

Last of all came the tooting calliope, followed by swarms of boys as it executed "Wait till the clouds roll by, Jennie," with infinite gusto.

When it had gone, Miss Sherwood's gaze relaxed—she had been looking on as eagerly as any child—and she turned to speak to Harkless, and discovered that he was no longer in the room; instead, she found Minnie and Mr. Willetts, whom he had summoned from another window.

"He was called away," explained Lige. "He thought he'd be back before the parade was over, and said you were enjoying it so much he didn't want to speak to you."

"Called away?"

Minnie laughed. "Oh, everybody sends for Mr. Harkless."

"It was a farmer name of Bowlder," added Mr. Willetts. "His son Hartley's drinking again, and there ain't any one but Harkless can do anything with him. You let him tackle a sick man to nurse or a tipsy feller to handle, and I tell you," Mr. Willetts went on with enthusiasm, "he is at home! It beats me; and lots of people don't think college does a man any good! Why, the way he cured old Fis—" Miss Briscoe interrupted him.

"See," she cried, pointing out of the window. "Look out there. Something's happened."

There was a swirl in the crowd below. Men were running around a corner of the court-house, and the women and children were harking after. They went so fast and there were so many of them, that immediately that whole portion of the yard became a pushing, tugging, squirming jam of people.

"It's on the other side," said Lige. "We can see from the hall window. Come quick, before these other folks fill it up."

They followed him across the building, and looked down on an agitated swarm of faces. Five men were standing on the entrance steps to the door below them, and the crowd was thickly massed beyond, leaving a little semicircle clear about the steps. Those behind struggled to get closer, and leaped in the air to catch a glimpse of what was going on. Harkless stood alone on the top step, his hand resting on the shoulder of the pale and contrite and sobered Hartley. On the lowest step Jim Bardlock was standing with sheepishly hanging head, and between him and Harkless the two gamblers of the walnut shells. The journalist held in his hand the implements of their profession.

"Yes, give up every cent," he said quietly. "You've taken eighty-six dollars from this boy. Hand it over."

The men began to edge down closer to the crowd, giving little, swift, desperate, searching looks from left to right and right to left, and moving nervously about like weasels in a trap.

"Close up there," said Harkless. "Don't let them out."

"W'y can't we git no square treatment here?" one of the gamblers whined; but his eyes blazed with a rage that belied the plaintive passivity of his tone. "We ain't been runnin' no skin. W'y d'ye say we gotter give up our own money? You gotter prove it was a skin. We risked our money fair."

"Prove it! Come up here, Eph Watta."

Friends," the editor turned to the crowd, smiling, "friends, here's a man we ran out of town once because he knew too much about things of this sort. He's come back to us again, and he's here to stay. He'll give us an object-lesson on the shell-game."

"It's pretty simple," remarked Mr. Watts. "The best way is to pick up the ball with your second finger and the back part of your thumb, as you pretend to lay the shell down over it: this way." He illustrated, and showed several methods of manipulation, with professional sang-froid; and as he made plain the vulgar swindle by which many had been duped that morning, there arose an angry and threatening murmur.

"You all see," said Harkless, raising his voice, "what a simple cheat it is—an old, worn-out one. Yet a lot of you lost your own money on it, and then stood by, staring like idiots, and let Hartley Boulder lose eighty-six dollars; and not one of you lifted a hand. How hard did you work for what these two cheap crooks took from you? Ah!" he cried, "it is because you were greedy that they robbed you so easily. You know it's true. It's when you want to get something for nothing that the 'confidence-men' steal the money you sweat for and make you the laughing-stock of the country. And *you*, Jim Bardlock, Town Marshal! *You*, who confess that you 'went in the game sixty cents' worth' yourself—" His face was wrathful and stern as he raised his accusing hand and leveled it at the unhappy municipal.

The Town Marshal smiled uneasily and deprecatingly about him, and seeing only angry, frowning brows, hearing only words of condemnation, passed his hand unsteadily over his fat mustache, shifted from one leg to the other and back again, looked up, looked down; and then, an amiable and pleasure-loving man, beholding nothing but accusation and wrath in heaven and earth, and wishing nothing more than to sink into the waters under the earth, but having no way of reaching them, and finding his troubles quite unbearable and himself unable to meet the manifold eye of man, he sought relief after the unsagacious fashion of a larger bird than he. His burly form underwent a series of convulsions, not unlike sobs, and he shut his eyes tight, and held them so, presenting a picture of misery unequalled in the memory of any spectator. The editor's outstretched hand began to shake. "You!" he tried to continue—"you, a man elected to—"

There came from the crowd the sound of a sad, high-keyed voice drawling: "That's a nice vest Jim's got on, but it ain't hardly the feathers fitten for an ostrich, is it?"

Harkless broke into a ringing laugh, and turned to the shell-men. "Give up the boy's money. Hurry."

"Step down here and git it," said the one who had spoken.

There was a turbulent motion in the crowd, and a cry arose, "Run 'em out! Ride 'em on a rail! Tar and feathers! Run 'em out o' town!"

"I wouldn't dilly-dally long if I were you," said Harkless. A roll of bills was sullenly placed in his hand, which he counted and turned over to the elder Boulder. One of the shell-men clutched the editor's sleeve with his dirty hand.

"We hain't done wit' youse," he said, hoarsely. "Don't belief it, not for a minute; see?"

The Town Marshal opened his eyes briskly, and placing a hand on each of the gamblers, said: "I do hereby arrest your said persons and declare you my prisoners."

The cry arose again, louder: "Run 'em out! String 'em up! Hang them! Hang them!" and a forward rush was made.

"This way, Jim. Quick!" cried Harkless, bending down and jerking one of the gamblers half-way up the steps. "Get through the hall to the other side, and then run 'em to the lock-up. No one will stop you that way. Watts and I will hold this door."

Bardlock hustled his prisoners through the doorway, and the crowd pushed up the steps, while Harkless struggled to keep the vestibule clear until Watts got the double doors closed. "Stand back, there!" he shouted. "It's all over. Don't be foolish. The law is good enough for us. Stand back, will you?" He was shoving vigorously with open hand and elbow, when a compact little group of men suddenly dashed up the steps together and a heavy stick swung out over their heads. A straw hat with a gay ribbon sailed through the air. The editor's long arms went out swiftly from his body in several directions, the hands not open, but clenched and hard. The next instant he and Mr. Watts stood alone on the steps, and a man with a bleeding, blaspheming mouth dropped his stick and tried to lose himself in the crowd. Mr. Watts was returning something he had not used to his hip-pocket.

"Prophets of Israel!" exclaimed William Todd, ruefully. "It wasn't Eph Watts's

pistol. Did you see Mr. Harkless? I was up on them steps when he begun. I don't believe he needs as much takin' care of as we think."

"Wasn't it one of them Cross-Roads devils that knocked his hat off?" asked Judd

Bennett. "I thought I see Bob Skillett run up with a club."

Harkless threw open the doors behind him; the hall was empty. "You may come in now," he said. "This isn't my court-house."

(To be continued.)

## JOHN PAUL JONES' GREATEST FIGHT.

BY THE REV. CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY,

Author of "For Love of Country," etc.



**O**N the evening of Thursday, September 23, 1779, a rather small, brown-faced, dark-haired man, about thirty-two years of age, and of a melancholy, poetic, and even scholarly cast of countenance, clad in a blue naval uniform, stood on the weather side of the high poop-deck of a large warship, looking keenly about him with his bright, brilliant, black eyes. Sometimes his glance fell meditatively upon two gallant white ships under full sail, men-of-war evidently, which were slowly crossing his course at a right angle a mile or two ahead of him, and making in toward the not distant land the while. Anon, with thoughtful vision, he surveyed the crowded decks before and beneath him: the rude motley men, half-naked and armed with cutlass or pike and pistol, who were grouped about the grim great guns protruding menacingly through the open ports; the old gun captains squinting along the breech and blowing their smoking matches while looking to the priming of the guns; the little groups of pig-tailed veterans, sail trimmers, assembled about the masts; the brilliantly uniformed soldiers, or marines, in the scarlet and white of France; the agile topmen hanging in great human clusters over the broad tops above his head. Sometimes he turned about and swept the sea behind him with his eager gaze, frowning in high displeasure at what he saw.

The soft light of the setting sun streamed over the larboard quarter, and threw into high relief the lonely figure on the weather side of the ship. Seamanship spoke in the careless yet confident poise of the well-knit, muscular figure, as he unconsciously balanced

himself and easily met the roll of the ship in the sea; intelligence and kindness sparkled in his eyes; power and force were instinct in every line of his aggressive person; and determination evidenced itself in the compressed lip, the firm, resolute mouth, and the tightly closed hand which hung easily by his side. The gentle breeze of the evening tenderly and softly fell on the worn sails of the ancient ship, swelling the soiled and weather-beaten cloths of canvas out in graceful, tremulous curves as if in caress, as she swept slowly toward the enemy. The ripple of the waves clinging about her cut-water alone broke the silence. The scene was as peaceful and as quiet as if the loud calling of the drum, which had so lately resounded along the decks, had been an invitation to church service, instead of a stern summons to quarters for action. A faint smell of balm and spicery, which clung about the ship, a reminder of her distant voyages in Eastern seas, was like incense to the soul.

Off toward the side of the sinking sun rose the bold shore of England. Flamborough headland, crowned by a lofty tower already sending a broad beam of warning light out over the waters to voyaging mariners, thrust out a salient wedge of massive rock-bound coast in rude, wave-piercing angle through the tossing sea. To the east the full moon, already some hours high, shot the soft silver of her rays, mingled with the fading gold of the dying day, over the pallid ocean. At this moment the mellow tones of the ship's bell forward striking three couplets in quick succession awakened the commander from the reveries in which he had been indulging, and he turned to find his first lieutenant mounting the poop-deck ladder to report the ship clear for action. The dark, expressive eye of the captain lin-

gered affectionately upon the form of the lithe, bright-eyed, honest, and able young subordinate who had yet to see his twenty-fourth birthday. Between the two officers subsisted the fullest confidence and the deepest affection.

Who was the lonely captain? The greatest novelist of England calls him a traitor. One of the most prominent naval authorities of to-day, from the same proud nation, describes him as a blackguard. Popular feeling among his contemporary enemies considered him as neither more nor less than a bloodthirsty, murdering pirate. The captain of the ship which he was about to conquer is reputed to have most ungraciously expressed his regret at having been compelled "to surrender to a man who fought with a halter around his neck." But the people who made and loved the flag, the stars and stripes, which fluttered above his head, and gave it a high place in the glorious blazonry of nations, told a different tale. The admiration of Washington, the incorruptible soldier and leader; the beloved of Franklin, the discerning statesman and philosopher; the friend of Robert Morris, the brilliant financier and patriot—John Paul Jones, the son of a poor Scotch gardener, who had left his native land in infancy and who had been brought up with the scanty advantages afforded by a life passed from childhood upon the sea, rose, against every sort of discouragement, by sheer merit alone, to be the greatest figure in the naval history of his adopted country for nearly an hundred years. By his indefatigable resolution and unsurpassable valor, his wonderful technical skill and fascinating personality, he became a Chevalier of France, an Admiral of Russia, the friend at once of two queens, one the most beautiful and unfortunate, the other the greatest and most splendid, of his age. He was an honored associate of the king of a great country; and yet never renounced that which he considered his proudest title to honor and by which, in that final end of things in which the truth that is in a man speaks out, he loved to describe himself—"a citizen of the United States."

This was a man who had been an apprentice boy at twelve, a sea officer at fifteen, a captain at twenty-one; who, in a slight, inconsiderable vessel, a small schooner, had rendered most notable service to his chosen country in the face of war vessels of overwhelming force; who, in a crank, lightly built sloop-of-war, the "Ranger," a year ago, had swept the Irish Channel, terrified the

whole western seaboard of England, captured in fair fight a regularly commissioned English sloop-of-war of equal force with, and more heavily manned than, his own; and all this with a crew of mutineers, refusing to obey his orders, and even threatening his life at the last moment before the action.

His hands had hoisted the first American flag that ever fluttered from a masthead, the pinetree-rattlesnake flag, with its motto, "Don't tread on me," which seems, somehow, significant of the man himself. The same hand later on had thrown to the breeze the first banner of the stars and stripes that ever was seen upon the ocean. His address and resolution had elicited in the way of a naval salute the first official and public recognition of the new figure among the nations of the world from the authorized representative of a recognized government. As a fighter, as a lover, as a diplomat, he was among the first men of his time. He loved glory, and fame, and duty, with a passionate devotion, and, as he stated, "ever looked out for the honor of the American flag." He was afterward thanked by Congress, made the head of the American Navy, and especially commended in a public letter to the King of France, his friend, an unique honor in our history. Before he died he had participated in "twenty-three battles and solemn *rencontres* by sea."

A pirate, a traitor, a blackguard this? Nay, as true a man as ever fought for human freedom, as brave an officer as ever overcame heart-breaking adversity, as fearless a sailor as ever trod a heaving deck, and as gallant a lover as ever kissed a lady's hand. In the hundreds of letters written by and to him still extant, many of them on *affaires du cœur*, there is not a single coarse or rude expression to be found. I sum him up the hero and the gentleman. Not without his faults, of course, which I cheerfully refrain from cataloguing, for that is always a poor business; but they were not great and were counterbalanced by his many virtues.

Look at him now as he approaches the culmination of his career. After his brilliant cruise in the "Ranger," unable to obtain a decent war-vessel, forced to put up with a nondescript antique, a worn-out East-Indiaman, the "Duc de Duras," now renamed the "Bonhomme Richard," which had been filled with old and makeshift guns—ship so rotten that it was impossible to make the necessary alterations to properly fit her for her new service! Attended by a squad-

ron under his nominal command, one of the ships of which, and the best one, was manned largely by British seamen and commanded by an insane coward: at this very moment, previous acts of mutiny were culminating in a flagrant disobedience of orders to follow the "Richard" into the action! The "Alliance," fighting shy of the English warships, was sweeping toward the frightened convoy, huddling off for shelter under the lee of Scarborough Castle. Another vessel, the "Vengeance," French *in toto*, was fleeing with all speed from the action, and the third, the "Pallas," another Frenchman, the only thing American about her being the flag flying above her, hung quivering in the wind in frightful indecision as to whether she should engage the weaker of the two English ships before them.

At this moment the total crew on the "Bonhomme Richard" (so called from the nom-de-plume of Benjamin Franklin) was about three hundred, of which only one-fourth were Americans, about one-half French soldiers, and the balance the riff-raff of all nations, Portuguese preponderating. Two hundred desperate English prisoners were confined below in the hold. Besides the captain, not a single deck officer was left, through a series of mishaps, save Richard Dale, the first lieutenant, than whom no man ever was a better, by the way. Commodore Dale, who has been justly honored subsequently in the United States Navy, loved and venerated Jones above all other men, always speaking of him to the last day of his life with his eyes filled with tears of affection and regret as "Paul," which was, in truth, his captain's birth name. Why John Paul assumed the name Jones has never been discovered, certainly for no disgraceful reason, for whatever name he might have taken he would have honored.

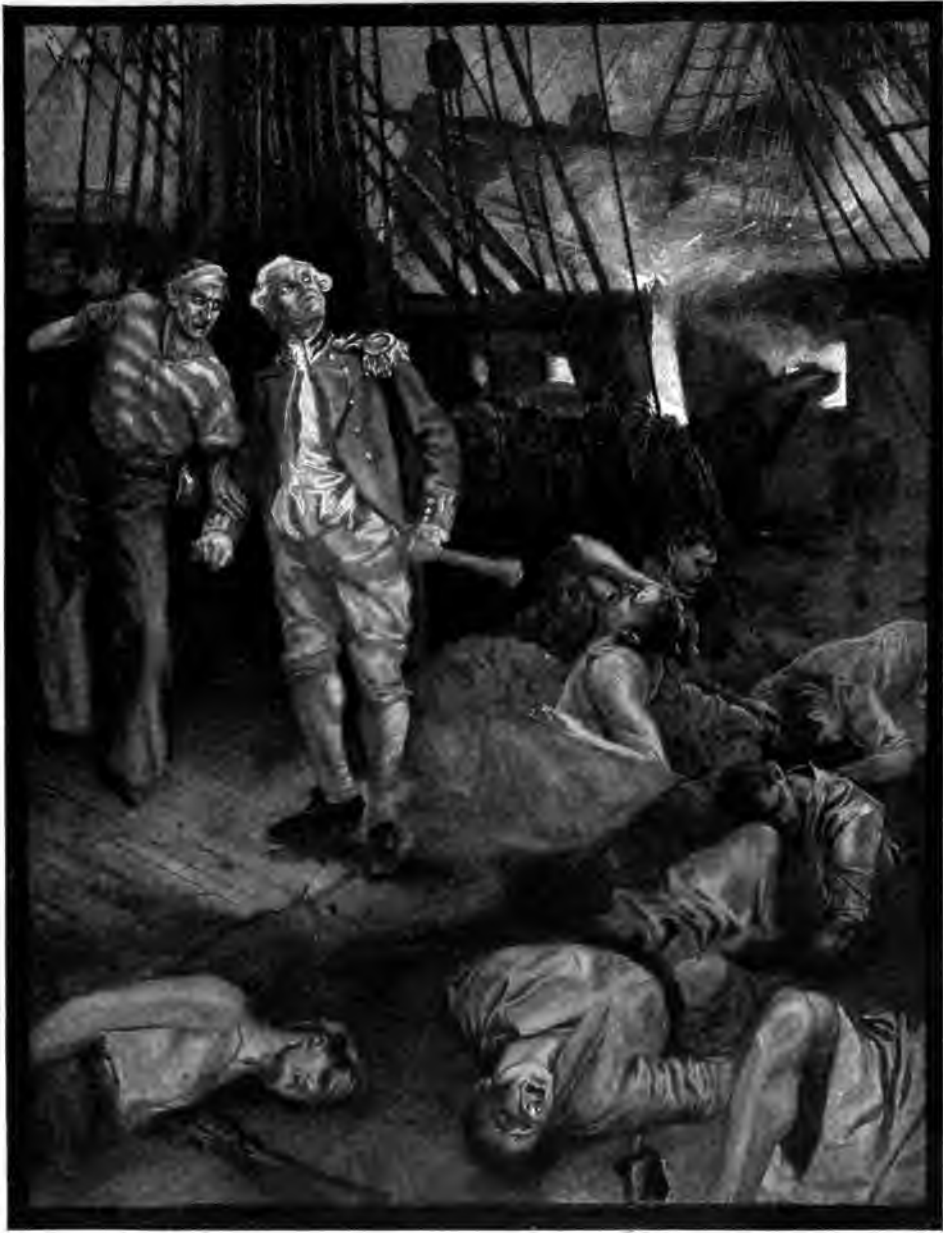
The armament of the "Richard" consisted of twenty-eight twelve-pounders on the gun-deck; on the quarter-deck and fore-castle were eight nine-pounders. In desperation, Jones had cut three ports on each side on the berth-deck, below the main battery, and mounted six old condemned eighteen-pounders therein. His ship had in all, therefore, forty-two guns, twenty-one in the broadside discharging a total weight of 258 pounds of shot. The larger ship of the enemy was the brand new, double-banked frigate "Serapis," mounting three tiers of guns, on two covered and one uncovered deck: twenty eightheens, twenty nines, and ten six-pounders, making a total of fifty

guns, twenty-five in broadside throwing 300 pounds. As a further advantage, the destructive power of an eighteen-pound gun is immensely greater than that of a twelve. The crew of the "Serapis" was about three hundred and fifty trained and disciplined men. Her captain, Pearson, was a brave and determined sailor of reputation in the service.

There appeared to be no uncertainty in the mind of either commanding officer as to the character and force of his opponent. Pearson confidently expected an easy victory, which he certainly should have won; and Paul Jones determined to make him fight as no English ship had ever fought before for all he got. About half after seven in the evening the two ships drew within gun-shot distance of each other, the "Richard" rounding to off the port bow of the "Serapis." The thirty-two-gun ship "Pallas" at last gathered sufficient resolution to engage the "Scarborough," a twenty-gun sloop, and thus eliminated her from Paul Jones' calculations. The "Vengeance" had fled, and Captain Landais, in the "Alliance," was hovering after the convoy, out of range.

For some reason, as the "Richard" approached, Captain Pearson withheld his fire and hailed. The answer, which was indistinguishable, was followed by a shot from the "Richard," and the two ships immediately exchanged terrific broadsides. Of the three eighteen-pounders down on the berth-deck near the water line of the "Richard," two burst at the first discharge, killing and wounding a large part of their crews and blowing up a part of the deck. The other gun was, of course, abandoned. Side by side, in the bright moonlight of the autumn night, the two ships slowly sailed together for nearly an hour. The roar of one discharge answered the other, cheer met cheer, as the iron-hailed bullets wove a hideous net of death about the two ships.

Fearful that he might be raked astern by the "Serapis" (which some accounts say was done), Jones, who had kept slightly in the lead, finally threw his ship aback, checking her onward motion so that the "Serapis" passed slowly ahead of him. As Pearson drew ahead, Jones attempted to throw his vessel across the rear of the English ship to rake and board, which, of course, would have been his best plan, as in that case he could have made good use of the soldiers on his decks. The attempt was a failure on account of the sluggish motion of the unwieldy "Richard," which only swung in aft of and in line with the Englishman. No guns now



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bearing on either ship, except for the continuous small-arm fire, there was a slight lull in the action. As soon as the "Serapis," which had drawn further ahead, swung up into the wind and partially raked the "Richard," Jones filled away again, and the battle was at once resumed with determined energy. Pearson now checked the speed of his own ship by throwing all aback, or else wore short around

to cross the "Richard's" bows and rake, and the two vessels slowly drew together again. The fire from both ships had been kept up with unrelenting fury from every gun as they bore, but the "Serapis'" heavier metal had played havoc with the lighter American. The carnage and slaughter upon the "Richard" had been simply frightful. The rotten old ship was being beaten to



pieces beneath the feet of her crew by the terrific battery of the "Serapis." Gun after gun in the main battery had been dismounted. At this moment the "Richard," fortunately, drew ahead of the "Serapis" once more, in the game of see-saw they had been playing, and Jones, in a last desperate attempt to close, put his helm hard over, and this time the "Richard" paid off in front of and athwart the hawse of the "Serapis."

The jibboom of the English ship caught in the mizzen rigging of the American. The wind upon the after sail forced the stern of the "Serapis" round broadside to the "Richard," and they lay locked together, the bow of one by the stern of the other, the starboard batteries of both in contact. Pearson had, unknown to Jones, dropped his port bower anchor at the moment of contact, in an endeavor to drag clear of the "Richard," which he determined to knock to pieces at long range with his heavy guns; but, as Benjamin Franklin said, "Paul Jones ever loved close fighting," and he saw his opportunity and rose to it then and there. As the two ships fouled each other, with his own hands he passed the lashing which bound them together. He found time at this critical moment to reprove one of his officers for profanity. "Don't swear, Mr. Stacy," said he; "in another moment we all may be in eternity, but let us do our duty."

As the "Serapis" swung inboard, the starboard anchor of the "Richard" caught in the mizzen chains of the former, and the two ships were bound together in an embrace which nothing but death and destruction could sever. The Englishman's ports on the starboard side had been closed, and he worked his batteries by firing through them, thus blowing off the port lids. The vessels were so close together that the rammers and sponges of the great guns in one ship had to be extended through the ports of the other; they were so close, in fact, that, as they ground and chafed together in the waves, the men on the lower decks were actually fighting a hand-to-hand conflict with great guns. But the heavier fire of the "Serapis" was too strong for the endurance of the half-breed crew of the "Richard." The guns below were burst, silenced, and dismounted, and from the mainmast aft the timbers were beaten in and out until both sides of the American ship were literally blown away and disappeared, so that at last the "Serapis" actually fired her batteries through the open air without meeting any obstruction to their shot. There was

really imminent danger that the upper decks aft on the "Richard" would collapse and sink down into the ruins below—why they did not was a mystery. Dale and a French colonel of infantry had toiled like heroes in the battery to the last, but the carpenter now reported six feet of water in the hold and the ship making water fast, and the frightened master-at-arms at once released the prisoners, crying that the ship was sinking, and the whole assemblage rushed headlong to the main deck, the carpenter and other petty officers in the lead, crying for quarter.

Things had gone better above, however. The heavy mass of men, including the riflemen in the tops of the "Richard" and the marines under De Chamillard, had simply swept the crowded decks of the "Serapis" with a searching rain of bullets from their small arms since the moment of contact and before. Nearly every man upon her, with the exception of the undaunted Pearson, had been disabled or driven below; the decks were covered with wounded, groaning and shrieking unheeded, and with dead. Some bold, reckless spirits on the "Richard" had run along the interlacing yard-arms, and after a dizzy hand-to-hand conflict in mid-air, had driven the English from the tops of the "Serapis," and gained possession, whence they poured a bitter musketry fire down the hatchways.

When the ships had come together, the English made an attempt to board. Jones seized a pike, and, followed by a few men, resolutely sprang to the point of attack, whence the British immediately retired. A like attempt of the Americans also failed. As the prisoners and crew came springing up from the useless guns and the decks below, several young American officers implored Jones to strike. He was not of the striking kind. The doctor ran from the cock-pit below, crying that the water was gaining so that it floated the wounded there, and they must surrender.

"What, Doctor," cried Jones, smiling, "would you have me strike to a drop of water? Help me to get this gun over."

The doctor concluded that the cock-pit was a safer place than the quarter-deck, and went below again to his ghastly station. The master-at-arms, not seeing Jones, now ran aft to lower the flag. Finding it had been shot away and was dragging in the water, he sprang on the rail, repeating his cry for quarter. Dale and a few determined men were busy below with the pumps, desperately trying to keep the ship from sinking beneath



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their feet. Jones—first braining with the butt of his pistol the carpenter, who was shrieking that the ship was sinking and also crying for quarter—with unequalled presence of mind, address, and resourcefulness, succeeded in quieting his alarmed crew, and then in compelling the confused prisoners to go to the pumps, on the plea that the English ship was sinking and their own would soon follow, if not kept afloat by their exertions. By this means he relieved a number of his own crew, and for the rest of the battle the singular spectacle was presented of a vessel being kept afloat by the people of the very nation against whom she fought. In a lull of the fire, as they came together, Pearson, probably hearing the carpenter or others crying for quarter, shouted: "Have you struck?"

To him Jones returned that immortal answer upon which Americans love to dwell: "I have not yet begun to fight."

Think of it! On a beaten ship, sinking beneath his feet, kept afloat by the exertions of bewildered prisoners who outnumbered his own weakened, wavering crew, any other man would have struck long since, but Jones had not yet begun to fight! The battle recommenced at once, the English having their own way with their big guns below decks, the Americans equally successful above. With his own hands, assisted by some others, the captain, who had already acted as sail-trimmer, pikeman, and in nearly every capacity as well, dragged another nine-pound gun across the deck with great difficulty, and concentrated the fire of the three small guns, loaded with double-headed and grape shot, upon the mainmast of the "Serapis." During the contact both ships had caught fire repeatedly from the burning gun-wads or the flame of the close discharges, the "Serapis" no less than twelve times, and the "Richard" almost continuously. Dale now turned and fought the fire as gallantly as he had fought the British.

After the two ships had first grappled, about eight o'clock, the "Alliance" made her appearance on the scene. Landais sailed slowly across the stern of the two combatants, delivering a raking fire upon both from his starboard guns, which had been heavily charged with grape. More men were killed and wounded on the "Richard" by this discharge than on the "Serapis." Disregarding the warning shouts and signals of the "Richard," she then sailed away, and repeated her performances upon the two other ships. A few moments before ten o'clock,

the battle between the "Serapis" and the "Richard" having continued with the utmost fury during the intervening period, she again crossed athwart the interlocked combatants. Once and again her broadside did more damage to her consort than to her enemy. That was her contribution to the fight.

A little before the last onslaught of the "Alliance," by Jones' orders, one of his seamen ran out on the main yard with a bucket of hand-grenades, which he deliberately proceeded to light and throw down the main hatch of the "Serapis." A number of powder charges had been carelessly allowed to accumulate upon the main deck by the too confident English, and a fearful explosion took place, which killed and wounded over forty of the crew. About the same time the battered mainmast of the Englishman, upon which Jones had been persistently playing with his small guns, fell over the side, carrying with it the mizzen-topmast as well. That was the end. At half after ten o'clock Captain Pearson with his own hand tore down the colors, which had been nailed to the mast by his orders, and surrendered his ship to his thrice-beaten enemy.

Dale, in spite of a severe wound which he had received, but of which he was not yet conscious, so great was the excitement of the battle, at once leaped upon the rail, and, followed by a party of boarders, swung himself aboard the "Serapis." As they landed upon the deck of the English ship, one of her crew, not knowing of the surrender, dangerously wounded Midshipman Mayrant, Dale's second, with a pike. From beneath their feet still came the roar of the "Serapis's" guns. Her crew, ignorant of the fact that she had struck, had been cheered to renewed exertions by an English shipmaster, one of the prisoners on the "Richard," who had escaped from the pumps and made his way to the lower decks of the "Serapis," revealing the desperate condition of their antagonist and encouraging them to persevere, when success would be both speedy and certain. So the English, in spite of their captain, fought on. However, as the fire of the "Richard" was at once stopped when Pearson tore down his colors, an English lieutenant came up on deck to see if she had struck. When he learned from his commander that his own ship had surrendered, he was astounded. He turned to go below, intending to notify the others, but Dale, fearing that he would resume the combat, compelled him to follow his reluctant captain to the deck of the "Richard."

There stood the indomitable Paul Jones in the midst of the dead and dying, wounded himself, and covered with blood and the soil of the battle, the "Richard" sinking beneath him, flames from his burning ship mingling with the moonlight and throwing an uncertain, ghastly illumination upon the scene of ineffable horror presented. Still locked in the deadly embrace of the "Richard" lay the beaten "Serapis," her white decks covered with the mangled bodies of her crew, her lofty masts broken and wrecked, her rigging tangled in inextricable confusion, flames breaking forth from her as well; the sullen English, filing up from below and laying down their arms at the behest of their blood-covered, battle-stained conquerors, completed the picture. It was at this moment that Pearson, handing his sword to Jones, is reported to have made the ungracious remark about the halter. With a magnanimity as sweet to think on as is his valor, Jones replied:

"Sir, you have fought like a hero; and I make no doubt your sovereign will reward you in the most ample manner."

His words were prophetic, for Pearson, though he had lost his ship, was knighted for his gallant defense, and received pieces of plate, etc., for his efficient protection of his convoy. The "Scarborough," after a most gallant defense, had struck to the "Pallas," and Captain Piercy of the English ship was also substantially rewarded. When Jones heard of Pearson's advancement, he characteristically made this remark: "He deserves it, and if he get another ship and I fall in with him, I'll make a duke of him."

The English government put a price upon the head of Paul Jones, dead or alive, of £10,000, an immense sum and certainly equivalent to \$100,000 to-day—considering

his quality, they rated him cheaply, after all.

What of the fate of the "Serapis," and the "Richard" and her captain? It was impossible to save the American ship, though the most strenuous efforts were made to that end. On the 25th of September, therefore, Jones transferred his flag to the "Serapis," upon which jury-masts had been rigged, and at ten o'clock in the morning the brave old "Richard," still flying the great flag under which she had fought, sank, bow foremost, beneath the sea. Accounts of the casualties on the two ships differ, and are uncertain: it would be safe to estimate those on the "Richard" as within 150 killed and wounded, and those on the "Serapis" as within 200. There never was a more bloody and frightful battle fought on any sea. There is no battle on record where the individual personality of one man contributed to the result obtained as much as in this.

The little squadron now made its way to the Texel. Jones was compelled by the Dutch, at the instigation of the English, to either accept a French commission and set the French flag over the "Serapis" and the "Scarborough," or else give up his prizes. To his eternal honor, he chose the latter alternative, and shifted his colors to the "Alliance." From the moment he entered the Texel he had not ceased to fly the American flag, even in the face of the overwhelming enemy from whom he was desperately trying to escape.

Commodore Jones died in Paris in the year 1792. He was alone in his chamber at the time, and when his friends found him, he was lying face downward upon his bed. The hand of a conqueror whom no human power can resist had been laid upon him, and for the first time in his life the face of Paul Jones was turned away from the enemy.

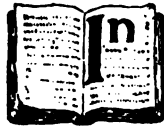


"FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE THE FACE OF PAUL JONES WAS TURNED AWAY FROM THE ENEMY."



# A QUESTION OF RELIGION

By G.K. TURNER



In the center of The Holler, crouched along the road, lies the Old Mill, a decrepit old monster of blue and grayish native stone. Around it, like a group of ill-favored, ill-begotten children, clamoring to be fed, crowd the black, sodden, dejected little structures where the operatives live. The mongrel population of The Holler has absorbed the dejection of its surroundings. It has its philosophy of life, however, and it dedicates the end of the week to the worship of the goddess of freedom. Saturday night in The Holler is apt to hold over through Sunday.

The Old Mill has been ailing for a quarter century. Ever since they laid the railroad tracks five miles away it has gradually declined, until now it has reached the last halting stages of a lean and anxious old age. Occasionally it is shut down for lack of orders; occasionally its old vital organs refuse to work, and it is stopped two or three days for the tying up of the loose ends, during which time the language of the superintendent and proprietor—who are one—exceeds belief. Then the old machine goes flopping and clanking on again for another period. The way that machinery has been darned and stitched together would fill the mind of a really first-class machinist with a great awe. As for the engine which runs the thing, it has a certain value as a curiosity. And so, for that matter, has its engineer.

If you go down into the black hole which faces on the road, in the basement of the mill, you will reach first a narrow passage-way; then, to the right of this, you will come to the joint boiler and engine room, where you will discover Pat Foley. He will appear sitting cross-legged on his shoe-box by the engine—a little, grimy, streaked man, with a dirty old stub of a clay pipe fixed, bowl downward, in his teeth. Beside him

you will find Tom Donelan, the fireman. If he is propitious, Pat will give you the greasy armchair intended for his own consumption, but never used by him. You must then ask him for the story of his succession to the throne; it is worth hearing. He told it to me sometime last spring. Tom Donelan put me on the track when Pat had stepped out of the room.

"Ask the old man about him and Hoonter," he said.

"Who's Hunter?" I asked.

"Oh, he's the man before Pat."

Then Pat came back again.

"Well, Pat," I asked, "how is she today?" "She," according to the language of her operator, is the antique engine.

"Just look at her now," said Pat, "the decateful old crature; calm and swate and peaceful as an unhatched egg. Who'd belave what a low, dirty, ramshus, contrary old baste she is, and me after havin' spint me whole blissed mornin' drivin' her to her duty."

He settled down on his shoe-box, and shook his dirty fist at her.

"They tell me you've had some lively times with her," I continued, angling.

"How about that?"

"Correct, I have," said Pat, puffing away to light his pipe again. "Cursed be the moind that consaved her and the hand that laid her down. She niver yet was set to rights. 'Twas some little dry-goods clerk that made her, and no true machanist."

"Were you ever afraid of her?" I asked.

"No, I was not," said Pat.

"Thot toime with Hoonter, ye was," interrupted Tom.

"Will thin, wance I was, and wance only."

And so we had him hooked.

"Ye've seen thim writin's of his along the wall, mony a toime, no doubt," said Pat, waving comprehensively behind him with his pipe.

I got up, and stepped to where he indi-

cated. There along the wall, almost obliterated beneath a coat of grime, appeared crude representations of a herd of outlandish animals. Between and around them was a confusion of now unintelligible words and figures.

"No," I said, "I never did. What are they?"

"They're Hoonter's," said Pat; "his 'hand-writin's on the wall,' he called 'em."

"They're almost gone," I said.

"True," said Pat, settling down. "Four years it is already, four years this blissed month, since Jim Hoonter was took. Ah me, how the toime goes! 'Tis not four weeks it sames. I can see him now, sor, sitting where you sit and radin' from the Book. Ye niver see Jim Hoonter, did ye, sor? No? Thin you missed the seein' of a most peculiar man. A most unusual man he was, was he not, Tom?"

"He was," said Tom, with great solemnity.



"Oh," says she, turnin' her eyes . . . how wonderful . . . "

"A most unusual man. Big as an eliphunt he was. Not soft-loike, but bristlin' all over his anatomy with bones. He had a chist on him loike thim boilers. Six feet three he stud, and his big white beard trailin' down to his waist—a foine old figger of a mon, for all the world loike the pictures of Moses and the blissed patriarchs. A loikely lad he must have been thot any woman might be proud of, but niver a woman had he looked at. 'They fright me, Pat,' says he. A quare-spakin' mon he was. 'Me only swateheart is this old machine,' says he, pointin' to the Old Girl, which was right; he was the greatest frind she iver had—the ungrateful old baste.

"A good feller was old Jim Hoonter, and a good frind. Thirteen year him and me lived together in affecshun that would put mony a bridal couple on their honeymoon to shame. Thin come the rayptile into Paradise in the form of a woman. Five years ago she come, and whin I learned it first I was near paralyzed. Siveral toimes I found Jim Hoonter gone to town at noight, and after a toime I asks him where he'd been.

"'It's called into town I've been,' says he, 'for social discourse.'

"'It's a woman,' says I.

"'A woman,' says he, 'nather more nor liss, but there are others as will.'

"'Oh, you old rascal,' says I. 'A noice toime this is to break down the raysolushuns of a loifetoime.'

"Thin, a little after, she come in from town to visit him. A dirty, misformed, unwomanly thing she was, loike a big slouchy rag doll, with a sour, yellow face.

"'Oh,' says she, turnin' her eyes up whin she looks at the Old Girl here, 'how wonderful are the works of the Lord!'

"'What is thot to do with it,' says I to meself. 'Madam,' says I aloud to her, 'she was made in Schenectady, New York.'

"'Who is the famale,' says I to Jim Hoonter whin she'd gone away.

"'She's no famale,' says Jim Hoonter, 'she's a woman of God.'



"Look at her, . . . the decateful old crature."

"'Thin her face is not her loicinsie,' says I.

"'She's opened the Scriptures to me,' says Jim.

"And thot she had in a most peculiar way. For a year thin Jim Hoonter did nothin' but rade the Book, sittin' where you sit now, sor, and get thot woman to point out what it mint. Thin he took to makin' thim pictures of strange bastes along the wall, as you see. And thin he fagured along side of thim. No mathematical jaynus he was, and it come hard for him to fagure; but fagure he did noight and day, mutterin' to himself.

"And why don't you think on these things?' says he to me.

"'I lave it to thim better able,' says I.

"'You're a poor lost follower of the Babylonian woman,' says he, manin' the Holy Church of Rome.

"'Oh, out with ye,' says I, 'with your flyin' goats and your five-tailed rats and all your other bad drames. If I don't question your chice of women, you might have the dacency to lave moine alone.'

"And so we passed along, gettin' cowlder and cowlder, spakin' little, but lookin' a great dale, till four years ago this month came along.

"One mornin' I found him lookin' at me unusual—more fond loike than for mony a day. 'Pat,' says he, 'you poor lost soul, won't you listen to me and prepare?'

"'For what?' says I.

"'The ind is at hand.'

"'What ind?' says I.

"'The ind of the world,' says he.

"'Whin is it schedooled?' says I.

"'A wake from nixt Thursday, at noon,' says he. 'It was revealed to me.'

"'Oh, was it?' says I.

"'It was,' says

he solemn loike, 'and there are others also who know the appointed toime.'

"'Do they?' says I. 'I'll bet you a month's wages, to be paid in hiven or hill, as may be, thot Thursday'll see none of your bloody foolishness, nor yet a wake from Thursday. And now,' says I, 'shut up; you make me mad.'

"That spache of moine turned Jim Hoonter aginst me to the ind. And thin I, loike the fool I was, shut me mouth about the whole blissed thing and goes about me business.

"Thursday mornin' come—cowl'd and black and lowry—a more disraputable day I niver care to see. Whin I come into the engine-room, there was Jim Hoonter before me—white and solemn loike, but most tremenjously excited—walkin' back and forth and mutterin' to himself.

"'Tis come,' says he, 'tis come, the great day of the faste.'

"'Tis a dirty day they took,' says I. Thin nothin' more was said, and I turned me to me work. A dirty day it was, sor, with a low, clutterin', most obnoxious draught, and

for two hours thin I most broke me back buildin' up a most gorgeous foire to pacify the Old Girl here and make her do her work loike a dacent, respectable machine—as I've done for her mony a toime before and since. 'Twas near to tin o'clock whin I set me down again. Manewhoile old Jim Hoonter had set back where you're sittin' now, sor, porin' at his Book.

"At tin o'clock, Jim Hoonter steps over to me where I was sittin' on me box. 'Pat,' says he, 'you must lave me soon.'

"'How's thot?' says I.

"'The hour is at hand,' says old Hoonter, 'and much as I fale for you, Pat,' says he, 'twill not do for me to be found by the angel in your company, you poor benighted slave of the Babylonian woman.'

"'Why don't you go yourself,' says I; 'this is no place for resavin' angels. I'll take care of the Old Girl.'

"'Niver, Pat,' says he. 'Where should they look for me but here, where I've been these thirty years? No, you'll go yourself.'



"'She's no female.'"



“‘Niver,’ says I, ‘not wan step.’ And thin for a little while he dropped it.

“‘At half-past tin it was, or near elivin, when he come at me again. ‘Are you goin’?’ says he, throwin’ wide the door.

“‘Not I,’ says I.

“‘You must,’ says he.

“‘‘Twill take mony an insult to droive me from this place.’

“‘With thot he took me by me showlders and pitched me outside—I was no more than a poor mouthful for him—and the first thing I knew I was batterin’ with both me fists against the outside of the door, shut and fastened in me face. ‘Lit me in,’ says I, shoutin’ at the top of me voice.

“‘Twas silent as the grave. Thin I nearly broke me showlder up against it, till I happened to think how it was fastened. Thin I stopped. Somebody’d put an iron bar across the whole of it—hiven knows whin nor why—and it fell in a big iron slot loike at the ind. You moight better buck against the foundations of the world.

“‘Me passion bein’ knocked out of me, I took toime to think. It came across me all at wance. There was a ragin’ foire in there, and the water was way down in the boiler. I was just gone to tind to it whin he shoved me out. Would he lit up on it whin ’twas toime? ’Twas nearly thot already, and no one could tell what the old thing would do if he didn’t tind to her. Thin I tried me powers of persuashun. ‘Jim,’ says I. Niver a word.

“‘Jim, me boy,’ says I, ‘listen to me. Maybe it’ll be at noon-toime. You know bist, but for the love of Hiven take care of the Old Girl till twilve o’clock.’

“‘Thin I listened, but niver a word. I

wint around, and looked in at the winder. There he stood before the boilers, radin’, as if I’d niver spoke. I didn’t wait a minute longer, but run straight up to the boss.



“... Down they come, tumblin’ out hid frst. ...”

“‘For mercy’s sake, sor,’ says I, ‘come along down and tind to Jim Hoonter.’

“‘What’s this?’ says the boss.

“‘It’s Jim Hoonter,’ says I. ‘He thinks the world is comin’ to an ind at the noon whistle. And he’s locked himself in down there, and he’s runnin’ her wide open as this door,’ says I.

“‘The boss wint down the stairs two steps at a toime, and began poundin’ at the door. His language was outrageous. But not a word says Hoonter.

“‘Plase, sor,’ says I, ‘try bein’ more gintle and quiet loike with him, if I may make a suggestion.’



"Come now, Hoonter," says the boss, lowerin' his voice, 'he raysonable; come out of there.'

"Depart," says Hoonter in a solemn voice. 'You're disturbin' the spirit.'

"But the boiler," says the boss.

"Niver fear," says Hoonter, 'that boiler will last till the appointed toime.' And niver a syllable more could he git out of him.

"There's some comfort in thot," says I. 'We've got till twilve ony way. 'Tis he knows the Old Girl most thorough and ivery pound she can stand.'

"Thin, all at wance, some bloody idjut got word to the hands upstairs thot the boiler was goin' to bust, and down they come, tumblin' out hid first and droppin' iverything just where it was. The women wint out in a boonch under the big tree across the road, and the min and byes come over as close to us as they dared.

"It was elivin, half-past elivin o'clock, and nothin' done. All of a suddin there came a little whistlin', mutterin' noise inside.

"What's thot?" says the boss.

"'Tis the safety-valve," says I. Thin mony of the more cautious and timperate moves away, and the boss wint to kickin' the door and hollerin' frantic. But niver a word.

"Lit's go roun'," says I, 'to the front winder.'

"Whin we come out, there was a crowd of small byes outside on the little ilivation beyond the winder, dancin' up and down, and throwin' small pibbles at the panes and hollerin', 'Whiskers! Whiskers! Whiskers!' fit to raise the did.

"And just as we stook our hids out the door, a big hunk of coal come a-flyin' out, and old Jim Hoonter was yillin', 'Depart from here, children of Belial.'

"Git out of here, you little rats," says the boss, and more to it; his language was tirrable.

"But they'd done their part; they'd got him wild and excited. There he was inside, walkin' about stately loike in the white steam from the boiler, loike a poor domned, sufferin' ghost in hill.

"Lit's climb in here," says the boss, makin' a move to go in at the winder.

"Hold on, sor," says I, grabbin' him.

"Old Jim Hoonter come over across the room, and set himself back in thot little alcove loike by the winder. He was draggin' an ax after him.

"Lit's come back and talk it over," says I.

"It was quarter to twilve, and the interest was tremenjous. It had begun rainin' a little, and the women were huddled together loike shape in a close boonch under the big tree, sobbin' some, and whisperin' to one another. Some of the men stood back by thim and some nearer us. 'Twas pretty still, only for the whistlin' of the safety-valve, and the noise of the old mill upstairs goin' floppin' and slappin' along by itself, where they'd gone off without shuttin' off the machinery.

"We'll push in the door," says the boss.

"Niver," says I; 'you can't break it in in an hour in thot little intry.'

"There's the back door," says he.

"Thot's the same; only worse," says I, 'bein' a smaller door.'

"Thin," says he, 'we'll get him by goin' in the winder.'

"Now, the winder stands up above the ground, as you see, sor, as high as a man's chin. You'd have to go scramblin' up loike a cat in a cellar. 'It would be loike smashin' eggs for him," says I.

"Thin the boss lit loose. 'You dirty, low, blackguardly cowards,' says he to the min, 'what are ye standin' there gapin' for? I'll till you wan thing,' says he, yellin', 'they ain't wan cent's worth of insurance on her, and whin wance she goes up, your livin' goes with her, for she won't niver be built up agin.'

"Nobody says wan word.

"What'll we do," says the boss, 'what'll we do?'

"There's only wan thing I know of," says I. 'Lit a small man crawl down the man-hole where they put in the coal and open the bar in the door.'

"Oh, yis," says ivery wan at wance, 'thot's it.'

"'Twill be very dangerous," says I, 'gittin' over back of him without his seein' you.'

"Better wan man loose his loife," says Tim Moynihan, 'than the whole of us starve to dith.'

"Thin you'll go," says I.

"Oh," says Tim, stippin' back, 'only think of me poor family.'

"You go," says a young Frinch feller to me.

"Go yourself," says I, 'you're a single mon.'

"Well," says he, 'if I'd got us all into

trouble the way you have, I'd go pretty quick,' says he.

"'You're a brave mon,' says I.

"Thin the whole of thim took it up against me. 'Yis,' says Tim Moynihan, 'you're the mon; you ought to go. You know the way, too.'

"'Yis, yis,' says the rist of them.

"'You're mighty willin',' says I, 'for me to go in there and git split up from ind to ind loike an oyster.'

"But still they kipt comin' at me. Thin the blood of me ancestors rose up within me. 'I'm not so robustious as mony of you, but I'm not the coward nayther,' says I. 'Will ye come in the door if I open it?'

"'We will,' says they.

"'Lit me down,' I says; 'I'll go.'

"Thin they opened the manhole soft loike, and lit me down, a part of thim hollerin' fit to split themselves to draw Jim Hoonter's attenshun to the winder, and the rist goin' around with the boss to the door to jump in whin I pulled the bar.

"'Twas foive minutes to twilve that April day whin I had the expayrience of me loife, thot will make goin' down into hill—if iver I must go—loike a coostomary journey to me. 'Twas all dark and steamy below, so thot you couldn't see a thing outside the coal-bin, and the Old Girl lay there scramin' through her safety-valve, and gettin' ready to jump, for the world loike a big grass-hopper—for hiven only knows where ayther of the craytures will go to whin they start. Thin across there somewhere was old Jim Hoonter, with his ax, manin' to be alone by the noon-toime, and intindin' to be, no matter what the consayquences.

"Whin I struck down on the coal, it wint slippin' down in the bin in spoite of all I could do. Of all the thunderin' noises I iver heard, sor, 'twas the very worst. But

they was howlin' outside, and batin' on the winders with their sticks, and he niver heard it. Whin I seen this, I crawled down loike a cat, and wint sloidin' across the floor on me billy. I was only half-way across whin he see me, for it wasn't so dark in there as in the coal bin. Thin I jumped, and he jumped. Loocky for me, whin he started he dropped his ax. I rached the door just wan half second first and jerked up on the bar. Thin he grabbed me from behoid, and nearly crushed the loife out of me bones. I was no more than a fly to him. Till thin not wan word was said. But thin I thought 'twas all up with me.

"'Push,' cries I, 'for the love of God, push!'

"Thin I remimber no more beyond a crush, and a fiendish noise, and min rollin' round the floor before me loike tin thousand cats a-foightin'. They smashed me lig in two whin they come in, and I'd gone sinseless."

Without breaking the flow of his narrative, Pat now picked up the pipe he had long before laid on the box beside him. "But whin I come to, 'twas meself was the engineer, for there was nought left of poor Jim Hoonter but a ravin' lunatic."

He stopped, and rapped the ashes out of his pipe against the side of the box; but at the same time he gave me a solemn nod that intimated that his peroration was yet to come. The pipe emptied, he spoke: "Faith, if he war ruined by one woman, at layst he war rid of herself there foriver, and it's me that's had to be puttin' up with her, and coaxin' her, and dhrivin' her iver since, the onchristian schemer that she is! But for all and for all"—he began refilling the pipe—"she's niver got the upper hand of me, nor put the fright on me, but thot wance, and wance only!"



## LINCOLN AND THE SOLDIERS.

BY IDA M. TARBELL.

Author of "The Early Life of Lincoln."



**W**HEN one recalls the eagerness with which men rushed into arms at the opening of the Civil War, it seems as if President Lincoln should never have had anxiety about filling the ranks of the army. For the first year, indeed, it gave him little concern. So promptly were the calls of 1861 answered that in the spring of 1862 an army of 637,126 men was in service. It was believed that with this force the war could be ended, and in April recruiting was stopped. It was a grave mistake. Before the end of May, the losses and discouragements of the Peninsular Campaign made it necessary to reinforce the Army of the Potomac. More men were needed, in fact, all along the line. Lincoln saw that, rather than an army of 600,000 men, he should have one of a million, and, July 2d, he issued a call for 300,000 men for three years, and August 4th an order was issued for a draft of 300,000 more for nine months.

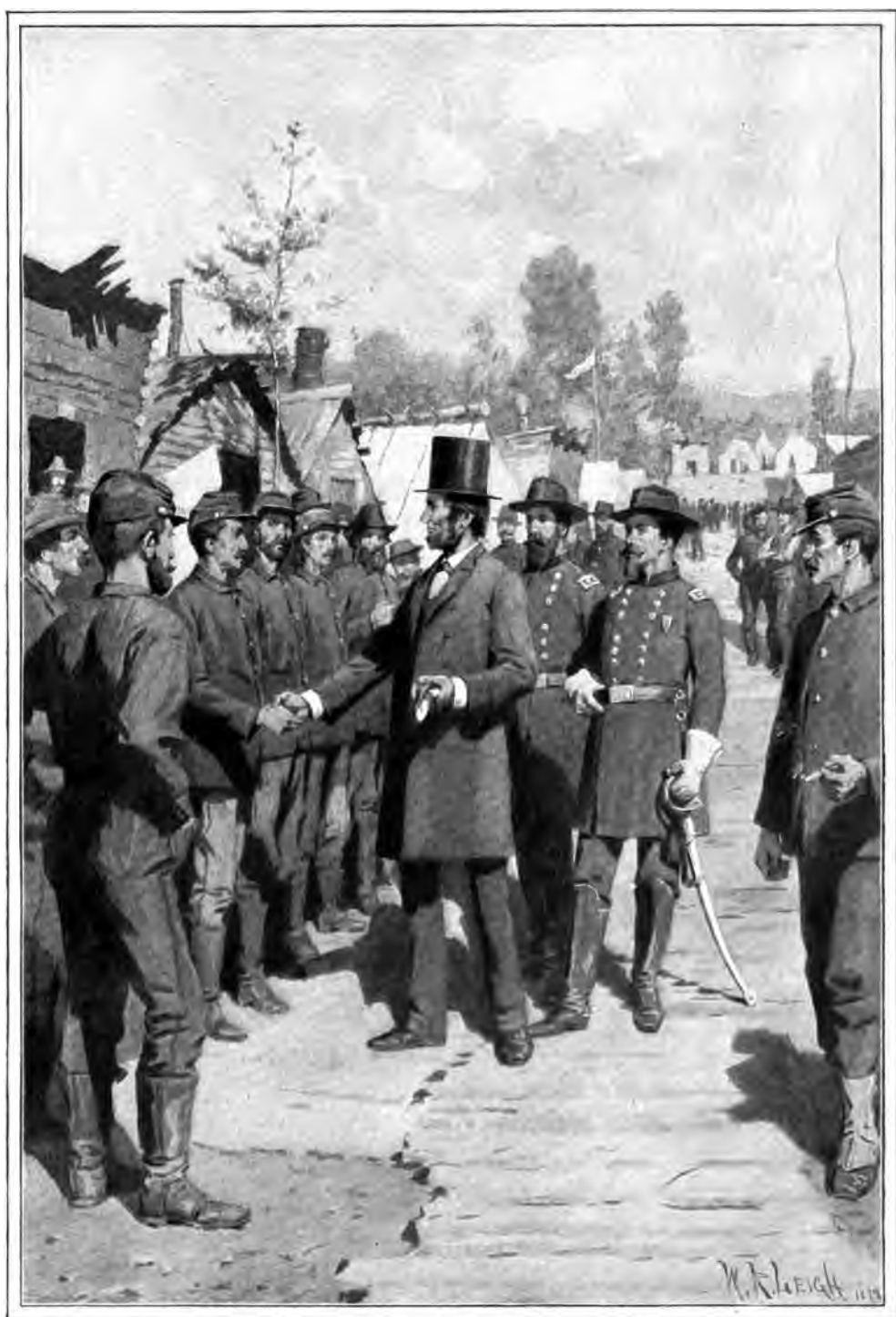
By the end of 1862, nearly one and a half million men had been enrolled in the army. Nevertheless, the "strength of the army" at that time was counted at but 918,000. What had become of the half million and more? Nearly 100,000 of them had been killed or totally disabled on the battlefield; 200,000 more, perhaps, had fallen out in the seasoning process. Passed by careless medical examiners, the first five-mile march, the first week of camp life, had brought out in many some physical weakness which made soldiering out of the question. The rest of the loss was in three-months', six-months', or nine-months' men. They had enlisted for these short periods, and their terms up, they had left the army.

Moreover, the President had learned by this time that, even when the Secretary of War told him that the "strength of the army" was 918,000, it did not by any means follow that there were that number of men present for duty. Experience had taught

him that about one-fourth of the reputed "strength" must be allowed for shrinkage; that is, for men in hospitals, men on furloughs, men who had deserted. He had learned that this enormous wastage went on steadily. It followed that, if the army was to be kept up to the million-men mark, recruiting must be as steady as, and in proportion to, the shrinkage.

Recruiting, so easy at the beginning of the war, had become by 1862 quite a different matter. Enthusiasm, love of adventure, patriotism could no longer be counted on to fill the ranks. It was plain to the President that hereafter, if he was to have the men he needed, military service must be compulsory. Nothing could have been devised which would have created a louder uproar in the North than the suggestion of a draft. All through the winter of 1862-63, Congress wrangled over the bill ordering it, much of the press in the meantime denouncing it as "despotic" and "contrary to American institutions." The bill passed, however, and the President signed it in March, 1863. At once there was put into operation a huge new military machine, the Bureau of the Provost-Marshal-General, which had for its business the enrolment of all the men in the United States whom the new law considered capable of bearing arms and of drafting enough of them to fill up the quota assigned to each State. This bureau was also to look after deserters.

A whole series of new problems was thrust on the President when the Bureau of the Provost-Marshal came into being. The quotas assigned the States led to endless disputes between the governors and the War Department; the drafts caused riots; an inferior kind of soldier was obtained by drafting, and deserters increased. Lincoln shirked none of these new cares. He was determined that the efficiency of the war engine should be kept up, and nobody in the government studied more closely how this was to be done, or insisted more vigorously on the full execution of the law. In assigning the quotas to the different States,



LINCOLN IN CAMP—"THEY NEVER FORGOT HIS FRIENDLY HAND-CLASP, HIS HEARTY 'GOD BLESS YOU.'"



certain credits were made of men who had enlisted previously. Many disputes arose over the credits and assignments, some of them most perplexing. Ultimately most of these reached the President. The draft bore heavily on districts where the percentage of death among the first volunteers had been large, and often urgent pleas were made to the President to release a city or county from the quota assigned. The late Joseph Medill, the editor of the Chicago "Tribune," once told me how he and certain leading citizens of Chicago went to Lincoln to ask that the quota of Cook County be reduced.

"In 1864, when the call for extra troops came, Chicago revolted," said Mr. Medill. "She had already sent 22,000 men up to that time, and was drained. When the new call came, there were no young men to go—no aliens except what were bought. The citizens held a mass meeting, and appointed three persons, of whom I was one, to go to Washington and ask Stanton to give Cook County a new enrolment. I begged off; but the committee insisted, so I went. On reaching Washington, we went to Stanton with our statement. He refused entirely to give us the desired aid. Then we went to Lincoln. 'I cannot do it,' he said, 'but I will go with you to Stanton and hear the arguments of both sides.' So we all went over to the War Department together. Stanton and General Fry were there, and they, of course, contended that the quota should not be changed. The argument went on for some time, and finally was referred to Lincoln, who had been sitting silently listening. I shall never forget how he suddenly lifted his head and turned on us a black and frowning face.

"'Gentlemen,' he said, in a voice full of bitterness, 'after Boston, Chicago has been the chief instrument in bringing this war on the country. The Northwest has opposed the South as New England has opposed the South. It is you who are largely responsible for making blood flow as it has. You called for war until we had it. You called for Emancipation, and I have given it to you. Whatever you have asked you have had. Now you come here begging to be let off from the call for men which I have made to carry out the war you have demanded. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. I have a right to expect better things of you. Go home, and raise your 6,000 extra men. And

you, Medill, you are acting like a coward. You and your 'Tribune' have had more influence than any paper in the Northwest in making this war. You can influence great masses, and yet you cry to be spared at a moment when your cause is suffering. Go home and send us those men.'

"I couldn't say anything. It was the first time I ever was whipped, and I didn't have an answer. We all got up and went out, and when the door closed, one of my colleagues said: 'Well, gentlemen, the old man is right. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves. Let us never say anything about this, but go home and raise the men.' And we did—6,000 men—making 28,000 in the war from a city of 156,000. But there might have been a crape on every door almost in Chicago, for every family had lost a son or a husband. I lost two brothers. It was hard for the mothers."\*

#### MAKING FRIENDS WITH THE MEN IN CAMP.

Severe as Lincoln could be with any disposition to shirk what he considered a just and necessary demand, strenuously as he insisted that the ranks must be kept full, he never came to regard the army as a mere machine, never forgot the individual man who made it up. Indeed, he was the one man in the government who, from first to last, was big enough to use both his head and his heart. From the outset, he was the personal friend of every soldier he sent to the front, and somehow every man seemed to know it. No doubt, it was on Lincoln's visits to the camps around Washington, in the early days of the war, that the body of the soldiers got this idea. They never forgot his friendly hand-clasp, his hearty "God bless you," his remonstrance against the youth of some fifteen-year old boy masquerading as twenty, his jocular remarks about the height of some soldier towering above his own six feet four. When, later, he visited the Army of the Potomac on the Rap-

\*These notes were made immediately after an interview given me by Mr. Medill in June, 1865. They were to be corrected before publication, but Mr. Medill's death occurred in March, before this article was in type, so that the account was never seen by him.  
I. M. T.



“MR. LINCOLN TOOK THE PAPERS FROM THE HANDS OF THE CRIPPLED SOLDIER, AND SAT DOWN WITH HIM AT THE FOOT OF A CONVENIENT TREE.



SUMMER COTTAGE OCCUPIED BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT THE SOLDIERS' HOME, WASHINGTON.

pahannock and at Antietam, these impressions of his interest in the personal welfare of the soldiers were renewed. He walked down the long lines of tents or huts, noting the attempts at decoration, the housekeeping conveniences, replying by smiles and nods and sometimes with words to the greetings, rough and hearty, which he received. He inquired into every phase of camp life, and the men knew it, and said to one another, "He cares for us; he makes us fight, but he cares."

Reports of scores of cases where he interfered personally to secure some favor or right for a soldier found their way to the army and gave solid foundation to this impression that he was the soldier's friend. From the time of the arrival of the first troops in Washington, in April, 1861, the town was full of men, all of them wanting to see the President. At first they were gay and curious merely, their requests trivial; but later, when the army had settled down to steady fighting, and Bull Run and the Peninsula and Antietam and Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville had cut and scarred and aged the army, the soldiers who haunted Washington were changed. They stumped

about on crutches. They sat pale and thin in the parks, empty sleeves pinned to their breasts; they came to the White House begging for furloughs to see dying parents, for dismissal to support a suffering family. No man will ever know how many of these soldiers Abraham Lincoln helped. Little cards are constantly turning up in different parts of the country, treasured by private soldiers, on which he had written some brief note to a proper authority, intended to help a man out of a difficulty. Here is one:

*Sec of War, please see  
this Pittsburgh boy -  
He is very young, and  
I shall be satisfied with  
whatever you do with him  
Aug. 21. 1863. Minick*

SECRETARY OF WAR.—Please see the Pittsburgh boy. He is very young, and I shall be satisfied with whatever you do with him.

A. LINCOLN.

August 21, 1863.



The "Pittsburgh boy" had enlisted at seventeen. He had been ill with a long fever. He wanted a furlough, and with a curious trust that anything could be done if he could only get to the President, he had slipped into the White House, and by chance met Lincoln, who listened to his story and gave him this note.\*

Many applications reached Lincoln as he passed to and from the White House and the War Department. It was, no doubt, as he crossed the park that he saw the "colored man with one leg" designated in the check shown in facsimile on page 158, and after listening to his story, gave him the money to help him out of his trouble.

Mr. A. W. Swan of Albuquerque, New Mexico, relates a pleasing incident that fell under his own eye between Lincoln and a soldier in this same path between the White House and the War Department:

"In company with a gentleman, I was on the way to the War Department one day. Our way led through a small park between the White House and the War Department building. As we entered this park we noticed Mr. Lincoln just ahead of us, and meeting him a private soldier who was evidently in a violent passion, as he was swearing in a high key, cursing the Government from the President down. Mr. Lincoln paused as he met the irate soldier, and asked him what was the matter. 'Matter enough,' was the reply. 'I want my money. I have been discharged here, and can't get my pay.' Mr. Lincoln asked if he had his papers, saying that he used to practise law in a small way and possibly could help him. My friend and I stepped behind some convenient shrubbery where we could watch the result. Mr. Lincoln took the papers from the hands of the crippled soldier, and sat down with him at the foot of a convenient tree, where he examined them carefully, and writing a line on the back, told the soldier to take them to Mr. Potts, Chief Clerk of the War Department, who would doubtless attend to the matter at once. After Mr. Lincoln had left the soldier, we stepped out and asked him if he knew whom he had been talking with. 'Some ugly old fellow who pretends to be a lawyer,' was the reply. My companion asked to see the papers, and on their being handed to him, pointed to the endorsement they had received. This indorsement read: 'Mr. Potts, attend to this man's case at once and see that he gets his pay. A. L.' The initials were too familiar with men in position to know them to be ignored. We went with the soldier, who had just returned from Libby Prison and had been given a hospital certificate for discharge, to see Mr. Potts, and before the Paymaster's office was closed for the day, he had received his discharge and check for the money due him, he in the meantime not knowing whether to be the more pleased or sorry to think he had cursed 'Abe Lincoln' to his face."

It was not alone the soldier to whom the President listened; it was also to his wife, his mother, his daughter.

\*The "Pittsburgh boy" is still living, at Washington, Pennsylvania. His name is W. B. Post, and it is to his courtesy that we owe the facsimile of the note.

"I remember one morning," says Mr. A. B. Chandler, "his coming into my office with a distressed expression on his face and saying to Major Eckert, 'Eckert, who is that woman crying out in the hall? What is the matter with her?' Eckert said he did not know, but would go and find out. He came back soon, and said that it was a woman who had come a long distance expecting to go down to the army to see her husband, that she had some very important matters to consult him about. An order had gone out a short time before to allow no women in the army, except in special cases. She was bitterly disappointed, and was crying over it. Mr. Lincoln sat moodily for a moment after hearing this story, and suddenly looking up, said, 'Let's send her down. You write the order, Major.' Major Eckert hesitated a moment, and said, 'Would it not be better for Colonel Hardie to write the order?' 'Yes,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'that is better; let Hardie write it.' The major went out, and soon returned, saying, 'Mr. President, would it not be better in this case to let the woman's husband come to Washington?' Mr. Lincoln's face lighted up with pleasure. 'Yes, yes,' he said; 'let's bring him up.' The order was written, and the woman was told that her husband would come to Washington. This done, her sorrows seemed lifted from Mr. Lincoln's heart, and he sat down to his yellow tissue telegrams with a serene face."

The futility of trying to help all the soldiers who found their way to him must have come often to Lincoln's mind. "Now, my man, go away, go away," General Fry overheard him say one day to a soldier who was pleading for the President's interference in his behalf; "I cannot meddle in your case. I could as easily bail out the Potomac with a teaspoon as attend to all the details of the army."

#### LINCOLN AND COMPANY K.

The President's relations with individual soldiers were, of course, transient. Washington was for the great body of soldiers, whatever their condition, only a half-way house between North and South. The only body of soldiers with which the President had long association was Company K of the 150th Pennsylvania Volunteers. This company, raised in Crawford County, in northwestern Pennsylvania, reached Washington in the first days of September, 1862. September 6th, Captain D. V. Derickson of Meadville, Pennsylvania, who was in command of the company, received orders to march his men to the Soldiers' Home, to act there as a guard to the President, who was occupying a cottage in the grounds.

"The next morning after our arrival," says Mr. Derickson, "the President sent a messenger to my quarters, stating that he would like to see the captain of the guard at his residence. I immediately reported. After an informal introduction and handshaking, he asked me if I would have any objection to riding with him to the city. I replied that it would give me much pleasure to do so, when he invited me to



take a seat in the carriage. On our way to the city, he made numerous inquiries, as to my name, where I came from, what regiment I belonged to, etc. . . .

"When we entered the city, Mr. Lincoln said he would call at General Halleck's headquarters and get what news had been received from the army during the night. I informed him that General Cullum, chief aid to General Halleck, was raised in Meadville and that I knew him when I was a boy. He replied, 'Then we must see both the gentlemen.' When the carriage stopped, he requested me to remain seated, and said he would bring the gentlemen down to see me, the office being on the second floor. In a short time the President came down, followed by the other gentlemen. When he introduced them to me, General Cullum recognized and seemed pleased to see me. In General Halleck I thought I discovered a kind of quizzical look, as much as to say, 'Isn't this rather a big joke to ask the Commander-in-chief of the Army down to the street to be introduced to a country captain?'

"Supposing that the invitation to ride to the city with the President was as much to give him an opportunity to look over and interview the new captain as for any other purpose, I did not report the next morning. During the day I was informed that it was the desire of the President that I should breakfast with him and accompany him to the White House every morning, and return with him in the evening. This duty I entered upon with much pleasure, and was on hand in good time next morning; and I continued to perform this duty until we moved to the White House in November. It was Mr. Lincoln's custom, on account of the pressure of business, to breakfast before the other members of the family were up; and I usually entered his room at half-past six or seven o'clock in the morning, where I often found him reading the Bible or some work on the art of war. On my entering, he would read aloud and offer comments of his own as he read.

"I usually went down to the city at four o'clock and returned with the President at five. He often carried a small portfolio containing papers relating to the business of the day, and spent many hours on them in the evening. . . . I found Mr. Lincoln to be one of the most kind-hearted and pleasant gentlemen that I had ever met. He never spoke unkindly of any one, and always spoke of the rebels as 'those Southern gentlemen.'"

This kindly relation begun with the captain, the President extended to every man of his company. It was their pride that he knew every one of them by name. "He always called me Joe," I heard a veteran of the guard say, a quaver in his voice. He never passed the men on duty without acknowledging their salute, and often visited their camp. Once in passing when the men were at mess, he called out, "That coffee smells good, boys; give me a cup." And on another occasion he asked for a plate of beans, and sat down on a camp-stool and ate them. Mrs. Lincoln frequently visited the company with the President, and many and many a gift to the White House larder from enthusiastic supporters of the Admin-

istration was sent to the boys—now a barrel of apple butter, now a quarter of beef. On holidays, Mrs. Lincoln made it a rule to provide Company K with a turkey dinner.

Late in the fall of 1862, an attempt was made to depose the company. Every member of the guard now living can quote verbatim the note which the President wrote settling the matter:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,  
November 1, 1862.

To Whom it May Concern: Captain Derickson, with his company, has been for some time keeping guard at my residence, now at the Soldiers' Retreat. He and his company are very agreeable to me, and while it is deemed proper for any guard to remain, none would be more satisfactory than Captain Derickson and his company.

A. LINCOLN.

The welfare of the men, their troubles, escapades, amusements, were treated by the President as a kind of family matter. He never forgot to ask after the sick, often secured a pass or a furlough for some one, and took genuine delight in the camp fun.

"While we were in camp at the Soldiers' Home in the fall of 1862," says Mr. C. M. Derickson of Mercer, Pennsylvania, "the boys indulged in various kinds of amusement. I think it was the Kepler boys who introduced the trained elephant. Two men of about the same size, both in a stooped position, were placed one ahead of the other. An army blanket was then thrown over them so that it came about to their knees, and a trunk, improvised by wrapping a piece of a blanket around a small elastic piece of wood, was placed in the hands of the front man. Here you have your elephant. Ours was taught to get down on his knees, stand on one leg, and do various other tricks. While the elephant was going through his exercises one evening, the President strolled into camp. He was very much amused at the wonderful feats the elephant could perform, and a few evenings after he called again and brought a friend with him, and asked the captain if he would not have the elephant brought out again, as he would like to have his friend see him perform. Of course it was done, to the great amusement of both the President and his friend."

No doubt much of the President's interest in Company K was due to his son Tad. The boy was a great favorite with the men, and probably carried to his father many a tale of the camp. He considered himself, in fact, no unimportant part of the organization, for he wore a uniform, carried a lieutenant's commission, often drilled with the men or rode on his pony at their head in reviews, and much of the time messed with them. One of the odd duties which devolved upon Company K was looking after Tad's goats. These animals have been given a place in history by Lincoln himself in telegrams to Mrs. Lincoln, duly filed in the rec-

\* Major D. V. Derickson in the Centennial Edition of the Meadville "Tribune-Republican."

ords of the War Department: "Tell Tad the goats and father are very well, especially the goats," he wired one day; and again, "All well, including Tad's pony and the goats." They were privileged beings on the White House lawn, and were looked after by the company because of Tad's affection for them. They met an untimely end, being burned to death in a fire which destroyed the White House stables, February 10, 1864.\*

#### LINCOLN AND THE HOSPITALS.

The two most harrowing consequences of war, the havoc of the battlefield and the disease of camp life, from the beginning to the end of the Civil War, centered in Washington. It was the point to which every man disabled in the Army of the Potomac must come sooner or later for care or to be transferred to the North. After battles, the city seemed turned into one great hospital. For days then a long, straggling train of mutilated men poured in. They came on flat cars or open transports, piled so close together that no attendant could pass between them; protected occasionally from the cold by a blanket which had escaped with its owner, or from the sun by green boughs placed in their hands or laid over their faces. When Washington was reached, all that could be done was to lay them in long rows on the wharfs or platforms until ambulances could carry them to the hospitals. It is when one considers the numbers of wounded in the great Virginia battles that he realizes the length and awfulness of the streams which flowed into Washington. At Fredericksburg they numbered 9,600; at Chancellorsville, 9,762; in the Wilderness, 12,037; at Spottsylvania, 13,416.

In the early days of the war, Washington was so poorly supplied with hospitals that after the first battle of Bull Run churches, dwellings, and government buildings were seized to place the wounded in, and there were so few nurses that the people of Washington had to be called upon. Very rapidly little settlements of board barracks or of white army tents multiplied in the open spaces in and around the town, quarters for the sick and wounded. Nurses poured in from the North. Organizations for relief multiplied. By the end of 1862, Mr. Lincoln could scarcely drive or walk in any direction about

Washington without passing a hospital. Even in going to his summer cottage, at the Soldiers' Home, the President did not escape the sight of the wounded. The rolling hill-side was dotted with white hospital tents during the entire war. In many places the tents were placed close to the road, so as to get more air, the grounds being more thickly wooded than they are now. As he drove home, after a harrowing day in the White House, the President frequently looked from his carriage upon the very beds of wounded soldiers.

Every member of the government, whether he would or not, was obliged to give some attention to this side of the war. It became a regular feature of a congressman's life in those days to spend every Saturday or Sunday afternoon in the hospitals, visiting the wounded men from his district. He wrote their letters, brought them news, saw to their wants. If he had not done it, his constituents would have disposed of him in short order.

In the President's family the needs of the hospitals were a constant interest. Mrs. Lincoln visited them regularly, and through her many delicacies went to the inmates. Among the papers of Francis S. Corkran, formerly of Baltimore, Maryland, is the following telegram from Mr. Lincoln:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,  
WASHINGTON, *September 30, 1863.*

HON. FRANCIS S. CORKRAN,  
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

Mrs. L. is now at home and would be pleased to see you at any time. If the grape time has not passed away she would be pleased to join in the enterprise you mentioned.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.\*

The "enterprise" was simply to furnish grapes to the hospitals.

In the unpublished telegrams of the War Department is the following:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,  
WASHINGTON, *August 16, 1862.*

HON. HIRAM BARNEY,  
NEW YORK.

Mrs. L. has \$1,000 for the benefit of the hospitals, and she will be obliged, and send the pay if you will be so good as to select and send her \$200 worth of good lemons and \$100 worth of good oranges.

A. LINCOLN.

In 1862, Mr. Lincoln called Dr. D. Willard Bliss from the field to Washington, to aid in organizing a more perfect system of general hospitals in and about the city. One result of Dr. Bliss's coming was the building of

\*An unpublished telegram loaned by Mr. Clarence G. Corkran of Lutherville, Maryland.

\*These recollections of President Lincoln and the White House Guard I owe to the courtesy of Mr. M. M. Miller of Hartstown, Pennsylvania; Mr. C. M. Derickson, Mercer, Pennsylvania; and to Mr. Boyles and Mr. Dickson of Meadville, Pennsylvania.

Armory Square Hospital, one of the best conducted institutions of the Civil War. Lincoln gave his personal attention to the building of Armory Square, and for a long time met Dr. Bliss twice each week to consider the ingenious appliances which the latter devised to aid in caring for and treating the wounded. Some of these appliances the President paid for out of his own pocket. Not infrequently he had some suggestion to make for the comfort of the place. It was due to him that Armory Square became a bower of vine and bloom in the summer. "Why don't you plant flower seeds?" he asked Dr. Bliss one day. The doctor said he would if he had seeds. "I'll order them for you from the Agricultural Department," replied the President, and sure enough he did; and thereafter, all through the season, each of the long barracks had its own flower bed and vines.

The President himself visited the hospitals as often as he could, visits never forgotten by the men to whom he spoke as he passed up and down the wards, shaking hands here, giving a cheering word there, making jocular comments everywhere. There are men still living who tell of a little scene they witnessed at Armory Square in 1863. A soldier of the 140th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, had been wounded in the shoulder at the battle of Chancellorsville and taken to Washington. One day, as he was becoming convalescent, a whisper ran down the long row of cots that the President was in the building and would soon pass by. Instantly every boy in blue who was able arose, stood erect, hands to the side, ready to salute his commander-in-chief. The Pennsylvanian stood six feet seven inches in his stockings. Lincoln was six feet four. As the President approached this giant towering above him, he stopped in amazement, and casting his eyes from head to foot and from foot to head, as if contemplating the immense distance from one extremity to the other, he stood for a moment speechless. At length, extending his hand, he exclaimed, "Hello, comrade, do you know when your feet get cold?"\*

Lincoln rarely forgot a patient whom he saw a second time, and to stubborn cases that remained from month to month he gave particular attention. There was in Armory Square Hospital for a long time a boy known as "little Johnnie." He was hopelessly crippled—doomed to death, but cheerful, and a general favorite. Lincoln never failed to

stop at "little Johnnie's" when he went to Armory Square, and he faithfully sent him fruit and flowers and a friendly message through Mrs. Lincoln.

Of all the incidents told of Lincoln's hospital visits, there is nothing more characteristic, better worth preservation, than the one following, preserved by Dr. Jerome Walker of Brooklyn:

"Just one week before his assassination, President Lincoln visited the Army of the Potomac, at City Point, Virginia, and carefully examined the hospital arrangements of the Ninth, Sixth, Fifth, Second, and Sixteenth corps hospitals and of the engineer corps, there stationed. At that time I was an agent of the United States Sanitary Commission attached to the Ninth Corps Hospital. Though a boy of nineteen years, to me was assigned the duty of escorting the President through our department of the hospital system. The reader can imagine the pride with which I fulfilled the duty, and as we went from tent to tent I could not but note his gentleness, his friendly greetings to the sick and wounded, his quiet humor as he drew comparisons between himself and the very tall and very short men with whom he came in contact, and his genuine interest in the welfare of the soldiers.

"Finally, after visiting the wards occupied by our invalid and convalescing soldiers, we came to three wards occupied by sick and wounded Southern prisoners. With a feeling of patriotic duty, I said, 'Mr. President, you won't want to go in there; they are only rebels.' I will never forget how he stopped and gently laid his large hand upon my shoulder and quietly answered, 'You mean Confederates.' And I have meant Confederates ever since.

"There was nothing left for me to do after the President's remark but to go with him through these three wards; and I could not see but that he was just as kind, his hand-shakings just as hearty, his interest just as real for the welfare of the men as when he was among our own soldiers.

"As we returned to headquarters, the President urged upon me the importance of caring for them as faithfully as I should for our own sick and wounded. When I visited next day these three wards, the Southern officers and soldiers were full of praise for 'Abe' Lincoln, as they called him, and when a week afterwards the news came of the assassination, there was no truer sorrow nor greater indignation anywhere than was shown by these same Confederates."

#### LINCOLN AND THE DESERTER.

One great cause of sorrow to Lincoln throughout the war was the necessity of punishing soldiers. Not only did the men commit all the crimes common to society, like robbery and murder; they were guilty of others peculiar to military organization and war, such as desertion, sleeping on post, disobedience to orders, bounty jumping, giving information to the enemy. As the army grew larger, desertion became so common and so disastrous to efficiency that it had to be treated with great severity. Lincoln seems to have had his attention first called

\* Letter from James C. Burns, Monmouth, Illinois.

to it seriously when he visited McClellan's army in July, 1862, for he wrote to McClellan, July 13th:

*My dear Sir:* I am told that over 160,000 men have gone into your army on the Peninsula. When I was with you the other day, we made out 86,500 remaining, leaving 73,500 to be accounted for. I believe 23,500 will cover all the killed, wounded, and missing in all your battles and skirmishes, leaving 50,000 who have left otherwise. Not more than 5,000 of these have died, leaving 45,000 of your army alive and not with it. I believe half or two-thirds of them are fit for duty to-day. Have you any more perfect knowledge of this than I have? If I am right, and you had these men with you, you could go into Richmond in the next three days. How can they be got to you, and how can they be prevented from getting away in such numbers for the future?

A. LINCOLN.

About the same time, Buell reported 14,000 absentees from his army. In the winter of 1862 and 1863 it grew worse. General Hooker says that when he took charge of the Army of the Potomac in January, 1863, the desertions were at the rate of 200 a day. "I caused a return to be made of the absentees of the army," he continues, "and found the number to be 2,922 commissioned officers and 81,964 non-commissioned officers and privates. These were scattered all over the country, and the majority were absent from causes unknown."

When the Bureau of the Provost-Marshal was established in March, 1863, finding and punishing deserters became one of its duties. Much of the difficulty was due to the methods of recruiting. To stimulate volunteering for long periods, the government began in 1861 to offer bounties. The bounties offered by the government were never large, however, and were paid in installments, so that no great evil resulted from them. But later, when the quota of each State and district was fixed, and the draft instituted, State and local bounties were added to those of the government. In some places the bounties offered aggregated \$1,500, a large part of which was paid on enlistment. Immediately a new class of military criminals sprang up, "bounty-jumpers," men who enlisted, drew the bounty, deserted, and reenlisted at some other point.

The law allowed men who had been drafted to send substitutes, and a new class of speculators, known as "substitute-brokers," appeared. They did a thriving business in procuring substitutes for drafted men who, for one reason or another, did not want to go into the war. These recruits were frequently of a very poor class, and

a large percentage of them took the first chance to desert. It is said that, out of 625 recruits sent to reinforce one regiment, over forty per cent. deserted on the way. In the general report of the Provost-Marshal-General made at the close of the war, the aggregate deserting was given at 201,397.

The result of all this was that the severest penalties were enforced for desertion. The President never ceased to abhor the death penalty for this offense. While he had as little sympathy as Stanton himself with the frauds practised and never commuted the sentence of a bounty-jumper, as far as I have been able to discover, over the great number of sentences he hesitated. He seemed to see what others ignored, the causes which were behind. Many and many a man deserted in the winter of 1862-1863 because of the Emancipation Proclamation. He did not believe the President had the right to issue it, and he refused to fight. Lincoln knew, too, that the "copperhead" agitation in the North reached the army, and that hundreds of men were being urged by parents and friends hostile to the Administration to desert. His indignation never was against the boy who yielded to this influence.

"Must I shoot a simple-minded soldier boy who deserts," he said, "while I must not touch a hair of a wily agitator who induces him to desert? This is none the less injurious when effected by getting a father, or brother, or friend into a public meeting, and there working upon his feelings until he is persuaded to write the soldier boy that he is fighting in a bad cause, for a wicked administration of a contemptible government, too weak to arrest and punish him if he shall desert. I think that in such a case, to silence the agitator, and save the boy, is not only constitutional, but withal a great mercy."

Another cause he never forgot was that mortal homesickness which so often ate the very heart out of a boy away from home for the first time. It filled many a hospital cot in the Civil War, and shriveled the nerves and sapped the courage until men forgot everything but home, and fled. Lincoln seemed to see in a flash the whole army history of these cases: the boy enlisting in the thrill of perhaps his first great passion; his triumphal march to the field; the long, hard months of seasoning; the deadly longing for home overtaking him; a chance to desert taken; the capture. He could not condemn such a boy to death.

The time Lincoln gave to listening to the intercessions of friends in behalf of condemned deserters, the extent of his clemency, is graphically shown in the manuscript

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records of the War Department which refer to prisoners of war. Scores of telegrams are filed there, written out by Lincoln himself, inquiring into the reasons for an execution or suspending it entirely. These telegrams, which have never been published, furnish the documentary proof, if any is wanted, of the man's great heart, his entire willingness to give himself infinite trouble to prevent an injustice or to soften a sorrow. "Suspend execution and forward record for examination," was his usual formula for telegrams of this nature. The record would be sent, but after it was in his hands he would defer its examination from week to week. Often he telegraphed, "Suspend execution of death sentence until further orders." "But that does not pardon my boy," said a father to him once.

"My dear man," said the President, laying his hand on his shoulder, "do you suppose I will ever give orders for your boy's execution?"

In sending these orders for suspension of execution, the President frequently went himself personally to the telegraph office and watched the operator send them, so afraid was he that they might not be forwarded in time. To dozens of the orders sent over from the White House by a messenger is attached a little note signed by Mr. Lincoln, or by one of his secretaries, and directed to Major Eckert, the chief of the office: "Major Eckert, please send above despatch," or "Will you please hurry off the above? To-morrow is the day of execution." Not infrequently he repeated a telegram or sent a trailer after it inquiring, "Did you receive my despatch suspending sentence of—?"

Difficulty in tracing a prisoner or in identifying him sometimes arose. The President only took additional pains. The following telegrams are to the point:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., November 20, 1863.  
MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE,  
ARMY OF POTOMAC.

If there is a man by the name of K— under sentence to be shot, please suspend execution till further order, and send record.

A. LINCOLN.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., November 20, 1863.  
MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE,  
ARMY OF POTOMAC.

An intelligent woman in deep distress called this morning, saying her husband, a lieutenant in the Army of the Potomac, was to be shot next Monday for desertion, and putting a letter in my hand, upon which I relied for particulars, she left without mentioning a name or other particular by which to identify the case. On

opening the letter I found nothing to identify it, it seems to be Mrs. A— I cannot find her. If you have a case which probably the one intended, please forward morning to it.

ally vague, having no signature, which I could not again you think is probably despatch of this

A. LINCOLN.

In another case, where the whereabouts of a man who had been condemned were unknown, Lincoln telegraphed himself to four different military commanders, ordering suspension of the man's sentence.

The execution of very young soldiers was always hateful to him. "I am unwilling for any boy under eighteen to be shot," he telegraphed Meade in reference to one prisoner. And in suspending another sentence he gave as an excuse, "His mother says he is but seventeen." This boy he afterwards pardoned "on account of his tender age."

If a reason for pardoning was not evident, he was willing to see if one could not be found:

S— W—, private in —, writes that he is to be shot for desertion on the 6th instant. His own story is rather a bad one, and yet he tells it so frankly, that I am somewhat interested in him. Has he been a good soldier except the desertion? About how old is he?

A. LINCOLN.

Some of the deserters came very close to his own life. The son of more than one old friend was condemned for a military offense in the war, and in the telegrams is recorded Lincoln's treatment of these trying cases. In one of them the boy had enlisted in the Southern Army and had been taken a prisoner. "Please send him to me by an officer," the President telegraphed the military commander having him in charge. Four days later he telegraphed to the boy's father:

Your son — has just left me with my order to the Secretary of War to administer to him the oath of allegiance, discharge him and send him to you.

In another case, where the son of a friend was under trial for desertion, Lincoln kept himself informed of the trial, telegraphing to the general in charge, "He is the son of so close a friend that I must not let him be executed."

And yet, in spite of the evident reluctance which every telegram shows to allowing the execution of a death sentence, there are many which prove that, unless he had what he considered a good reason for suspending a sentence, he would not do it. The following telegrams are illustrative:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., November 23, 1863.  
E. P. EVANS,  
WEST UNION, ADAMS COUNTY, OHIO.

Yours to Governor Chase in behalf of J—— A. W—— is before me. Can there be a worse case than to desert, and with letters persuading others to desert? I cannot interpose without a better showing than you make. When did he desert? When did he write the letters?

A. LINCOLN.

In this case sentence was later suspended "until further orders."

EXECUTIVE MANSION,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 21, 1864.  
MAJOR-GENERAL DIX,  
NEW YORK.

Yesterday I was induced to telegraph the officer in military command at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, Massachusetts, suspending the execution of C—— C——, to be executed to-morrow for desertion. Just now, on reading your order in the case, I telegraphed the same order withdrawing the suspension, and leaving the case entirely with you. The man's friends are pressing me, but I refer them to you, intending to take no further action myself.

A. LINCOLN.

WAR DEPARTMENT,  
WASHINGTON CITY, April 25, 1864.  
MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE,  
ARMY OF POTOMAC.

A Mr. Corby brought you a note from me at the foot of a petition, I believe, in the case of D——, to be executed to-day. The record has been examined here, and it shows too strong a case for a pardon or commutation, unless there is something in the poor man's favor outside of the record, which you on the ground may know, but I do not. My note to you only means that if you know of any such thing rendering a suspension of the execution proper, on your own judgment, you are at liberty to suspend it. Otherwise I do not interfere.

A. LINCOLN.

It is curious to note how the President found time to attend to these cases even on the most anxious days of his administration. On the very day on which he telegraphed to James G. Blaine in response to the latter's

announcement that Maine had gone for the Union, "On behalf of the Union, thanks to Maine. Thanks to you personally for sending the news," he sent two telegrams suspending sentences. Such telegrams were sent on days of great battles, in the midst of victory, in the despair of defeat. Whatever he was doing, the fate of the sentenced soldier was on his heart. On Friday, which was usually chosen as execution day, he often was heard to say, "They are shooting a boy at —— to-day. I hope I have not done wrong to allow it." In spite of his frequent interference, there were 267 men executed by the United States military authorities during the Civil War. Of these, 141 were executed for desertion, and eight for desertion coupled with some other crime, such as murder. After those for desertion, the largest number of executions were for murder, sixty-seven in all. As to the manner of the executions, 187 were shot, seventy-nine hung, and in one case the offender was sent out of the world by some unknown way.

Incidents and documents like those already given, showing the care and the sympathy President Lincoln felt for the common soldier, might be multiplied indefinitely. Nothing that concerned the life of the men in the line was foreign to him. The man might have shown cowardice. The President only said, "I never felt sure but I might drop my gun and run away if I found myself in line of battle." The man might be poor and friendless. "If he has no friends, I'll be his friend," Lincoln said. The man might have deserted. "Suspend execution, send me his record," was the President's order. He was not only the Commander-in-chief of all the armies of the United States, he was the father of the army, and never did a man better deserve a title than did he the one the soldiers gave him—"Father Abraham."

## ONE VIRGINIA NIGHT.

BY KENNETH BROWN.

MOST of the wedding-guests were in the parlor. In one corner of the sitting-room were the hero and the heroine. Of what? Oh! nothing much, only of each other. The room was bare of furniture, for dancing; she sat on a footstool, clasping her hands around her knees and looking down at

him; and he sat on a music-book, for the sake of his clothes, at the heroine's feet, for the sake of her. A red-headed girl and her escort were over in the opposite corner, and she made complimentary remarks about the heroine in a stage undertone. The remarks were strictly true, but the heroine

despised" the red-headed girl, and considered them impertinent; the hero considered them superfluous.

"If she does not stop talking about me," said the heroine, "I shall go away."

"And punish me for the sins of the red-headed girl," the hero asked, "when I have been so good all the evening? This is almost the only time I have monopolized you to-night."

"Yes; but you have been rewarded by knowing that I *wanted* to talk with you, instead of the others."

"Trying to believe that, by myself, isn't over satisfactory."

"Isn't *this* satisfactory?" Her eyes had a slightly hurt look in them that was very effective.

He half-way reached his hand out to hers; then remembered the red-headed girl. "It is worth ages of being good, dear," he said softly. "It is worth so much that I shan't even tease you to do something which I know you can't, but which I *do* wish you could."

"What is that?"

"It is to drive down to the station with me when the bride goes away. I know you can't, but wouldn't it be nice?"

The heroine sat a minute thinking. "Yes, it *would* be nice," she said slowly, reflecting. "I don't suppose I *could* go."

"Oh! *can't* you?" he cried eagerly, hope springing up where he had thought there was no room for hope.

"I must go away now," she said, jumping to her feet. She turned as she reached the door. "I'll see," she called back.

He would have followed her, except that that would not have been "good," and he knew he would lose everything unless he were good. It was an unfair game; she could move swiftly away from him without attracting attention; while he could not move after her at all, though really a better walker than she. But then he had so much more to gain than she. And by practice he had become philosophic, which is a good thing if one become not so philosophic as to seem indifferent—and even that has its uses.

He went into the parlor, and danced with the bride. They were very good friends, and had his mind not been filled with the heroine, he would have regretted that so nice a girl should be married. The guests dwindled away a few at a time, except some of the more intimate friends who were going to stay until the bride went to the train at two o'clock. By and by the dancing stopped,

and some from Heller's ... and part of the ... Pa ... Sonata" which ... down on the sofa ... and the chairs, then on 100 stools, and the men on the floor. The bride nestled down at her father's feet, and leaned against his knees, arranging her dress around her in the way girls have to keep it from getting soiled, until she appeared like a fluffy nautilus.

Some listened to the music, and some talked softly of the wedding and of the bride's chances for happiness. There were those who had married and lived unhappily ever after; yet the woman who had suffered most was the most optimistic. To the hero it seemed a long time that the heroine required him to be good. He was really more unhappy than if she had not given him the hope of driving in with her; he kept telling himself that there was not the faintest chance—he was Polycrates throwing his ring into the sea.

At last she came and stood beside him. "I will come if I can," she said in a low tone; then moved a step away from him, and raising her voice spoke of other matters, for the room to hear. She asked him one or two questions without getting an answer; stopped, and looked inquiringly at him.

"You may as well go on talking for the gallery," he said; "I am paying absolutely no attention, except to what you said first; there is nothing else I care for now—if it is only true."

She moved a step nearer to him, and stooped down to examine the ferns on the mantelpiece. "Please don't look at me like that," she whispered; "it's such a—such a give-away."

He dropped his eyes to her hands nervously arranging the ferns. "I must be 'good' with my eyes, too, must I? But it isn't polite to gaze at the ceiling while talking with—now don't give the obvious retort that in that case it would be wiser not to talk."

They were standing very close together, as people who examine ferns sometimes do. She raised her eyes to his; she who could preach so well had better practice, for her soul was in her eyes, and much protestation would be needed to unsay what her eyes revealed.

She left him standing by the ferns and the candles, in front of the mantelpiece. To him it all was background to her eyes, it and the people and the lights, and further back the

music, and even the wedding ceremony itself. He felt as though he had been lost and drunk up in her eyes—as though there remained but the husk of himself, now that she was gone.

Next came the getting ready to drive to the train. Some men who had waited, half-sentimentally, to go down with the bride, bustled about cheerfully, glad of the nearer prospect of sleep. One of the girls called to know in which carriage the heroine was going, and the hero's heart stopped as he waited to hear her answer, certain that she would not dare, before them all, to say that she was going with him. But the heroine was upstairs, and the hero kept on telling himself that at the last minute something would happen to prevent.

At last she came down. There was a block of various vehicles driving up to the door, and he asked her in a low tone if she would mind walking to where his horse was tied to a tree. "He does not stand well," he explained. She went with him, disbelieving the excuse, out into the dark beneath the trees; and they drove down the winding road behind a "dayton" full of cheerful men, the horse plunging and trying to run, from his long wait in the cool air.

"It was true, you see, you boy of little faith."

"And now I can look at you in the starlight without fear and without reproach—or rather without fear of reproach."

"No, you can't. I can look at *you* in the starlight; but you, poor thing, have to be circumspect, as though there were a dozen people around, because the road is narrow and on your driving depends the unbrokenness of two very nice necks—and it's so unromantic to break a girl's neck."

They trotted swiftly along the sinuous, undulating road. On the left the dark, wooded hills rose steeply from the edge of the road, while on the right the meadow, three or four feet below them, invited an easy upset. The red Piedmont clay makes night driving an affair of keen sight, not reflecting that glimmer of light which dirt or gravel roads do. Providence has wisely given the red roads to the South, where such obstacles to social intercourse are not considered.

The heroine held the hero's left hand between hers. At times he had to snatch it suddenly away, to save them from driving over the edge of an unprotected bridge, or down into a more than usually encroaching ditch; for driving a not over-well-broken

horse with one hand requires more care than the hero was willing to give, when the heroine was beside him. The stars above them gave that light more clear and unearthly than any moonlight; and for a time the hero was content.

When they got out on the country road he no longer had to pay so much attention to the horse. He looked at her pure, starlit face beside him, and once or twice he leaned toward her till his cheek touched hers.

"Some one will see," she said gently, but not moving from him.

"Please, ma'am, how good do you think people's sight is?" he asked.

"But it is getting lighter!" she protested.

"Yes, I expect the moon is beginning to rise—I shall have to drive a little more slowly."

"O-h!" she laughed; "I wish I hadn't spoken."

A long hill was before them, and when they got to the top, they saw the waning moon just rising in the east and dimming the stars.

"And you are coming back with me, too, aren't you?" he asked when they were half-way to town.

"Why are you never content?" she reproached him. "When you have something, you are always worrying about something else."

"But you *will*, won't you?" he persisted.

"Please don't ask me! No, I don't believe I can. There will be plenty of room in the trap, and it would be silly for you to drive 'way out in the country again with me."

It was the bitter in the sweet, the thought of this drive back which he could not have. It in a way spoiled the present for him, and yet in a way also it made every moment with her inexpressibly dear. He pleaded most of the rest of the way to be allowed to drive her home, but she would not promise. "It would look so," she said, which is a strong argument with a girl. Just before they got to the station she yielded a little. "Well, if I can without its seeming funny, I will," she said reluctantly; and with that he had small hope.

The train was late, as the night train in Virginia always is when any one is going away. The bride sat on a bench, near the stove which tempered the chill of the October night. The other girls clustered around her; sitting down, and getting up again to stray off into the corners of the room with



the men. At times couples went out on the platform to see whether the train was coming, and to watch the moon and the long shadows it cast across the country.

The bride and the heroine sat all the time together, loving each other as girls do on mournful occasions. The heroine was the only one of the girls who didn't wander off; and she stayed partly because the bride cared for her more than she did for any of the others, but more because she had driven in with the hero and felt as if she must do penance for that. The hero stood in front of them, that the electric light might not shine into their eyes. This was kind of him, since he wanted to see the heroine's eyes; but he was willing to do anything to earn the drive home.

The three happened to be alone once, and he resolved to risk everything on one throw.

"I wish to ask you something"—he leaned toward the bride. "Mayn't I drive her home?"

"Oh! but that's absurd," quickly interposed the heroine, "to take you all that way out into the country again, when I can just as well as not go back in the trap with the others."

Then the hero was glad he had not awaited the course of events. He paid no attention to the heroine's disclaimer; the bride was his friend, and he felt that she would understand.

"Mayn't I?" he asked again. "You're a nice married lady now, and can say."

"Why, yes—" The bride broke off and turned to the heroine. "Do you *want* to go with him?" she demanded.

It was the critical moment. The hero dared not glance at the heroine. His eyes would have implored too much, and others might see the imploring, and then she certainly would say no.

For just an instant she hesitated. Then, quite naturally, she answered, "Yes, I think I should *like* to go with him."

She got up and stood by the stove as some of the moon-gazers came in.

"Then it is all settled?" he said in an undertone.

She nodded, moved slightly away from him, and talked to others with vivacity. The hero knew the safest way now was to act as though there were only one course open. He thought the train would never come; and when it came, it did not hasten away again as a well-regulated train should, but loitered about, puffing and panting like a broken-old horse that has been over-driven.

When the heroine was safe in the hero's buckboard at last, he sighed.

"That was *such* a sigh," she said.

"Now I am perfectly happy," he said.

"Are you, dear?" she answered. "I don't believe I have ever seen you perfectly happy before. It's worth something to make you so." She put out her hand and took his again, and he gave it, though there were still corners to turn. He was willing to drive by faith.

The trap took the other road, and for a time the heroine did not even worry lest they should not get home as soon as it. The splendor of the moon descended on them. Late as the hour was, there was not yet the feel of morning that, earlier in the summer, so soon chases the glorious night away. When the road dipped into the hollows it was cool, so cool that the hero doubled the rug and wrapped it all around the heroine's knees; and she did not protest at his depriving himself, but leaned a little more toward him and thanked him.

The horse traveled steadily along. He seemed to know that this was one of the times when a horse should show his sagacity. Up the long hill, into the warm upper air, the horse walked.

"We are going very slowly," the heroine said.

"Yes," he answered, and she said no more.

The moonlit landscape stretched out at their feet; it was hard to believe that anything sordid or wicked could exist amid such beauty. The hero turned to the heroine: "It seems to me now, dear, as if, even if we were married, I should be satisfied with this. I don't suppose I should; but it seems so to-night."

She did not answer, she only pressed a little closer to her bosom the hand she held in hers. The horse began of his own accord to trot down the other side of the hill, and the hero let the reins flap on his back.

"Such a night as this, dearest, is worth dying for; it would make a life worth having lived." His voice was so low that she could hardly hear him.

"Yes," she answered.

Far below, where the two roads came together, they could hear the trap and the hoof-beats of the horses.

"We must hurry a little now," she said, turning to him.

He slapped the reins on the horse's back, and the horse jumped forward, and clattered down the hill.

# DEWEY'S CAPTURE OF MANILA.

BY OSCAR KING DAVIS,

Correspondent of the New York "Sun" at Manila.

## HOW THE SPANIARDS CAME TO SURRENDER WITHOUT A STUBBORN RESISTANCE.—NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF M. EDOUARD ANDRÉ, THE MEDIUM OF THE NEGOTIATIONS.



FEW days after the surrender of Manila to the Americans on August 13th of last year, the commanding general, in a general order, formally congratulated his troops "upon the capture by assault of the defenses of Manila." There had been a little fighting on the American right as our troops advanced that day, and this general order served to make the men who had been engaged feel satisfied with their work. There were a few men, however, in the fleet which had been waiting in front of Manila for over three months who smiled a little over this order, because they knew that the surrender was due to negotiations which had been carried on between Admiral Dewey and the Spanish captain-generals for a period of several weeks. These negotiations had been conducted through the friendly offices of M. Edouard André, the Belgian consul in Manila, who had been very steadfast in his faith that they would result satisfactorily. It was known to some extent among the Americans that these negotiations were proceeding, and some at least, if not all, of the general officers knew in detail what was going on. But on the morning of August 14th, Admiral Dewey said to me:

"I have been working for a month for this, and I was the only man who believed I could succeed. Merritt did not believe it, Anderson and Greene did not believe it; why, even my flag lieutenant thought I would not succeed."

This is the story of how those negotiations were conducted. It is taken from the notes M. André made in his diary at the times of his various visits to Admiral Dewey and the Spanish commanders. It will be seen from this how completely the Spanish army, at least, knew what was going to hap-

pen. General Anderson has assured me that although he was the second in command of the American land forces, he did not know how far the negotiations had gone, nor did he have any idea how definitely the arrangements had been completed.

It is a fact that all the summer the Spaniards knew that they were facing surrender. Several white flags had waved over the city during the greater part of the 1st of May, after it became apparent that Montojo's fleet had been destroyed. Augustin, the Spanish Captain-General, knew that he could make no defense; and Jaudenes, who succeeded him, really hoped for nothing more than the honorable capitulation he got. But as time went on and the Americans delayed attacking, the Spaniards began to pluck up heart and determined to make at least a show of resistance. Spanish honor, which is peculiarly theatrical, required some sort of a spectacle if it was to be saved. The Spanish custom of court-martialing and sometimes shooting officers who surrender had to be reckoned with, and the Spanish commanders argued that they might as well die gloriously in defense of the city, even though a few hundred or a few thousand innocent lives were lost because of their action, as to go home and die disgracefully for surrendering the city, even though all the lives of the innocent were saved. Admiral Dewey, however, held tenaciously to the idea that it was best to save the lives of the non-combatants; and in the end he prevailed.

### ANDRÉ'S FIRST VISIT TO DEWEY.

Manila was in an intensely nervous state during the month of May. The suspense was very great. Business was at a standstill. Nothing came in or went out. Every day the Spaniards expected to see the American transports come into the bay with the soldiers to destroy the city. It was with a

view of ending, if possible, this state of affairs that M. André decided to offer his services to Admiral Dewey. He had lived in Manila for a good many years, and he knew the conditions there very well. His official station, as well as his business, had brought him into more or less intimate relations with the Spanish officials, and he understood that they realized clearly how they were situated. About the 1st of June, M. André paid his first visit to Admiral Dewey. He wanted to get the Admiral's permission for a little Spanish steamer—which was lying in the Pasig River—to go out into the bay under the French flag for the use of French and Belgian refugees. This request Admiral Dewey granted at once. While M. André was waiting on the "Olympia" with Admiral Dewey, the captain of the British gunboat "Swift" came on board, saying that he had mail from Hong Kong, and asked if he would be allowed to land it. Admiral Dewey appeared to be in doubt, and turned to Captain Parfit of the French cruiser "Bruix," who had accompanied M. André, and asked him and the Belgian consul if they thought it would be all right to land the mail. They said they thought it would be, and Dewey replied:

"Well, all right. Let them have the letters. It will please their families. I hope the ladies will have a good opinion of me. How about them? Are they frightened? I hope not, for I do not make war against women and children."

On June 8th, M. André went out to visit the Spanish trenches to the south and east of Manila. In command of the Paco Bridge he found Captain Don Juan de la Concha, who had been in command of the cruiser "Don Juan de Austria" on the 1st of May and had taken his sailormen into the trenches to help keep the insurgents out. André stopped to talk with Captain Concha, and General Jaudenes, who was then second in command, came up. Captain Concha was in a bad temper. Some of his men had been killed, and he didn't like it. He said he was unwilling to lose Spanish lives in fighting for the monks, and went on to rail against the friars and to say that the country was priest-ridden. Jaudenes agreed with him. André said he was going to see Augustin, the Captain-General, and asked leave to use the names of Jaudenes and Concha. Both agreed. That night André called upon Augustin, and found the archbishop there. Nevertheless he spoke plainly to the Captain-General, and told him how Jaudenes and

Concha felt. Augustin said closely to all André had to say. He made little comment, but gave André the impression that he agreed with the two commanders. Afterward he kept shifting troops in the trenches constantly to prevent their coming to an understanding with the insurgents.

In the latter part of June, M. André had several conversations with Admiral Dewey, and was interested in negotiating with the insurgents on behalf of Augustin. The Spanish General Monet and Augustin's family had been taken prisoners at San Fernando, Pampanga, and Augustin was particularly anxious to have André arrange for their release. André finally got from Pedro Paterno, one of the insurgent leaders, a promise that nothing should happen to the prisoners if Augustin would publish a decree of self-government. Augustin permitted Paterno to publish a pamphlet authorized by the Spanish general, stating the basis of self-government, but explaining that he had no power to grant autonomy. He promised, however, that if all the chiefs would sign a proper agreement to end the rebellion, which was then gathering force, he would then make concessions. The chiefs demanded the concessions first, and said they would sign afterward. Then they added to their demands the expulsion of the friars. So nothing came of the negotiations.

About this time it was reported in Manila that 7,000 American troops had landed in Sual, on the north coast of Luzon. This report produced great alarm in Manila. A day or two later, Manila was stirred up again by the report that Cámara's squadron was coming and that it had been seen in Chinese waters. A few days later, it was reported that the reinforcements under Cámara had passed Aden and that the squadron consisted of several armored ships, transports with 10,000 men, and three colliers. The uncertainty as to what was going to happen rendered it practically impossible for M. André to make any advance toward a pacific surrender of the city to the Americans. He had talked only in general terms to Augustin so far, and had at no time made a definite proposition. However, he had gone far enough to lead him to believe that Augustin recognized the inevitable, or would recognize it if it became apparent that reinforcements could not reach him.

This was the situation when, on the 30th of June, the United States cruiser "Charleston" and the transports "Australia,"

"Peking," and "City of Sidney," with General Anderson and about 2,500 men, arrived to reinforce the Americans. The next day, when M. André saw Augustin, the Spaniard told him that the American reinforcements consisted of 2,300 very young and very green volunteers, 300 regulars, 300 artillerymen, and 100 sailors. A few days later, Augustin asked André to find out how many American troops were coming and when they would come. He also wanted to know when the despatch-boat "Zafiro" would be sent to Hong Kong again. He wanted to send some despatches to his government, and he was accustomed to make use of the American despatch-boat for this purpose, mailing his despatches to Hong Kong either through André or through Dr. Krüger, the German consul. André went to see Admiral Dewey about this time, and was informed that General Merritt was coming with 20,000 troops and that two battleships would come along in a few days. Dewey told André that he would give forty-eight hours' notice before he attacked the city.

Two or three days after this, André went again to the "Olympia" to see Admiral Dewey, and while he was there the "McCulloch" got under way and started for Malabon, on the bay just north of Manila. She steamed in very close to the city, and the Admiral saw her, and had signal made calling her back. Then he signaled to Captain Hooper to come aboard. When Captain Hooper came aboard, Admiral Dewey said:

"Would you like to die?"

"No," said Captain Hooper, very much surprised.

"Do you like to disturb people?" asked the Admiral.

"No," replied Captain Hooper again.

"Then," said the Admiral, "why do you go within range of the guns in there? Don't you know that the Spaniards are trembling with anger? They will fire on you, and I shall be obliged to bombard Manila, and I don't like to do it."

Captain Hooper went back to the "McCulloch," and took a course further from the city on his way to Malabon. But before André left the ship that afternoon, Admiral Dewey found opportunity to ask him to report to Augustin the conversation with Captain Hooper which he had overheard that afternoon.

About this time, Augustin ordered the captain of the port to place his best launch at the disposal of M. André. André was obliged to go very frequently to visit the

"Olympia," which was then lying in front of Cavité, seven miles from Manila. The launch "Trueno" was given to him, and from that time until the surrender of the city he kept it pretty busy.

#### THE SPANISH COMMANDER HOPELESS.

It was on July 23d that Augustin practically admitted the hopelessness of his case by consenting to have André negotiate with Admiral Dewey. Theretofore all of André's work had been rather roundabout. All who were concerned understood what was going on clearly enough, but each kept up the fiction of concealment. Now, however, Augustin talked openly with André, and agreed that the Belgian should consult the American Admiral and should report to Dewey the substance at least of Augustin's conversation. There had been a time, earlier in the month, when Augustin had felt much more sanguine of his own position. This was when a despatch had been received, on July 8th, reporting that Shafter had lost 1,000 men near Santiago and had been repulsed. The news that had come since that time, however, of the difficulties with which Cámara was struggling had practically destroyed the hopes which Augustin had cherished of receiving reinforcements. So when André talked with Augustin on July 23d, he found the Captain-General more willing to speak plainly than he had ever been before. It was on the occasion of this interview that André made his first definite reference to the surrender. Augustin said that he was willing to surrender to the Americans, but he wanted to know how the Admiral would manage to keep the insurgents out of the city, in case the Spaniards should surrender. André asked how strong the insurgents were, and Augustin replied that they had taken 12,000 rifles from the militia-Filipino; had bought 10,000 in Hong Kong, and had got 1,600 either captured from the guardia civil or taken from the arsenal at Cavité after the May 1st fight. André suggested to Augustin that he should have a letter to Admiral Dewey setting forth the Spaniard's views with reference to a possible surrender. Augustin thought a minute, and replied:

"*Que sen de palabras*—let it be by speech."

"How will he keep out the Indians when he attacks Manila," asked Augustin after a minute's silence, "and prevent them from mingling with his own troops? Suppose I should surrender to the Americans! Would

they allow us to go to a province where there is now no war against the Americans; for instance, Iloilo?"

At this same interview Augustin told André that he thought he should make it a condition of surrendering that Aguinaldo and other insurgent chiefs should either be surrendered to him or that they should be taken care of by the Americans. "Get them out of the way," was the way he put it.

The next day, André went to see Admiral Dewey and reported the interview which he had had with the Spanish general. He told the Admiral Augustin's estimate of the strength of the insurgents and how anxious the Spaniards was to prevent the Indians from getting into the city. He suggested himself that the Admiral should get Aguinaldo and his chiefs on a steamer and hold them. To this the Admiral replied:

"I am sorry, but I can't do it."

A little later in the conversation, which continued for some time, the Admiral said:

"They can't do otherwise; they must surrender one of these days."

André then went back to his conversation with Augustin, and remarked again upon Augustin's anxiety to know what the Americans would do in case he surrendered. To this Admiral Dewey replied that they would enter the city and keep the Indians out; that the Spanish troops would be sent to Spain; the Americans would replace the Spaniards in the trenches, and in this way prevent the insurgents from getting into the city. The Spaniards should retain their side-arms and have all the honors of war. Aguinaldo should not be permitted to enter the city if the Spanish general desired that he be kept out. André asked the Admiral if he had treated with the Indians, and Dewey replied that he had made no promise whatever to the insurgents.

The day after General Merritt arrived, André went again to see Admiral Dewey on the "Olympia." Signal was made to the "Newport," and General Merritt came over from the transport, and there was a long conference on the flag-ship. The Admiral, the General, and the consul sat on the quarter-deck of the "Olympia," and had a general discussion of the situation and of possible plans for the capture of the city. General Merritt asked many questions as to the conditions in Manila: were the people scared; were the Indians strong; did the people have confidence in their generals; were they tired; were they hungry; would

they hold out?—all about them. This talk lasted for more than an hour, and then General Merritt asked M. André the direct question how could Manila be taken.

André's reply was that the attack must be made on the one side only, in order that the insurgents could be kept out. He suggested that all the American troops be landed south of Manila, and pushed in quickly through Malate, spreading out toward Paco, and so on around to the north. It was impossible to attack from the north, he said, owing to the character of the country, which was full of swamps that would make the attack very difficult, if not impossible; and where it was not swampy, was covered with Nipa huts that would be fired, absolutely stopping the advance of troops.

Until this time General Merritt had only asked questions, letting Admiral Dewey do most of the talking. But now he began to talk about the condition of his troops and to express the fear that there would be a great deal of sickness among the men. To this André replied that it was quite unnecessary to attack Manila; that the surrender could be arranged; that if the General undertook to take the city by any other means, he would only have a good many men killed uselessly. André then asked General Merritt what his relations would be with the insurgents. General Merritt replied that he had come with orders not to treat with the Indians; not to recognize them, and not to promise anything to them.

"Aguinaldo is just the same to me," he said, "as a boy in the street."

#### A CONFISCATED INSURGENT LETTER.

On July 28th, M. André had another talk with Augustin. He reported his interview with Dewey, and Augustin was encouraged by the Admiral's assurance that the insurgents would be kept out. At this time Augustin showed André a letter which had been taken from a native who was going through the Spanish trenches at Pasay on the way to Manila. The letter was not signed. It said:

*Dear Knapp:* I gave the 2,000 to Emma and Don Emilio (Aguinaldo) orders me to issue a loan of \$400,000 to deposit in Hong Kong. He writes that the loan should be made among the rich Bulacanos, and to give them receipts.

Augustin suggested that André should show this letter to Admiral Dewey, because he believed that Aguinaldo wanted to raise money and run away. He also wanted to

know if the Admiral knew anything about negotiations for peace.

The next day, André went to see the Admiral, showing the letter that Augustin had given him the day before. The Admiral read it, shrugged his shoulders, and said, with reference to Augustin's suggestion:

"It may be, but I don't believe it."

A few days before this interview Admiral Dewey, at M. André's request, had released two surgeons, two assistant surgeons, and some officers who were sick, who had been among the prisoners taken at Guam, or on the little gunboat "*Leyte*." Two of these doctors had told Augustin that they had seen Americans selling ammunition to the insurgents. Augustin had complained to André about it, and this day, after being with Admiral Dewey, André went into Cavité, and inquired among the Spanish prisoners in Fort San Felipe. Several of them said that the Americans were selling ammunition and rifles, but the insurgents whom André asked laughed and said it was a Spanish lie—which it was.

#### SPANIARDS HEAR OF CERVERA'S DEFEAT.

On July 30th, André saw Augustin again, but for a very short time. There was a little talk as to the surrender. Augustin was particularly anxious to know whether anything had been heard about peace negotiations. The news about the destruction of Cervera's fleet and the fall of Santiago had been confirmed, so that even he was compelled to believe it. He foresaw the approaching cessation of hostilities, and began to hope that he would be able to hold out until an armistice had been arranged, and so save the Philippines to Spain.

André went out at once and saw Admiral Dewey, but the Admiral had heard nothing about the negotiations for peace, except what was contained in a press telegram to Hong Kong. The Admiral gave André a copy of this telegram to show to Augustin. It said:

The Americans will not consent to suspend hostilities until Spain gives binding pledges that she will abide by a broad preliminary condition of peace.

Dewey said again that, when he got ready to attack the city, he would notify the commanders of neutral warships in the bay, who would tell their consuls. André said that he had better hurry up, for they were all sick and half starved in Manila, and were hopeless, realizing that they would be obliged to surrender to the Americans. They were

beginning to wonder why the Americans delayed so long.

On the night of July 31st, the Americans in our trenches south of Malate mistook the regular Sunday evening musketry practice of the Spanish for an attack, and there was some pretty sharp fighting, in which we lost several men. The next day, when André called on Captain-General Augustin, the Spaniard expressed great surprise because of the occurrence of the night before. He said he didn't understand why the Americans had exposed themselves to the Spanish guns by attacking the Spanish trenches. It was very foolish indeed, he said, because nothing was to be gained.

In an interview with André two days later, Augustin declared that the Spanish had not attacked the Americans that night, but that the only purpose of their fire was to keep the insurgents out. No one slept in Manila that night, Augustin said. He himself had gone to the trenches. He had been surprised by the American fire. At first he thought it was the usual Sunday night insurgent attack, but he was convinced by the volley firing that it came from the Americans. André asked him why it was that the Spaniards had permitted the Americans to throw up breastworks and intrench themselves in plain view of the Spanish fortifications, and without molestation for three days. Augustin replied that they did not shoot at the Americans, because they were glad to see them displacing the insurgents. The American action was confirmatory of the American promise through M. André to keep the insurgents out of the city. Augustin was very much surprised to find that the Americans believed that they had been attacked by the Spaniards, and again said that they had begun firing simply because they supposed they had been attacked by the insurgents.

In this 3d of August interview, Augustin gave André a curious list of guns which he said the Spaniards had disabled in the American trenches: two fourteen-centimeters; one twelve-centimeter; two nine-centimeters; one eight- and four fifteen-centimeters. He said that the Americans had only two rapid-fire thirty-eight-millimeters and four of from nine to twelve millimeters left.

André started to return to his office after this interview, but was called back by Augustin, who asked him to find out exactly what the American loss had been. While he was there, Colonel Tejeiro, the chief of staff, came in and gave some papers to Augustin.

The Captain-General turned to André, and said:

"Sit down. It is a telegram I have just received from Madrid. I will read it to you."

The telegram was dated July 22d, and said:

We are hurrying peace negotiations. It is very necessary for you to hold out at all hazards. Hold your position at all cost. We highly commend your behavior and that of the citizens of Manila, and we shall reward it in time.

#### WHY AUGUSTIN WAS DISMISSED.

This telegram was signed "Sagasta." With it was another telegram, dated two days later, or July 24th. This telegram dismissed Augustin from the captain-generalship, and ordered him to surrender the command to Jaudenes. It expressed the hope that Jaudenes would understand how necessary it was for him to hold the city for Spain-- "*conservar las Filipinas a la soberanía de la España*," was the language of the telegram.

André said that it was very queer to send a telegram one day giving him great praise which he deserved and two days later to send a telegram dismissing him. Augustin smiled, and showed André his telegraph book, saying, "This is why."

The telegram which he showed to M. André was a long one, describing very fully the extremely critical condition of affairs in Manila. Augustin had told the Sagasta government frankly that his troops were exhausted by hard and continuous work in the trenches; that they were suffering greatly from sickness; that they had no food; that the men could hardly walk because their legs were swollen so terribly as a result of exposure in the trenches; that the rain was pouring continually; that the people had nothing to eat--there was no bread; that there was no chance of rescue; that there was no hope; that the morale of the troops and the citizens was very low; that the American forces were constantly increasing; that the city was completely besieged by insurgents; that it was impossible to get away or to get food supplies through the lines. In view of all these things, General Augustin "declined the responsibility of the situation caused by the return of Cámara's squadron to Spain."

It was for sending this telegram that he was deposed and ordered to turn over the command to Jaudenes, and it was with that fact staring him in the face that André undertook to get Jaudenes into the same frame

of mind with reference to surrendering to the Americans in which Augustin had been.

Jaudenes was familiar with a great deal that had gone on between André and Augustin. He had a long talk with Augustin with reference to the matter, and then had an interview with André, in which the Belgian consul went over again the most forcible of his arguments for avoiding a bombardment. Finally Jaudenes said:

"Well, go on. Go see the Admiral. It is better to have bad news than no news at all. But what are the Americans doing, not taking Manila, anyway? Maybe they are afraid now, with this water pouring down. Not used to that, hey? If it were whisky, now, they'd like it."

André explained that the delay was probably due to the impossibility of debarking troops or supplies in the very bad weather which was prevailing at that time. Jaudenes looked out of the window at the ships of Dewey's squadron, and said, with a shrug of his shoulders: "If it was not for those ships, we would lick 'em."

After the first conflict between the Spaniards and the Americans, the firing was renewed nearly every night. It was almost impossible to keep the American soldiers from shooting, and when they did shoot, they invariably provoked a heavy Spanish fire in which some of them were hurt. This went on for a week, to the very great regret of Admiral Dewey, who had hoped most earnestly to capture the city without the loss of a man--as he had destroyed the Spanish fleet on May 1st. He had not intended to threaten to bombard the city until after the arrival of the monitor "Monadnock." But his patience was exhausted by the continued loss of life among our troops, and on August 7th he sent in the notice to Jaudenes that he would begin the bombardment of the city at any time after forty-eight hours without further notice. General Merritt joined in this notice. Admiral Dewey had told André that the continued killing of the American soldiers in the trenches was ridiculous, and he was forced to proceed without waiting for the "Monadnock," in order to stop it. At the same time, he sent word to Jaudenes that he would give the city a chance to surrender, because he did not desire to bombard.

M. André was in the city when this ultimatum, as it was called, was delivered through the British consul. His first news of it came from a street report. He went at once to the palace and saw Jaudenes.

who showed him the letter. André translated it. He had a short talk with Jaudenes then, and went at once to see the Admiral. To André's question as to what he would do, Admiral Dewey replied that on the 9th he would move on the city and demand its surrender.

"If they do not surrender," he said, "I will bombard."

Then he asked if André thought there would be a stout defense. André replied that he did not; that the people knew that the fall could not be avoided. He urged the Admiral not to bombard the city, and in any event to respect the walled city itself. Admiral Dewey replied that he was very willing; in fact, he was very much in hopes that he would not be obliged to bombard the city, but that the Spaniards had guns and fortifications, and he supposed these guns would fire on him, and of course he must return the fire if they did. He said, also, that behind the guns he saw flags

with a red cross. He asked what that meant. André said he didn't know, but would find out. Dewey said again that, if the city would surrender, he would do everything possible to keep the insurgents out, but he could do that only if the Spaniards did not oblige him to make a long struggle and could, on their part, keep the insurgents out on the north and east. He said that he could begin the bombardment at any time after forty-eight hours, but not necessarily as soon as forty-eight hours had expired.

M. André went at once to Manila and found that Jaudenes had asked for another

day, on the ground that he had no place to put the sick and wounded and the women and children. This request of Jaudenes had been transmitted through Ramsden, the British consul. André found Jaudenes, and had a long talk with him about the situation, in which Tejeiro, who had been called in by Jaudenes, took part. André told them that the best thing they could do would be to withdraw as many people as possible from

Malate; to remove all officers who could not be relied upon absolutely to obey any orders that might be given them, and to send to the front only officers who could be trusted implicitly. This was because some of the officers had got the idea that Jaudenes meant to surrender and were protesting very vigorously that the honor of Spain demanded a "die-in-the-last-ditch" defense. André told the Spaniards the strength of the American batteries, and showed them how impossible resistance was. He told them that the mon-

itor "Monterey" alone was enough to burn the city. It could approach very close, had very large guns, and could withstand terrific fire. Then he asked why the red-cross flags were flying behind the batteries. Jaudenes replied that he had sick in the houses flying the flags. André said that he must remove either the flags or the guns; Dewey would be obliged to fire, and he couldn't respect even a red-cross flag behind the battery. Then André asked Jaudenes specifically not to fire the guns on the water-front, because Dewey surely would reply and would destroy the city with a great



M. EDOUARD ANDRÉ, BELGIAN CONSUL AT MANILA.

From a recent photograph.



loss of life—particularly among the sick. André impressed upon Jaudenes the necessity of keeping the guns quiet, particularly the guns on the water-front.

Jaudenes considered the matter, and contemplated the removal of the flags and the sick. But he found that it was impossible, because every house in Manila—the walled city—was filled with persons who had abandoned their homes in the suburbs to avoid the insurgents.

Malate and Ermita had been absolutely deserted since July. There was nobody even in Paco. Jaudenes did not dare put anybody out of the walled city for fear of the insurgents. Even the churches were full, and Jaudenes was afraid to try the suburbs on the north for the same reason that he was afraid of those on the south. Toward the close of this interview Jaudenes began to admit to André the very great difficulties in the way of firing the water-front guns, and it seemed to André

that he accepted the notion of surrender more philosophically. André hammered away at this strong point—if you can't remove the people, he said, keep the guns quiet. At the end of the conference, Jaudenes was not so sharp in his refusal, and finally admitted that perhaps the guns wouldn't fire if Dewey did not fire. André said that Dewey would not begin to fire first, and asked Jaudenes that he might tell Dewey that Jaudenes would not fire first. Jaudenes agreed, and André went at once to see the Admiral. That was on August 8th.

In the interview with the Admiral, André said that Jaudenes could not withdraw the red-cross flags, because they were flying over hospitals which held the sick who could not

be removed to the walled city, for it was crowded to its utmost limits, but that Jaudenes promised not to fire first. Then André said that the forces at Malate would be composed of men who could be relied upon completely to obey orders, and that the Spaniards would keep the insurgents out north and east of Manila. Dewey asked if the Spaniards would fight; would they not surrender. André replied that Jaudenes could

not surrender without fighting, because his own men and officers would turn against him, and also that he could not decide by himself, but that such a question must be decided by the chief officers in command.

M. André then asked Admiral Dewey again what conditions he would give in case Jaudenes should capitulate. Dewey replied that if the resistance was prolonged he could not give an honorable capitulation, and would treat the Spaniards with all rigor. If, however, Jaudenes would capitulate, he

would give the same terms that had been given to General Toral at Santiago. Dewey urged André to do his best to induce Jaudenes not to make a longer resistance and not to fire the Luneta guns.

That afternoon M. André took up quarters on board the cold-storage ship "Culgoa," which had brought a cargo of frozen meat from Australia for use of the fleet. She was, at that time, under the Belgian flag. The next morning, August 9th, M. André went to the "Olympia" to find out, if he could, whether there would be time for him to go in and make one more effort with the Spaniards before Dewey opened up on the city. He found the Admiral in a very bad humor, and Captain Lamberton told him that the attack



CAPTAIN-GENERAL AUGUSTIN, WHO COMMANDED THE SPANISH FORCES AT MANILA.



AGUINALDO AT MALALOS, FORMER HEADQUARTERS OF THE FILIPINO REPUBLIC.

From a photograph taken in December, 1898.

on the city had been postponed. It became apparent soon afterward that this had been done for the convenience of the army; but it proved to be, on the whole, a fortunate circumstance for Dewey. At that time the arrangement with Jaudenes had not reached the status which was attained a little later and which ultimately rendered the surrender of Manila comparatively bloodless. The Admiral had made all his dispositions for the attack on that morning; then General Merritt came over to see him and asked that the advance be delayed for a little while. While this matter was under discussion, some one asked General Merritt if he knew what the stage of the tide in the estuary south of Malate would be by the time his troops would reach it. General Merritt had not considered that, and when the tide tables were looked up, it was found that the water in the estuary would not be at a satisfactory stage for fording in the morning until the following Saturday, or August 13th. So the attack was postponed, and M. André went into the city to make one more effort with Jaudenes. He went directly from the boat landing to the Ayuntamiento, which he found deserted.

Afterward he found Jaudenes in the church of San Augustin, and told him that the attack had been postponed. There is a big gun before the city wall right in front of the Ayuntamiento, and the fact that Jaudenes had left the headquarters' building caused M. André to believe that he meant to have the sea-front guns fired, and was taking himself out of range of the reply. This moved the Belgian consul to make an extra effort, and he decided to go beyond the limit of his instructions from Admiral Dewey and put in a proposition for himself. It will be seen how effective that proposition was.

#### AN EXCITING INTERVIEW WITH JAUDENES.

At the commencement of his interview, André gave General Jaudenes Admiral Dewey's message with reference to the terms of capitulation with which he would be satisfied, based entirely upon the requirement that there should be no long or determined resistance. Jaudenes was inclined to delay and make talk about the matter, in his usual fashion; and then André fired a shot for himself by declaring that if Jau-

denes made a stout resistance the Americans would be compelled to let the insurgents come into the city, and that the rebels would probably make Jaudenes and all of the officers and the priests prisoners, and would take them to the provinces of Bulacan and Pampanga, where they were in absolute control, to hold them until the Spanish government ransomed and sent ships for them.

Jaudenes was tremendously excited at this suggestion. He is a little man with red whiskers and a hysterical manner. He is very near-sighted, and when he is very much in earnest, he walks up to any person to whom he may be talking and gets just as close as he can, as if to be enabled to observe the effect of his argument on his opponent by any change of facial expression. He jumped out of his chair at André's remark, and began walking excitedly about the room. The Americans, he said, would never allow the rebels to take the city and make the Spaniards prisoners. For himself, he was willing to surrender to white people, but never to niggers. The Americans had no heart; it was no way to make war.

The bait having been taken thus greedily by Jaudenes, M. André went on to play the fish a little.

"Oh, never mind," he said, "it will only be for a little while. Spain will send fast ships for you, and you will have made a great defense of the city."

Jaudenes leaped up and down, and ran up to André, and shook his finger in the Belgian's face, and shouted:

"Spain has done nothing, nothing. She will do nothing. She would let us rot in the provinces." And he went on to express an opinion of his country and his government which cannot be reported.

It was working very well, and M. André was encouraged to go on. He said that Jaudenes could not expect the Americans to take care of the Spaniards, and then suggested that the Captain-General summon a meeting of commanding officers and propose to them to choose between an honorable capitulation, retaining their side-arms, and exposing themselves, on the other hand, to the liability of being taken prisoners by the rebels and sent into the provinces to await relief from Spain.

Jaudenes walked about the room in wild excitement, and called Colonel Tejeiro, the chief of staff. As Tejeiro came into the room, Jaudenes ran up to him, and, in a voice trembling with emotion, ejaculated:

"Look here! See what the Yankees are

going to do! The pigs are going to have the rebels take us prisoners, and send us to the provinces!"

He went on to explain M. André's proposition that a meeting of commanding officers be summoned to determine whether or not the city should be surrendered without material defense. Tejeiro agreed that the meeting should be held, and then M. André blandly inquired when.

"I don't want to stay here," he said. "They may bombard the city any minute, and I don't want to be here when they begin to shoot. Have the meeting right away, decide right now whether to surrender or not. I must go back to my ship to be out of the way when the bombardment begins."

"Ah," said M. André to me one day when he was describing this scene, "there was no siesta in Manila that day."

Jaudenes protested that it was impossible to have the meeting of officers so quickly. The officers were with their men in the trenches, he said, and it would be impossible to get them into the city for the conference before two o'clock. André finally agreed to wait until two o'clock, and went over to his office in Binando, promising to be back at two o'clock. He was at the Ayuntamiento soon after two, and found that sure enough the officers were then in conclave. After a few minutes' waiting, Jaudenes came out, and said that they had decided to defend themselves, because Spanish law prohibited a surrender without a fight. They must fight, or they would lose position, both in Spain and in the army. It was the general opinion, he admitted, that Manila must fall, but they would at least make some defense. He was very angry with a colonel of artillery who had held out for a "death-in-the-last-trench" defense, and declared that this colonel disregarded altogether any sentiment of humanity. For himself, he would rather surrender than have thousands killed unnecessarily. He was very much excited, but after a little he became more calm, and again promised André that the guns of the city would not fire if Dewey would not fire.

André asked him not to fire the Luneta guns, because Dewey certainly would respond to the fire and would knock down the town, with tremendous destruction of life and property.

Jaudenes replied that he could not promise not to fire the Luneta battery, but that it depended upon the Americans themselves. If they acted quickly enough in assaulting the entrenchments, and kept their men-of-



AMERICAN TRENCHES BEFORE MALATE, 500 YARDS FROM THE SPANISH LINE.

After an unpublished photograph.

war from getting into too close proximity to these big guns, there probably would not be much difficulty. But it was essential that the American soldiers should advance very rapidly in pushing the Spanish force before them in order to keep out the insurgents.

Jaudenes then went back into the meeting, and André waited. In a few minutes Tejeiro came out, and said that the meeting was finished and that those who had been present were signing the minutes. André asked Tejeiro if he would let the Americans assault Malate without much resistance. Tejeiro replied that he could promise nothing, but that the Americans surely would shell the entrenchments from the warships before the advance began. Of course, under such conditions the Spanish soldiers could not maintain their position, and would be obliged to retreat or be killed to the last man, which no general would allow. Tejeiro supposed that the infantry would assault the trenches, and said that if he saw a chance of repulsing them with some advantage to himself he would do it. But if he saw that it was impossible and no practical result would be attained, he would rather retreat than have his men killed with no gain.

It was late in the afternoon when M. André returned to the "Culgoa." The next day he reported to the Admiral all that had occurred in his talk with Jaudenes and Tejeiro. The Admiral then had some talk with André with reference to the plan of attacking the city, and André explained what the Spaniards thought would be done. It had been practically agreed, as definitely as such an agreement could be made, that the city guns should not fire first, and the Luneta guns would fire only if the ships came in too close range. There would be comparatively few Spanish troops in Malate, so that other parts of the entrenchments about the city could be reinforced in order to keep the insurgents out. Dewey should shell the trenches along the south, keeping his ships out of range of the Luneta guns until the Spanish soldiers could retreat from their trenches. Then the Americans should assault the trenches and advance by the beach toward the walled city. As the Americans came north one part of them would turn to the right at the Spanish trenches and occupy the Spanish position, thus effectually keeping Aguinaldo's men away from the city.

Dewey said that this plan was all right; he would think about it. André asked him if he would attack the next day, and the Admiral replied, "I guess not." Then André said he would go to Manila the next day and try to persuade Jaudenes not to fire the Luneta guns. Dewey was insistent that there should be no firing with these big 9.6 rifles, because he would be compelled to reply, and certainly a part of the city at least would be destroyed.\*

#### THE CONCLUDING INTERVIEW WITH THE SPANIARDS.

It was not till the morning of August 12th that André went again to the city. He reached it about eight o'clock in the morning, and was informed that Jaudenes was in San Augustin church. André went to the church, but found everybody there asleep. He started away, and met Jaudenes in the street. Jaudenes got out of his carriage, and walked with André back to his palace in Santa Potencia. André tried again to convince Jaudenes of the futility of resisting, but Jaudenes hardly replied to André's arguments. Just as they reached the palace Tejeiro came up, and Jaudenes said:

"The consul wants me to keep the Luneta guns quiet. I really believe I cannot promise it, because I don't know the intentions of the enemy, and I don't want to lose any chance if there is any still left for me."

"The General is right," said Tejeiro to André. "He cannot bind himself not to take advantage of any mistake made by the Americans. Only the Americans themselves, by acting cautiously and intelligently, can make it possible for him not to attack with the Luneta guns. He certainly will not have his soldiers massacred by an unnecessary defense."

Tejeiro went on to say that as soon as the American troops should advance to the Spanish trenches he would consider any longer resistance to be useless, and he only hoped that the Americans would keep out the insurgents, because he was afraid that otherwise the people would be massacred and plundered.

André was disgusted because there was

no definite promise to keep the Luneta guns quiet, and went away telling Jaudenes and Tejeiro that he would leave the city in the afternoon.

While André had been making all this effort to exact a promise from Jaudenes not to fire the Luneta guns, he had been making other definite arrangements which practically convinced him and Admiral Dewey that the Spaniards had small intention of making a stubborn resistance. A few days before this interview of August 12th in Santa Potencia, Jaudenes had said to André:

"How can I know when they ask me to surrender?"

André had said that he would ask Admiral Dewey, and asked Jaudenes how he would answer in case he were willing to surrender. Jaudenes replied that a white flag would be hoisted over Fort Santiago in the walled city. Tejeiro was with Jaudenes at this time. Jaudenes said that the flag would be hoisted at this place because from the fort it could be seen from Malate and from the bay. When André reported this to Admiral Dewey, the Admiral called Mr. Brumby, his flag lieutenant, and André repeated the conversation, pointing out to Brumby on the map the place where the flag would be hoisted and marking the spot with a pencil. When André asked Dewey what signal would be used and in what way it would be displayed, the Admiral asked Mr. Brumby if the international code had such a word as surrender. Mr. Brumby brought the code and pointed out to André the signals that would be hoisted on the "Olympia," and gave him drawings of the four international code flags D-W-II-B, the international code-hoist for surrender. André took these drawings to Jaudenes and left them with him, explaining how the signal would be hoisted on the "Olympia." Then André said that if Jaudenes was willing to surrender, he himself would come in with the American representatives in the launch "Trueno," the American commanders not caring to send their officers in an American launch. André told Jaudenes that he would land at the jetty on the city front at the end of Malecon Drive. Jaudenes was glad to get the information, and agreed to all, telling André to come along.

When he left Jaudenes and Tejeiro at Santa Potencia on August 12th, André went to his office, and stayed there until the afternoon. When he went down to his launch, he found Mr. Ramsden, the British vice-consul, who was acting for the Americans.

\* To the Spanish advice not to send his ships in too close to the big rifles on the Luneta, Dewey made no response of any character until August 13th. Then he sent the "Monterey" in squarely in front of the Luneta battery. The monitor's forward twelve-inch rifles were trained full on the Luneta battery, and Commander Leutze kept on going in until he was in danger of taking the monitor, which draws less than sixteen feet of water, aground.

He asked him if Jaudenes would surrender without resistance. While they were talking Tejeiro came along in a small launch with another officer. He was looking for André to give him a final statement of his views of the situation. It was not a promise to surrender without resistance, but it was a reiteration, in effect, of his declaration that he would not consent to see his soldiers sacrificed without a positive result. He wanted to be assured that the Americans would deal honorably—*como caballeros*—with the Spaniards, and would consider that the Spanish governor could capitulate only to save the people of Manila. André told him that the American commanders were determined to treat the Spaniards with the greatest consideration that could possibly be given under such circumstances. He assured Tejeiro that he would not come to Manila with the commissioners unless he was satisfied absolutely that such was the case, and that he would not have interested himself in the negotiations in any way unless he had become convinced that the Americans would treat the Spaniards honorably. The coming of the commissioners in his launch and his presence with them would be sufficient to assure the Spanish commanders that what he had told them was true and would be carried out.

"I don't doubt you," said Tejeiro, "and I know I can trust you."

André went directly to the "Olympia" and reported to Admiral Dewey all that had occurred. When he told of the personal pledge which he had given for the Americans, Admiral Dewey assented readily, and said: "Yes, indeed. Of course we will do the best we can."

Then M. André told the Admiral again of the necessity of having the American troops act very quickly in their advance in order to keep the insurgents out. He also asked the Admiral how many American troops would attack Malate. Dewey replied, "About fifteen thousand."

"I'm no Spanish general," said the Belgian; "don't try to scare me."

Then they talked the whole situation over again.

When André referred again to the Spanish advice not to get the ships too near the big Luneta guns, the Admiral laughed and said:

"That's all right; they'd better not fire, or I'll disable them."

That evening Dewey told André that he would attack Manila the next morning at nine o'clock, and said that he wanted André to stay near the "Olympia" with his launch.

He called Mr. Brumby, and had the flag lieutenant show André the signal which would be hoisted on the "Olympia" when the launch was wanted alongside the flag-ship. Then he said he would do quick work and he expected to have it all over in about two hours, but if the Spaniards showed any stubbornness he would shell the city; he did not desire to bombard, and would do it only if forced by circumstances.

At nine o'clock on the morning of August 13th, André took the "Trueno," and with the Belgian flag at the staff and the white flag in the bow, went over to the "Olympia." All the captains were in Captain Lamberton's cabin. The Admiral was there also. The Admiral said that they had just had a meeting, and told André to tell the captains what would be done. He got a map, and André pointed out the place on it where the white flag was to be hoisted. Dewey pointed out to André the position of the ships, and told what the plan of attack would be. Then André went back to his launch, and almost immediately the ships got under way and moved over to the attack.

It will be remembered that the attack consisted simply of firing a few shells at the old fort at Malate, and that none of the city guns or of the Luneta guns fired a shot at our ships. The thoroughness of our fire can be understood from the fact that on the "Raleigh" the ranges were given at the start by the captain himself as 7,000 yards, but after a few shots had been fired, although the ship had not changed position materially, one of the gun captains found the range to be 1,700 yards. He had just passed the word along to the other guns in that battery when the captain ordered the bugle to sound, "Cease Firing."

After the shelling was over, André saw his recall go up on the "Olympia," and steamed back to the flag-ship, where he found Mr. Brumby and Lieutenant-Colonel Whittier, who represented General Merritt, and took them into the city. According to the arrangement, the signal had been set on the "Olympia" and the white flag had been flown above the city. In response also to the signal from the "Olympia," the Spaniards had flown a signal expressing their desire to have a conference; and it was to this conference that Mr. Brumby and Colonel Whittier went in. At the conference the preliminary terms of the surrender were settled which afterward were extended and ratified. This is the real story of the surrender of Manila.



MINERS AT THEIR WORK.

## THE DEEP MINES OF CORNWALL.

A LIFE OF POVERTY, TOIL, AND TRAGEDY, SUPPORTED BY RARE PIETY.

BY R. H. SHERARD.



**D**OLCOATH, "the old pit," is the deepest and the richest of the tin mines of Cornwall. Her treasures appear to be inexhaustible. Only two years ago new deposits of great importance were discovered, and yet men have been busy looting her ever since 1758. The shareholders under the present lease had divided up to 1893, that is to say, in eighty-six years, the sum of \$4,600,000, and during the same period the lords of the manor, now represented by a young gentleman named Basset, had received in dues upward of \$1,247,895. The main shaft now goes down to a depth of 450 fathoms below the adit, which is over thirty fathoms from the surface, so that the lowest depth is nearly 3,000 feet.

It is in this lowest depth of all that perhaps the nerve of the stranger is most tried.

The heat is very great; the atmosphere is close and stifling; a heavy weight seems to lie upon the chest; the pressure on the drums of the ear is very strong. Imagination lends its terrors. There is between one and the light of day a honeycombed mass of more than half a mile in height. What if this mass should settle down? Now and again the deep silence is broken in upon by the dull yet menacing sound of distant reverberations. There are men blasting the rocks over one's very head. And there is the pouring cataract within hand's reach, and under foot a shallow pool has formed itself from the overflow. If the pump working half a mile overhead should break down, this pit would fill up at the rate of 185 gallons a minute. This pump has been working almost without interruption since the year of the battle of Waterloo, when it was first erected, and has raised in that time a mass of water



which would weigh nearly 35,000,000 tons, and would fill a cube whose side measured more than 350 yards. These figures recur to one with striking significance at the very bottom of this well 3,000 feet in depth.

The galleries on the different levels extend in the aggregate to close upon eighty miles, and as one looks at a sectional map of the Dolcoath lode one thinks of a busy town well laid out with avenues and streets. In these dark alleys 600 men are busy every day; while up above, on the surface, about 800 persons more—men, women, and children—are employed. For the men on the surface a term of some contempt is used. They are known as the "grass" men, and for courage have no reputation. On these the Cornish lasses look for the most part with disdain.

At Dolcoath the descent into the mine is by a gig or iron cage, which is in two stories, and, at a pinch, accommodates twelve miners. It is lowered and raised by a steel cable wound and unwound on a gigantic wheel which is worked by an engine. The cable is over half a mile in length, for the lowest point to which the gig descends is 425 fathoms below the surface. Some of this distance is on the underlie; much is sheer and perpendicular. The gig is now almost flat on its side, now hangs straight over an abyss. Its motions are jerky and irregular; its descent is very rapid. There is always a suggestion, at least, of danger. The cable has been known to snap. In August of 1883 a terrible fatality of this nature occurred at Wheal ("wheal" or "huel" means "mine") Agar. There were twelve men in the gig, and a thirteenth, contrary to regulation, had clambered on to the roof, and was standing there, holding on by the cable. The men had done their work, and were going home. It is reported that, according to general custom, they sang hymns as they ascended. On reaching the surface the man on the roof stepped off, and turned round to watch the issue of his mates. But where the gig had been but a second previously was now nothing but a gaping void. The rope had snapped, and the gig, with its living freight, had been dashed to the bottom of the shaft. Not one of the poor bodies could be recognized in the mass of human *débris* that was brought up from below.

On another occasion, when the cable parted and a headlong rush to death had begun, the lives of the men were saved in such a way that one cannot wonder at the belief of the miners that there was miraculous inter-

vention on their behalf. The rush of the freighted gig flicked the loose cable attached to it like a whip, so that it lashed around an upright timber that came within its reach. The steel strands cut into the timber until it was nearly severed—nearly, but not quite. The cable jammed, the gig was arrested in its plunge, and the men were saved.

Other such miraculous escapes are on record. There is living in Camborne to-day a miner named Bennetts, who, with five other men, in the cage at Tincroft Mine, fell 200 fathoms, at which depth a gate, closed over a depth of sixty feet of water, arrested them. The gig with its freight weighed over a ton. Yet only one man was injured. His ankle was broken. Bennetts tells the story as follows: "Everything seemed to go right till we got below the sixty-fathom level. Then I noticed we were going faster, and said: 'What in the world is he streaking us down like this for? He must mean to drop us at the 258 instead of the 130.' Then the gig began to roll, twist, and strike violently against the sides of the shaft, and I knew that something had gone wrong and the gig was beyond control. I expected we should plunge right to the bottom and be smashed into a jelly. Everything depended on the rate at which the rope was being reeled off the revolving drum of the whim-engine. In the center of the gig is an iron bar which runs from bottom to top, and as I realized there was bound to be a smash, I clutched the bar and hoisted my feet off the floor. At last we struck a gate which was fixed across the shaft at the 320-fathom level, and for a moment we did not know what was happening. If the gate had been open instead of closed, we should have been plunged in ten fathoms of water at the bottom of the shaft and have been drowned in a moment; so it was a marvelous escape."

At Botallack Mine, in 1876, nine men were killed in a similar accident. At Dolcoath, in May, 1892, there was another miraculous escape. The shaft of the fly-wheel broke, and the gig, containing four miners, fell 800 feet sheer fall, but was jammed at the sharp turn which the shaft takes from perpendicular to underlie, and so stopped, 300 feet from certain destruction.

The fear of such falls is on many of the men, and these will not use the gigs, but either use the man-engine or "walk down" to their work—they call the laborious descent of perpendicular ladders "walking down," and describe their ascent as "walking up." In the Levant Mine, to reach the





A GROUP OF SPOLLING-MAIDENS.

lowest level, one must walk down eighty ladders, sheer for the most part, and the shortest of them thirty feet long. A man who thus walks down to the bottom of this mine in half an hour is reckoned agile. It may take him an hour to walk up.

As to the man-engine, one would fancy its menace of danger would more distress the nervous than the suspended gig. It is a monstrous upright beam, on which at every twelve feet is a step that accommodates one man and no more. Above each step is a vertical iron bar by which one can hold on. The beam, actuated by machinery, moves up and down like the piston of a pump, a distance of twelve feet. On each side of the narrow and dripping shaft in which the man-engine works, every twelve feet, are affixed "sollars," or wooden platforms, on which there is just room for a man to stand. To descend by the man-engine, the miner must take his place on the first step when this is level with the platform on the surface. The downward stroke of the beam conveys him down twelve feet, where the step on which he is standing is on a level with the first "sollar." Here the engine pauses for two or three seconds, so that he

has just time to step off on to the platform before the upward stroke begins. This brings on to a level with the narrow and slippery platform on which he is standing the second step affixed to the upright beam, and on this he now takes his place, to be carried down another twelve feet to the next **sollar**. And so he goes on, stepping on and off till the end is reached—150 or 200 times it may be, if he has to go to the bottom of the mine. The ascent is made in similar fashion; he mounts from **sollar** to **sollar**, and at each changes to another step on the beam, the lift each time being upward instead of downward.

It is hazardous work, and to the beginner so perplexing that visitors are seldom allowed to descend by the man-engine. By missing a step and taking the wrong one, you are carried up instead of down, and, confused and flurried, are exposed to the greatest danger. The greater danger would appear to be in the ascent, for one hears not infrequently of fatal accidents to miners going up, but those going down do not seem to have mischanced often. The danger lies, of course, mainly in carelessness. "You must mind your own spinning," said a miner.



A GROUP OF MINERS IN LEVANT MINE.

One must keep square to the beam and in the middle of the step. There must be no protrusion of head or limbs, for the opening in the sollar, or platform, just fits the step, and anything that protrudes beyond the little square must be dashed aside. It is the task set to the beam of the man-engine to move up twelve feet and move down twelve feet, so that for the space of two seconds the steps will come straight and level with the sollars. That task it performs with the brutal, unreasoning discipline of machinery. It makes no allowance. Up and down, and a pause of two seconds in between. Nothing can stop it or arrest its motion. If a miner, wrapped up in domestic affairs, lets his head hang forward out of the bounds of the tiny square, the platform above must remove the obstruction. And so with anything else. Yet the miners often do forget. Custom has made them familiar and indifferent. These smoke their pipes, these sing hymns, many step off backward on to the slippery platforms. The very man who constructed the man-engine in Levant Mine, and knew its dangers, was killed and battered out of shape a few days after he had put it in.

Yet cruel and merciless as it is, the man-engine in its symmetry and method has a

distinct beauty of its own. An ascent of miners singing a hymn in chorus to the rhythmic beat of the machine, seen from the corner of a more spacious sollar, is a memorable sight. One by one the yellow figures, ochred over on the face and hands, rise from the abyss, step off and on, and so ascend, singing as they go. The scene is lighted by the tiny flame of the green tallow dips that by a pat of clay are made fast to the curious head-dress that each wears. One hears the chorus rising from below and falling from above.

His gentleness, his piety, his resignation might make one forget, in speaking to the Cornish miner, the heroism of his life, the titanic efforts that go to each daily task. To his work he carries from the surface his keg of water, his "hoggan-bag," and a tin carelessly slung over his shoulder which is full of charges of dynamite. In the "hoggan-bag" is his "croust," or lunch, most generally a lump of baked dough set round with potatoes—a "pasty," it is called. His hoggan-bag he handles with more care than the dynamite tin, which he throws off and snatches up with the contempt of long familiarity. Indeed, accidents are rare. The one of which the miners talk most readily was



THE MAN-ENGINE AT DOLCOATH MINE.

not an accident, but an escape, in which again they trace the hand of God. This is the story of Verran, the miner who, when a "hole" was about to explode, sent his comrade to the surface and knelt down in prayer, awaiting death. The explosion came, the rocks were flung up and down and around the kneeling form, and made an arch over and about him, and protected him from the flying fragments, so that he was found safe and whole.

The wages of the miners—wages for which they may be said to risk limb and life every hour of their working day—are lower than any other wages paid in any part of the Kingdom for skilled labor, such as mining undoubtedly is. According to the official statements, mine-girls earn from twenty-four cents to thirty-six cents a day; "grass" men, or surface laborers, earn fifteen dollars a month; and underground miners earn from seventeen dollars to twenty-seven dollars a

month. But you rarely hear a Cornish miner complaining of his lot, and undoubtedly the main secret of his patience is his faith in God, his resignation to the dispensations of Providence. There are no truer Christians to be found throughout the British Isles than these poor rough miners of Cornwall. God is always in their thoughts. He is always before their eyes. Going and coming and at their work they sing hymns. They see in every disaster and every escape from disaster a direct manifestation of Providence. In September, 1893, a "run" took place by which eight men were entombed in a gallery, 412 fathoms down, beneath thousands of tons of rock. Among them was a young man named Osborne, who, hailed by the rescuing party after forty-five hours of strenuous labor, was asked if any one was with him. "Nobody is here," he answered, "but God and myself." He was heard at intervals again, and what he always and only said was, "Praise the Lord." When they reached him at last, they found only his dead body,

and it was seen that he had been terribly battered by the fall of the rocks. His feet had been crushed to a pulp.

The danger of "runs," that is to say, the downfall of tons of rock and rubbish which the timbering has been insufficient to support, is what, perhaps, is most feared by the miners. The "run" is so sudden that, when men are at work within the course of it, there is rarely any escape. There was a terrible accident of this kind in Dolcoath Mine.

"I had not been sawing more than three minutes," said the one survivor, Richard Davies, "when I heard some timber cracking, and then came a tremendous deafening rush of stuff which knocked me eight or nine feet away under the levelers at the bottom of the level. I was struck on the head and legs. My partners aimed to run, but they must have been knocked down where they stood, and buried. Dick James called out

to Charley White, 'Look out, Charley!' The noise was so terrific I was unable to hear any more."

The downfall was of thousands of tons of rock, so that the gallery was choked with stuff for a distance of twenty-eight yards. The displacement of air by this fall was so great that a man named Ned Tregarthen, who was standing many yards away, was stripped naked. Other men were dashed down, and cut and bruised. A stationary coach, or iron trolley, was blown a distance of twenty feet, and upturned. Men in a level 400 feet above felt the earth shake beneath them. The noise was deafening. It was as the simultaneous discharge of thousands of cannon. With such force were the granite rocks ground together that fire flashed. And in the midst of this were eight men, only one of whom, Davies, lived to tell the tale.

"When I came to myself," he said, "I found my head screwed between the rocks. There was a balk of timber over my legs. I could hear the stomachs of some of my comrades 'guddling'; but I never heard them groan. I lay there in the dark, and I thought of mother and father, and of my soul, and I thought I should never come out alive. I shouted at the top of my voice for help, but no one could have heard me. I also called out to learn if any of my comrades were alive and near, but I found I was alone. I got very cramped and sore, and I could hardly move to hammer on the timber above me with a piece of stone, to see if I could make the party hear, for I could hear them sounding outside. The place was very hot, and full of dynamite smoke from the blasting by the rescue parties. I began to fear that blasting might make the earth run together again; but all through I can say that I kept a good heart, although I could tell from the smell after a while that there was a dead body near. I cried for mercy a long time. I must have fallen asleep, for when on Thursday afternoon about six, two days after the accident, the relief party asked me whether



THE GIG AT DOLCOATH MINE.

I knew what day it was, I replied it was Wednesday afternoon. At about six o'clock on Thursday evening some one called to me, 'William John, are you all right?' They thought I was Osborne. I said, 'I'm the son of Joseph Davies up to Troon.' The man said, 'Cheer up, Dick, old man; we will be in there to you directly.' At last Jacob Smith said, 'Les have your hand.' Then I heard him say, 'I've got un now, Dicky. How es it so cold?' 'No,' said I, 'both my hands are free.' He had taken hold of the hand of a corpse which was lying near to me."

The spot where this disaster occurred may be seen to-day. The level has been cut afresh through the rocks that fell, and the timbering has been replaced. But on one side is pointed out a jagged mass of rocks heaped up in wild confusion, and under these is shown a little empty space where for fifty hours William Osborne lay, under such *peine*



A HANGING TRAM-ROAD AT 388-FATHOM LEVEL, DOLCOATH MINE.

three cores. The morning core descends into the mine at six, and leaves at two, when the afternoon core comes in. This works till ten, when the night core takes its place. The men prefer to work on the morning core, although in the short days of those so working night comes twice—the night above, the blacker night below. But whether in morning, afternoon, or night core, the men work their utmost. Only for a few minutes are the eight hours broken into for rest, when the pares squat down, and, with “croust” from hoggan-bag, and “keg” (water-barrel), partake of their humble meal. For the rest of the time they are straining every nerve to do their worst by the rock, as though a grudge against its menacing surface underlay their strong resolve of duty. Now and then they have a breathing-space, and this is when, a hole having been charged with dynamite, they are waiting till the charge explodes. While some give the warning cry of “Fire,” the others sing their hymns and sing on till the tearing, cracking roar summons them

*forte et dure* as never the barbarous ages imposed in any Newgate on any suffering soul. There he lay “alone with God,” and praised the Lord till the mountainous mass had choked his pious breath, with a roar of cataracts in his ears, and in his eyes flames from the grinding rocks.

In the remote workings the heat is so great that the men strip to the waist to battle with the granite rocks, and terrible is their aspect as seen by the flickering light of the tallow dips clinging to the wall. Their bodies stream with perspiration, the wet skins gleaming in the light. Red mud is splashed like the blood of the wounded mine upon their murderous hands and arms. It stains their hair, their beards, and puts upon their faces, as it were, fantastic masks. Their eyes flash under the excitement of the tremendous effort; the knotted muscles revolt against the restraining skin.

Each twenty-four hours is divided between

back to their work.

All day long the heavy silence of the mine is broken in upon by the sounds of blasting. The detonation varies, according to the distance, from the popping of a cork to the roar of thunder. Proximity to such an explosion is always for those unaccustomed to it a troubling experience, but the miners do not mind it. What harasses them most is the smoke, the foul air which follows upon the blasting. They call it the “funk;” and the “funk,” in its effect on their lungs, but mainly in its hindrance of their work, is looked up by them as one of their worst enemies.

The work of the miners consists in getting the ore. To do this they must tunnel through the granite till the lode is reached, and the purpose of these galleries is to afford easiest access to the veins of metallic ore which streak the huge mass in various directions. These lodes vary in width from

a few inches to many yards. Where the lode is wide and high its removal leaves a huge excavation, called a stope, cathedral-like in its dimensions. We came upon one which was over ninety feet high and about as long, and some thirty or forty feet broad, from the bottom of which one could count twenty different points at which stoping operations were conducted. The galleries are cut out, and the lodes are removed either by hand-power or compressed-air power, and both in conjunction with dynamite. Hand-power—that is to say, the hammer and the borer—and air-power—that is to say, the rock-drill worked by compressed air, which is brought in piping from the engine-room above to the various drills, of which one is at work at the very bottom of the mine—are used according to the hardness of the stone which has to be worked. The Cornish miners are very skilful with hammer and borer. In a recent competition a pair of three men from Tincroft Mine bored a depth of thirteen inches in six minutes and forty-three seconds, with an average of ninety-one blows of the seven-pound hammer per minute. The rock-drill, in competitions, proceeds at about six times this rate of speed, and needs the attendance of two men only. Where two

men working eight hours will bore two or three holes from eighteen to thirty inches, a boring-machine will bore twenty holes in the same time. The cost of hand-labor and machine-labor is the same.

The ore thus obtained is carried to the surface, where it is first broken into small pieces by the spolling-maidens—girls in picturesque bonnets, not unlike those of French sisters of charity, who earn five-pence a ton, and are busy all day long swinging heavy hammers and shoveling the broken tuff into carts in which it is conveyed to the stamps. In the stamps the ore is crushed to the consistency of sand. It is then conveyed by water streams into large vats, or buddles, where it is freed more or less from the waste, and then it is burnt in kilns to free it from arsenic. The arsenic, which was formerly regarded as a waste product, is now an article of great commercial value. Finally the ore, now of the consistency of fine powder and of a rich chocolate color, is packed in bags and sent to the smelters. This powder contains on an average from sixty-five to seventy per cent. of pure tin.

Of all the mines which ten or fifteen years ago were working in the St. Just district, which is a few miles to the northeast of the



THE EXTREME END OF LEVANT MINE, UNDER THE ATLANTIC, A MILE OUT FROM SHORE, WHERE THE OCEAN ABOVE IS MANY HUNDRED FEET DEEP.



extreme point of England, Land's End, the Levant Mine is to-day the only one left active.

To reach it from St. Just church town, one walks for two miles and a half past ruined mine after ruined mine. Were it not for the romantic beauty of cliff and sea, that walk would be one of the most depressing and melancholy of progresses that could be found anywhere in England. The tottering chimneys of the abandoned engine-houses, the weed-overgrown mountains of waste, the deserted count-houses, add to the desolation of this bleak and wind-parched landscape. Upon the faces of the miners whom one meets, returning homewards, there is a look which, no doubt, is but the effect of their extreme exertion, but which to some may seem the result of an ever-haunting fear. And indeed the lower depths of the Levant Mine might scare the hardy to whom imagination is not wanting.

The entrance to the shaft is in the side of the cliff, and by the time three perpendicular ladders have been "walked down," one is on a level with the sea. Then each step downward takes one lower beneath the ocean. It is said by some, and by others denied, that at the forty-fathom level in St. Just Mine one can hear the boulders rolling overhead and the roar of the waters. For my part, after spending hours in the mine, I must say that, though I hearkened eagerly, I could detect no sound of the ocean overhead. In Botallack Mine, hard by, which is now abandoned, the noise, they say, was most perceptible, and the roaring, when the Atlantic was in one of its wilder moods, was the horror of the workers. There is a point in Levant Mine, a point reached after climbing down 2,000 feet and walking for an hour down winding galleries, where one is a mile out from the shore, under the Atlantic. But between you and the bottom of the sea, which is here many hundred feet deep, is a roof many hundred feet in depth of solid granite.

A horrid hole it is, this extreme end of the lowest level of Levant Mine, full of the fumes of dynamite, black, cramped, and ominous. The walls trickle, and one forgets the intervening night and fancies this water a "God-sent" warning against an impending rush of the sea. The sea has never broken into any of these mines at St. Just, but terrible calamities of drowning occasioned in other ways have occurred to keep the danger ever before the miners' eyes. In the deserted galleries of the neighboring Wheal Owles, twenty bodies wash to and fro in the waters of a subterranean lake—the bodies of nineteen men and one lad who were drowned on January 10, 1893. In breaking down the rock in a deep level, a pool of water, unsuspected, was tapped, and poured forth and engulfed them; a pool of water now extending a mile and a half from St. Just church town to thirty fathoms beneath the Atlantic Ocean. This was the most terrible mining accident by water in Cornwall since a waterspout, traveling from the sea, burst over East and North Rose Mine in the Newlyn East district on July 9, 1846, and drowned fifty-three men, and bruised and wounded many more with a bombardment of rocks carried by it into the shaft from the burrow or waste heap. I think the miners from Levant must never pass Wheal Owles without a thought of the twenty mates below steering to and fro on the tide of that black lake in the black night, deep down below the cliff and sea.

But what will perhaps rather fill the mind of one who stands here, is the thought that England does not end there where the map denotes, because, a mile west, beneath the sea, there are Englishmen in yellow rags, advancing westward inch by inch, cutting their way, by the flickering light of green tallow-dips, through solid and hardest granite, fighting, straining, streaming with sweat, who, in their brief moments of rest, sing hymns to God's praise out there under the sea in the night.



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XIII. NO. 3

# MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FOR JULY.







*Bust by Leonard W. Volk: modeled from life, 1860. From a photograph for McClure's Magazine.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIII.

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No. 3.

THE AUTOMOBILE IN COMMON USE.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.

WHAT IT COSTS.—HOW IT IS OPERATED.—WHAT IT WILL DO.



YESTERDAY, a mere mechanical wonder fresh from the hand of the inventor; to-day, a gigantic industry on two continents—that is the history in brief of the motor vehicle. Five years ago there were not thirty self-propelled carriages in practical use in all the world.

A year ago there were not thirty in America. And yet between the 1st of January and the 1st of May, 1899, companies with the enormous aggregate capitalization of more than \$388,000,000 have been organized in New York, Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia for the sole purpose of manufacturing and operating these new vehicles. At least eighty establishments are now actually engaged in building carriages, coaches, tricycles, delivery wagons, and trucks, representing no fewer than 200 different types of vehicles, with nearly half as many methods of propulsion. Most of these concerns are far behind in their orders, and several of them are working day and night. A hundred electric cabs are plying familiarly on the streets of New York, and 200 more are being rushed to completion in order to supply the popular demand for horseless locomotion. At least two score of delivery wagons, propelled chiefly by electricity, are in operation in American cities, and the private conveyances of various makes will number well into the hundreds. A motor ambulance is in operation in Chicago; motor trucks are at work in several different cities; a motor gun-carriage for use in the army will be ready for service in the summer. The Santa Fé railroad has ordered a

number of horseless coaches for an Arizona mountain route, and at least two cities are using self-propelled fire-engines. A trip of 720 miles, from Cleveland to New York, over all kinds of country roads, has actually been made in a gasoline carriage, and an enthusiastic automobile traveler is now on his way from New England to San Francisco. And all of these doings are chronicled in a weekly journal devoted exclusively to the new industry.

These are a few of the important things which have been accomplished in America almost within the year. Never before has Yankee genius and enterprise created an important business interest in so short a time. The experimental plaything has become a practical necessity. And yet the motor vehicle in America is in its babyhood compared with what it is in France and England. Here it has hardly passed the stage of promotion and promise; there it has become an established and powerful factor in the common affairs of life, as well as a fashionable fad. France has an automobile club numbering 1,700 members. At its last exhibition 1,100 vehicles were shown, representing every conceivable model, from milk-wagons to fashionable broughams and the huge brakes of De Dion and Bouton, which carry almost as many passengers as a railroad car. Some of the expert *chauffeurs* of Paris have ridden thousands of miles in their road wagons, have climbed mountains and raced through half of Europe, meeting new accidents, facing new adventures, and using strange new devices for which names have yet to be coined. In Paris, electric motor cabs are becoming quite as familiar as the old-fashioned horse cabs. Before the open-



A TYPICAL MOTOR TRUCK. MOTIVE POWER, COMPRESSED AIR.

ing of the Paris Exposition, 1,200 of them will be in operation. In the country districts thousands of grocers, milkmen, market-men, and peddlers are the engineers of their own gasoline carts.

A French statistician has given some significant figures as to the enormous increase of the horse-slaughtering industry in Paris during the past two years, and he lays it largely to the thousands of motor vehicles which are making the horse more valuable for ragouts than for racing. The august French Academy has paused in its consideration of literature and art, to take cognizance of the motor vehicle, and has bestowed upon it the formal name of "automobile," which it expects the entire world to adopt. The French law has quietly absorbed its unfamiliar terms, and has decreed that every vehicle must be registered in its own commune, the same as a horse and carriage; it has laid down formal articles for the regulation of builders and operators, and provided for races and speed limits. The French Minister of War has numbered and described every

vehicle in the republic, and has quietly arranged to seize them all for military purposes when France shall go to war. In this way the motor vehicle in France has assumed the settled importance of a governmental institution, as well as a great business industry.

England has not gone so far as France with the automobile, and yet it has several powerful associations devoted to its development, and a large number of vehicles in actual use. With his hard-headed, practical business sense, the Englishman is looking with greater care and interest into the development of the trucking vehicle, for carrying heavy loads, than to the lighter pleasure carriage. He has an eye to the enormous freight-rates of his railroads and to the crowded condition of his narrow streets. One successful exhibition of auto-trucks has already been held in Liverpool, under the auspices of the Self-Propelled Traffic Association, and a second, which is already anticipated with the keenest interest, will take place next August.

In general, France leads in gasoline ve-



MODELS OF THE MOTOR AMBULANCE, MOTOR TRICYCLE, AND MOTOR OMNIBUS NOW COMING INTO USE.

hicles, and England in steam vehicles, while America, as was to be expected, is far in the lead in electrical conveyances of all kinds. Belgium and Germany, and to some extent Austria, are also experimenting with more or less success, but no such progress has been made in these countries as in France. Spain rubbed its eyes last spring at the sight of its first motor vehicle, which rolled through Madrid with half a dozen little policemen careering after it. Indeed, the new industry is everywhere awakening the most extraordinary interest among all classes of people.

And yet the great public is far from feeling familiar with the motor vehicle. The prospective buyer, and there are many thousands of him in America, is at once confronted with the bewildering variety of models which the manufacturers place before him. He discovers that there are the most pronounced variations in price, cost of maintenance, speed, ease of management, and general efficiency.

It was with the idea of clearing up this

confusion and giving some exact conception of what the motor vehicle of to-day really is, what it can do, what it costs, and what may be expected of it in the future, that I visited and talked with a number of the most prominent American manufacturers.

In a general way, it may be said that the best modern motor vehicle, whatever its propelling power, is practically noiseless and odorless and nearly free from vibrations. It is still heavy and clumsy in appearance, although it is lighter than the present means of conveyance when the weight of the horse or horses is counted in with the carriage. And invention will soon lighten it still further. It cannot possibly explode. It will climb all ordinary hills, and on the level it will give all speeds from two miles an hour up to twenty or more. Its mechanism has been made so simple that any one can learn to manage it in an hour or two. And yet it is mechanism; and intelligence, coolness, and caution are required to manage a motor vehicle in a crowded street. The operator must combine the intelligence of the driver with



PETCHING THE DOCTOR. ALREADY PHYSICIANS HAVE FOUND THE AUTOMOBILE OF SPECIAL SERVICE TO THEM.

that of the horse, and he does not appreciate the almost human sagacity of that despised animal until he has tried to steer a motor vehicle down Fifth Avenue on a sunny afternoon.

Six different motive powers are now actually employed in this country: electricity, gasoline, steam, compressed air, carbonic-acid gas, and alcohol. The first three of these have been practically applied with great success; all the others are more or less in the experimental stage.

The electric vehicle, which has had its most successful development in this country, has its well-defined advantages and disadvantages. It is simpler in construction and more easily managed than any other vehicle: one manufacturer calls it "fool proof." It is wholly without odor or vibrations and practically noiseless. It will make any permissible rate of speed, and climb any hill up to a twenty per cent. grade. On the other hand, it is immensely heavy, owing to the use of storage batteries; it can run only a limited distance without recharging, and it requires a moderately smooth road. In cost it is the most expensive of all vehicles. And yet for city use, where a constant supply of

electricity can be had, electrical cabs, carriages, and delivery wagons have demonstrated their remarkable practicability.

The vital feature of the electric vehicle is the storage battery, which weighs from 500 to 1,500 pounds, the entire weight of the vehicles varying from about 900 to 4,000 pounds. A phaeton for ordinary use in carrying two people will weigh upwards of a ton, with a battery of 900 pounds. This immense weight requires exceedingly rigid construction and high-grade, expensive tires. The electrical current is easily controlled by means of a lever under the hand of the driver, the propelling machinery being comparatively simple. When the battery is nearly empty, it may be recharged at any electric-lighting station by the insertion of a plug, the time required varying from two to three hours. Or, if the owner prefers, he can own his own charging-plant and generate his own electricity; it will cost him from \$500 to \$700. The current not only operates the vehicle, but it lights the lamps, rings the gong, and in cabs and broughams actuates a push-button arrangement for communication between passenger and driver. The



A ROAD-HOUSE SCENE, SHOWING TYPES OF AUTOMOBILES ALREADY IN USE.



limit of travel without recharging is from twenty to thirty miles. Mr. C. E. Woods, a leading manufacturer, gives the cost of maintenance of storage batteries per year as varying from \$50 for light buggies to \$300 for heavy omnibuses, the entire cost of operation being from three-quarters of a cent to four cents a mile. A good electric carriage for family use cannot be obtained for much less than \$2,000, although one or two manufacturers advertise runabouts and buggies at from \$750 to \$1,500. An omnibus costs from \$3,000 to \$4,000. The Columbia Automobile Company has made an interesting comparison showing the cost of horse and electric delivery wagons:

## FIRST COST.

HORSE WAGONS.	
Wagon.....	\$390.00
Two horses at \$125.....	250.00
Harnesses.....	75.00
	\$705.00

ELECTRIC WAGONS.	
Electric wagon complete.....	\$2,000.00

## MAINTENANCE PER YEAR.

HORSE WAGONS.	
Interest on investment at 5 per cent.....	\$35.25
Stabling two horses at \$36.50 both, or \$18.25 each, per month.....	438.00
Shoeing two horses.....	30.00
Harness repairs, two horses.....	20.00
	\$523.25

ELECTRIC WAGONS.	
Interest on investment at 5 per cent.....	\$100.00
Cost of electric current at ordinary central station, rates for 12,000 miles per year.....	\$200.00
	\$300.00

Or:

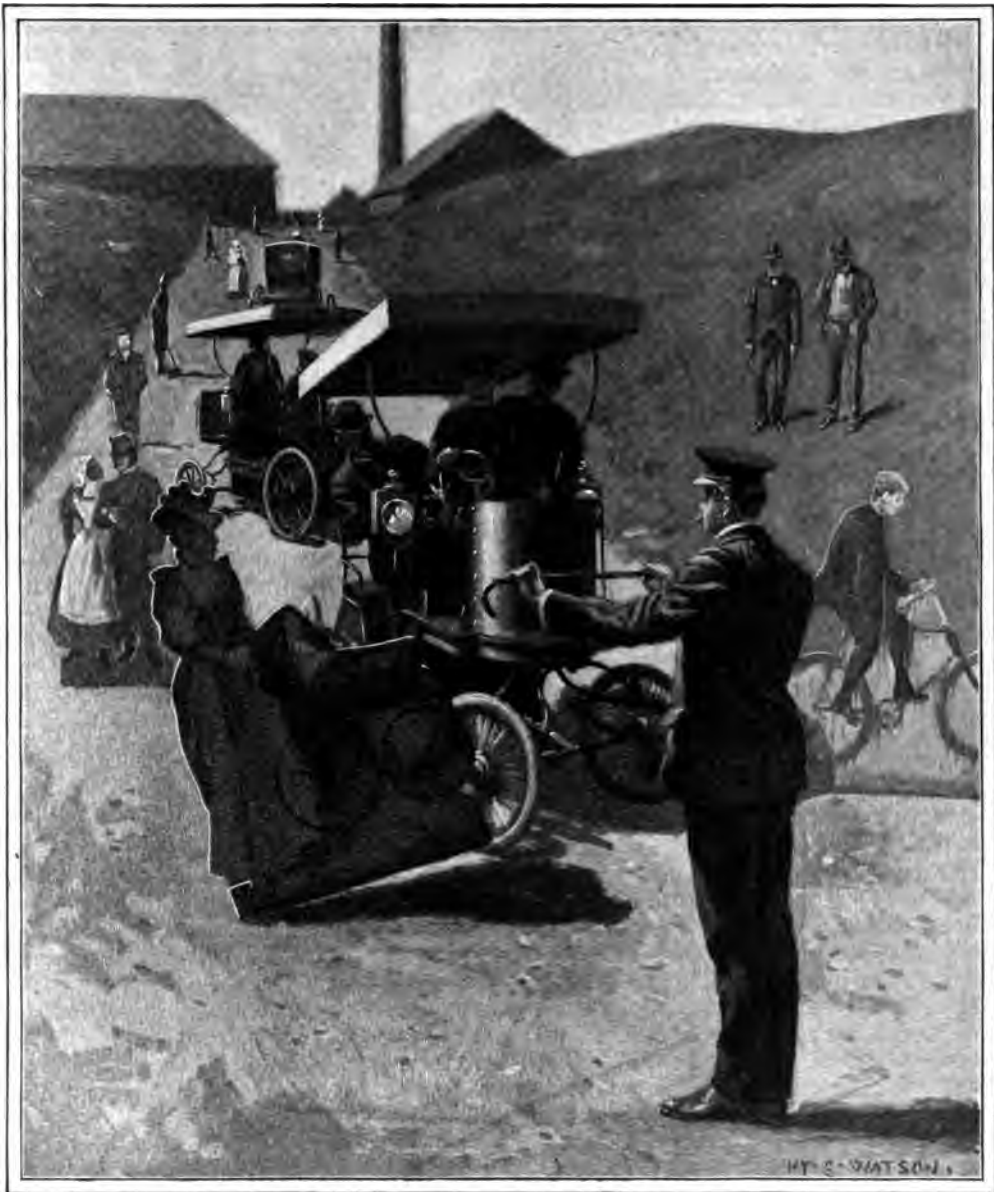
Interest.....	\$100.00
Current, if generated in private plant.....	\$200.00
	\$300.00



AUTOMOBILE TOURISTS.

"In this table we omitted to mention repairs or the expense of a driver," the Columbia people said, "because we calculate that they are the same in both cases. And battery deterioration will offset horse deterioration. But in using the electric vehicle all stable odors and flies are done away with, and a second man is never necessary to 'watch the horse.' Moreover, an electric wagon can be kept in a quarter of the usual stable space, or even in the store itself."

The company which operates the electric cab system in New York has a most extensive charging-plant. Two batteries are provided for



THE TRAINING-COURSE FOR AUTOMOBILE DRIVERS AT AUBERVILLIERS, NEAR PARIS.

The course, besides being obstructed by the dummy figures shown in the picture, is strewn with paper bricks, and thus becomes as severe a test as possible of the skill of the motorman.

each vehicle, so that, when one is empty, it may be removed by the huge fingers of a traveling crane, placed on a long table, and recharged at leisure, while a completely filled battery is introduced in its place. This change takes only a few minutes, and the cab can be used continuously day and night.

The "lightning cabby" is a product of the new industry. He wears a blue uniform somewhat resembling that of a fireman, and

he is a cool-headed, intelligent fellow, who can make ten miles an hour in a crowded street without once catching the suspicious eye of a policeman. Most of the "cabbies" have had previous experience as drivers, but they are given a very thorough training before they are allowed to venture on the streets with a vehicle of their own. A special instructor's cab is in use by the company. It has a flaring front platform with a



solid wooden bumper, so that it may crash into a stone curb or run down a lamp-post without injury. The new man perches himself on the seat behind, and the instructor takes his place inside, where he is provided with a special arrangement for cutting off the current or applying the brakes, should the vehicle escape from the control of the learner. It usually takes a week to train a new man so that he can manage all the brakes and levers with perfect presence of mind. Both of his hands and both of his feet are fully employed. With his left hand he manages the power lever, pushing it forward one notch at a time to increase the speed. With his right hand he controls the steering-lever, which, by the way, turns the rear wheels and not the front ones, as is done with horse-propelled vehicles. His left heel is on the emergency switch, and his left toes ring the gong. With his right heel he turns the reversing-switch, and he can apply the brake with either his right or his left foot. When he wishes to turn on the lights, he presses a button under the edge of the seat. Hence, he is very fully employed, both mentally and physically. He can't go to sleep and let the old horse carry him home.

In France the system of instruction for drivers or *chauffeurs* (stokers), as they are called, is much more complicated and extensive, but hardly more thorough. There the cab company has prepared a 700-yard course up hill and down, and paved it alternately with cobbles, asphalt, wooden blocks, and macadam, so as to give the incipient "cabby" experience in every difficulty which he will meet in the streets of Paris. Upon the inclines are placed numerous lay figures, made of iron—a typical Parisian nurse-maid with a bassinet; a bicycle rider; an old gentleman, presumably deaf, who is not spry in getting out of the way; a dog or two, and paper bricks galore. Down through this throng must the motorman thread his way and clang his gong, and he is not considered proficient until he can course the full length of the "Rue de Magdebourg," as the cabbies call it, without so much as overturning a single pastry cook's boy or crushing a dummy brick.

New York cabs will run twenty miles without recharging. But it is not at all infrequent for a new man to have his vehicle stop suddenly and most unexpectedly; the current deserts him before he knows it. He must let the central office know at once, and the ambulance cab comes spinning out, hooks to the helpless vehicle, and drags it in to the charging-station. The company expects soon

to have ten charging-stations in operation in various parts of the city, so that a cab will never have far to go for a new charge of electricity. Indeed, all the manufacturers of electrical vehicles speak with confidence of the day when the whole of the United States will be as thoroughly sprinkled with electric charging-stations as it is to-day with bicycle road-houses. One manufacturer has already issued lists of hundreds of central stations throughout New England, New York, and other Eastern States where automobiles may be provided with power.

It is not hard to imagine what a country touring-station will be like on a sunny summer afternoon some five or ten years hence. Long rows of vehicles will stand backed up comfortably to the charging-bars, each with its electric plug filling the battery with power. The owners will be lolling at the tables on the verandas of the nearby road-house. Men with repair kits will bustle about, tightening up a nut here, oiling this bearing, and regulating that gear. From a long rubber tube compressed air will be hissing into pneumatic tires. There will also be many gasoline carts and road-wagons and tricycles, and they, too, will need repairs and pumping, and their owners will employ themselves busily in filling their little tin cans with gasoline, recharging their tanks, refilling the water-jackets, and looking to the working of their sparking devices. And then there will be boys selling peanuts, arnica, and court-plasters, and undoubtedly a cynical old farmer or two with a pair of ambling mares to carry home such of these new-fangled vehicles as may become hopelessly indisposed. Add to this bustling assembly of amateur "self-propellers" a host of bicycle riders—for there will doubtless be as many bicycles in those days as ever—and it will be a sight to awaken every serious-minded horse to an uneasy consideration of his future.

Nor is this dream so far from being a picture of actual conditions. In Belgium a company has recently been formed to establish electric posting stations. Its promoters plan to have a bar and restaurant connected with the charging-plant, a regular medical attendant, and an expert mechanic who will know how to remedy all the ills of motor vehicles. In the larger cities the time must soon come when there will be coin-in-the-slot "hydrants" for electricity at many public places from which owners of vehicles may charge their batteries while they wait.

The new electric cabs are unquestionably



A MOTOR TALLY-HO, PROPELLED BY STORED ELECTRICITY.

immensely popular as fashionable conveyances. A number of the wealthy people of New York, including Mr. Frank Gould, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. O. H. P. Belmont, and Mr. Richard McCurdy, have a cab or brougham and driver constantly on call at the home station of the company, for which they pay at the rate of \$180 a month. Several prominent physicians are similarly provided, motor vehicles being especially adapted to the varied necessities of a physician's practice. A motor vehicle is always ready at a moment's notice—it does not have to be harnessed. It can work twenty-four hours a day. When it is left in the street outside, the doctor takes with him a little brass plug, or key, without which the vehicle cannot run away or be moved or stolen. And, moreover, it is swifter by half

than the ordinary means of locomotion, so that in emergency cases it may mean the saving of a life. One New York physician recently put an electric cab to a most extraordinary use. His patient had a broken arm, and he wished to photograph the fracture with Roentgen rays, but there was no source of electricity available in the residence of the patient. So he made a connection with the battery in his cab, which stood at the door, the rays were promptly applied, and the injury was located.

While the electric vehicle has been winning plaudits for its work in the cities, where pavements are smooth and hard, the gasoline vehicle has been equally successful both in the city and in the country. For ordinary use the gasoline-propelled vehicle has many

important advantages. It is much lighter than the electric vehicle; it requires no charging-station, gasoline being obtainable at every cross-roads store; and it is moderately cheap. All of the famous long-distance races and rides in Europe have been made in gasoline vehicles. On the other hand, most of the gasoline vehicles are subject to slight vibrations due to the motor, and it is almost impossible to do away entirely with the unpleasant odors of burnt gases. Gasoline vehicles are never self-starting, it being necessary to give the piston an initial impulse by hand. In general, also, they are not as simple of management as the electric vehicle; there is more machinery to understand and to operate, and more care is necessary to keep it in order. But when once the details are mastered, the traveler can go almost anywhere on earth with his gasoline carriage, up hill and down, over the roughest roads, through mud and snow, a law unto himself. He can make almost any speed he chooses. It is said that Baron De Knyff, of Paris, made fifty miles an hour for a short run, and Count Chesset-Loubat has surpassed even this record.

The power principle of the gasoline vehicle is very simple. It is a well-known fact that, when gasoline is mixed with air in proper proportions and ignited, it explodes violently. By admitting this mixture at the end or head of the engine cylinder, and exploding it at the proper moment, the piston is driven violently forward, and then, by the action of the fly-wheel or an equivalent device, it is forced back again, and the motor is kept in motion. Most gasoline engines are of what is known as the four-cycle variety. During the first impulse of the piston the vapor is drawn into the end of the cylinder, during the second it is compressed by the return of the piston, in the third it is exploded, and in the fourth the products of the combustion are driven out, and the end of the cylinder is ready for another charge. The explosion of the gas is produced in the most approved motors by means of an electric spark, there being no fire anywhere connected with the machine. Owing to the constant compression of the gases and the succeeding explosions, a gasoline motor becomes highly heated, and in order to maintain a normal temperature, it must be provided with a jacket of cold water, or a peculiar ribbed arrangement of iron for increasing the radiating surface. A vast number of ingenious devices are used for making all of these processes as simple as

possible. One motor is so arranged that no igniter is necessary, the gas being compressed in the cylinder to such a degree that it explodes of its own heat, thereby doing away entirely with electricity or any other sparking-device. In France most of the gasoline vehicles are still provided with what are known as "carburetters," or small chambers where the gas and air are mixed in the proper proportions and heated before they are driven into the cylinder. In this country carburetters have been largely done away with, the gas being mixed as it passes into the cylinder.

Every driver of a gasoline vehicle must know these general facts about the mechanism of his motor. He must know how to fill the gasoline and water tanks, how to replenish or regulate the battery which ignites the gas, and he must understand the ordinary processes of cleaning and oiling machinery. When he is ready to start, he must connect up the sparking-device and turn the wheel controlling the piston until the explosions begin. After that, he must see that the valves which admit the air and the gas are carefully adjusted, so that the mixture is admitted to the cylinder in the proper proportion, and then he is ready to go ahead, steering and controlling his engine by means of levers, and operating the brake and gong with his feet. All gasoline vehicles are provided with several appliances for stopping besides the ordinary brake, so that there is practically no possible danger of a run-away. The Duryea vehicle, for instance, has no fewer than five different means of turning off the power of the motor, all within convenient reach. The secretary of the company that manufactures this vehicle told me that he had often stopped his carryall within twenty feet when going at a speed of twenty miles an hour, without great inconvenience to the passengers. By a clever arrangement for changing gearings the gasoline vehicle can be made to ascend almost any hill, and it can be turned in half the space necessary for a horse vehicle.

It is astonishing how little fuel it takes to run a gasoline vehicle. Mr. Fischer, of the American Motor Company, showed me a phaeton, weighing 700 pounds, which, he said, would run 100 miles on five gallons of gasoline, a bare half-dollar's worth. A tri-cycle manufactured by the same company, weighing 150 pounds, will run eighty miles on three pints of gasoline.

Gasoline vehicles vary in cost over an even wider range than electrical vehicles. A tri-

cycle can be obtained as low as \$350, while an omnibus may cost well into the thousands. A first-class road carriage built with all the latest improvements and highly serviceable in every respect can be obtained for \$1,000. At this price, the manufacturers assert that gasoline power is much cheaper than horse power. Mr. A. S. Winslow, of the National Motor Carriage Company, has made some interesting comparisons, based on an average daily run of twenty-five miles for five years—more than the maximum endurance of a first-class horse. His estimates represent ordinary city conditions, and rate the cost of the gasoline used at one-half cent a mile:

## GASOLINE MOTOR VEHICLE.

Original cost of vehicle.....	\$1,000.00
Cost of operation, 1 cent per mile, twenty-five miles per day.....	456.50
New sets of tires, during five years.....	100.00
Repairs on motor and vehicle.....	150.00
Painting vehicle four times.....	100.00
Storing and care of vehicle, \$100.00 per year.....	500.00
	<b>\$2,306.50</b>

## HORSE AND VEHICLE.

Original cost of horse, harness, and vehicle.....	\$500.00
Cost of keeping horse, \$30.00 per month, five years.....	1,800.00
Repairs on vehicle, including rubber tires.....	150.00
Shoeing horse, \$3.00 per month, five years.....	180.00
Repairs on harness, \$10.00 per year.....	50.00
Painting vehicle four times.....	100.00
	<b>\$2,780.00</b>

"At the end of five years," said Mr. Winslow, "the motor vehicle should be in reasonably good condition, while the value of the horse and carriage would be doubtful. There is always the possibility that at least one of the horses may die in five years, while the motor vehicle can always be repaired at a comparatively nominal cost. But even assuming that the relative value of each is the same at the end of five years, the cost of actual maintenance during that period would be \$1,306.50 for the motor vehicle and \$2,280 for the horse and vehicle, or \$973.50 in favor of the motor vehicle. This comparison is really doing more than justice to the horse, because a motor vehicle can do the work of three horses without injury."

Steam has been successfully applied to the heavier grades of vehicles, notably trucks, fire-engines, and omnibuses; and two or three American manufacturers have gone still further, and have produced light and natty steam buggies and runabouts, and even steam tricycles. Steam vehicles are easily started and stopped, and fuel and water are always readily obtainable; but there is also the disadvantage of a slight cloud of steam escaping from the exhaust, accompanied by more or less noise. Moreover, in many States there are regulations (mostly unenforced in

the case of motor vehicles) against the operation of steam engines except by licensed engineers, and it is probable that steam automobiles will not be widely accepted for pleasure purposes until the inventors have succeeded in producing a strictly automatic engine.

Much has been said recently as to the use of compressed air for heavy trucks, and several immense corporations have been organized to promote its use. At least one truck has actually been constructed. The air is compressed at a central station, and admitted to heavy steel storage bottles, or tubes, connected with the truck, and is used much like steam. The main difficulty in the process has been the sudden cooling of the machinery when the air is released from pressure and begins to take up heat. Often the pipes and valves are frozen solid. To deal with this problem, a jacket of water heated by a gasoline flame is provided for "reheating" the air, a difficult and cumbersome process. Owing to the weight of the steel tubes, the compressed-air vehicles are enormously heavy, and, like electric vehicles, they must return to some charging-station, after traveling twenty or thirty miles, for a new supply of power. And yet both inventors and financial promoters are sanguine of ultimate success with them.

A Chicago inventor has been building a truck in which he combines gasoline and electrical power. An eight-horse-power gasoline engine situated over the front axle drives an electrical generator, which in turn feeds a small storage battery, thus producing power as the vehicle moves, and rendering it entirely independent of a charging-station. One man can handle the entire truck, and it is said that the cost of operation will not exceed 80 cents a day. The main objection to this system, as with compressed air, is the enormous weight of the vehicle, which is upwards of 9,000 pounds. The truck has a carrying capacity of eight tons, making a total of 25,000 pounds. Such a vehicle presents problems which modern pavement builders have yet to solve.

But the time is certainly coming, and that soon, when all heavy loads must be drawn by automobiles. Recent English experiments, already mentioned, have established the feasibility of the auto-truck even in its present experimental stage, and the inventor needs no further encouragement to prosecute his work. It is hardly possible to conceive the appearance of a crowded wholesale street in the day of the automatic vehicle. In the



A LIGHT RUNABOUT, DRIVEN BY GASOLINE.

first place, it will be almost as quiet as a country lane--all the crash of horses' hoofs and the rumble of steel tires will be gone. The vehicles will be fewer and heavier, although much shorter than the present truck

chanical horse. In this connection, a French manufacturer of a similar equipment says that of the 7,750,000 horse vehicles now used in France, 4,000,000 could be trans-

and span, so that the streets will appear much less crowded. And with larger loads, more room, and less necessary attention, more business can be done, and at less expense.

A New York manufacturer produces an odd variation of the motor vehicle in what he calls a "mechanical horse." It is a one or three-wheeled equipment provided with an electric motor, and it can be attached to almost any kind of carriage or wagon and made to draw like a veritable me-

chanical horse. In this connection, a French manufacturer of a similar equipment says that of the 7,750,000 horse vehicles now used in France, 4,000,000 could be transformed into automobiles, although such a change would probably be impracticable.

Although the American public has not adopted the motor vehicle as rapidly as the French and English, American manufacturers are already well in the lead. It is a significant fact that more vehicles, five times over, are already being exported than are sold here at home. A well-known engineer who has just returned from an exhaustive investigation of automobiles in France says that the European takes an absolutely different view of the automobile from the American.



AN ELECTRIC HANSOM CAB.

"The Frenchman," he says, "seems to love his mechanical effects. He makes no attempt to conceal the machinery of his vehicle or to avoid the staggering effect upon the uninitiated of a complex mechanism. His gears are unhoused and his gliding surfaces are left exposed to dust and mud, and he sits among his wheels and levers and brakes and pulleys, a veritable god in the machine. He evidently takes pride in exhibiting his ability to manipulate such a complicated mass of machinery.

In America, public enthusiasm has not yet reached the stage in which it can bear the shock of an ordinary examination of such vehicles. We are building carriages, not machines, and making them so simple that a child can run them. Perhaps that is the reason why foreigners are so fond of our vehicles."

As to just what form the future motor vehicle will take there is the widest diversity of opinion. Business clashes with art. Horse carriages are built high so that the driver can see over the horse and avoid the dust. The first motor vehicles were merely "carriages-without-the-horse," and some of them looked clumsy and odd enough, "bobbed off in front," as one man described them. Strangely enough, however, manufacturers say that at present the public demands just such vehicles, the low, light, and comfortable models being too much of an innovation to sell.

"But you may depend upon it," one manufacturer told me, "the future motor ve-



A TYPICAL AMERICAN ELECTRIC CARRIAGE.

hicle will be within a step of the ground, with an artistically rounded front, neither a machine nor a carriage-without-the-horse, but a new and distinct type—the motor vehicle."

The utility of the automobile in any city is in direct proportion to the condition of its streets. It is hardly surprising that manufacturers are receiving the greatest number of inquiries from cities like Buffalo and Detroit, where the pavements are good, and



A FRENCH TOURING CART, DRIVEN BY GASOLINE.

from California and part of New England. The automobile has had such acceptance in France because the highways are all as smooth as park paths. Bicycling already has had a profound influence in spurring the road-makers, and the introduction of the motor vehicle will be still more effective. Colonel Waring estimated that two-thirds of all street dirt is traceable directly to the horse. At present it costs New York nearly \$3,000,000 a year to clean its streets. With new pavements such as the new soft-tired vehicles and the absence of pounding hoofs would make possible, street cleaning would become a minor problem. And new asphalt pavement, the best in the world, could be put down at the rate of forty miles a year for what New York now spends for half cleaning its streets.

As yet American law-makers have hardly touched on the subject of motor vehicles. In New York, if drivers keep out of Central Park, display a light, ring a gong, and do not speed faster than eight miles an hour, no one interferes with them. Similar regulations prevail in Boston and in other American cities. In Brooklyn, the parks are free. France and England, on the other hand, hedge in automobile drivers with all manner of rules and regulations, and require them to be officially licensed. In France, by recently promulgated articles, every type of vehicle employed must offer complete conditions of security in its mechanism, its steering-gear, and its brakes. The constructors of automobiles must have the specifications of each type of machine verified by the Service des Mines. After a certificate of such verification has been granted, the constructor is at liberty to manufacture an unlimited number of vehicles. Each vehicle must bear the name of the constructor, an indication of the type of machine, the number of the vehicle in that type, and the name and domicile of its owner. No one may drive an automobile who is not the holder of a certificate of capacity signed by the prefect of the department in which he resides.

The regulations are most explicit on the

important question of speed. In narrow or crowded thoroughfares the speed must be reduced to walking pace. In no case may the speed exceed eighteen and one-half miles an hour in the open country or twelve and one-half miles an hour when passing houses. Relative to signals, the regulations say that "the approach of an automobile must, if necessary, be signaled by means of a trumpet." Each automobile must be provided with two lamps, one white, the other green. Racing is allowed, provided an authorization is obtained from the prefect and the mayors are warned. In racing, the speed of eighteen and one-half miles an hour may be exceeded in the open country, but when passing houses, the maximum of twelve and one-half miles must not be exceeded.

One curious difficulty in connection with the new vehicle is the difficulty of finding suitable English names to designate it and its driver. The French, with characteristic readiness in getting settled names for things, have, as already noted, formally adopted the word "automobile" for the vehicle and "chauffeur" (stoker) for the driver. But we of the English tongue are slower. At least a dozen names have been used to a greater or less extent, such as "motor carriage," "auto-carriage," and "horseless carriage." In England, "self-propeller" is popular and so is "auto-car," the latter being apparently the favored designation. Mr. E. P. Ingersoll of the "Horseless Age," who has canvassed the question thoroughly, says that "motor vehicle" seems to be the more generally accepted designation in this country. But whatever it is, or is yet to be, called, the thing itself must now be rated an accepted and established appliance of everyday life. Even if it stopped in its development just where it now is, it must still be accounted of positive and enduring utility; and with the simplifications and cheapening that are sure to be effected by inventive genius and commercial shrewdness in a very short time, its universal adoption is inevitable, and is probably very near.





WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

## JAMES SEARS: A NAUGHTY PERSON

A BOYVILLE STORY.



13



"A naughty person . . . walketh with a froward mouth.

"He winketh with his eyes, he speaketh with his feet, he teacheth with his fingers; . . . he deviseth mischief continually; . . .

"Therefore shall his calamity come suddenly; suddenly shall he be broken without remedy."

IT was morning—the cool of the morning. The pigeons were gossiping under the barn eaves. In the apple tree a robin's song throbbed at intervals, and the jays were chattering incessantly in the cherry trees by the fence. The dew was still on the grass that lay in the parallelogram of shade made by the Sears dwelling, and in the twilight of grass-land all the elf-people were whispering and tittering and scampering about in surreptitious revel. The breeze of dawn, tired and worn out, was sinking to a fitful doze in the cottonwood foliage near by. In the lattice of the kitchen porch two butterflies were

chasing their little brethren, the sun flecks, in and out among the branches of the climbing rose. Even the humble burdock weeds and sunflowers lining the path that led to the gate seemed to be exalted by the breath of the morning air, and they were not out of harmony with the fine, high chord of ecstasy that was thrilling the soul of things. And yet, in that hour, James Sears stood near a rain-barrel, bobbing up and down on a churn-handle, with a green-checked gingham apron tied about his neck. His back ached, and his heart was full of bitterness at the scheme of creation. For it was Saturday morning—his by every law, precedent, or tradition known or reported in the Court of Boyville. But instead of inhaling the joys of the new day, James, whose courtly name was "Jimmy," looked for yellow granules on the dasher, and promised God that, if He would let him grow up, *his* little boy should never have to churn.

Any boy knows that it is a degrading thing to churn, and he further knows that to wear a green-checked gingham apron is unspeakably odious; however, if the disgusting thing is tied under a boy's arms, from whence it may be slipped down over the hips and the knees to the ground, by certain familiar twists of the body, the case is not absolutely hopeless. But Jimmy Sears's apron strings were tied about his neck; so his despair was black and abysmal. Once in a while Jimmy's bosom became too heavily freighted, and he paused to sigh. He cheered himself up on these occasions by licking the churn-dasher slyly; but the good cheer on the dasher was a stimulant that left him more miserable than it found him. Ever and anon, from some remote chamber



. . . "his heart was full of bitterness." . . .



in the house behind him, came the faint, gasping cry of a day-old baby. That cry drowned the cooing of the doves, the song of the robin, and the chirping of the dwellers in the grass; to Jimmy the bleat of the little human lamb sounded like the roar of a lion. He could endure penal servitude on his Saturday with a patience born of something approaching a philosophy; he could wear a checked gingham apron, even as a saint wears an unbecoming halo; but the arrival of the new baby—the fifth addition to the family in the short period of years covered by Jimmy Sears's memory—brought a prickly pill of wrath, and dropped it in the youth's brim-full cup of woe. As the minutes dragged wearily along, Jimmy Sears reviewed the story of his thralldom. He thought of how, in his short-dress days, he had been put to rocking a cradle; how, in his kilted days, there had been ever a baby's calico dress to consider; how, from his earliest fishing days, there had been always a tot tagging after him, throwing sticks and stones in the water to scare the fish; and how, now in his swimming and cave-dwelling days, there was a swarm of tow-headed Seares, a creeper, a toddler, a stumbler, and a sneaker, to run away from.

As the churn-dasher grew heavier the wrath in Jimmy's cup began to sputter, dissolving into that which in his older sister's heart would have been tears; in Jimmy's heart, it took the form of convulsive sniffing. The boy could hear his sister clattering the breakfast dishes in the kitchen. The thing that ground upon his heart was the firm foot-fall of Mrs. Jones, a neighbor woman, who was overseeing the affairs of the household. Jimmy could not remember hearing that foot-

step except in times of what seemed to him to be the family's disgrace. He hated Mrs. Jones because she tried to cool his ire by describing the superior points of the particular new baby that had arrived each time she came upon her errands of neighborly mercy. Just as the yellow granules began to appear in the buttermilk pool on the churn-top, Jimmy heard a step on the gravel walk behind

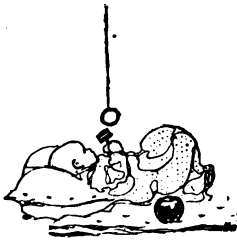
him. The step came nearer. When Jimmy lifted his eyes, they glared into the face of Harold Jones. Choler cooled into surprise, and surprise exploded into a vapid, grinning "Huh!" which was followed by another "Huh!" that gurgled out into a real laugh as Jimmy greeted the visitor. The Jones boy giggled, and Jimmy found his tongue and asked: "Did you ever churn?" When Harold admitted that he, too, was a slave of the churn, the freemasonry of Boyville was established. A moment later "Mealy"—which was Harold's title in the Court—was exemplifying the work. When Mrs. Jones came out of the house to take care of the butter, she saw her son and Jimmy lying on the



... "throwing sticks . . . to scare the fish." . . .

grass. Half an hour later the boys in the barn heard Mrs. Jones's voice calling: "Harold, O Harold, don't you want to come and look at the baby?"

Now James Sears, in the twenty-four hours of his new sister's life, had not let the fact of her existence form expression on his lips. Much less had he lowered his hostile flag to salute her. But he knew instinctively that Harold Jones was the sort of a boy who would unsex himself by looking at a baby. When Mealy answered, "Yes'm," and trotted down the back-yard path to the kitchen, Jimmy Sears scorned him heartily



"... a creeper, a toddler, a stumbler, and a sneaker."

on Mrs. Jones. The Sears children regarded her familiar jocularly with undisguised repugnance; and when Jimmy heard Mrs. Jones

enough to fancy Mealy in the act of holding the loathsome thing in his arms. Further contumely was beyond Jimmy's imagination.

When Mealy Jones came back, the barn wherein he had left Jimmy was empty; and only when Mealy had started homeward and a clod came whizzing down the alley, hitting him under the ear, did Mealy know how Jimmy Sears resented an insult. Mealy looked around; no one was in sight.

Right here the reader should know that Jimmy Sears was not alone in his displeasure. There was mutiny in the Sears household. When the baby came, the four elder of the seven Sears children joined Jimmy in informal, silent sedition. They looked upon the newcomer as an intruder. For all who extended sympathy to the pretender the insurgents developed a wholesome scorn.

This scorn fell most heavily upon

tell his little sister Annie, that morning, that she was no longer the baby, Jimmy's rage at what he considered a fiendish thrust at the innocent and forsaken child passed the bounds of endurance. He hurled a bit of that anger in the clod that hit Mealy Jones. Then Jimmy walked doggedly back to the house. He coaxed the little sister from the kitchen, took the child's chubby hand, and led her to the barn. There Jimmy nursed his sorrow. He assured the youngster as they sat on the hay that he for one would not desert her, "even if mamma had forgotten her." He hugged the wondering tot until her ribs hurt, and in his lamentations referred to the new baby as "that old thing." The evening before, when Mrs. Jones had marshaled the other Sears children and taken them into the bedroom to see their new sister, Jimmy was not to be found. None of the older children had looked at the baby. They had turned their heads away deliberately, and had responded in guttural affirmatives when they were asked if it was not a pretty baby. But Jimmy had escaped that humiliation, and since then he had avoided all snares set to lure him into his mother's room. He sat in the barn, fuming as he recalled what he had heard while Annie was in his mother's room early that morning. There he heard this monologue in Mrs. Jones's voice:

"See little sister's hands. Oh, what pretty hands!"

Jimmy had reasoned, and probably correctly, that the pause was filled by the child's big-eyed astonishment. Mrs. Jones continued:

"Weenty, teenty little feets! See little sister's toeses. What little bitsey toeses. Baby touch little sister's toeses."

Jimmy had chafed while he listened; but now that the scene came to him after reflection, he saw how inhuman a thing it was to dupe the child into an affection for her inevitable enemy.

"Does baby love little sister?" continued the voice. "Love nice, pretty little sister! Sweet



James.

little sister! Zhere! Zhere! Zhat's right; love little sister!"

As he toyed with a wisp of hay, Jimmy Sears's blood froze in his veins at the recollection that his own mother had lent her countenance to this baseness. He knew, and he knew that his mother knew, that the baby would take all the care due to his toddling sister. He saw, from the elevation of the hay-cock on which he and the little one sat, that her throat had been cut in a cowardly manner while she smiled. It seemed deliberately cruel. A lump of pity filled his throat for the child. Still, in his heart, he forgave his mother for her part in the duplicity. He did not feel for her the contempt he felt for Henry Sears, his father; for the boy knew that Henry Sears was actually proud of the family's ignominy. Jimmy blushed at the picture in his mind of his father strutting around town, with his vest pockets full of cigars and his thumbs in the armpits, bragging of the occurrence that filled the boy with shame. Jimmy felt that secretly his mother did not consider the baby's arrival an occasion for vainglory. He felt that his mother was merely putting a good face upon the misfortune. These reflections kept Jimmy quiet for ten minutes.

At the end thereof a calamitous fate took him up, and made him its toy. Tragedy is the everlasting piling up of little things. So Jimmy Sears could not know that an evil destiny had come to guide his steps when he started downward, for it came so gently. To meet "Piggy" Pennington and "Bud" Perkins and "Abe" Carpenter coming out of the Pennington yard was not such a dreadful thing. Jimmy had met them a score of

times before at that particular gate, with no serious consequences. It was not in the least ominous that the four boys started for the Creek of the Willows, for Jimmy had gone to the creek times without number in that very company. It did not augur evil for Jimmy Sears that the lot fell to him to go forth and forage a chicken for the great corn feast of the Black Feet—a savage tribe of four warriors among whom Jimmy was known as the "Bald Eagle."

Perhaps there were signs and warnings in all these things; and then, on the other hand, perhaps Jimmy Sears was so intent upon escaping from the shadow that lowered over his family that he did not read the omens, and so rushed into his misfortunes blindly. These, however, are idle speculations; they are the materials from

which sages spin their dry and ethereal webs. But this narrative is concerned only with the facts in the case. Therefore, it is necessary to know only that when Jimmy Sears stooped to pick up his nail-pointed arrow, lying beside a stunned pullet, he heard the sharp nasal "sping" of a rock

whirring near his head. Chicken and bow and arrow in hand, he began to run, not looking back.

"Here, here, Jimmy Sears, hold on there!" cried a voice. Jimmy knew the voice. It and the chicken belonged to the same person. So Jimmy quickened his speed. He heard the clattering thump of pursuing feet. It was two hundred yards to the end of the cob-strewn cow lot. The boy fixed his course toward the lowest length of fence. Then he kept his eyes upon the ground. He clenched his teeth, and skimmed over the earth. The feathers in his hat—stuck there to satisfy the verities of his assumed Indian character



... "Mrs. Jones came out . . . to take care of the butter." . . .

—caught the breeze; so, rather than lose his hat, he grabbed it in the hand that held the chicken. He cleared the fence, and plunged into the timber. Looking over his shoulder, he saw a man's form on the fence; the thud of boots on the sod and the crash of branches behind him sent terror through the boy's frame, and he turned towards the creek that flowed sluggishly near by. He took great bounding strides, throwing his head from side to side as he ran. The boy knew the path. It led to a rickety fence—a cattle-guard that crossed the river. Jimmy's heart beat wildly, and the trees danced by him on the sloping path. But he was not "the champeen fence-walker of Willow Creek," late of "Pennington & Carpenter's Circus & Menagerie, price ten pins," without having won his proud place by prowess. He came to the water's edge with sure feet. He knew that he could cross. He had crossed the creek there a score of times. He jumped for the slanting boards with his bare feet, and his heart was glad. The boy was sure that no man would dare to follow him, even if the fence would hold a man's weight. He had scurried up the bank before his pursuer had reached the side Jimmy had leaped from so lightly. He scooted through the underbrush. Again and again



... "Jimmy heard Mrs. Jones tell his little sister Annie ... that she was no longer the baby." ...

did the "champeen fence-walker" smile to himself as he slackened his pace to dodge a volley of rocks, and again and again did James Sears—an exemplary youth for the most part, who knew his Ten Commandments by heart—look exultingly at his pullet. He gloried in his iniquity. Lentulus returning to Capua with victorious legions was not so proud. But there the evil spirit swooped low upon him—the spirit of destruction that always follows pride. Jimmy tripped, and lunged forward; the chicken, the hat, the bow and arrow, and the boy all parted company. Then Jimmy felt a pain—a sharp pain that he recognized too well. He feared to make sure of the extent of his injury. Instinctive knowledge told him he had "stumped" his toe. This knowledge also brought the sense of certainty that his day's pleasure was spoiled. He knew that he would go hobbling along, the last brave in the Indian file.

The pain in his foot began to throb as he gathered up his chicken and weapons. He walked for a few moments without looking at the wound. He felt the oozing blood, and he bent his body and went along, grunting at every step. Finally, coming into a flood of sunlight on the path, he sat on a log, and slowly lifted up his foot, twisting his face into an agonized knot. He peeked at his toe, at first stealthily; then, little by little taking away his nursing hand, he gazed fixedly at the wound. The flesh on the end of the toe was hanging loosely by the skin. It was a full minute



... "the sort of a boy who would unsex himself by looking at a baby."



... "bragging of the occurrence." ...

before the boy could find courage to press the hanging flesh back to its place. In the meantime the chicken, which had been lying behind him under the log, had regained its senses, squawked hoarsely twice, and walked into the bushes. When Jimmy's mind turned to his prize, the prize was gone. He had been in the depths as he sat on the log. But the loss of the pullet brought with it a still further depression, and Jimmy forgot all about his impersonation of the "Bald Eagle." He lost his conceit in the red ochre stripes on his face and the iridescent feathers in his hat and the blue-black mud on his nimble feet. For a few moments he was just a sad-eyed boy who saw the hand of the whole world raised against him. The cry of the new baby rang in his ears. The thought of the other boys teasing him about the number of babies at his house frenzied him; and as his bill of wrongs grew longer and longer, Jimmy shook his head defiantly at all the world. For a few hollow moments Jimmy tried to find the straying chicken. He went through the empty form of spitting in his hand, saying, before he came down with his index finger:

"Spit, spit, spy,  
Tell me whur my chicken is, or I'll hit ye in the eye."

He threw a stick in the direction the chicken might have taken, but he knew that luck—like all the world—was against him, and he had no heart in the rites that on another day might have brought fortune to him. His stubbed toe was hurting him, and the mur-

mur of a ripple in the stream a few rods below the cattle-guard called to him enticingly. As soon as the boy deemed it safe to venture out of the thicket, he hobbled down to the water's edge, and sat for a long time in the shade, with the cooling water laving his bruised feet. He knew that the other boys would miss him, but he did not care. He was enjoying the gloom that was settling down upon him. Slowly, and by almost imperceptible degrees, there rose in his consciousness a sense of guilt. At the end of an hour, the feeling that he was a thief swept over him, covering his sense of personal grievance like a mantle. For another hour he wrestled with a persistent devil that was tempt-

ing him to strangle his scruples; he won. Jimmy Sears had seventeen cents in his cast-iron bank at home—the result of a year's careful saving. He crossed the creek, and trudged back to town, and fancied that he was walking in a sanctified road; for he was full of the resolve to go straight to the store of the grocer who owned the chicken, and offer all his available resources in payment for the wrong he had done. Only the heel of his left foot touched the ground, and he progressed slowly. So the afternoon was old when he turned the corner and trudged into Baker's store. The speech he was going to make Jimmy had recited to himself over and over. He intended to walk up to the counter and say: "I want to pay for that chicken I took, Mr. Baker."

To Jimmy that sounded sufficiently humble, and yet it did not seem completely abject. He fancied the grocer would reply: "All right, Jimmy; it will be twenty cents."

To which the boy expected to answer in a clear, strong voice: "Well, Mr. Baker, I have seventeen cents at home, and you may have that, and I will bring in the rest as soon as my mushmelons are ripe."

With that agreement reached, Jimmy saw himself limping out of the store. He harbored a hope that maybe the grocer, pitying the poor, lame boy, would call him back and cancel the debt, and perhaps give him a stick of licorice. Jimmy knew his part by heart. He was sure there would be no halt nor break in this dialogue. But the demon that was torturing his destiny that day probably chuckled

as Jimmy crossed the grocery-store threshold.

The boy that the grocer saw when he looked up from the pickle-barrel certainly had a badly freckled face; the grocer thought the boy had bold, mean eyes. The youthful jaw set firmly, and the pain in his foot engraved ugly lines in his face. The button was off one wristband. A long tear down the lower part of his trousers leg revealed a glimpse of brown, tanned skin. He was not a boy who looked like a creature of dreams and of a high resolve. No boy who amounts to much ever does look the

part, as the actors say. So when Jimmy Sears—ragged and brazen—stood before the wronged chicken-owner, rage flooded the man's bosom. He rushed around the counter end, mumbling at the boy. The instinct of fear crowded all the fine speeches out of Jimmy's head. He backed off, and exclaimed, as he saw the grocer grab a butter-paddle: "Dern you, don't you touch me; I'll pay

for your old chicken. Watch out now!"

Two scale weights slipped involuntarily into Jimmy's hands, and he backed from the counter to the sidewalk. His hands were uplifted as if to throw the weights. The grocer had not come up to the boy, who shouted in a burst of fear and anger:

"I'll pay for your chicken, I say. Now you keep away from me."

The grocer hesitated, dismayed for a second by the threatening weights

in the boy's hand. But pride urged the man on. He stepped up quickly, and planted a smarting blow on Jimmy's leg. It was well for the grocer that he ducked his head; for when the paddle struck, the boy did not flinch, but let drive one weight after another, and cried before each crash of glass that the flying irons made inside the store, "Yes, you will!" and again, "Yes, you will!"



... "he sat on a log, and slowly lifted his foot." ...



"He jumped for the slanting boards with his bare feet, and his heart was glad."

He forgot the ache in his cramped heel and the burning in his bruised toe as he ran to the middle of the street.

"You old coward, why don't you pick on some one your size?"

The tears were rising to his eyes; he had to run to escape from the tide. Just as he turned, he caught a glimpse of his father joining the gathering crowd. After that his feet grew wings.

A freight train stood on the track in front of the boy, a quarter of a mile away. A mad impulse came to him as he ran, and he yielded to it. A boy with a grievance, or a boy who has a sore toe, or a boy with fear at his back cannot fashion his conduct after the beautiful principles laid down in Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Data of Ethics." So when Jimmy Sears came to the freight train that blocked his flight, he darted down the track until he was out of sight of any possible pursuers in the street. He clambered breathlessly into a coal car, and snuggled down into a corner inside a little strip of shade, and panted like a hunted rabbit. A sickening pain throbbed up from his toe.

The train moved slowly at first, and Jimmy knew that he could not hide from the train men in a coal car. On banter from Piggy Pennington and Bud Perkins, Jimmy had often ridden on the brake-beam while the switch engine was pulling freight cars about the railroad yards. He had a vague idea that midway of the train, between two box cars, would be a safe place. When the train began to increase its speed, Jimmy climbed up the side of a cattle-car, and ran along the roof. He had gone three car lengths, and was about to make his third jump,

when he saw the angry face of his father, who appeared on the depot platform just opposite to him. Instinctively the boy darted to the other side of the car roof, and his

jump fell short. The father saw his son's head go down, and for an awful minute Henry Sears heard the lumbering train rumble by. In the first second of that minute the frantic man listened for a scream. He heard none. Then slowly he sank upon a baggage truck. He was helpless. The paralysis of horror was upon him. Car after car jolted along. At last the yellow caboose flashed by him. Half of the longest second Henry Sears ever knew passed before he dared turn his eyes toward the place on the track where his son went down. Then he looked, and saw nothing but the cinder track and the shining rails. But an in-



"Spit, spit, spit.  
Tell me whur my chicken is, or I'll hit ye in the eye."



"an irregular circumference that touched his ears and his chin and his hair."

stant later he heard a familiar whoop, and, staring around, he saw Jimmy sitting on a load of wheat which was standing between the railroad tracks. In this the boy had fallen after his sidewise jump had thrown him from the moving train. When Henry Sears saw his son, Jimmy was holding his foot, jiggling it vigorously, and roaring, moved half by the hysteria of fright and half by the pain of a fresh laceration of his bruised toe. The boy's face was black with coal-dust and wheat chaff, and tears were striping his features grotesquely. The palsy of terror loosened its steel bands from the father's limbs, and he ran to the wheat wagon. Jimmy Sears, for all he or his father knows, may have floated to the ground from the wagon bed. But a moment later, in a frenzy wherein anger furnished only a subconscious motor and joy pumped wildly at the expanding valves of his blissful heart, Henry Sears took his thirteen-year-old son across his knee, and spanked him in a delirium of ecstasy; spanked him merrily, while a heavenly peace glorified his paternal soul; spanked him, caring not how many times the little body wriggled, and the little voice howled, and the dirty little fingers foiled his big, bony hand as it fell. At the



end of the felicitous occasion, the father found his voice:

"Haven't I told you enough, sir, to keep off the cars? Haven't I? Haven't I? Answer me, sir! Do you hear me? Haven't I?"

And Jimmy Sears knew by that turn of the conversation that the episodes of the stolen chicken and the broken showcases were forgotten; so he nodded a contrite head. His father returned to earth by giving his son a few casual cuffs, with, "Will you try that again, sir?" and continued: "Now, sir, let me see you walk right straight home. And just you let me catch you down here again!"

Jimmy was wise enough to hurry along as fast as his bleeding foot would take him. He saw the advantage of a motion to adjourn without further debate, and the motion prevailed.

An hour later, Jimmy Sears had washed the dirt from the interior of an irregular circumference that touched his ears and his chin and his hair. Until the twilight fell he stayed in the conning-tower in the Pennington barn, and watched his home through a crack between two boards. When he saw his father leave the house for town after supper, Jimmy hurried down a lane in sight of his father, yet out of his father's reach. At the close of twilight, Jimmy Sears came up the hard-beaten path that led to his home, through burdock weeds and sunflowers. There was a light in the kitchen, and through the window he could see Mrs. Jones moving about. He observed that the supper dishes were being put away. He saw his eldest sister, with the tea towel in her hands, chatting happily with Mrs. Jones. The spectacle filled him with rage. He felt that the other children had deserted him and that, in the war against the new baby, they had left him to fight unaided. He met a little brother, who greeted him with: "Uh-huh, Mr. Jimmy, you just wait till pa gets you!"



"I'll pay for your chicken, I say. Now you keep away from me."

A prolonged and scornful "Aw!" was Jimmy's reply to this welcome. On the step of the back porch, his favorite little sister sat playing with the house cat. She toddled to Jimmy; he let her take his finger, and they went into the kitchen.

"Oh, Jimmy!—where—you—been?" demanded the eldest sister. "Mamma's been asking for you all day. I'd be ashamed if I was you."

The boy did not deign to speak to Mrs. Jones, and kept his back to her when he could. He did not answer his sister's question.

"Got anything here fit to eat?" he asked, as he threw open the cupboard doors. The insult to Mrs. Jones was not accidental. Jimmy supposed that she had cooked the supper. He put two or three plates of food on the table, and drew up a chair, sneering bumptiously. "What's this?" as he dived into each dish.

His sister's "Why, Jimmy!" and her warning frowns did not change his course. Mrs. Jones went to the front of the house, diplomatically leaving all the doors open behind her, that Mrs. Sears might hear her son's voice. In a moment the boy caught the faint sound of his mother calling from the distant bedroom, "Jimmy, Jimmy, come here; I want you."

The boy pretended not to hear. She called his name again. "Yes'm," he answered.





"Got anything here fit to eat?"

When she repeated her request, he filled his mouth with pie, and replied, "I'm a-eatin' now." He slipped a piece of ice down the back of his adoring little sister, who sat near him. When she wept noisily, he laughed under his breath and spoke aloud to his sister at the dish-pan: "What'd you want to take Annie's doll away from her for? Give it back, why don't you?"

"Why—Jimmy—Sears!" retorted the girl. Then lifting her voice, "Mamma, Jimmy's put ice down—" But the lad pressed the ice against the child's back, pre-

tending to be removing the source of the trouble, and the child's lusty howls drowned the girl's protest. When he heard the bedroom door close to shield his mother from the turmoil, Jimmy knew that he had outwitted Mrs. Jones, so he quelled the disturbance he had caused. When Mrs. Jones returned to the kitchen, the boy was sitting on the porch steps with his little sister, telling her about Raw-head and Bloody-bones, greatly to the child's horror and delight.

Jimmy heard his elder sister inquire, "Did mamma eat her supper?" He heard Mrs. Jones respond, "Not very much of it; but she will after a while, I guess. She said to leave it in there."

"Couldn't she eat any of that nice chicken Mrs. Pennington sent?"

"No, nor Mrs. Carpenter's lemon jelly."

"Poor mamma," sighed the girl.

But Jimmy had other reflections. Ten minutes later he walked past his mother's open door, and fumbled around in the sitting-room.

"Is that you, Jimmy?" asked his mother.

"Yes'm," rejoined the boy.

"What are you doing?"

"Lookin' for my other coat."

"Won't you come in and see me, Jimmy? I haven't seen you for two whole days."

"In a minute," returned Jimmy.

Standing awkwardly in the doorway, he asked, "What'd you want?"

"Come over here, Jimmy," returned the mother. "My poor, neglected boy."

He would not let his eyes find the new baby. He stood stiffly on one foot, and gave his mother his hand. She drew him down and kissed his cheek, while he pecked at her lips. As Jimmy rose, his mother smiled.

"Are you hungry, Jimmy?"

The boy nodded a vociferous affirmative. Being a boy, one of the lowest orders of human creatures in point of intuitions, Jimmy could not know that his mother understood the rankle in her son's heart. Nor could he divine that she kept the supper dainties as peace offerings.

"Won't you have some of my supper?"

"Don't you want it?" returned the boy, to justify his greed.



"What'd you want to take Annie's doll away from her for?"

"No, Jimmy; I'm not hungry. I kept it all for you."

While her son sat on the floor, eating off the tray on the chair by the bed, his mother's hand was in his hair, stroking it lovingly. His sister and the other children looked in and saw him. Jimmy knew they were whispering "Hoggy!" but he did not heed them. His mother avoided mentioning the new baby to him; she made him tell her about his sore toe, and in return she told him how lonely she had been without him.

As his stomach filled, his heart overflowed, a common coincidence even with older and better boys than Jimmy, and the tears came to his eyes. At last, when the plate was cleared, he rose, and went to the place where the newcomer lay. He bent over the little puff in the bedclothes, and grinned sheepishly as he lifted the cover from the sleeping baby's face. He looked at the red features a moment curiously, and said in his loud,



... "he pecked at her tips."

husky, boyish voice: "Hullo there, Miss Sears; how are you this evenin'?"

Then he pinched his mother's arm and walked out of the room, his soul at peace.

## ON THE FIELD.

BY MARY STEWART CUTTING.

GOD can give me strength to conquer,  
He will give me grace to lose!  
I am bound to fight His battles  
In the way that He shall choose.  
Beaten back and lying wounded,  
With no weapon in my hand,  
I am just as much His soldier  
As the foremost of the band.

Dying, I still bear His colors  
In this oriflamme of pain,  
And the triumph of the ages  
Is the triumph of the slain!  
He has filled the meed of service  
Who but leaves a broken sword,  
And the sorrows of the vanquished  
Are the glory of the Lord!



## THE CHIEF TRAIN-DESPATCHER'S STORY.

SOME CHAPTERS OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE IN MANAGING A TRAIN-DESPATCHER'S OFFICE.—  
A PROMOTION BY FAVOR.—AN OPERATOR WHO COULD NOT KEEP AWAKE.—AN OPERATOR WHO COULD NOT BE DISCHARGED.—A YOUNG WOMAN AT THE KEY.

BY CAPTAIN JASPER EWING BRADY, U. S. A.



**I**HAD been on the C., N., & Q. about eight months when my second-trick man took sick, and being advised to seek a healthier climate, resigned and went South. Generally the chief despatcher's recommendation is enough to place a man in his office; and as I had always believed in seniority, I wanted to appoint the third-trick man to the second trick, make the day copy-operator third-trick man, and call in a new copy-operator to replace the night man who would be promoted to the day job. In fact, I had started the ball rolling to accomplish this end, when Mr. Antwerp, the superintendent, defeated my plan by peremptorily exercising his prerogative and appointing his nephew, John Krantzer, who had been night copy-operator, to the third trick. Krantzer was an excellent copy-operator; but he was very young, and he lacked that persistence and reliability so essential in a despatcher. I protested strongly against his appointment, but to no purpose. Finally, when I saw that the superintendent was not to be moved from his purpose to make his nephew a despatcher, I asked him to at least put the young man on the second trick, so that I could, in a measure, have him under my own eye. But no, nothing else than the third trick would satisfy him.

Krantzer struggled through the first night without actually killing anybody, but his train sheet the next morning showed delays on everything, with few satisfactory explanations. I reflected, however, that it was his first night, and I remembered my own similar experience, and simply submitted the sheet to Mr. Antwerp without comment. He wiped his glasses, carefully adjusted them on his aristocratic nose, and after glancing at the sheet for a few moments, said: "Ah! humph! Well! Well! Well! Not a very

auspicious start, to be sure; but the boy will pick up. Just jack him up in pretty good shape, Bates; it will do him good."

The second night was not much of an improvement. The third night I was kept at the office until after eleven o'clock, and before going home I wrote Krantzer a note telling him to be very careful, and particularly informing him of two extras north that would leave Bradford, the lower end of the division, some time after 12.30 A.M., and directing him to run them as special freights having right of track over all trains except the passengers. Burke, the second-trick man, had everything running smoothly at the time I wrote my note, and I told Krantzer that, as it looked then, all he would have to do would be to keep them coming. No. 13, a fast freight south, had an engine that wasn't steaming very well, and I suggested to him to put her on a siding at Manitou—a delay of fifteen minutes would not hurt. I did everything except write the order, and that I couldn't do, because I couldn't tell just what the conditions might be when No. 13 reached the station above Manitou where she would get the order.

Krantzer succeeded in getting them started pretty well; but not content to let well enough alone, he thought he would let 13 run on to Burnsidess, instead of putting her on the siding at Manitou, as I had suggested, and gave orders to that effect. After he had given the "complete," he told them to "fly." If he had given orders for the meeting at Burnsidess also to the two extras, all would have been well; but this he was unable to do. Burnsidess itself is only a day office, so, of course, he could not communicate with the extras there; and the extras had already passed Gloriana, the first night office south of Burnsidess. The operator at Gloriana heard the order to 13, and told Krantzer it was a risky thing to do; but the latter told him to mind his own business, as he (Krantzer) could run that division.

No. 13 was pulled by engine 67, with Jim Bush at the throttle, and he was such a runner that he had earned the sobriquet of "Lightning Jimmie." While, early in the evening, he had reported that his engine was not steaming very well, he had got her to working well by this time. Burnside's is at the foot of a long grade from the north, and about a mile up the grade is a very abrupt curve. The two extras were bowling along merrily when they struck this grade; and although there is a time card rule that says trains will be kept ten minutes apart, they were right together, helping each other over the grade. In fact, it was one train with two engines, somewhat of a double-header, with the second engine in the middle. They had passed Burnside's, and were going on, expecting to meet 13 at Manitou, as originally ordered.

In the meantime, Bush, pulling 13, had passed Manitou, and with thirty-eight heavy cars behind him was working her for all she was worth on the down grade, so as to get on the siding at Burnside's for the extras. He was carrying out Krantzner's order to "fly." And just as he turned the curve, he saw, not fifty yards away from him, the headlight of the first extra. To stop was out of the question. He whistled once for brakes, reversed his engine, and pulled her wide open, and then jumped! He landed safely enough, and beyond a broken right arm and a badly bruised leg, he was unhurt. His poor fireman, though, jumped on the other side, and was dashed to pieces on the rocks; and the head man and the engineer of the first extra were also killed. I had known many times of two trains being put in the hole; but this was the first time I had ever seen three of them so placed.

Krantzner had sense enough to order out the wrecker and send for me. I lost no time in getting over to the office, and there sat Krantzner, as cool as if he had not just killed

three men by his carelessness and cost the company thousands of dollars. I had the superintendent called, and when he came in and learned what had occurred, his discomfiture was so great that I felt fully repaid for all my annoyance on his nephew's account. He directed me to go out to the wreck and report fully to him on arrival. I had Forbush called, and placed him in charge of the office during my absence. Incidentally, I told Krantzner he had better be away when I sent those crews in, because I fancied they were in a fit mood to kill him. When I returned I found that he had gone. It appeared that Jim Bush went up into the office, and although he had one arm broken, he was prepared to beat the life

out of the young despatcher. Forbush saw him coming, and gave Krantzner a "tip," and as Bush came in one door, Krantzner went out the other.



#### A SLEEPY-HEAD OPERATOR.

One morning I found the following note on the train sheet:

"No. 16 delayed forty-five minutes at Bentonville, account not being able to raise operator at Sicklen in that time. Called for explanation, and operator said he was over at hotel getting lunch."

A young man named Charles Ferral was the night man at Sicklen, and his ability as an operator was only exceeded by his ability to juggle the truth when he was in a tight place. I was too old an operator myself to be fooled by any such yarn as this; and, moreover, the conductor of 17 reported to me that he had found Ferral stretched out on the office table asleep. But he was a first-rate man, and I didn't want to lose him; so I wrote a short, sharp letter, and told him a repetition of the offense would cause him to receive his time instantly. He was as penitent as the prodigal son, and promised never to so offend again; and he kept his word—for just about ten days.

One morning he asked my permission to come up to "DS" on 2, and go back on 3, in the afternoon. I gave it, but warned him

"... AND THERE SAT KRANTZNER, AS COOL AS IF HE HAD NOT JUST KILLED THREE MEN."

to be careful and not lose too much sleep. The night following his return I was kept at the office until late, and about eleven o'clock, 22 appeared at Bakersville and wanted to run to Ashton for 17. They were both a little late, and as 17 had a heavy train of coal and empties, I told Burke to let them go. But the only station at which we could then get an order to 17 before she reached Ashton was Sicklen, Ferral's station. Burke began to call, but Sicklen made no answer. He called for forty minutes straight, 22 all the time waiting at Bakersville. He stopped for five minutes, and then went at it again. In ten minutes Sicklen answered. Burke started to give his order, but Sicklen said that 17 had gone by.

That settled it; 22 was hung up another hour all on account of Ferral's failure to attend to his duty. I opened up on him, and said, "Where have you been for the past fifteen minutes?" The same old excuse, "Lunch," came again.

"Well, where were you for ten minutes before that?"

Then that fine old stereotyped explanation, "Fixing my batteries," followed. But I was only too sure that he had been asleep and that 17 in going by had awakened him. So I gently told him that he would probably have ample time to fix batteries after this; that, in fact, I thought it would be well for him if he would take a course in battery work, and I would assist him all I could.

The next morning I laid the matter before Mr. Antwerp, and he wanted the man discharged forthwith. But my anger had cooled somewhat during the night, and I now felt inclined to give him another chance; so I urged that he simply be laid off for a while.

"All right, but make it a good stiff lay-

off—not less than fifteen days," said Mr. Antwerp.

I wrote to Ferral accordingly; but I had scarcely finished when in came a letter from Ferral to me, begging off and promising anything if I would not discharge him, but, instead, would lay him off for forty-five days. I took him at his word, and changed my letter, giving him the forty-five days he begged for, instead of the fifteen I had intended to give him. But about two weeks later, he came

up to "DS," and looked so woe-begone and pleaded so hard to be taken back, that I remitted the rest of his punishment. He was greatly chagrined when he learned how he had trebled his own sentence. He has never been remiss since. Go over to the despatcher's office any night and you will see him, bright and alert, sitting opposite the despatcher doing the copying. He is in direct line of promotion, and some day will be the despatcher himself.



"HE HAD BEEN ASLEEP."

#### A CONVICT OPERATOR.

In addition to the main line, I had a branch of thirty-eight miles, running from Bentonville up to Sandia. There were only two trains daily, a combination freight and passenger each way. The last station before Sandia was Alexis. There the State penitentiary was located, and the telegraphing was done by a convict "trusty"—a man who, having been appointed cashier of a big freight office in the western part of the State, couldn't stand prosperity, and, in consequence, had been sent up for six years. His ability as an operator was extraordinary. He had a smooth, easy way of sending that made his Morse as plain as a circus bill.

The two branch trains were known as 61

and 62, and one day 62, running north in the morning, had jumped the track, laying herself out about ten hours. When she left Sandia as No. 61 on her return trip, she again went off the track, and the result was sixteen hours' more delay. We wouldn't send the wrecker up from our headquarters, and they had to work out their own salvation. When they finally appeared at Alexis, they were running on the time of 62. That would never do, and the conductor asked Alexis to get him orders to run to Bentonville for 62. Burke, my second-trick man, was on duty at the time, and it so chanced that he did not know that the Alexis man was a convict. He was about to give the order asked for when something diverted him for a moment. When he was ready again, Alexis broke him and said, "Wait a minute."

To tell a despatcher to wait a minute when he is sending an order is to court sudden death, and Burke said, "Wait for what?"

"For whatever you please; I'm going to weigh coal."

Burke's Irish blood was all in his head by this time, and he said: "What do you mean by talking that way to me? 61 is waiting for this 9; now you copy, and I'll get your time sent you in the morning."

"Oh, will you! I guess my time is all fixed so you can't touch it. I wish you could; I'd like quite well to be fired from this job."

I had been sitting at my desk taking it all in, and was just about ready to expire of laughter, when Burke called over to me: "Did you hear that young fellow's impudence?"

"Yes, I heard."

"Well, what are you going to do about it? I've never had an operator talk to me like that before. I must certainly insist that you dismiss him. He and I can't work on the same road."

"Unfortunately," said I, "the State has a claim on his services for two years yet, and I'm afraid it won't waive it."

At this, it dawned upon Burke who and what the man was; but I can hardly say that his humor was improved at once by the discovery.

#### AN EPISODE OF SENTIMENT.

The night man at Bentonville quit rather suddenly one bright fall morning, and as I had no other in prospect, I wired the chief of the division south of me to send me one, if he

had any to spare. That afternoon I received a message from him saying he had sent Miss Ellen Ross to take the place. I wasn't overfond of women operators, and on this account Miss Ross's welcome to my division was not a very hearty one. She was the first woman I had ever had under my jurisdiction. I was at the office quite late a night or two after this, and heard some of her work; there was no deny-



"DID YOU HEAR THAT YOUNG FELLOW'S IMPUDENCE?"

ing that she was a very smooth operator, as well as a very prompt one. Burke said that he had no complaint to offer; and I must confess I was rather chagrined. Some three weeks later, I came into the office one morning, and on looking over the train sheet, I saw the following in the delay column:

"No. 18 delayed fifty minutes, account not being able to raise the operator at Bentonville in that time; as an explanation, operator says she was over to the hotel getting her lunch."

I called up Bentonville, and asked if Miss Ross was there. She was, and I said: "Isn't it possible for you to invent a better excuse than lunch for your failure to answer last night?"

She replied that if I didn't like the excuse I knew what I could do. I caught my breath, and then I "did." I sent her time to her on 21, and a man to take her place.

A day or two after this, I was sitting in the division superintendent's office, he being out on the road, and I heard a voice say, "Is this Mr. Bates?"

I glanced up as I answered "Yes," and beheld a young woman of an air and appearance that fairly took my breath away. With all possible deference, I invited her to sit down and inquired what I could do for her.

She said timidly, "I am Miss Ross, lately night operator at Bentonville."

Her answer put me more off my ease than ever. But the discipline of the road had to be maintained; so as soon as I could, I put on my severest look and said, "Well?" She smiled slightly, in a way that made me doubt if she was imposed upon by my show of rigor, and said: "I came to see if you wouldn't take me back. I am sure I didn't mean to do wrong the other night. I have been an operator for nearly four years, and I have never had trouble before. I will promise to be very careful hereafter. Won't you please take me back?"

If she had only known it, I was by now of a mind to have given her the best job on the division, even my own; but I said: "A delay of fifty minutes to any train is had enough, but to a through freight it is the worst possible. Then you say you were at the hotel for lunch. My recollection of the Bentonville station is that it is a mile from the hotel. Really, I don't see how anything can be done."

Discipline, you see, was being maintained in great shape. She looked up at me with her

large black eyes; then two tears made their appearance on the scene, and she sobbed out: "Well, I admit I told a story when I made that excuse, but the despatcher was so sharp, and I was so scared when he said he had been calling me fifty minutes, that I told him the first thing that came into my mind. Then, the next day, I was angry at you because I thought you were chaffing me, and I suppose I was impudent. But do you think it is fair to discharge me for the same thing that you only gave Mr. Ferral fifteen days for? Are you not doing it just because I am a woman?"

When she cited the case of Ferral, I realized I had lost the game. I let myself down as easily as I could, and that evening Miss Ross went back to Bentonville, and the man there was put on the waiting list.

It is curious how often after this I had to run down to Bentonville. That Sandia branch line had to be inspected; the switchboard had to be replaced by a new one in "BN" office;

wires had to be changed, a new ground put in, and many other things done; and always I had to go myself to see that the work was done properly. The next spring Miss Ross gave up the office of her own accord. About ten days afterwards I went away on a three weeks' leave. When I came back, Miss Ross came along—as Mrs. Martin N. Bates. She has often remarked to me:

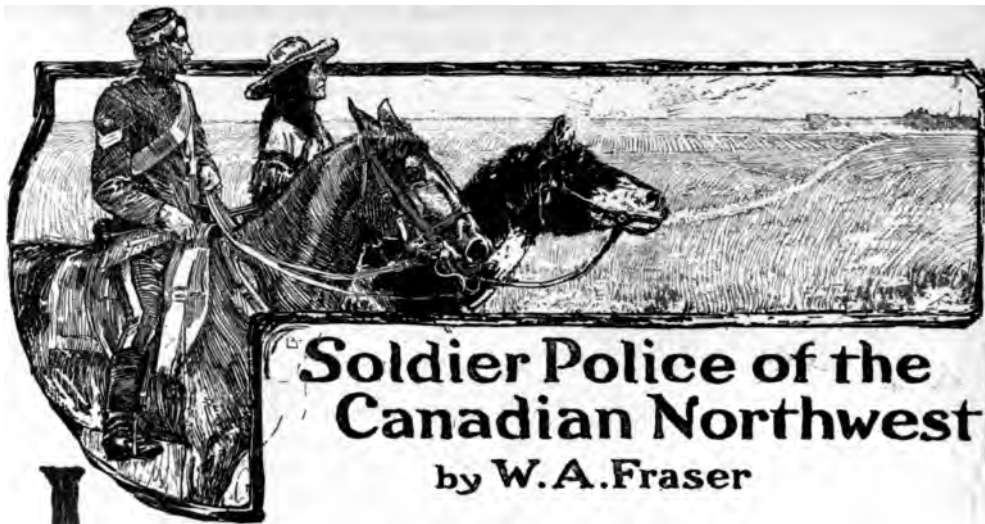
"I paid you back for discharging me, didn't I?"

And she did.



"ARE YOU NOT DOING IT JUST BECAUSE I AM A WOMAN?"





## Soldier Police of the Canadian Northwest

by W.A. Fraser

**I**N 1873, 150 men were sent to Manitoba from eastern Canada.

That was the beginning of the Northwest Mounted Police. The following year, the force, 300 strong, marched to the Rocky Mountains. That was the beginning of the movement which has culminated in the dominating of the whole of the Northwest Territories by these men. Within a few years the force was increased to 500 men, and during the Riel rebellion it numbered 1,000. It was divided into ten divisions, each division being designated by a letter and the depot. In 1894, it was reduced to 750 men. Last year there were in the Northwest Territories 548 men; in the Yukon, 184. The ten divisions are posted in different parts of the Northwest. There are three divisional headquarters near the United States boundary line. In each division there are outposts, with from two to ten men each.

The police officers are: a commissioner and an assistant commissioner; and, in each division, a superintendent and two inspectors. At headquarters there are two extra inspectors, one as quartermaster and the other as paymaster. Five surgeons look after the health of the police at the principal posts. A veterinary surgeon and an assistant veterinary surgeon are attached to the force, while each division has a veterinary sergeant to look after the horses. The pay of these several officers is as follows: Commissioner, \$2,600 per year; assistant commissioner, \$1,600 per year; superintendents, \$1,400 per year; inspectors, \$1,000 per year; surgeons and veterinary surgeons, \$1,000; staff ser-

geants, \$1.25 to \$2.00 per day; duty sergeants, \$1.00 per day; corporals, 85 cents per day; constables, 50 to 75 cents per day.

The full-dress uniform is a scarlet tunic with yellow facings, blue cloth breeches with yellow stripes, white helmet, cavalry boots, and cavalry overcoat. In winter fur coats and moccasins are worn when necessary. A serviceable khaki uniform and cowboy hat are used for rough work on the prairie in summer. In barracks the life is regulated on military principles. Every quarter or half hour the bugle calls the men to some duty—stables, parade, meals, lights out—just as in a military camp. The men have their rations, their mess, and their canteen. Each constable looks after his own horse. Each commissioned officer has a "batsman," or body servant, told off from among the constables. He pays this man \$5.00 per month additional out of his own pocket. The batsman is relieved of guard and some other duties. Mechanics of all descriptions are employed in the force; they do most of the building, and all of the repairing to harness, wagons, buildings, etc.

That's the personnel of the N. W. M. P. on paper. A force of 750 men to guard a territory stretching from the Great Lakes to the Rockies, and from the forty-ninth parallel, the boundary of the United States, to the Arctic Ocean! How they can accomplish it with such efficiency as they do, guarding half a continent, peopled by warlike Indians, so well that a white man may walk from one end of it to the other, unarmed and alone, with greater security than he could pass from Castle Garden to Harlem in





SERGEANT McDONALD.

New York City, is just matter of wonder. Here are three illustrations; they, perhaps, picture the method:

When Piapot restless, quarrelsome, drink-loving Piapot and his swarthy, hawk-faced following of Crees and Saultaux, hundreds of them, spread the circles of their many smoke-tanned tepees near the construction line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, beyond Swift Current, there was inaugurated the preliminary of a massacre, an Indian war, the driving out of the railway hands, or whatever other fanciful form of entertainment the fertile brain of Piapot might devise.

The Evil One must have looked down with satisfaction upon the assembly: there were navvies of wonderful and elastic moral construction; bad Indians with insane alcoholic aspirations; subservient squaws; and the keystone of the whole arch of iniquity whisky. The railway management sent a remonstrance to the powers. The Lieutenant-Governor issued an order; and two policemen, two plain, red-coated, blue-trousered policemen, rode forth carrying her Majesty's commands. Not a brigade, nor a regiment, nor a troop; not even a company. Even the officer bearing the written order was but a sergeant. With him was one constable. That was the force that was to move this turbulent tribe from the good hunting-ground they had struck to a secluded place many miles away. It was like turning a king off

his throne. Piapot refused to move, and treated the bearer of the Pale-face Mother's message as only a blackguard Indian can treat a man who is forced to listen to his insults without retaliating.

The sergeant calmly gave him fifteen minutes in which to commence striking camp. The result was fifteen minutes of abuse—nothing more. The young bucks rode their ponies at the police horses, and jostled the sergeant and his companion. They screamed defiance at him, and fired their guns under his charger's nose and close to his head, as they circled about in their pony spirit-war-dance. When the fifteen minutes were up, the sergeant threw his picket-line to the constable, dismounted, walked over to Chief Piapot's grotesquely painted tepee, and calmly knocked the key-pole out. The walls of the palace collapsed; the smoke-grimed roof swirled down like a drunken balloon about the ears of Piapot's harem. All the warriors rushed for their guns. But the sergeant continued methodically knocking key-poles out, and Piapot saw that the game was up. He had either got to kill the sergeant—stick his knife into the heart of the whole British nation by the murder of this unruffled soldier—or give in and move away. He chose the latter course, for Piapot had brains.

Again: After the killing of Custer, Sitting Bull became a more or less orderly tenant of her Majesty the Queen. With 900 lodges he camped at Wood Mountain, just over the border from Montana. An arrow's flight from his tepees was the Northwest Mounted Police post. One morning the police discovered six dead Saultaux Indians. They had been killed and scalped in the most approved Sioux fashion. Each tribe has a trade-mark of its own in the way of taking scalps: some are broad, some are long, some round, some elliptical, some more or less square. These six Indians had been scalped according to the Sioux design. Also a seventh Saultaux, a mere lad and still alive, had seen the thing done. The police buried the six dead warriors, and took the live one with them to the police post. Sitting Bull's reputation was not founded on his modesty, and with characteristic audacity he came, accompanied by four minor chiefs and a herd of hoodlum warriors, and made a demand for the seventh Saultaux the boy.

There were twenty policemen backing Sergeant McDonald; with the chief there were at least 500 warriors; so what followed was really an affair of prestige more than of force. When Sitting Bull arrived at the lit-

the picket gate of the post, he threw his squat figure from his pony, and in his usual generous, impetuous manner, rushed forward and thrust the muzzle of his gun into Sergeant McDonald's stomach, as though he would blow the whole British nation into smithereens with one pull of his finger. McDonald was of the sort that take things coolly—he was typical of the force. He quietly pushed the gun to one side, and told the five chiefs to step inside, as he was receiving that afternoon. When they passed through the little gate, he invited them to stack their arms in the yard, and come inside the shack and pow-wow. They demurred, but the sergeant was firm; finally the arms were stacked and the chiefs went inside to discuss matters with the police.

Outside the little stockade it was play-day in Bedlam. The young bucks rode, and whooped, and fired their guns; they disturbed the harmony of the afternoon tea, as the sergeant explained to Sitting Bull. "Send your men away," he told him.

The Sioux chief demurred again.

"Send them away," repeated the sergeant, "if you have any authority over them."

At a sign Sitting Bull and the chiefs made toward the door; but there were interruptions—red-coated objections. And the rifles of the chiefs were stacked in the yard outside. Sitting Bull, like Piapot, had brains; likewise was he a good general. He nodded approvingly at this *coup d'état*, and told one of the chiefs to go out and send the boys away.

When the young bucks had withdrawn to their own camp, the sergeant persuaded Sitting Bull and the others to remain still a little longer, chiefly by force of the red-coated



ONE OF THE FORCE.

arguments he brought to bear upon them. "Tarry here, brothers," he said, "until I send Constable Collins and two others of my men to arrest the murderers of the dead Indians. The Saultaux are subjects of the Queen, and we cannot allow them to be killed for the fun of the thing. Also has the boy told us who the murderers are."

Then Constable Collins—big Jack Collins, wild Irishman and all the rest of it—went over to the Sioux camp, accompanied by two fellow-policemen, and arrested three of the slayers of the dead Indians. It was like going through the Inquisition for the fun of the thing. The Indians jostled and shoved them, reviled them, and fired their pistols and guns about their ears, whirled their knives and tomahawks dangerously close, and indulged in every other species of torment their vengeful minds could devise. But big Jack and his comrades hung on to their prisoners, and steadily worked their way along to the post.

Not a sign of annoyance had escaped either of the constables up to the time a big Indian stepped up directly in front of Jack Collins and spat in his face. Whirra, whirroo! A big mutton-leg fist shot through the prairie air, and



ON LIGHT DUTY.



"HE PLANTED HIMSELF FIRMLY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BRIDGE, AND VOWED TO KILL THE FIRST . . . THAT ATTEMPTED TO PASS."

the Sioux brave, with broken nose, lay like a crushed moccasin at Jack's feet. "Take that, ye black baste!" he hissed between his clenched teeth. "An' ye've made me disobey orders, ye foul fiend!" Then he marched his prisoners into the post, and reported himself for misconduct for striking an Indian. The three prisoners were sent to Regina, and tried for the murder. I do not know whether Jack was punished for his handiwork or not, though it is quite likely that he was strongly censured at least.

And again: At Golden, in the heart of the Rockies, there was a pretty tough mining camp. Major Steele was commanding the police there, and in spite of firm measures the miners were beginning to get a little out of hand. One night it culminated in a riot. Sergeant Fury, a determined, bull-dog little man, was sent, with two constables, to arrest the ring-leaders. The gang had possession of a saloon. Fury walked in, and going straight up to the man he wanted, said: "Come with me; I-arrest you."

Of course it was an invitation that the turbulent miner had no idea of accepting. Fury reached out persuasively with his left hand, clutched him by the collar in an iron grip, and backed for the door. It was like throwing a lamb among a cageful of hungry tigers. There was a mob of swaying, swearing miners in front of the little sergeant which his two assistants were vainly trying to keep back. A huge desperado made a rush at Fury from behind. He felt him coming, and without looking around fired point-blank over his shoulder, and brought him to the ground winged. It had a soothing effect upon the others, and the police got their prisoner out

on the road before the crowd had time to get worked up into a passion again.

It was some little distance to the barracks, and as they hurried the unwilling captive along the road, they saw the miners coming for them again. "There'll be some quare wurk this time," laughed Corporal Hetherington, for he was of the party. Just as they pulled their prisoner over a bridge which spanned a little stream, a figure came tearing down the road from the barracks with a sword in one hand and a revolver in the other. It was the commander, Major Steele, whom the noise of the fighting had roused from a bed of illness. He planted himself firmly in the middle of the bridge, and vowed to kill the first member of the mob that attempted to pass.

It was settled that time as it always is. No prisoner is ever given up by the Northwest Mounted Police once the law demands that he be arrested. The miners knew enough of Steele to know that he would keep his word, also that their comrade would have a fair, square trial; that much Steele promised them.

Not that prestige and determination carry the point always. Sometimes the desperadoes turn on the policeman, handicapped by his orders to arrest and not kill, and the death dew gathers damp on his face, and the regimental number is all that is left of him in the force. Duck Lake is the "Five Points" of the Northwest. It lies 100 miles north of Regina, the capital of the Territories. Last year five white men - four policemen and one civilian and three Indians lay dead on the prairie with their faces to the sky, to the end that the peace broken by one Indian outlaw might be made whole again.

Almighty Voice, son of John Sounding Sky, was hungry, and killed a cow. The first little irregularity was that the cow belonged to somebody else. Therefore a sergeant of police and a half-breed guide rode forth to bring Almighty Voice before a magistrate. As they rode along they heard the report of a gun. They turned from the trail, and came suddenly upon the Indian and two squaws. He had just killed a prairie chicken. "Tell him I've come to arrest him for killing cattle," said the sergeant to the guide.

"Tell him if he advances I'll kill him!" answered Almighty Voice.

Sergeant Colbrook rode quietly forward. The guide covered the Indian with his carbine, but the sergeant made him put it down again. "We have no authority to kill," he said. "We've come to arrest only. Tell him to lay down his arms," he added, as he rode steadily forward.

A few paces more, and there came another warning from the Indian at bay. The sergeant, according to his code, had no choice. He could not retire; he had no authority to shoot the Indian; his orders were simply to arrest him, even if it cost him his life—and it did. Another pace, and the fire belched from the muzzle of the Cree's gun, and Sergeant Colbrook fell shot through the heart. The guide's code was not so high. He could retire, and he did, very fast.

That was the beginning. A price was set upon the murderer's head; he was declared an outlaw, and for a thousand miles west and a thousand miles north the red-coated riders watched for Almighty Voice. While

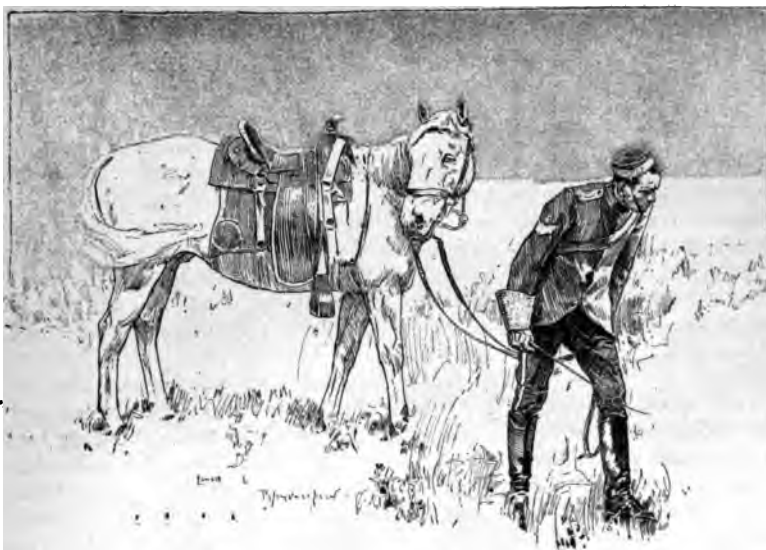
they scoured the land far and wide, Almighty Voice lived for many moons shielded by his Indian friends at Duck Lake.

One day a horse was stolen, and a half-breed scout with a companion started to round up the thief. They caught him. As they were bringing him through a clump of poplars astride of a knock-kneed cayuse he disappeared as if by magic. Then Almighty Voice appeared upon the scene, and the scout was soon galloping for dear life—for the little life that was left him, for a bullet had gone crashing through his back, and the slayer of Sergeant Colbrook was running like the wind at his horse's heels, making savage clutches at the swishing tail. Bending low along his horse's neck, the scout rode with reeling brain. One clutch of those dark, sinewy hands in his steed's tail, and the next instant a knife would be at his throat. The horse gained a little—the prey was escaping. The pursuer stopped for an instant, and his fierce black eyes gleamed along a gun-barrel. The bullet cut through the cowboy hat of the scout, and severed the woven-hair bridle between the horse's ears. The bit dropped from the horse's mouth, and under the new freedom he sped faster. Almighty Voice gave up the chase.

Over the wire the news was flashed into Prince Albert, and Captain Allen and a detachment of police rode eighty miles that night. Almighty Voice had two other killings to attend to, but that ride caught him in a trap. In the morning the police were reconnoitering from a little hill. Allen saw three vertical blots on the landscape. As



"'IF HE ADVANCES I'LL KILL HIM,' ANSWERED ALMIGHTY VOICE."



"THEY SCoured THE LAND FAR AND WIDE."

he looked they scampered into a bluff on all fours like deer. "That's an old game," he said. "They are the men we're after."

They surrounded the bluff. As Captain Allen patrolled close to the bushes he suddenly saw something which made him lean far down along the side of his horse, but he was too late. He heard the bone of his right arm snap like a piece of glass, and his hand swung limp as a rag at his side. The bullet from Almighty Voice's rifle had smashed through his arm close to the shoulder. The exchange of leaden cards had been mutual. A 44 bullet from Allen's revolver had scorched its way through Almighty Voice's ankle.

Thrown from his horse by the shock, the officer crawled like a wounded duck into the thick grass of the prairie. When he had gone a little distance, he raised himself on one knee, only to look along the cold steel barrel of a rifle and into the merciless eyes of Almighty Voice. He knelt for the space of five seconds looking into the face of death, expecting every minute the crash of the leaden messenger. Without

me your cartridges or I'll kill you," he said in Cree.

"Never!" answered Allen.

Just then there was the crack of a carbine, and a bullet spat against the trunk of a poplar and went zipping off through the light branches. A constable had sighted the Indian; the latter jumped back among the trees.

Temporary repairs kept Allen from bleeding to death. They tried burning the Indians out, but the poplars were too green. Then three constables—Hawkin, Kerr, and Lundy—crept in through the thick, dangerous undergrowth of the bluff to drive them

uncovering his wounded quarry, the Indian pointed with two fingers, and said, "Throw me your cartridge belt."

The Captain understood: the Indian would not waste a cartridge upon him now that he was disabled; he needed them all for defense. Where he stood in the edge of the bush he was covered, and would not expose himself by coming out to finish his man with a knife. "Throw



"BENDING LOW ALONG HIS HORSE'S NECK, THE SCOUT RODE WITH REELING BRAID."

out. Their few comrades keeping guard on the outside heard at irregular intervals the rifles speak, but no message came from the deep shadows of the aspens. No fleeing Indian darted into the open; no smoke-grimed, red-coated policeman struggled forth holding a dark captive. There was nothing but the occasional sharp crack of a rifle, the yell of defiance of an Indian, and then silence—heavy, oppressive silence. After a time there was nothing but silence, no call from the constables to their friends on the outside, no word from the rifles—nothing but the ominous stillness. The hearts of the watchers grew heavy, and well they might, for the three brave troopers were lying with their white, set faces looking up at the blue vault, their bodies torn by the bullets that had been fired at them from the distance of a few paces.

With the persistence characteristic of the force, two men, O'Kelly and Cook, went in to do what three had failed to accomplish. As he wormed his way along on his stomach, O'Kelly made a discovery. The Indians, with devilish ingenuity, had made three runways leading up to a certain point by breaking the small bushes off close to the ground. These led to a death-trap—a pit dug by the Indians with their knives. At the other end of each was a hawk-eyed Indian with a leveled rifle. It was in these little runways that the three policemen had been shot.

The two constables avoided the paths, and kept to the thick growth. Suddenly O'Kelly became aware of a pair of khaki-colored legs in front of him. Thinking it was one of his dead comrades, he reached out to pull the body back. As he did so the feet were wrenched violently from his grasp, and disappeared over the embankment into the pit. The rifles belched forth in his very face, and an Indian sprang up on the embankment to get a better shot at him. A bullet from O'Kelly's rifle went crashing through the redskin's brain. The constable flattened his body out, and hugged his mother earth as though he loved her. A shot from Almighty Voice tore a spur from off his heel.

Ten feet away Cook was lying flat and motionless behind the dead limb of a fallen tree.

He saw the smoke of the rifle from the Indians' pit, but he did not see the pair of lynx-like eyes motionless as the rock of Gibraltar that watched steadily the limb that covered his face. Cautiously he raised his head a few inches. There was a sharp crack, a puff of smoke, and bark and chips were driven into his eyes with terrific force.



"THREE CONSTABLES . . . CREPT IN THROUGH THE THICK, DANGEROUS UNDERGROWTH OF THE BLUFF."

Luckily the aim had been a little low, the bullet had glanced.

They recovered one of their wounded companions a little later, and inch by inch worked their way backward, dragging him between them. All that night they guarded the bluff. Once Almighty Voice tried to creep out, but was driven back. In the morning a little trail and a crutch dropped from the blood-stained hands of the Indian showed where he had tried to escape. About midnight Almighty Voice called to the police: "Brothers, we've had a good fight to-day. I've worked hard and am hungry. You've plenty of grub; send me in some. To-morrow we'll finish the fight."

The next day the fight was like a Roman



spectacle. A small hill near by was covered by Indian and half-breed spectators. The old tan-faced mother of Almighty Voice sat there and crooned a weird death-song, and cheered her boy to fight to the death like an Indian brave. She screamed defiance to the police—her son would slay many more of them. But his end was drawing near. A field-gun had been brought up from Regina; a few shells were thrown into the bluff, and then a charge was made. It was difficult charging through that thick growth, but when the smoke cleared away, the pit held three dead Indians, and it was "all quiet along the Saskatchewan" once more.

Many special bodies of troops in Europe, such as the Guards, are filled with men over six feet. In the Northwest the need is different. Abnormally large men would only be an incumbrance on the long rides, breaking down both themselves and their horses. A combination of sinew, strength, endurance, brain, and a fair moral tone is necessary to make up the man who is expected to ride oftentimes day and night without eating or sleeping, to hold his own in a foot-race or a fight with a swift Indian or half-breed; and also show by example that the Northwest Territories are to be developed and governed along the lines of order and industry. The returns from the different posts show that physically the men are admirably fitted to fill this bill. In height their average runs about five feet nine inches, with a chest measurement of thirty-eight and one-half inches. Recruits are subjected to a searching medical examination before being taken on. The aim is "to make it a most difficult force to get into, and an easy one to get out of." The result is a

fine body of contented men and few desertions.

In addition to their actual duties as peace officers, the police are supposed to gather for the Government information on every subject under the sun—the sun that shines between the forty-ninth parallel and the Arctic Ocean: the state of the crops, the condition of the ranches, the breeds of horses and cattle most suitable to their individual localities; their opinions on the different or-

dinances relating to the protection of cattle ranches; even statistical returns to show where the best markets are and how they should be reached. Should a rancher kill a steer and bring the carcass in for sale, the law says that he must also bring the hide bearing his brand to show that in a moment of forgetfulness he has not killed his neighbor's animal. The police must see that he does this. They must have constructive ability, and report on roads and bridges, and different modes of transit—from the humble cayuse to the swift-rushing railway. The settlers arriving in the country are under the watchful eye of these guardians; their physical, moral, and financial conditions



"A HAWK-EYED INDIAN WITH A LEVELED RIFLE."

are duly observed and reported to headquarters. If the Mormon settlement or the colony of the Mennonites have 900 cattle and 600 sheep, those in authority will know it, for a "Rider of the Plains" will have it all jotted down in his note-book. Just how much gold per day the miner takes from the sands of the Saskatchewan is also known; and how much he pays a ton for the coal he burns during the long winter months. You will find in the blue book a list of the questions Li Hung Chang asked when he paid a flying visit to Calgary. Pork-packing and poultry-raising

are not beneath notice; and intelligent advice is given, backed up by facts and figures, as to how these industries may be better followed. Nothing escapes the vigilance of these alert policemen.

Fierce battles are waged between the fire fiend and the constables sometimes. Day and night, scorched and seared and athirst, they have to battle often to preserve the country from becoming one vast kiln. No more exciting picture was ever drawn than the sight of two policemen, with two wet blankets knotted together and trailing the ground, galloping one on either side of a line of leaping hungry flame. Miles and miles of fire line they will put out in this way.

In former years the most onerous of the police duties was the preventing of the sale of liquor in the Territories. The Northwest was then a prohibition state. The Lieutenant-Governor had authority to issue a permit to a man to have in his possession liquor up to five gallons, providing always the man was respectable. These permits gave the police no end of trouble. So long as the owner of a permit held it in his hand he was entitled to the possession of five gallons of liquor, though the keg had been drained twenty times. A saloon-keeper with friends who held permits could store a large stock of smuggled liquor and snap his fingers at the police. It was an article of faith that men who tried to bring in liquor by means lawful or otherwise were public benefactors; while the police, who were trying to interrupt this wholesome trade, were men to be put far astray and shrouded on a hog's back.

Many and various were the tricks resorted to by the men stricken with a thirst engendered of life in that high, dry atmosphere. A consignment of Bibles to Edmonton proved full of a spirituous consolation that caused them to sell as readily as hot cakes to people who previously had taken very little interest in Christian literature. That the Bibles were tin did not matter in the slightest.

A high-rolling gambler, "Bull Dog" Carney, once ran a car-load of smuggled whisky into Golden. The police got knowledge of it, and after many ups and downs confiscated most of it. "It was a sight to make your heart ache, sor," the sergeant who told me about it assured me. "A car-load of whisky spilled out on the ground before a squad of men thirsty to their very souls. Surely a little keg wouldn't have been missed from all that lot—a wee little keg," he added plaintively.

Upon another occasion, when there had

been a lawful seizure of "moonlight," the superintendent in charge had seen every package broached and its contents emptied out upon the ground, even to the last "wee little keg." The ruby-tinted nectar had gurgled forth and sunk into the parched earth before the eyes of a thirsty file of inwardly groaning policemen. But when the bugle piped melodiously for stables, there was not a corporal's guard to feed the many horses; and the superintendent took counsel with himself, and went on a tour of inspection. He jabbed viciously with his walking-stick at the brown spot of earth where the liquor, many times emptied, had burned away the grass. His stick went through the crust of earth, and struck something which gave back a hollow, complaining sound. It was the bottom of a tub. On top of the tub was an old iron grate; on top of that the earth. It was a very peculiar geological formation, not described in any of the works. The superintendent spoke never a word, for silence is a gold coin studded with rubies; doubtless some wicked men had put it there to bring discredit upon the force. When the next lot of seized liquor was to be emptied, he said to the sergeant: "We'll take this to a new place, and give the grass a chance to grow in the old spot."

Next to guarding against the smuggling of whisky, the watching of the border line for horse and cattle thieves was probably the most severe of the police duties. A magnificent system of patrol extends along the whole southern side of the British territories from Winnipeg to the Rockies, close to the forty-ninth parallel, which divides the two countries. The patrol usually consists of two policemen, one riding a horse and the other in a buckboard. Rude shelters, perhaps sod-huts, are erected along the trail at forty-mile intervals. The two men start west from, say, Post A, and at the same time two men start east from Post B. They travel forty miles per day until they meet and exchange notes. Then they make a detour to the south, touching the American line, and back thus to their respective posts. Each patrol carries a book containing a printed set of questions. This book is shown to each settler along the patrol route. If he has any complaint to make, he notes it therein; if not, he signs the book. Should the policemen observe any fresh trail from over the border crossing their route, they follow it up and overhaul the travelers. If all does not seem square and above-board, they arrest them and take them in to the nearest post.



Thus the hundreds of miles of open prairie are patrolled almost daily like the streets of a great city. Many cases of cattle and horse stealing have been detected by these means, the stolen animals recovered, and the robbers punished. At one time thieves used to run off horses from the Fort McLeod region, work them northward 300 miles, above Edmonton, east along the Saskatchewan, and trade them off for cattle, which they drove back and sold to the very owners of the horses. The police have stopped all that. Murderers and desperadoes often drift across the line from Montana. These are always caught, and returned to the United States officers. The killing of cattle by Indians has been just about stamped out.

In 1896, the United States authorities returned to Canada some hundreds of Cree Indians who had taken refuge there at the time of the Riel rebellion. These Indians were afraid to come back; they were inclined to be ugly. Parties of United States cavalry escorted them to the border. There, much to the astonishment of the United States officers, the turbulent Indians were taken charge of by three mounted policemen, and handled as easily as a lot of school children. It is the even justice with which the Indian has been handled on the Canadian side that makes this possible, or that makes it possible for one or two policemen to go into a large camp and bring away a prisoner.

The Blackfoot tribe is the most warlike within the Canadian borders. Years ago they had a mighty chief named Crowfoot. Whites and Indians all concur in the opinion that he was the greatest Indian, in all respects, that ever lived. He was a noble old savage and proud as Lucifer; so when a sergeant of police and two constables came to his tribe and demanded that two braves who had committed some crime be delivered up to them, he objected haughtily; but finally consented on condition that he might go and see the trial. When the case was finished and even-handed justice had been meted out, Crowfoot said: "This is a place where the forked tongue is made straight. When my people do wrong, they shall come here." And since that time it has always been so.

The armament of the force consists of a carbine, usually a 45-75 Winchester, and a 44 Enfield revolver. The men carry neither sword nor spear. The force is supposed to be, as occasion demands, either cavalry, field artillery, or infantry. The artillery armament consists of six seven-pounder guns, four

nine-pounders, two machine guns.

Each constable has a horse allotted to him. The horses are all purchased in the Northwest Territories at an average price of \$60 per head. A record is kept of each horse's mileage, and they are all carefully looked after by veterinary surgeons and sergeants. At the end of the year an exhaustive report upon the condition of the horses is returned; also upon the quality of the hay and grain supplied by contract for their use. Each horse is branded, and has his regimental number stamped upon the wall of his hoof. *En bloc* they are known as "the herd."

Many a cold, bitter ride, a ride close unto death—yes even through the grim portals sometimes—the riders of these horses have. Winter or summer, sunshine or arctic cold, far or near, the duty must be done. Like the fear of the "black death" in the East is the dread of the scourge of the Northern plains—the blizzard. Against the insane strength of a blizzard the power of a human being is like a feather going over the Niagara cataract. A constable may start out as Corporal Crane did, ten years ago, on his way to Pen d'Oreille to look up some strayed horses. The sun was shining brightly, the air was calm and still. After a while the sky became gray, and little, fine, sharp-cutting chips of snow began to fly and the wind began to rise. Soon it was a full-defined snow-storm, with the wind driving. The snow piled up until it grew hard to travel. The trail had vanished, and the plain was a white, heaving sea. The marrow in the corporal's bones was thickening up, and his blood was sluggish and cold. Then, his eyes! The bits of frozen steel were driving the sight out, the white fall of snow was bleaching the retina.

He slipped from the saddle, for he was growing sleepy sitting there in the cold. Walking might keep the life in until the horse led him somewhere—he was blind now! Holding to the stirrup, he trudged along. Suddenly he stumbled, the stirrup leather slipped from his stiffened fingers. Roused for an instant by the fall, he groped blindly about the frozen snow for the horse. His hands encountered nothing but the wind-driven bits of steel. He traveled in a little circle, once, twice. His comrades saw the tracks three days later. At the end of the second circle they found his body. The horse had come back to barracks dripping wet.

The spirit of camarade strong among these riders of the pla in the force or

at two Maxim

out, "acting" or "ex," it is all the same: he is or was "one of us." During the Riel rebellion the police were always in the front. It was at the taking of Batoche that Jack French, a big, generous, hard-fighting Irishman, an inspector of police, gave one instance of this comrade-love. There had been a hot scrimmage, and the troops were forced to retire. A wounded policeman was left lying on the field. Jack French saw him, and standing up, shouted in a brogue with the music of an organ in it, "What are you doing there, Cook?"

"I'm wounded," came back a faint call.

"It's meself 'll carry ye in, then!" and down he marched, whistling gayly to himself as the bullets came spishing by him, throwing up little clouds of dust here and there all about as he marched along. Two bullets cut their way through the skirt of his tunic. "They're getting them pretty close now,"

muttered Jack, but he was only a few feet away from Cook.

May it be remembered to the credit of the half-breed rebels that when they realized what noble Jack French's mission was they ceased fire. And when he swung his wounded comrade up on his broad shoulders and started back with him, a cheer ran through the whole line of rebel redoubts until the prairie grass trembled with the vibration of the beaten wind. He brought Cook safely back to camp, and then went back again to the fighting that he loved so well. His reward was not the V. C., for within half an hour he was stretched out dead, probably by one of the very men who had cheered him. Cook still lives; he is in government employ in the Northwest.

In the annals of the police there are heroic stories of this sort enough to fill a mighty volume, perhaps even stronger tales than I have told here.

## THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA.

### A NOVEL.

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON.

#### SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

By five years of hard, often disheartening, labor, John Harkless, "a young man from the East," has brought the "Carlow County Herald" from bankruptcy to prosperity, and made it a decided moral force in the town of Plattville. He has compelled an unsavory politician, Rodney McCune, to retire to private life; he has sent eight members of a gang of marauders, known as "White Caps," to the penitentiary; and he has retrieved from drunkenness a broken-down schoolmaster, Fisbee, and given him employment on the paper. By

these achievements he has secured the gratitude of all concerned except the White Caps, who threaten vengeance. A fair visitor now arrives in town—Helen Sherwood, related, apparently, in some wise to Fisbee. Harkless goes one night to call on her, and is fired at by the White Caps. She exposes herself to the fire by running to his assistance. So far as he recalls, he has never seen her before; but he finds in her the realization of many a fond dream. They go together next day to see a circus parade. There Harkless breaks up the game of a pair of confidence men; and in the crowd and excitement, he is again secretly assailed by the White Caps, but comes off without injury.

#### CHAPTER VI.

GLAD AFTERNOON.—THE GIRL BY THE BLUE TENT-POLE.



HEY walked slowly back along the pike toward the brick house. He was stooping very much as they walked. He wanted to be told that he could look at her for a thousand years. The small face was rarely and exquisitely modeled, but, perhaps, just now the salient characteristic of her beauty (for the salient characteristic seemed to be a different thing at different times) was the color-

ing, a delicate glow under the white skin, a glow that bewitched him in its seeming to reflect the rich benediction of the noonday sun that blazed overhead.

Once he had thought the way to the Briscoe homestead rather a long walk, but now the distance sped malignantly; strolled they never so slow, it was less than a "young bird's flutter from a wood." With her acquiescence he rolled a cigarette, and she began to hum lightly the air of a song, a song of ineffably gentle, slow movement.

That, and a reference of the morning, and, perhaps, the smell of his tobacco mingling with the fragrance of her roses, awoke again the old reminiscence of the night before. A clearly outlined picture rose before him: the high, green slopes and cool cliff-walls of the

coast of Maine, and the sharp little estuary waves he lazily watched through half-closed lids while the pale smoke of his cigarette blew out under the rail of a waxen deck where he lay cushioned. And again a woman pelted his face with handfuls of rose-petals and cried: "Up, lad, and at 'em! Yonder is Winter Harbor." Again he sat in the oak-raftered casino, breathless with pleasure, and heard a young girl sing the "Angel's Serenade," a young girl who looked so bravely unconscious of the big, hushed crowd that listened, looked so pure and bright and gentle and good, that he had spoken of her as "Sir Galahad's little sister." He had been much taken with this child, but he had not thought of her from that time to this, he supposed; he had almost forgotten her. No! Her face suddenly stood out to his view as though he saw her with his physical eye—a sweet and vivacious child's face, with light-brown hair, and gray eyes, and a short upper lip like a curled rose-leaf. And the voice—

He stopped short. "You are Tom Meredith's little cousin!"

"The Great Harkless," she answered, and stretched out her hand to him.

"I remember you!"

"Isn't it time?"

"Ah, but I never forgot you," he cried. "I thought I had. I didn't know who it was I was remembering. I thought it was fancy, and it was memory. I never forgot your voice, singing—and I remembered your face, too, though I thought I didn't." He drew a deep breath. "That was why—"

"Tom has not forgotten you," she said, as he paused.

"Would you mind shaking hands once more?" he asked.

She gave him her hand again. "With all my heart. Why?"

"I'm making a record at it, that's all. Thank you."

"They called me 'Sir Galahad's little sister' all one summer because the Great John Harkless called me that. You danced with me in the evening."

"Did I?"

"Ah," she said, shaking her head, "you were too busy being in love with pretty Mrs. Van Skuyt to remember a waltz with only me! I was allowed to meet you as a reward for singing my very best, and you—you bowed with the indulgence of a grandfather, and asked me to dance."

"Like a grandfather! How young I was then! How time changes us!"

"I'm afraid my conversation did not make a great impression upon you," she continued.

"But it did. I am remembering very fast. If you will wait a moment, I will tell you some of the things you said."

The girl laughed merrily. Whenever she laughed he realized that it was becoming terribly difficult not to tell her how adorable she was. "I wouldn't risk it, if I were you," she warned him, "because I didn't speak to you at all. I shut my lips tight and trembled all over, every bit of the time I was dancing with you. I did not sleep, that night, and I was unhappy, wondering what the Great Harkless would think of me. I knew he thought me unutterably stupid because I couldn't talk to him. I wanted to send him word that I knew I had bored him. I couldn't endure that he shouldn't know that I knew I had. But he was not thinking of me in any way. He had gone to sea again in his white boat, the ungrateful pirate, cruising with Mrs. Van Skuyt."

"How time does change us!" said John. "You are wrong, though. I did think of you. I have al—"

"Yes," she interrupted, tossing her head in airy travesty of the stage coquette, "you think so—I mean, you say so—now. Away with you and your blarneying!"

And so they went through the warm noon-tide, and little he cared for the heat that wilted the fat mullein leaves and made the barefoot boy who passed by skip gingerly through the burning dust with anguished mouth and watery eye. Little he knew of the katydid that suddenly whirled its mills of shrillness in the maple tree and sounded so hot, hot, hot; or that other that railed at the country quiet from the dim, cool shade around the brick house; or even the rain-crow that sat on the fence and swore to them in the face of a sunny sky that they should see rain ere the day were done. Little the young man recked of what he ate at Judge Briscoe's good noon dinner: chicken wing and young roas'n'-ear, hot rolls as light as the fluff of a summer cloudlet, and honey and milk, and apple-butter flavored like spices of Arabia, and fragrant, flaky cherry pie, and cool, rich, yellow cream. Lige Willetts was a lover, yet he said he asked no better than to just go on eating that cherry pie till a sweet death overtook him; but railroad sandwiches and restaurant chops set before Harkless for all the difference it would have made to him.

At no other time is a man's feeling of companionship with a woman so strong as when he sits at table with her—not at a "decorated" and becaftered and bewaitered table, but at a homely, appetizing, wholesome, home table like old Judge Briscoe's. The very essence of the thing is domesticity, and the implication is utter confidence and liking. There are few greater dangers for a bachelor. An insinuating imp perches on his shoulder, and, softly tickling the bachelor's ear with the feathers of an arrow shaft, whispers: "Pretty gay, isn't it, eh? Rather pleasant to have that girl sitting there, don't you think? Enjoy having her notice your butter-plate was empty? Think it exhilarating to hand her those rolls? Looks nice, doesn't she? Says, 'Thank you,' rather prettily? Makes your lonely breakfast seem mighty dull, doesn't it? How would you like to have her pour your coffee for you to-morrow, my boy? How would it seem to have such pleasant company all the rest of your life? Pretty cheerful, eh? It's *my* conviction that your one need in life is to pick her up in your arms and run away with her, not anywhere in particular, but just run and run and run away!"

After dinner they went out to the veranda, and the gentlemen smoked. The Judge set his chair down on the ground, tilted back in it with his feet on the steps, and blew a wavery, domed city up in the air. He called it solid comfort. He liked to sit out from under the porch roof, he said; he wanted to see more of the sky. The others moved their chairs down to join in the celestial vision. A feathery, thin cloud or two had been fanned across it, but save for these, there was nothing but glorious and tender, brilliant blue. It seemed so clear and close one marveled the little church spire in the distance did not pierce it; yet at the same time, the eye ascended miles and miles into warm, shimmering ether. Far away two buzzards swung slowly at anchor, half-way to the sun.

"O bright, translucent, cerulean hue,  
Let my wide wings drift on in you,"

Harkless quoted, pointing them out to Helen.

"You seem to get a good deal of fun out of this kind of weather," observed Lige, as he wiped his brow and shifted his chair into the shade.

"I expect you don't get such skies as this up in Rouen?" said the Judge, looking at the girl from between his lazily half-closed eyelids.

"It's the same Indiana sky, I think," she answered.

"I guess maybe in the city you don't see as much of it, or think as much about it, then. Yes, they're the Indiana skies," the old man went on;

"Skies as blue  
As the eyes of children when they smile at you."

There aren't any others anywhere that ever seemed much like them to me. They've been company for me all my life. I don't think there are any others half as beautiful, and I know there aren't any as sociable. They were always so." He sighed gently, and Miss Sherwood fancied his wife must have found the Indiana skies as lovely as he had in the days of long ago. "Seems to me they *are* the softest and bluest and kindest in the world."

"I think they are," said Helen, "and they are more beautiful than the 'Italian skies,' though I doubt if many of us Hoosiers realize it, and certainly no one else does."

The old man leaned over, and patted her hand. Harkless gasped. "'Us Hoosiers!'" chuckled the judge. "You're a great Hoosier, young lady! How much of your life have you spent in the State? 'Us Hoosiers!'"

"But I'm going to be a good one," she answered, gayly, "and if I'm good enough, when I grow up maybe I'll be a great one."

The buckboard had been brought around, and the four young people climbed in, Harkless driving. Before they started, the Judge, standing on the horse-block in front of the gate, leaned over and patted Miss Sherwood's hand again. Harkless gathered up the reins.

"You'll make a great Hoosier, all right," said the old man, beaming upon the girl. "You needn't worry about that, I guess, my dear."

When he said "my dear," Harkless spoke to the horses.

"Wait," said the Judge, still holding the little hand. "You'll make a great Hoosier, some day, don't fret. You're already a very beautiful one." Then he bent his white head, and kissed her gallantly.

"Good-afternoon, Judge," said John. The whip cracked, and the buckboard dashed off in a cloud of dust.

"Every once in a while, Harkless," the old fellow called after them, "you must remember to look at the team."

The enormous white tent was filled with a hazy, yellow light, the warm, dusty, mellow

light that thrills the rejoicing heart because it is found nowhere else in the world except in the tents of a circus, the canvas-filtered sunshine and sawdust atmosphere of show-day.

Here swayed a myriad of palm-leaf fans; here paraded blushing youth and rosy maiden more relentlessly arm-in-arm than ever; here crept the octogenarian, Mr. Bodeffer, shaking on cane and the shoulder of posterity; here waddled Mr. Snoddy, who had hurried through the animal tent for fear of meeting the elephant; here marched sturdy yeomen and stout wives; here came William Todd and his true-love, the good William hushed with the embarrassments of love, but looking out warily with the white of his eye for Mr. Martin and determined not to sit within a hundred yards of him; here rolled in the orbit of habit the town bacchanal, Mr. Wilkerson, who politely answered in kind all the uncouth roarings and guttural ejaculations of jungle and fen that came from the animal tent—in brief, here came with lightest heart the population of Carlow and part of Amo.

Helen had found a true word; it was a big family. Jim Bardlock, broadly smiling and rejuvenated, shorn of depression, paused in front of the "reserve" seats with Mrs. Bardlock on his arm, and called loudly to a gentleman on a tier about the level of Jim's head: "How are ye? I reckon we were a *leetle* too smart fer 'em, this morning, huh?" Five or six hundred people—every one within hearing—turned to look at Jim, but the gentleman addressed was engaged in conversation with a lady and did not notice.

"Hi! Hi there! Say! Mr. Harkless!" bellowed Jim, informally. The people turned to look at Harkless. His attention was arrested, and his cheek grew red.

"What is it?" he asked, a little confused and a good deal annoyed.

"I don't hear what ye say," shouted Jim, putting his hand to his ear.

"What is it?" repeated the young man. "I'll kill that fellow to-night," he added to Lige Willetts. "Some one ought to have done it long ago."

"What?"

"I said, WHAT IS IT?"

"I jest wanted to say me and you certainly did fool these here Hoosiers this morning. Hustled them two fellers through the court-house, and nobody thought to slip round t' the other door and head us off. Ha, ha! We were jest a *leetle* too many fer 'em, huh?"

From an upper tier of seats the rusty

length of . . .  
joint, an  
down over the gap

marshal. "Excuse me," he said sadly to those behind him, but his dry voice penetrated everywhere; "I got up to hear Jim say 'We' again."

Mr. Bardlock joined in the laugh against himself, and proceeded with his wife to some seats forty or fifty feet distant. When he had settled himself comfortably, he shouted over cheerfully to the unhappy editor: "Them shell-men got it in fer you, Mr. Harkless."

"Hain't that fool shet up *yit*!" snarled the aged Mr. Bodeffer, indignantly. He was sitting near the young couple, and the expression of his sympathy was distinctly audible to them and many others. "Got no more regards than a brazing calf—disturbin' a feller with his sweetheart!"

"The both of 'em says they're going to do fer ye," bleated Mr. Bardlock; "swears they'll ketch their evens with ye."

Mr. Martin rose again. "Don't git scared and leave town, Mr. Harkless," he called out; "Jim'll protect you!"

Vastly to the young man's relief, the band began to play, and the equestrians and equestriennes capered out from the dressing-tent for the "grand entrance," and the performance commenced. Through the long summer afternoon it went on: wonders of horsemanship and horsemanship, hair-raising exploits on wires tight and slack, giddy tricks on the high trapeze, feats of leaping and tumbling in the rings, while the tireless musicians blatted inspiringly through it all, only pausing long enough to allow that riotous jester, the clown, to ask the ring-master what he would do if a young lady came up and kissed him on the street, and to explode his witticisms during short intervals of rest for the athletes.

When it was over, John and Helen found themselves in the midst of a densely packed crowd, and separated from Miss Briscoe and Lige. People were pushing and shoving, and he saw her face grow pale. He realized with a pang of sympathy how helpless he would feel if he were as small as she and at his utmost height could only see big, suffocating backs and huge shoulders pressing down from above. He was keeping them from crowding heavily upon her with all his strength, and a royal feeling of protectiveness came over him. She was so little. And yet, without the remotest hint of hardness, she gave him such a distinct impression of poise and equilibrium: she seemed so able to

meet anything that might come, to understand it—even to laugh at it—so Americanly capable and sure of the event that, in spite of her pale cheek, he could not feel quite so protective as he wished to feel.

He managed to get her to one of the tent-poles, and placed her with her back to it. Then he set one of his own hands against it, over her head, braced himself, and stood keeping a little space about her and ruggedly letting the crowd surge against him as it would. No one should touch her in rough carelessness.

"Thank you. It was rather trying in there," she said, and looked up into his eyes with a divine gratitude.

"Please don't do that," he answered in a low voice.

"Do what?"

"Look like that."

She not only looked like that, but more so. "Young man, young man," she said, "I fear you're wishful of turning a girl's head."

The throng was thick around them, garrulous and noisy, but they two were more richly alone together, to his appreciation, than if they stood on some far satellite of Mars. He was not to forget that moment, and he kept the picture of her, as she leaned against the big blue tent-pole there, in his heart: the clear, gray eyes lifted to his, the piquant face with the delicate flush stealing back to her cheeks, and the brave little figure that had run so straight to him out of the night-shadows. There was something about her and in the moment that suddenly touched him with a saddening sweetness too keen to be borne; the forget-me-not finger of the flying hour that could not come again was laid on his soul, and he felt the tears start from his heart on their journey to his eyes. He knew that he should always remember that moment. She knew it, too. She put her hand to her cheek, and turned away from him a little tremulously. Both were silent.

They had been together since early morning. Plattville was proud of him. Many a friendly glance from the folk who jostled about them favored his suit and wished both of them well; and many lips, opening to speak to Harkless in passing, closed when their owners (more tactful than Mr. Bardlock) looked a second time.

Old Tom Martin, still perched alone on his high seat, saw them standing by the tent-pole, and watched them from under his rusty hat-brim. "I reckon it's be'n three or four

thousand years sence I was young," he sighed to himself; then, pushing his hat still further down over his eyes, "I don't believe I'd ort to rightly look on at that." He sighed again as he rose, and gently spoke the name of his dead wife: "Marjie, I reckon you're mighty tired waitin' for me. It's be'n lonesome, sometimes——"

"Do you see that tall old man up there?" said Helen, nodding her head toward Martin. "I think I should like to know him. I'm sure I like him."

"That is old Tom Martin."

"I know."

"I was sorry and ashamed about all that conspicuousness and shouting. It must have been very unpleasant for you; it must have been so for a stranger. Please try to forgive me for letting you in for it."

"But I liked it. It was 'all in the family,' and it was so jolly and good-natured, and that dear old man was so bright. Do you know," she went on, in a low voice, "I don't believe I'm so much a stranger—I think I love all these people a great deal—in spite of having known them only two days."

At that a wild exhilaration possessed him. He wanted to shake hands with every soul in the tent, to tell them all that he loved them with his whole heart, but, what was vastly more important, *she* loved them a great deal—in spite of having known them only two days!

He made the horses prance on the homeward drive, and, once, when she told him that she had read a good many of his political columns in the "Herald," he ran them into a fence. After this it occurred to him that they were nearing their destination and had come at a perversely sharp gait; so he held the reins down to a snail's pace (if it be true that a snail's natural gait is not a trot) for the rest of the way, and they talked of Tom Meredith and books and music, and discovered that they differed widely about Ibsen.

They found Mr. Fisbee in the yard, talking to Judge Briscoe. As they drove up, and before the horses had quite stopped, Helen leaped to the ground and ran to the old scholar with both her hands outstretched to him. He looked timidly at her, and took the hands she gave him; then he produced from his pocket a yellow telegraph envelope, watching her anxiously as she received it. However, she seemed to attach no particular importance to it; and instead of opening it, leaned toward him, still holding one of his hands.

"These awful old men!" Harkless groaned inwardly as he handed the horses over to the Judge. "I dare say *he'll* kiss her, too." But, when the editor and Mr. Willetts had gone, it was Helen who kissed Fisbee.

"They're coming out to spend the evening, aren't they?" asked Briscoe, nodding to the young men as they set off down the road.

"Lige has to come whether he wants to or not," Minnie laughed, rather consciously. "It's his turn to-night to look after Mr. Harkless."

"I guess he won't mind coming," said the Judge.

"Well," returned his daughter, glancing at Helen, who stood apart, reading the telegram to Fisbee, "I know if he follows Mr. Harkless he'll get here pretty soon after supper—as soon as the moon comes up, anyway."

The editor of the "Herald" was late to his evening meal that night. It was dusk when he reached the hotel, and, for the first time in history, a gentleman sat down to meat in that house of entertainment in evening dress. There was no one in the dining-room when he went in; the other boarders had finished, and it was Cynthia's "evening out," but the landlord, Columbus Landis, came and attended to his wants himself, and chatted with him while he ate.

"There's a picture of Henry Clay," remarked Landis in obvious relevancy to his companion's attire—"there's a picture of Henry Clay, somewheres about the house, in a swallow-tail. Governor Ray spoke here in one, Bodeffer says; always wore one, except it was higher built up 'n yourn about the collar, and had brass buttons, I think. Ole man Wimby was here again to-night," the landlord continued, changing the subject. "He waited around fer ye a good while, but 'last he had to go. He's be'n mighty wrought up sence the trouble this morning, an' wanted to see ye bad. I don't know if you seen it, but that feller 't knocked your hat off with a club got mighty near tore to pieces in the crowd before he got away. Seems some the boys re-cog-nized him as one the Cross-Roads Skillets and sicked the dogs on him, and he had a pretty mean time of it. Wimby says the Cross-Roads folks 'll be worse 'n ever, and, says he, 'Tell him to stick close to town,' says he. 'They'll do anything to git him now,' says he, 'and *rest* anything.' I told him you wouldn't take no stock in what any one says, and I knowed well enough you'd laugh

that-a-way; but, see here, we don't put nothin' too mean for them folks. I tell ye, Mr. Harkless, all of us are scared for ye."

The good fellow was so earnest that, when the editor's supper was finished and he would have departed, Landis detained him almost by force until the arrival of Mr. Willetts, who, the landlord knew, was his allotted escort for the evening. When Lige came (wearing a new tie, a pink one he had hastened to buy as soon as his engagements had given opportunity), the landlord hissed a savage word of reproach for his tardiness in his ear, and whisperingly bade him not let the other out of reach that night. Mr. Willetts replied with a nod implying his trustworthiness, and the young men went out into the darkness.

## CHAPTER VII.

IT IS BAD LUCK TO SING BEFORE BREAKFAST.

THE moon had risen, and there was a lace of mist along the creek when John and Helen reached their bench. (Of course they went back there.) She turned to him with a little frown.

"Why have you never let Tom Meredith know you were living so near him—less than a hundred miles—when he has always liked and admired you above all the rest of mankind? I know that he has tried, time and again, to hear of you, but the other men wrote that they knew nothing, that it was thought you had gone abroad. I had heard of you, and so has he seen your name in the Rouen papers—about the 'White Caps' and in politics—but he would never dream of connecting the Plattville Mr. Harkless with his Mr. Harkless; though I did, just a little, in a vague way. I knew you, of course, when you came into Mr. Halloway's lecture, the other evening. But why haven't you written to my cousin?"

"Rouen seems rather far away to me," he answered, quietly. "I've been there only once, half a day on business. Except that, I've never been much farther than Amo—and then for a convention or to make a speech—since I came here."

"Wicked," she exclaimed, "to shut yourself up like this! I said it was fine to drop out of the world, but why have you cut off your old friends from you? Why haven't you had a relapse, now? I mean, and come over to hear Ysaye play a delba sing, or

to see Mansfield or Henry Irving, when we have had them? And do you think you've been quite fair to Tom? What right had you to assume that he had forgotten you?"

"Oh, I didn't exactly mean forgotten," he said, pulling a blade of grass to and fro between his fingers and staring at it absently. "It's only that I have dropped out of the world, you know. They rather expected me to do a lot of things, and I haven't done them. Possibly it is because I am sensitive that I never let Tom know. They expected me to amount to something; but I don't believe his welcome would be less hearty to a failure—he is a good heart."

"Failure!" she cried, and clapped her hands and laughed.

"I'm really not very tragic about it, though I must seem consumed with self-pity," he returned, smiling. "It is only that I have dropped out of the world while Tom is still in it."

"Dropped out of the world," she echoed, impatiently. "Can't you see you've dropped into it? That you——"

"Last night I was honored by your praise of my graceful mode of quitting it!"

"And so you wish me to be consistent," she retorted, scornfully. "What becomes of your gallantry when we abide by reason?"

"True enough: equality is a denial of privilege."

"And privilege is a denial of equality? I don't like that at all." She turned a serious, suddenly illuminated face upon him, and spoke earnestly. "It's my hobby, I should tell you; and I'm tired of that nonsense about 'women always sounding the personal note.' It should be sounded as we would sound it. And I think we could bear the loss of 'privilege'——"

He laughed and raised a protesting hand. "But *we* couldn't."

"No, you couldn't. It's the ribbon of superiority in your buttonhole. I know several women who manage to live without men to open doors for them, and I think I could bear to let a man pass before me, now and then, or wear his hat in an office where I happened to be; and I could get my own ice at a dance, I think, possibly with even less fuss and scramble than I've sometimes observed in the young men who have done it for me. But you know you would never let us do things for ourselves, no matter what legal equality might be declared, even when we get representation for our taxation. You will never be able to deny yourselves giving

us our 'privilege'! I hate being waited on! I'd rather do things for myself."

She was so earnest in her satire, so full of scorn, and so serious in her meaning, and there was such a contrast between what she said and her person—she looked so preëminently the pretty marquise, the little exquisite, so essentially to be waited on and helped, to have cloaks thrown over the dampness for her to tread upon, to be run about for; he could see half a dozen youths rushing about for her ices, for her carriage, for her chaperon, for her wrap, at dances—that to save his life he could not repress a chuckle. He managed to make it inaudible, however, and it was as well that he did.

"I understand your love of newspaper work," she went on, less vehemently, but not less earnestly. "I have always wanted to do it myself, wanted to immensely. I can't think of a more fascinating way of earning one's living. And I know I could do it. Why don't you make the 'Herald' a daily?"

To hear her speak of "earning one's living" was too much for him. She gave the impression of riches, not only by the fine texture and fashioning of her garments, but one felt that luxuries had wrapped her from her birth. He had not had much time to wonder what she did in Plattville. It had occurred to him that it was a little odd that she could plan to spend any extent of time there, even if she had liked Minnie Briscoe at school. He felt that she must have been sheltered and petted and waited on all her life; one could not help yearning to wait on her.

He answered inarticulately, "Oh, some day," in reply to her question, and then fell into outright laughter.

"I might have known you wouldn't take me seriously," she said, with no indignation, only a sort of wistfulness. "I am well used to it. I think it is because I am not tall. People take big girls with more gravity. Big people are nearly always listened to."

"Listened to!" he said, and felt that he must throw himself at her feet. "You oughtn't to mind being Titania; she was listened to; you——"

She sprang to her feet, and her eyes flashed. "Do you think personal comment is ever in good taste?" she cried fiercely, and in his surprise he almost fell off the bench. "If there is one thing I cannot bear, it is to be told that I am '*small*'! I am not! Every one who isn't a giantess isn't '*small*'! I detest personalities! I am a great deal



over five feet, a great deal more than that. I——”

“Please, *please*,” he said, “I didn’t——”

“Don’t say you are sorry,” she interrupted, and in spite of his contrition he found her angry voice delicious, it was still so sweet, hot with indignation, but ringing, not harsh. “Don’t say you didn’t mean it; because you did! You can’t unsay it, you cannot alter it—and *this* is the way I must remember you! Ah!” She drew in her breath with a sharp sigh, and covering her face with her hands, sank back upon the bench. “I will not cry,” she said, not so firmly as she thought she did.

“My blessed child!” he cried, in great distress and perturbation. “What have I done? I—I——”

“Call me ‘small’ all you like,” she answered, “I don’t care. It isn’t that. You mustn’t think me such an imbecile.” She dropped her hands from her face, and shook the tears from her eyes with a mournful little laugh. He saw that her fingers were clenched tightly and her lip trembled. “I will not cry,” she said again.

“Somebody ought to murder me. I ought to have thought—personalities *are* heinous——”

“Don’t! It wasn’t that.”

“I ought to be shot——”

“Ah, please don’t say that,” she said, shuddering. “Please don’t, not even as a joke—after last night!”

“But I ought to be for hurting you; indeed——”

She laughed sadly again. “It wasn’t that. I don’t care what you call me. I am small. You’ll try to forgive me for being such a baby? I didn’t mean anything I said. I haven’t acted so badly since I was a child.”

“It’s my fault, all of it. I’ve tired you out, and I let you get crushed at the circus, and——”

“That!” she said. “I don’t think I would have missed the circus.”

He had a thrilling hope that she meant the tent-pole. She looked as if she meant that, but he dared not let himself believe it.

“No,” he continued, “I have been so madly happy in being with you that I’ve fairly worn out your patience. I’ve haunted you all day, and I have——”

“All that has nothing to do with it,” she said, with a gentle motion of her hand to bid him listen. “Just after you left, this afternoon, I found that I could not stay here. My people are going abroad at once, and I must go with them. That’s what is almost mak-

ing me cry. I leave here to-morrow morning.”

He felt something strike at his heart. In the sudden sense of dearth he had no astonishment that she should betray such agitation over her departure from a place she had known so little and friends who certainly were not part of her life. He rose to his feet, and, resting his arm against a sycamore, stood staring away from her at nothing. She did not move. There was a long silence. He had wakened suddenly: the skies had been sapphire; the sward, emerald; Plattville, a Camelot of romance, a city of enchantment; and now, like a meteor burned out in a breath, the necromancy fell away, and he gazed into desolate years. The thought of the Square, his dusty office, the bleak length of Main Street, as they should appear to-morrow, gave him a faint physical sickness. To-day it had all been touched to beauty. He had felt fit to live and work here a thousand years—a fool’s dream, and the waking was to arid emptiness. He should die now of hunger and thirst in this Sahara. He hoped the fates would let it be soon, but he knew they would not; knew that this was hysteria, that in his endurance he should plod on, plod, plod dustily on, through dingy, lonely years.

There was a rumble of thunder far out on the western prairie. A cold breath stole through the hot stillness, and an arm of vapor reached out between the moon and the quiet earth. Darkness fell. The man and the girl kept silence between them. They might have been two sad guardians of the black little stream that plashed unseen at their feet. Now and then a reflection of far-away lightning faintly limned them with a green light. Thunder rolled nearer, ominously. The gods were driving their chariots over the bridge. The chill breath passed, leaving the air again to its hot inertia.

“I did not want to go,” she said at last, with tears just below the surface of her voice. “I wanted to stay here; but he—they wouldn’t—I can’t.”

“Wanted to stay here?” he said huskily, not turning. “Here? In Indiana?”

“Yes.”

“In Rouen, you mean?”

“In Plattville.”

“In Plattville!” He turned now, astounded.

“Yes. Wouldn’t you have taken me on the ‘Herald’?” She rose and came toward him. “I could have supported myself here, if you would; and I’ve studied how

newspapers are made. I know I could have earned a wage. I could have helped you make it a daily." He searched in vain for a trace of raillery in her voice; there was none. She seemed to intend her words to be taken literally.

"I don't understand," he said. "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean that I want to stay here; that I ought to stay here; that my conscience tells me I should; but I can't, and it makes me very unhappy. That was why I acted so badly."

"Your conscience!" he cried.

"Oh, I know what a jumble and puzzle it must seem to you!"

"I only know one thing: that you are going away to-morrow morning, and that I shall never see you again."

The darkness had grown intense. They could not see each other, but a wan glimmer gave him a fleeting, misty view of her. She stood half-turned from him, her hand to her cheek in the uncertain fashion of his great moment of the afternoon. Her eyes—he saw in the flying picture that he caught—were troubled, and her hand trembled. She had been irresistible in her gayety, but now that a mysterious distress assailed her, of the reason for which he had no guess, she was so adorably pathetic, and seemed such a rich and lovely and sad and happy thing to have come into his life only to go out of it; and he was so full of the prophetic sense of loss of her, it seemed so much like losing everything, that he found too much to say to be able to say anything.

He tried to speak, and choked a little. A big drop of rain fell on his bare head. Neither of them noticed the weather or cared for it. They stood with the renewed blackness hanging like a drapery between them.

"Can—can you—tell me why you think you ought not to go?" he whispered finally, with a great effort.

"No; not now. But I know you would think I am right in wanting to stay. I know you would if you knew about it—but I can't, I can't. I must go in the morning."

"I should always think you right," he answered, in an unsteady tone, "always." He went over to the bench, fumbled about for his hat, and picked it up.

"Come," he said, gently, "I am going now."

She stood quite motionless for a full minute or longer; then, without a word, she moved toward the house. He went to her with hands extended to find her, and his

fingers touched her sleeve. Together, and silently, they found the garden-path and followed its dim length. In the orchard he touched her sleeve again, and led the way.

As they came out behind the house she detained him. Stopping short, she shook his hand from her arm. She spoke in a breath, as if it were all one word:

"Will you tell me why you go? It is not late. Why do you wish to leave me, when I shall not see you again?"

"The Lord be good to me!" he broke out, all his long-pent passion of dreams rushing to his lips as the barrier fell. "Don't you see it is because I can't bear to let you go? I hoped to get away without saying it. I want to be alone. I want to be with myself and try to realize things. I didn't want to make a babbling idiot of myself; but I am! It is because I don't want another second of your sweetness to leave an added pain when you've gone. It is because I don't want to hear your voice again, to have it haunt me in the loneliness you will leave. But it's useless, useless! I shall hear it always, just as I shall always see your face, just as I have heard your voice and seen your face these seven years, ever since I first saw you, a child, at Winter Harbor. I forgot for a while, I thought it was a girl I had made up out of my own heart, but it was you all the time. The impression I thought nothing of then, just the merest touch on my heart, light as it was, grew and grew deeper until it was there forever. You've known me twenty-four hours, and I understand what you think of me for speaking to you like this. If I had known you for years and had waited, and had the right to speak and keep your respect, what have I to offer you? I couldn't even take care of you if you went mad as I and listened. I've no excuse for this raving— Yes, I have."

He saw her in another second of lightning, a sudden bright one. Her back was turned to him, and she had taken a few startled steps from him.

"Ah," he cried, "you are glad enough, now, to see me go! I knew it. I wanted to spare myself that. I tried not to be a hysterical fool in your eyes." He turned aside, and his head fell on his breast. "God help me," he said. "What will this place be to me now?"

The breeze had risen; it gathered force; it was a chill wind, and there rose a wailing on the prairie. Drops of rain began to fall.

"You will not think a question implied in

this," he said, more composedly, but with an unhappy laugh at himself. "I believe you will not think me capable of asking you if you care——"

"No," she answered, "I—I do not love you."

"Ah, was it a question, after all? I—you read me better than I do, perhaps; but if I asked, I knew the answer."

She made as if to speak again, but words refused her.

After a moment, "Good-by," he said, very steadily. "I thank you for the charity that has given me this little time—with you. It will always be—precious to me. I shall always be your servant." His steadiness did not carry him to the end of his sentence. "Good-by——"

She started toward him, and stopped. He did not see her. She answered nothing, but stretched out her hand to him, and then let it fall quickly.

"Good-by," he said again. "I shall go out the orchard gate. Please tell them good-night for me. Won't you speak to me? Good-by."

He stood waiting, while the rising wind blew their garments about them. She leaned against the wall of the house. "Won't you say good-by and tell me you can forget my——"

She did not speak.

"No!" he cried, wildly. "Since you don't forget it! I have spoiled what might have been a pleasant memory for you, and I know it. You were already troubled, and I have added, and you won't forget it, nor shall I—nor shall I! Don't say good-by. I can say it for both of us. God bless you, and good-by, good-by, good-by!"

He crushed his hat down over his eyes, and ran toward the orchard gate. For a moment lightning flashed repeatedly. She saw him go out the gate and disappear into sudden darkness. He ran through the field, and came out on the road. Heaven and earth were revealed again for a dazzling white second. From horizon to horizon rolled clouds contorted like an illimitable field of inverted haystacks, and beneath them enormous volumes of bluish vapor were tumbling in the west, advancing eastward with sinister swiftness. She ran to a little knoll at the corner of the house, and saw him set his face to the storm. She cried aloud to him with all her strength, and would have followed, but the wind took the words out of her mouth and drove her back, cowering, to the shelter of the house.

Out on the road the lashing dust came

stinging him like a thousand nettles. It smothered him, and beat him so that he covered his face with his sleeve and fought into the storm shoulder foremost, dimly glad of its uproar, yet almost unconscious of it, keeping westward on his way to nowhere. West or east, south or north, it was all one to him. The few heavy drops that fell boiling into the dust ceased to come; the rain withheld while the wind-kings rode on earth. On he went in spite of them. On and on, running blindly when he could run at all. At least the wind-kings were company. He had been so long alone. There was no one who belonged to him or to whom he belonged. For a day his dreams had found in a girl's eyes the precious thing that is called home. Oh, the wild fancy! He laughed aloud.

There was a startling answer: a lance of fire hurled from the sky, riving the fields before his eyes, while crash on crash numbed his ears. With that his common sense awoke, and he looked about him. He was two miles from town; the nearest house was the Briscoes', far down the road. He knew the rain would come now. There was a big oak near him at the roadside, and he stepped under its sheltering branches and leaned against the great trunk, wiping the perspiration and dust from his face. A moment of stunned quiet had succeeded the peal of thunder. It was followed by several moments of incessant lightning, that played along the road and the fields. From that intolerable brightness he turned his head, and saw, standing against the fence, five feet away, a man, leaning over the top rail and looking at him.

The same flash swept brilliantly before Helen's eyes as she crouched against the back steps of the brick house. It revealed a picture like a marine of big waves, the tossing tops of the orchard trees, for in that second the full fury of the storm was loosed, wind and rain and hail. It drove her against the kitchen-door with cruel force. The latch lifted, the door blew open violently, and she struggled to close it in vain; the house seemed to rock. A candle flickered toward her from the inner doorway, and was blown out.

"Helen! Helen!" came Minnie's voice anxiously. "Is that you? We were coming to look for you. Did you get wet?"

Mr. Willetts threw his weight against the door, and managed to close it. Then Minnie found her friend's hand, and led her through the dark hall to the parlor, where the Judge sat placidly reading by a student-lamp.

Lige chuckled as they left the kitchen.

"I guess you didn't try too hard to shut that door, Harkless," he said, and then when they came into the lighted room: "Why, where is Harkless?" he asked. "Didn't he come with us from the kitchen?"

"No," answered Helen, faintly. "He's gone." She sank upon the sofa, and put her hand over her eyes as if to shade them from too sudden light.

"Gone!" The Judge dropped his book, and sat staring across the table at the girl. "Gone! When?"

"Ten minutes—five—half-an-hour—I don't know. Before the storm commenced."

"Oh!" The old gentleman appeared to be reassured. "Probably he had work to do and wanted to get in before the rain."

But Lige Willetts was turning pale. "Which way did he go? He didn't come around the house. We were out there till the storm broke."

"He went by the orchard gate. When he got to the road, he turned that way." She pointed to the west.

"He must have been crazy!" exclaimed the Judge. "What possessed the fellow?"

"I couldn't stop him. I didn't know how." She looked at her three companions, slowly, and with growing terror, from one face to another. Minnie's eyes were wide, and she had unconsciously grasped Lige's arm. The young man was staring straight before him. The Judge got up, and walked nervously back and forth. Helen rose to her feet, and went toward the old man, her hands pressed to her bosom.

"Ah," she cried out, "I had forgotten that! You don't think they—you don't think he——"

"I know what I think," Lige broke in. "I think I'd ought to be hanged for letting him out of my sight. Maybe it's all right; maybe he turned and started right back for town—and got there. But I had no business to leave him, and if I can, I'll catch up with him yet." He went to the front door, and opening it, let in a tornado of wind and flood of water that beat him back. Sheets of rain blew in horizontally in spite of the porch beyond.

Briscoe followed him. "Don't be a fool, Lige," he said. "You hardly expect to go out in that." Lige shook his head. It needed them both to get the door closed. The young man leaned his back against it, and passed his sleeve across his wet brow. "I hadn't ought to have left him."

"Don't scare the girls," whispered the other; then in a louder tone: "All I'm afraid

of is that he'll get blown to pieces or catch his death of cold. That's all there is to worry about. They wouldn't try it again so soon after last night. I'm not bothering about that; not at all. That needn't worry anybody."

"But this morning——"

"Pshaw! He's likely home and dry by this time. All foolishness. Don't be an old woman."

The two men reëntered the room, and found Helen clinging to Minnie's hand on the sofa. She looked up at them quickly.

"Do you think—do you—what do you—"

Her voice shook so that she could not go on.

The Judge pinched her cheek, and patted it. "I think he's home and dry, but I think he got wet first. That's what I think. Never you fear; he's a good hand at taking care of himself. Sit down, Lige. You can't go for a while." Nor could he. It was a long, long while before he could venture out. The storm raged and roared without abatement. It was Carlow's worst since '51, the old gentleman said. They heard the great limbs crack and break outside, while the thunder pealed and boomed, and the wind ripped at the eaves till it seemed as if the roof must go. Meanwhile, the Judge, after some apology, lit his pipe, and told long stories of the storms of early days and of odd freaks of the wind. He talked on calmly, the picture of repose, and blew rings above his head, but Helen saw that one of his big slippers beat an unceasing little tattoo on the carpet. She sat with fixed eyes, in silence, holding Minnie's hand tightly, and her face was colorless, growing whiter as the slow hours dragged by.

Every moment Mr. Willetts became more restless. He assured the ladies he had no anxiety regarding Mr. Harkless. It was only his own dereliction of duty that he regretted. The boys would have the laugh on him, he said. But he visibly chafed more and more under the Judge's stories, and constantly rose to peer out of the window into the wrack and turmoil, and, once or twice, he struck his hands together with muttered ejaculations. At last there was a lull in the fury without, and, as soon as it was perceptible, he announced his intention of making his way into town. He "had ought to have went before," he declared apprehensively, and then, with immediate amendment, of course he would find the editor at work in the "Herald" office. There wasn't the slightest doubt of that, he agreed with the Judge, but he better see about it. He would return early

in the morning to bid Miss Sherwood good-by. Hoped she'd come back some day; hoped it wasn't her last visit to Plattville. They gave him an umbrella, and he plunged into the night; and as they stood for a moment at the door, the old man calling after him cheery good-nights and laughing messages to Harkless, they could see him fight with his umbrella when he got out into the road.

Helen's room was over the porch, the windows facing north, looking out upon the pike and across the fields. "Please don't light the lamp, Minnie," she said, when they had gone upstairs. "I don't need it." Miss Briscoe was flitting about the room, hunting for matches. In the darkness she came to her friend and laid a kind, large hand on Helen's eyes, and the hand became wet. She drew Helen's head down on her shoulder, and sat beside her on the bed.

"Sweetheart, you mustn't fret," she soothed in motherly fashion. "Don't you worry, dear. He's all right. It isn't your fault, dear. They wouldn't have come on a night like this."

But Helen drew away, and went to the window, flattening her arm against the pane, her forehead pressed against her arm. She had let him go; she had let him go alone. She had forgotten the danger that always beset him. She had been so crazy, she had seen nothing, thought of nothing. She had let him go into *that* and into the storm alone. Who knew better than she how cruel they were? She had seen the fire leap from the white blossom and heard the ball whistle, the ball they had meant for his heart, that good, great heart. She had run to him the night before. Why had she let him go into the unknown and the storm to-night? But how could she have stopped him? How could she have kept him after what he had said? He had put it out of her power to speak the word "Stay!" She peered into the night through distorting tears.

The wind had gone down a little, but only a little, and the electrical flashes danced all round the horizon in magnificent display, sometimes far away, sometimes dazingly near, the darkness doubly deep between the intervals when the long sweep of flatlands lay in dazzling clearness, clean-cut in the washed air to the finest detail of stricken field and heaving woodland.

A staggering flame clove earth and sky, and sheets of light echoed it, and a frightful uproar shook the house and rattled the casements; but over the crash of thunder Minnie heard her friend's loud scream, and saw her

spring back from the window with both hands, palms outward, pressed to her face. She leaped to her, and threw her arms about her.

"What is it?"

"Look!" Helen dragged her to the window. "At the next flash! The fence beyond the meadow——"

"What was it? What was it like?" The lightning flashed incessantly. Helen tried to point; her hand only jerked from side to side.

"Look!" she cried.

"I see nothing but the lightning," Minnie answered breathlessly.

"Oh, the fence! The fence—and in the field!"

"Helen! What was it like?"

"Ah! ah!" she panted, "a long line of white-looking things—horrible white——"

"What like?" Minnie turned from the window, and caught the other's wrist in a strong clasp.

"Minnie, Minnie! Like long white gowns and cowls crossing the fence!" Helen released her wrist from her companion's grasp, and put both hands on Minnie's cheeks, forcing her around to face the flickering pane. "You must look! You must look!" she cried.

"They wouldn't do it. They wouldn't—it *isn't*!" Minnie shuddered. "They couldn't come in the storm. They wouldn't do it in the pouring rain!"

"Yes! Such things would mind the rain!" She burst into hysterical laughter, and Minnie seized her round the waist, almost as unnerved as Helen, yet trying to soothe her. "They would mind the rain," Helen whispered. "They would fear a storm! Yes, yes! And I let him go—I let him go!"

Pressing close together, clasping each other's waists, the two girls peered out at the landscape.

"Look!"

Up from the distant fence that bordered the northern side of Jones's field, a pale, pelted, flapping thing reared itself, poised, and seemed, just as the blackness came again, to drop to the ground.

"Did you see?"

But Minnie had thrown herself into a deep chair with a laugh of wild relief. "My darling girl!" she cried. "Not a line of white things—just one—Mr. Jones's old scarecrow! And we saw it blown down!"

"No, no, no! I saw the other's. They were in the field beyond. I saw them. When I looked the first time, they were nearly all on the fence. This time we saw the last man crossing. Ah, I let him go alone!"

Minnie sprang up and enfolded her. "No; you dear, imagining child, you're upset and nervous, that's all the matter in the world. Don't worry, don't, child; it's all right. Mr. Harkless is home and safe in bed long ago. I know that old scarecrow on the fence like a book; and you're so unstrung you fancied the rest. He's all right; don't you bother, dear."

The big, motherly girl took her companion in her arms, and rocked her back and forth soothingly, and petted and reassured her, and then cried a little with her, as a good-hearted girl always will with a friend. Then she left her for the night, with many a cheering word and tender caress. "Get to sleep, my dear," she called through the door when she had closed it behind her. "You must if you *have* to go in the morning. It just breaks my heart. I don't know how we'll bear it without you. Father will miss you almost as much as I will. Good-night. Don't bother about that old white scarecrow. That's all it was. Good-night, dear, good-night."

"Good-night, dear," answered a plaintive little voice. Helen's cheek pressed the pillow, and tossed from side to side. By and by she turned the pillow over; it had grown wet. The wind blew about the eaves, and blew itself out. Sleep would not come. She got up and laved her burning eyes. Then she sat by the window. The storm's strength was spent at last; the rain grew lighter and lighter, until there was but the sound of running water and the drip, drip on the tin roof of the porch. Only the thunder rumbling in the distance marked the storm's course, the chariots of the gods rolling further and further away till they finally ceased to be heard altogether. The clouds parted majestically, and then, between great curtains of mist, the day-star was seen shining in the east.

The night was hushed, and the peace that falls before dawn was upon the wet, flat lands. Somewhere in the sodden grass a swamped cricket chirped. From an outlying flange of the village a dog's howl rose mournfully; it was answered by another, far away, and by another and another. The sonorous chorus rose above the village, died away, and quiet fell again.

Helen sat by the window, no comfort touching her heart; tears coursed her cheeks no longer, but her eyes were wide and staring, and her lips parted breathlessly, for the hush was broken by the far clamor of the courthouse bell, ringing in the night. It rang, and rang, and rang, and rang. She could not breathe. She threw open the window. The bell stopped. All was quiet once more. The east was gray.

Suddenly out of the stillness there came the sound of a horse galloping over a wet road. He was coming like mad. Some one for a doctor? No; the hoof-beats grew louder, coming out from the town, coming faster and faster, coming *here*. There was a plashing and trampling in front of the house and a sharp "Whoa!" In the dim light of first dawn she made out a man on a foam-flecked horse. He drew up at the gate.

A window to the right of hers went screeching up. She heard the Judge clear his throat before he spoke.

"What is it? That's you, isn't it, Wiley? What is it?" He took a good deal of time, and coughed between the sentences. His voice was more than ordinarily quiet, and it sounded husky. "What is it, Wiley?"

"Judge, what time did Mr. Harkless leave here last night, and which way did he go?"

There was a silence. The Judge turned away from the window. Minnie was standing just outside his door. "It must have been about half-past nine, wasn't it, father?" she called, in a choked voice. "And—you know—Helen thought he went west."

"Wiley!" The old man leaned from the sill again.

"Yes?" answered the man on horseback.

"Wiley, he left about half-past nine—just before the storm. They think he went west."

"Much obliged. Willetts is so upset he isn't sure of anything."

"Wiley!" The old man's voice shook. Minnie began to cry aloud. The horseman wheeled about, and turned his animal's head toward town. "Wiley!"

"Yes."

"Wiley, they haven't—you don't think they've got him?"

Said the man on horseback, "Judge, I'm afraid they have!"

(To be continued.)

# THE UNSOLVED PROBLEMS OF ASTRONOMY.

BY PROFESSOR SIMON NEWCOMB.



OUR readers already know what the solar system is: an immense central body, the sun, with a number of planets revolving round it at various distances. On one of these planets we dwell. Vast indeed are the distances of the planets when measured by our terrestrial standards. A cannon-ball fired from the earth to celebrate the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and continuing its course ever since with a velocity of 1,800 feet per second, would not yet be half-way to the orbit of Neptune, the outer planet. And yet the thousands of stars which stud the heavens are at distances so much greater than that of Neptune that our solar system is like a little colony, separated from the rest of the universe by an ocean of void space almost immeasurable in extent. The orbit of the earth round the sun is of such size that a railway train running sixty miles an hour, with never a stop, would take about 350 years to cross it. Represent this orbit by a lady's finger-ring. Then the nearest fixed star will be about a mile and a half away; the next more than two miles; a few more from three to twenty miles; the great body at scores or hundreds of miles. Imagine the stars thus scattered from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and keep this little finger-ring in mind as the orbit of the earth.

One of the most beautiful stars in the heavens, and one that can be seen most of the year, is  $\alpha$  *Lyrae*, or Alpha of the Lyre, known also as Vega. In a spring evening it may be seen in the northeast, in the later summer near the zenith, in the autumn in the northwest. On the scale we have laid down with the earth's orbit as a finger-ring, its distance would be some eight or ten miles. The small stars around it in the same constellation are probably ten, twenty, or fifty times as far.

Now, the greatest fact which modern science has brought to light is that our whole solar system, including the sun, with all its planets, is on a journey toward the constellation *Lyra*. During our whole lives, in all

probability during the whole of human history, we have been flying unceasingly toward this beautiful constellation with a speed to which no motion on earth can compare. The speed has recently been determined with a fair degree of certainty, though not with entire exactness; it is about ten miles a second, and therefore not far from three hundred millions of miles a year. But whatever it may be, it is unceasing and unchanging; for us mortals eternal. We are nearer the constellation now than we were ten years ago by thousands of millions of miles, and every future generation of our race will be nearer than its predecessor by thousands of millions of miles.

When, where, and how, if ever, did this journey begin; when, where, and how, if ever, will it end? This is the greatest of the unsolved problems of astronomy. An astronomer who should watch the heavens for ten thousand years might gather some faint suggestion of an answer, or he might not. All we can do is to seek for some hints by study and comparison with other stars.

The stars are suns. To put it in another way, the sun is one of the stars, and rather a small one at that. If the sun is moving in the way I have described, may not the stars also be in motion, each on a journey of its own through the wilderness of space? To this question astronomy gives an affirmative answer. Most of the stars nearest to us are found to be in motion, some faster than the sun, some more slowly, and the same is doubtless true of all; only the century of accurate observations at our disposal does not show the motion of the distant ones. A given motion seems slower the more distant the moving body; we have to watch a steamship on the horizon some little time to see that she moves at all. Thus it is that the unsolved problem of the motion of our sun is only one branch of a yet more stupendous one: What mean the motions of the stars; how did they begin, and how, if ever, will they end? So far as we can yet see, each star is going straight ahead on its own journey, without regard to its neighbors, if other stars can be so called. Is each describing some vast orbit which, though looking like a straight line



THE GREAT NEBULA OF RHO OPHIUCHI, IN THE MILKY WAY.

From a photograph taken by Professor E. E. Barnard, June 21 and 22, 1895. Total exposure, 7 hours, 30 minutes. Herschel described this spot as "an intensely black background in a great blank space," but Professor Barnard has shown that it is really the central spot of a strong condensation of one of the most remarkable nebulae in the entire heavens. The picture shows well the remarkable black "lance," or breaks, in the uniform curtain of small stars which, as a rule, composes the body of the Milky Way.

during the short period of our observation, will really be seen to curve after ten thousand or a hundred thousand years, or will it go straight on forever? If the laws of motion are true for all space and all time, as we are forced to believe, then each moving star will go on in an unbending line forever unless hindered by the attraction of other stars. If they go on thus, they must, after count-

less years, scatter in all directions, so that the inhabitants of each shall see only a black, starless sky.

Mathematical science can throw only a few glimmers of light on the questions thus suggested. From what little we know of the masses, distances, and numbers of the stars we see a possibility that the more slow-moving ones may, in long ages, be stopped in their





A MILKY-WAY PHOTOGRAPH.

The photograph, taken by Professor Barnard, gives some idea of the infinite number of small stars which compose the groundwork of the Milky Way. The long exposure and powerful lens enable us to see in the photograph thousands of minute stars not visible with the largest telescope. In taking this picture, Professor Barnard discovered that the star 15 Monoceros, seen to the left of the center of the picture, is not only nebulous (this had been questioned), but is the center of a beautiful diffused nebulosity, seen in the picture, extending in all directions from the star — in the north to the edge of the great vacancy seen among the stars. To the right of 15 Monoceros is a nebula discovered by Professor Barnard in 1888, with peculiar holes or perforations in the northern part.

onward courses or brought into orbits of some sort by the attraction of their millions of fellows. But it is hard to admit even this possibility in the case of the swift-moving ones. Attraction, varying inversely as the square of the distance, diminishes so rapidly that, at the distances which separate the stars, it is small indeed. We could not, with the most delicate balance that science has yet invented, even show the attraction of the greatest known star. So far as we know, the two swiftest-moving stars are, first, Arcturus, and second, one known in astronomy as 1830 Groombridge, the latter so called because it was first observed by the astronomer Groombridge and is numbered 1830 in his catalogue of stars. If our determinations of the distances of these bodies are to be relied

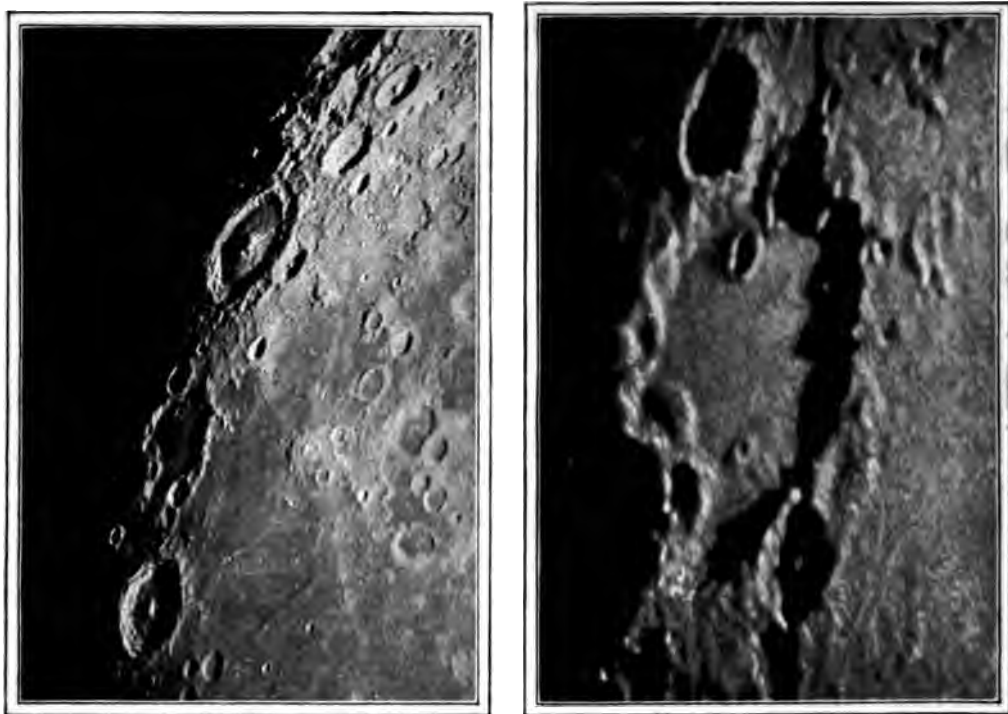


IN THE SOUTHERN PORTION OF THE MILKY WAY—SHOWING THE TRIPID NEBULA.

From a photograph taken by Professor Barnard, July 5, 1894. Exposure, 4 hours. The celebrated nebula is shown in the upper part of the picture. Near the center is a singular mixture of stars and nebulosity, the beautiful star cluster *M* 8, showing the curious saw-tooth-like projections on its southern edge.

on, the velocity of their motion cannot be much less than 200 miles a second. They would make the circuit of the earth every two or three minutes. A body massive enough to control this motion would throw a large part of the universe into disorder. Thus the problem where these stars came from and where they are going is for us insoluble, and is all the more so from the fact that they are moving in different directions and seem to have no connection with each other or with any known star.

It must not be supposed that these enormous velocities seem so to us. Not one of them, even the greatest, would be visible to the naked eye until after years of watching. On our finger-ring scale, 1830 Groombridge would be some ten miles and Arcturus thirty or forty miles away. Either of them would be moving only two or three feet in a year. To the oldest Assyrian priests *Lyra* looked much as it does to us to-day. Among the bright and well-known stars Arcturus has the most rapid apparent motion, yet Job



TWO VIEWS OF THE LUNAR CRATER VENDELINUS.

On the left is reproduced a photograph of a portion of the moon, taken August 31, 1890, with the 36-inch telescope of the Lick Observatory. The three craters on the outer edge, beginning at the bottom, are Petavius, Vendelinus, and Langrenus. The picture on the right is made from a twenty-fold enlargement of the photograph of Vendelinus, by Professor Weinek, of the University of Prague. From "Publications of the Lick Observatory," Vol. III.

himself would not to-day see that its position had changed, unless he had noted it with more exactness than any astronomer of his time.

Another unsolved problem among the greatest which present themselves to the astronomer is that of the size of the universe of stars. We know that several thousand of these bodies are visible to the naked eye; moderate telescopes show us millions; our giant telescopes of the present time, when used as cameras to photograph the heavens, show a number past count, perhaps 100 millions. Are all these stars only those few which happen to be near us in a universe extending out without end, or do they form a collection of stars outside of which is empty infinite space? In other words, has the universe a boundary? Taken in its widest scope this question must always remain unanswered by us mortals, because, even if we should discover a boundary within which all the stars and clusters we ever can know are contained and outside of which is empty space, still we could never prove that this space is empty out to an infinite distance. Far outside of

what we call the universe might still exist other universes which we can never see.

It is a great encouragement to the astronomer that, although he cannot yet set any exact boundary to this universe of ours, he is gathering faint indications that it has a boundary, which his successors not many generations hence may locate so that the astronomer shall include creation itself within his mental grasp. It can be shown mathematically that an infinitely extended system of stars would fill the heavens with a blaze of light like that of the noonday sun. As no such effect is produced, it may be concluded that the universe has a boundary. But this does not enable us to locate the boundary, nor to say how many stars may lie outside the farthest stretches of telescopic vision. Yet by patient research we are slowly throwing light on these points and reaching inferences which, not many years ago, would have seemed forever beyond our powers.

Every one now knows that the Milky Way, that girdle of light which spans the evening sky, is formed of clouds of stars too minute

to be seen by the unaided vision. It seems to form the base on which the universe is built and to bind all the stars into a system. It comprises by far the larger number of stars that the telescope has shown to exist. Those we see with the naked eye are almost equally scattered over the sky. But the number which the telescope shows us become more and more condensed in the Milky Way as telescope power is increased. The number of new stars brought out with our greatest

one of the most singular facts that modern research has brought to light. It seems to show that these particular stars form a system of their own; but how such a thing can be we are still unable to see.

The question of the form and extent of the Milky Way thus becomes the central one of stellar astronomy. Sir William Herschel began by trying to sound its depths; at one time he thought he had succeeded; but before he died he saw that they were unfathom-



APPEARANCE OF THE ERUPTIVE PROMINENCES OF THE SUN.

These solar flames reach to astounding heights in their periods of activity. The tallest flame in the picture, on the left, is redrawn from a photograph taken at Kenwood Observatory, Chicago, March 25, 1895, when the flame was 280,000 miles in height. This is forty times the diameter of the earth, whose relative proportion is indicated by the small figure to the right of the picture.

power is vastly greater in the Milky Way than in the rest of the sky, so that the former contains a great majority of the stars. What is yet more curious, spectroscopic research has shown that a particular kind of stars, those formed of heated gas, are yet more condensed in the central circle of this band; if they were visible to the naked eye, we should see them encircling the heavens as a narrow girdle forming perhaps the base of our whole system of stars. This arrangement of the gaseous or vaporous stars is

able with his most powerful telescopes. Even to-day he would be a bold astronomer who would profess to say with certainty whether the smallest stars we can photograph are at the boundary of the system. Before we decide this point we must have some idea of the form and distance of the cloud-like masses of stars which form our great celestial girdle. A most curious fact is that our solar system seems to be in the center of this galactic universe, because the Milky Way divides the heavens into two equal parts, and



THE GREAT NEBULA IN ORION.

From a photograph taken by Sir Isaac Roberts, February 4, 1889. Exposure, 3 hours, 45 minutes. This striking nebula can be easily seen with the naked eye. It is the middle one of the three small stars hanging under the central stars of the constellation of Orion.

seems equally broad at all points. Were we looking at such a girdle as this from one side or the other, this appearance would not be presented. But let us not be too bold. Perhaps we are the victims of some fallacy, as Ptolemy was when he proved, by what looked like sound reasoning, based on undeniable facts, that this earth of ours stood at rest in the center of the heavens!

A related problem, and one which may be of supreme importance to the future of our race, is, What is the source of the heat radiated by the sun and stars? We know that life on the earth is dependent on the heat which the sun sends it. If we were deprived of this heat, we should in a few days be enveloped in a frost which would destroy nearly all vegetation, and in a few weeks neither man nor animal would be alive, unless crouching over fires soon to expire for want of fuel. We also know that, at a time which is geologically recent, the whole of New England

was covered with a sheet of ice, hundreds or even thousands of feet thick, above which no mountain but Washington raised its head. It is quite possible that a small diminution in the supply of heat sent us by the sun would gradually reproduce the great glacier, and once more make the Eastern States like the pole.

To the question of our world-supply of heat science has an answer, but not a very confident one. The sun is supposed to be growing smaller, and its contraction constantly generates the heat which it so lavishly radiates to earth and planets. What is true of the sun

we may suppose to be true of the stars and nebulae. All are supposed to be contracting into a smaller volume in consequence of the mutual gravitation of their parts, and this contraction generates the heat which they give off and the light by which we see them. This theory has the great merit that it may be made the subject of exact mathematical calculation. Knowing the size of a body, no matter whether star or nebulae, and the quantity of matter which it contains, we can calculate exactly how much it must contract in order to generate a given amount of heat. We know this in the case of the sun, and find that the contraction necessary to produce all the heat it gives off is very slow indeed; it would have to go on for thousands of years before astronomers could find, by comparing its size at various times, that it had grown any smaller. Contracting at this slow rate, it will be millions of years before it gets as dense as the earth. Still,

it does not follow that the amount of heat given off will remain exactly the same during all this period. What we can say with confidence is that observations of temperature in various countries for the last two or three hundred years do not show any change in climate which can be attributed to a variation in the amount of heat received from the sun.

The acceptance of this theory of the heat of those heavenly bodies which shine by their own light—sun, stars, and nebulae—still leaves open a problem that looks insoluble with our present knowledge. What becomes of the great flood of heat and light which the sun and stars radiate into empty space with a velocity of 180,000 miles a second? Only a very small fraction of it can be received by the planets or by other stars, because these are mere points compared with their distance from us. Taking the teaching of our science just as it stands, we should say that all this heat continues to move on through infinite space forever. In a few thousand years it reaches the probable confines of our great universe. But we know of no reason why it should stop there. During the hundreds of millions of years since all our stars began to shine, has the first ray of light and heat kept on through space at the rate of 180,000 miles a second, and will it continue to go on for ages to come? If so, think of its distance now, and think of its still going on, to be forever wasted! Rather say that the problem, What becomes of it? is as yet unsolved.

Thus far I have described the greatest of problems; those which we may suppose to



THE GREAT NEBULA IN ANDROMEDA.

From a photograph taken by Sir Isaac Roberts, December 29, 1888. Exposure, 4 hours.

concern the inhabitants of millions of worlds revolving round the stars as much as they concern us. Let us now come down from starry heights to this little colony where we live, the solar system. Here we have the great advantage of being better able to see what is going on, owing to the comparative nearness of the planets. When we learn that these bodies are like our earth in form, size, and motions, the first question we ask is, Could we fly from planet to planet and light on the surface of each, what sort of scenery would meet our eyes? Mountain, forest, and field, a dreary waste, or a seething caldron larger than our earth? If solid land is there, would we find on it the homes of intelligent beings, the lairs of wild beasts, or no living thing at all? Could we breathe the air, or would we choke for breath, or be poisoned by the fumes of some noxious gas?

To most of these questions science cannot as yet give a positive answer, except in the case of the moon. Our satellite is so near us that we can see it has no atmosphere and



THE PLANET VENUS ENTERING ON THE DISK OF THE SUN, DECEMBER 5, 1882.

By observing the transit of Venus astronomers have discovered that its atmosphere is much denser than that of the earth and must be composed of heavy masses of vapor. As shown in the picture, it is not until Venus is well across its edge that the refraction of the sun's light through the atmosphere of the planet produces a ring of light around it. The light, dry atmosphere of the earth would flash this light around as soon as its transit commenced, if viewed from some other planet.

no water, and therefore cannot be the abode of life like ours. The contrast of its eternal deadness with the active around us is great indeed. Here we have weather of so many kinds that we never tire of talking about it. But on the moon there is no weather at all.



ARCTURUS AND THE SURROUNDING STARS IN THE CONSTELLATION BOOTES.

The black star, marked 1, shows the position of Arcturus in the constellation as seen by the shepherds on the plains of Shinar 4,000 years ago. Since then it has been flying through space at the rate of 250 miles a second, but has to our eyes moved only as far as the white star, marked 2, its present position.

On our globe so many things are constantly happening that our thousands of daily journals cannot begin to record them. But on the dreary rocky wastes of the moon nothing ever happens. So far as we can determine, every stone that lies loose on its surface has lain there through untold ages, unchanged and unmoved.

We cannot speak so confidently of the planets. The most powerful telescopes yet made, the most powerful we can ever hope to make, would scarcely show us mountains, or lakes, rivers, or fields at a distance of fifty millions of miles. Much less would they show us any works of man. Pointed at the two nearest planets, Venus and Mars, they whet our curiosity more than they gratify it. Especially is this the case with Venus. Ever since the telescope was invented observers have tried to find the time of rotation of this planet on its axis. Some have reached one conclusion, some another, while the wisest have only doubted. The great Herschel claimed that the planet was so enveloped in vapor or clouds that no permanent features could be seen on its surface. Some recent observers think they see faint, shadowy patches, which remain the same from day to day, and which show that the planet always presents the same face to the sun, as the moon does to the earth. Others see differently, and the best opinion probably is that these patches are simply variations of light, shade, and color caused by the reflection of the sun's light at various angles from different parts of the planet.

There is also some mystery about the atmosphere of this planet. When Venus passes nearly between us and the sun, her dark hemisphere is turned toward us, her bright one being always toward the sun. But she is not exactly on a line with the sun except on the very rare occasions of a transit across the sun's disk. Hence, on ordinary occasions, when she seems very near on a line with the sun, we see a very small part of the illuminated hemisphere, which now presents the form of a very thin crescent like the new moon. And this crescent is supposed to be a little broader than it would be if only half the planet were illuminated, and to encircle rather more than half the planet. Now, this is just the effect that would be produced by an atmosphere refracting the sun's light around the edge of the illuminated hemisphere.

The difficulty of observations of this kind is such that the conclusion may be open to doubt. What is seen during transits of Ve-





THE ZODIACAL LIGHT, AS SEEN FROM THE HIGHER PLAINS OF MEXICO.

This peculiar light, its base on the horizon and its apex at varying altitudes, is one of the phenomena whose nature is uncertain; modern astronomers consider it to be the glow from a cloud of meteoric matter revolving around the sun. It is seen in the east in the early mornings of spring, just before dawn, and in the west in autumn, after twilight. In the tropics, owing to the short twilights, its brilliancy is most intense, sometimes rivaling that of the Milky Way.

nus over the sun's disk leads to more certain, but yet very puzzling, conclusions. The writer will describe what he saw at the Cape of Good Hope during the transit of December 5, 1882. As the dark planet impinged on the bright sun, it of course cut out a round notch from the edge of the sun. At first, when this notch was small, nothing

could be seen of the outline of that part of the planet which was outside the sun. But when half the planet was on the sun, its outline off the sun was marked by a slender arc of light, as shown in the figure on page 256. A curious fact was that this arc did not at first span the whole outline of the planet, but only showed at one or two points. In a few moments another part of the outline appeared, and then another, until, at last, the arc of light extended around the complete outline. All this seems to show that while the planet has an atmosphere, it is not transparent like ours, but is so filled with mist and clouds that the sun is seen through it only as if shining in a fog.

Not many years ago the planet Mars, which is the next one outside of us, was supposed to have a surface like that of our earth. Some parts were of a dark greenish gray

hue; these were supposed to be seas and oceans. Other parts had a bright warm tint; these were supposed to be the continents. During the last twenty years much has been learned as to how this planet looks, and the details of its surface have been mapped by several observers, using the best telescopes under the most favorable conditions of air and



climate. And yet it must be confessed that the result of this labor is disappointing. We are less confident than before that the so-called seas are really seas. When it comes to comparing Mars with the earth, we cannot be certain of more than a single point of resemblance. This is that during the Martian winter a white cap, as of snow, is formed over the pole, which partially melts away during the summer. The conclusion that there are oceans whose evaporation forms clouds which give rise to this snow seems plausible. But the telescope shows no clouds, and nothing to make it certain that there is an atmosphere to sustain them. There is no certainty that the white deposit is what we call snow; perhaps it is not formed of water at all.

To make the matter worse, there is no agreement among observers as to the minute details of light and shade on the surface of the planet, though they agree as to the main features. Where some see broad hazy streaks, others see fine dark lines, and yet others nothing definite at all. The result is that the question of the real nature of the surface of Mars and of what we should see around us could we land upon it and travel over it is still one of the unsolved problems of astronomy.

If this is the case with the nearest planets that we can study, how is it with more distant ones? Jupiter is the only one of these of the condition of whose surface we can claim to have definite knowledge. But even this knowledge is meager. The substance of what we know is that its surface is surrounded by layers of what look like dense clouds, through which nothing can certainly be seen.

I have already spoken of the heat of the sun and its probable origin. But the question of its heat, though the most important, is not the only one that the sun offers us. What is the sun? When we say that it is a very hot globe, more than a million times as large as the earth, and hotter than any furnace that man can make, so that literally "the elements melt with fervent heat" even at its surface, while inside they are all vaporized, we have told the most that we know as to what the sun really is. Of course we know a great deal about the spots, the rotation of the sun on its axis, the materials of which it is composed, and how its surroundings look during a total eclipse. But all this does not answer our question. There are several mysteries which ingenious men have tried to explain, but they cannot prove their explanations to be correct. One is the cause

and nature of the spots. Another is that the shining surface of the sun, the "photosphere," as it is technically called, seems so calm and quiet while forces are acting within it of a magnitude quite beyond our conception. Flames in which our earth and everything on it would be engulfed like a boy's marble in a blacksmith's forge are continually shooting up to a height of tens of thousands of miles. One would suppose that internal forces capable of doing this would break the surface up into billows of fire a thousand miles high; but we see nothing of the kind. The surface of the sun seems almost as placid as a lake.

Yet another mystery is the corona of the sun. This is something we should never have known to exist if the sun were not sometimes totally eclipsed by the dark body of the moon. On these rare occasions the sun is seen to be surrounded by a halo of soft white light, sending out rays in various directions to great distances. This halo is called the corona, and has been most industriously studied and photographed during nearly every total eclipse for thirty years. Thus we have learned much about how it looks and what its shape is. It has a fibrous, woolly structure, a little like the loose end of a much worn hempen rope. A certain resemblance has been seen between the form of these seeming fibres and that of the lines in which iron filings arrange themselves when sprinkled on paper over a magnet. It has hence been inferred that the sun has magnetic properties, a conclusion which, in a general way, is supported by many other facts. Yet, the corona itself remains no less an unexplained phenomenon.

A phenomenon almost as mysterious as the solar corona is the "zodiacal light," which any one can see rising from the western horizon just after the end of twilight on a clear winter or spring evening. The most plausible explanation is that it is due to a cloud of small meteoric bodies revolving round the sun. We should hardly doubt this explanation were it not that this light has a yet more mysterious appendage, commonly called the *Gegenschein*, or counter-glow. This is a patch of light in the sky in a direction exactly opposite that of the sun. It is so faint that it can be seen only by a practised eye under the most favorable conditions. But it is always there. The latest suggestion is that it is a tail of the earth, of the same kind as the tail of a comet!

We know that the motions of the heavenly bodies are predicted with extraordinary ex-

actness by the theory of gravitation. When one finds that the exact path of the moon's shadow on the earth during a total eclipse of the sun can be mapped out many years in advance, and that the planets follow the predictions of the astronomer so closely that, if you could see the predicted planet as a separate object, it would look, even in a good telescope, as if it exactly fitted over the real planet, one thinks that here at least is a branch of astronomy which is simply perfect. And yet the worlds themselves show slight deviations in their movements which the astronomer cannot always explain, and which may be due to some hidden cause that, when brought to light, shall lead to conclusions of the greatest importance to our race.

One of these deviations is in the rotation of the earth. Sometimes, for several years at a time, it seems to revolve a little faster, and then again a little slower. The changes are very slight; they can be detected only by the most laborious and refined methods; yet they must have a cause, and we should like to know what that cause is.

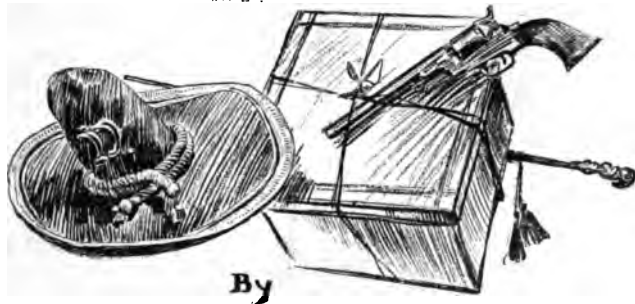
The moon shows a similar irregularity of motion. For half a century, perhaps through a whole century, she will go around the earth a little ahead of her regular rate, and then for another half century or more she will fall behind. The changes are very small; they would never have been seen with the naked eye, yet they exist. What is their cause?

Mathematicians have vainly spent years of study in trying to answer this question.

The orbit of Mercury is found by observations to have a slight motion which mathematicians have vainly tried to explain. For some time it was supposed to be caused by the attraction of an unknown planet between Mercury and the sun, and some were so sure of the existence of this planet that they gave it a name, calling it Vulcan. But of late years it has become reasonably certain that no planet large enough to produce the effect observed can be there. So thoroughly has every possible explanation been sifted out and found wanting, that some astronomers are now inquiring whether the law of gravitation itself may not be a little different from what has always been supposed. A very slight deviation indeed would account for the facts, but cautious astronomers want other proofs to regard the change as established.

Many readers have doubtless wondered how, after devoting so much work to the study of the heavens, anything can remain for astronomers to find out. It is a curious fact that, although they were never learning so fast as at the present day, yet there seems to be more to learn now than there ever was before. Great and numerous as are the unsolved problems of our science, knowledge is now advancing into regions which, a few years ago, seemed inaccessible. Where it will stop none can say.

## THE METAMORPHOSIS OF CORPUS DELICTI



By

J. H. CRANSON



ERR SMITHSON, manager of the prima donna Madame Allanni, was returning East with his star from a somewhat unprofitable tour on the Pacific Slope. They gave concerts at various places along the route, but fortune

remained coy. At last, at Sagetown, the manager hatched a scheme for raising the wind the nature of which may be guessed from the concluding passages of a conversation that occurred between him and a dark-skinned, long-haired citizen in a big sombrero and wearing a belt in which were stuck

a revolver and a long knife. This ominously equipped individual was tall of stature, long-limbed, gaunt, and strong. His eyes were dark and sullen, with drooping lids. His long mustache was also dark and drooping, and his voice was of a pitch so subterranean that it seemed to come from at least half a mile under ground, and of such a quality and tone that its faintest breathings would bring any stage team to a dead halt and elevate the hands of all the passengers. Any one familiar with Western mythology will understand at once that this brief description can apply to but one person, the noted Bill Deathburrow, the promoter of cemeteries and patron saint of undertakers, popularly known as "Corpus," and sometimes as "Corpus Delicti."

"That's your lay-out, is it?" said Delicti, speaking in a kind of pianissimo double bass; "I'm to hold up the stage this side of Hogsnout, unload the lady, and take her over to the cross-road by the Dogbranch; and you will come out there, and recapture her?"

"That's it," said Smithson.

"And the stuff?"

"That's all right. I'll pay you the money when I get the lady—fifty dollars."

"Fifty won't do; the ante will have to be a hundred."

"A hundred! Why, we've been talking fifty. The job won't take over half a day, and fifty for half a day is good business."

"Ordinarily, maybe; but there's things to be considered. There's my character. I've got a reputation, and it won't sound well that Corpus Delicti surrendered to a tenderfoot. Then there's expenses. I'll have to hire a burro for the lady, and my helper will have to see coin. I'll take the Kiote with me; he hasn't sand to shoot a hen, but he can hold a gun on the driver while I work the passengers." Here he beckoned to a red-haired, weazened little fellow with bandy legs, one shorter than the other, who came seesawing across the room and was introduced as the "Lame Kiote," or "Limpy," and who embraced with enthusiasm the manager's proposition to take a drink.

"That's the terms," said Corpus after the refreshments had been absorbed. "We couldn't do this job for less, could we, Limpy?"

"No," promptly answered the Kiote, who knew nothing about either the job or the proposed terms.

"All right," said Smithson, who found himself outvoted. "A hundred it is, then. And now understand. It is the first stage

that goes over the road to-morrow—the Sagetown stage. The one from Violet comes over, and passes through Sagetown, and goes on to Hogsnout about two hours later; but our stage is the first one in the morning."

"That's all clear," said Delicti; "the particulars are comprehended."

"There may be a little delay," added Smithson, "in my getting to the rescue. The people at Hogsnout may turn out to assist me; but if they do, I'll lead the crowd off, and dodge away from them."

"Don't let that thought disturb your mind," answered Corpus. "I know the crowd over there; and when they hear that Corpus Delicti is at the other end of the trail, you won't be incommoded by no volunteers."

Bidding his confederates good-by until the morrow, the manager sought the hotel, to hold counsel with Madame Allanni.

"I say, Sally, I've got a big scheme," said he, bustling into the parlor where she was sitting alone; "something to wake the dead and set them scrambling to get to the box-office."

"What do you mean?" asked the lady, in a tone somewhat of contempt.

"Listen!" replied Smithson eagerly. "You take the stage in the morning. Somewhere between here and Hogsnout, Delicti, the man you saw me talking with just now, will hold up the whole business, and take you out. He will be accompanied by a citizen of this place, a very fine man, and they will escort you to a place we have agreed on. Delicti is a perfect gentleman, and you will be treated with the greatest politeness. I will go to Hogsnout to-night, so as to meet the stage when it reaches there with the news of your abduction. Then I'll rip and tear around like mad, borrow a revolver, and dash out to the rescue. In an hour or two, I shall bring you back to Hogsnout in triumph, and we'll go right on to Golden Desire, where the story will have preceded us. The whole population will turn out to get a sight of you; the opera house will be jammed. And that is only the beginning. The story of the abduction of the great prima donna by the famous desperado Corpus Delicti, and of her rescue single-handed, after a desperate battle with knives and revolvers, by her manager, Herr Smithson, will be telegraphed all over the world; and when we get East, there will be no theaters large enough to hold the crowds."

Madame Allanni saw the point. The few details to be settled between them were soon disposed of, and with a parting "Au re-

vawr," the manager went away to take his place for the coming drama and to wait for his cue at Hogsnout.

Everybody knows that the best-laid schemes often go wrong. On the morrow, at the hour scheduled for the departure of the first stage, there was an unexpected delay. The passengers, including Madame Allanni, were all aboard and their fares paid; but "Six-Fingered" Joe, the driver, was missing. After half an hour's waiting, it was learned that he had gone into a saloon, presumably to take a drink, but had got into an argument with the bartender, and had had a 44-slug blown into his stomach instead. To find a substitute and get him ready to start took time, and, in the meanwhile, the stage from Violet came along, and halting only long enough to give drink to the thirsty horses and driver, went on ahead. And so it happened that, instead of being the first over the road, the vehicle that carried the prima donna stood

idle at Sagetown, while its Violet rival was jogging merrily along the road toward the point of vantage where Corpus Delicti and the Lane Kiote awaited the coming of their victim.

There were four passengers in the Violet stage—three men and a woman. The men were a Presbyterian minister, a Pinkerton detective, and a drummer from a Chicago shoe-house. Any one would have written down the woman as "spinster" at first sight, and we here introduce her as Miss Lorena June of Currency, Kansas, and we hope the reader will take a good look at her, for she is well worth it.

Miss June's age was, of course, uncertain, but she must have been quite a slip of a girl when Lee surrendered. She was tall and rather lean, not very angular, but large-boned and strong looking. Her hair was black, coarse, and brushed well back; her face long and narrow; her mouth wide, with thin lips



"A FINE DAY, LADY AND GENTS."

that shut close together. She used spectacles with very large glasses, and wore a plain, dark-colored dress, and a brown straw hat with pink ribbons. She was sitting—and had sat all day—erect, motionless, and silent, holding in her lap a large bandbox, across the top of which was an umbrella, all kept in place by her brown, ungloved hands.

Conversation had been slack in the stage. The lady had kept her eyes fixed on the faces of her fellow-travelers with an expression that implied disapproval; and they all thought they could read in those steadfast orbs a suspicion that they were confidence men and had designs on the bandbox. Once the drummer started to tell a story, but Miss June leveled her spectacles at his face with a persistent certainty of aim that was disconcerting; and the story dwindled, and became innocuous and meager of detail, and finally finished without coming to anything.

The horses were going at a brisk trot, when suddenly the vehicle stopped with an abruptness that made the passengers lurch forward on their seats—all but Miss June, the rigidity of whose position was not easily disturbed. Simultaneously there was a vibration, a shuddering of the air, and then the ventral tones of *Corpus Delicti*, "*Hands up!*"

This invitation was addressed to the driver; but the men inside waited no second call: their three pairs of hands went into the air with a celerity and force of action that jerked their shirt collars up against their ears. Miss June looked surprised, but said nothing, and clutched her bandbox with a firmer grip. Then the door was opened, and the muzzle of a revolver appeared, backed by a face the aspect of which sent the three men into a frantic struggle to get their hands through the top of the stage. Slowly the ominous eyes passed over the group, and rested on Miss June. "A fine day, lady and gents," said the deep voice.

"See here, mister," said the lady, "you can't come in here. I won't have tramps ridin' with me. There's suspicious-lookin' characters enough in here now, and I won't have no more of 'em. Make him git on outside, driver."

"You're dead right, Miss," said *Corpus*; "they are a bad-looking lot, and we'll shake their company. Just shunt yourself this way, and I'll help you out."

"Help me out! I ain't goin' to git out; and if I was, I could do it without your help. Go away, you nasty-lookin' villain. Driver, why-don't you go on?"

"The lady doesn't understand the situation, Colonel," said the drummer. "You see, Miss, this is a hold-up; and you see——"

"Yes, I see a fool. I'm lookin' at him now. If it's a hold-up, you better keep your mouth shet, and you can hold up your hands all the easier. You're a purty-lookin' specimen. You look gay, settin' there all humped up, and your paws in the air. You'd better tell another funny story, hadn't you?"

"Bully for you, me lady," said *Delicti*. "You're as good as a circus with a bull-fight attachment; but business is business, and time is flowing; so have the kindness to step this way. Never mind the bandbox; leave it right there; it'll be safe; the company is responsible."

"I tell you I ain't goin' to git out! I've said it twice now, and that's enough; and if I was, I wouldn't leave my bandbox. Where I go that goes, and where I stay that stays. And I can tell you something else: if you p'int that pistol at me, I'll—I'll swat ye."

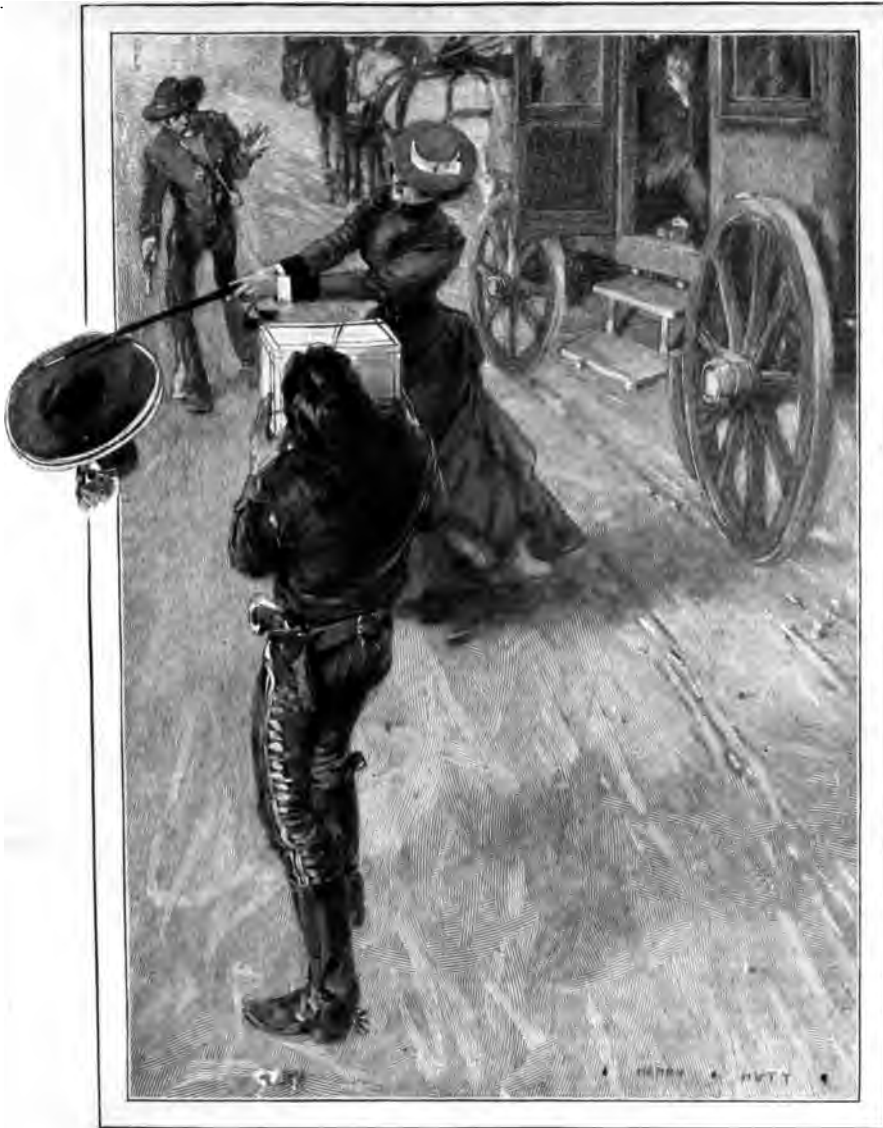
She gripped the handle of her umbrella with both hands, braced herself, and awaited developments.

"Madam," said the clergyman, in a quavering voice, "I do not believe this good gentleman has any evil intentions toward you; and I think that under the circumstances, and to avoid the possible effusion of blood, it would be advisable for you to alight."

"What do you know about it, you bald-headed old poke? He's about as much a gentleman as you are a man, I reckon. Why don't you git out and go along with him yourself, if you think so much of him? I declare, if it ain't enough to forever disgust everybody with the whole sect. Three great lummoxes afraid of one mean-lookin' old vagabond! Why don't you pitch at him, and make him go away? Put that down!"

This last remark was caused by an adroit movement on the part of *Delicti*. Taking advantage of a moment when her attention was on the clergyman, he had slyly reached his disengaged hand inside and got possession of the bandbox. "Put it down, I say! You won't, hey?" She rose to her feet, and the light of battle was in her eyes as she made for the door, through which her property was disappearing. "Git out of my way, Smarty. Let me out there! I'll show him. I think you'd all better git petticoats the first thing after you git home."

"I concur in the resolution of the House," shouted the Kiote, who was shaking with laughter to a degree that rendered the aim



"SHE . . . DELIVERED A SWEEPING BLOW WITH HER UMBRELLA, . . . WHICH SENT HIS SOMBRERO INTO THE SAND."

of the gun he was holding on the driver very uncertain.

"What are you laffin' about, you little red-headed monkey?" said Miss June as she bounded from the stage.

"All clear, drive on," said Delicti.

"Go ahead, driver, you are discharged," yelled the Kiote.

"Don't you dare stir a step till I git my handbox and git back into the wagon," said Miss June.

These conflicting instructions confused the driver, and he remained stationary. Then ensued a battle royal. Delicti with the band-

box, like a lion bearing off his prey, with eye alert, backed slowly away from his approaching foe. She, like a lioness springing to the rescue of her cub, went at him with a rush, and delivered a sweeping blow with her umbrella, which he avoided by ducking, but which sent his sombrero into the sand. Then followed, in quick succession, upper cut, under cut, jab, and side swing; he dodging, ducking, parrying, and still backing off; she cutting, and thrusting, and pressing him hotly in front. The Kiote was now in the sand, rolling about and howling, and the three men in the stage, their hands still up,

were looking out with staring eyes upon the combat.

"Drive ahead there, you lump-jawed son of a jack rabbit!" roared Corpus, who, sore pressed, was doing his best to make his hands keep his head. This order galvanized the driver into life, and he brought his heavy whip across the horses with a crack that sent them off at a gallop.

As the stage moved away, Miss June turned and ran a few steps as if to overtake it; but quickly realizing that it was too late, she abandoned the chase, and going to the side of the road, stood for a full minute silently looking after the disappearing vehicle. Then she came back and went to her handbox, which Delicti had carefully placed upon the ground, right side up. Her hat was awry and turned half around, and some locks of her long black hair were hanging loose; but neither in her face nor manner was there any sign of passion or disappointment. She picked up her handbox, and seemed pleased as she examined it. "It ain't hurt a bit," said she; "it's queer, but I don't believe I hit it once."

Then she put it down, and walked slowly to where Delicti was standing, and going close to him, looked him over with deliberate scrutiny. Slowly her eyes passed down from his head to his feet, and from his feet back to his head; and as they came up to the level of his own, there was a shade of softening in them. Perhaps she felt some womanish admiration for his stalwart proportions and virile strength, or was touched by the rude chivalry he had manifested, even in his direst extremity, in guarding her handbox against her blows, as if it were a part of his own person.

"Well," said she, "you ain't quite as bad a lookin' man as you might be, though there's plenty room for improvement. But I guess we're both of us a sight to behold."

She took off her hat, and held it between her teeth, while she gathered her loose hair, twisted it up, and tucked it in behind. Then she put on her hat, balanced and adjusted it, and after giving her skirts a vigorous shake, turned again to Delicti. "Well, you've got me; and now what are you goin' to do with me?"

"Bless me if I know," he answered; "but the intentions was that the gent that wants you would meet us over on the other road by the Dogbranch."

"The gent that wants me! A man?"

"Yes'm, a sort of a man a tenderfoot."

"Who under the canopy can it be? What's his name?"

"I've disremembered his exact name, but it sounds something like Smith."

"Smith! I know Smiths enough, goodness knows, but I can't think of any of 'em this would be likely to be. What kind of a lookin' man is he?"

"Smartish looking, but no beauty."

"How is he comlected?"

"Lightish, with an incline to pinkish about the nose."

"I don't want no pink-nosed man round me; but I can't think who it can be. Say, what's your name? I think we'd better be introduced."

"H'm—well—I'm of opinion that my name originally was William Deathburrow."

"Dear me! That's a thrillin'-soundin' name, ain't it? My name is Miss Lorena June. Now you say I was to be took over to—what's the name of the place?"

"Yes, Miss June, that was my orders."

"Humph! A heap I care for your orders, if I don't want to go."

"I'm soundly convinced on that point, Miss June; you needn't argue it a minute."

"Well, Mr. Deathburrow, it's just this way: from your descriptions of the man, I don't think I should like him, nor from his actions; but I've great curiosity to see who it is. If it wa'n't for that, I'd make you send Red Head after a horse and buggy to take me to Rockerville, where I'm goin' on a visit to Fluorella Pease, and keep you here with me as bail till he got back. But as things are, I'll go, and the sooner we start the sooner we'll git there. What's that Red Head doin' now?"

She had caught sight of the Kiote just as he had fastened his mouth to the neck of a quart flask and was about to elevate it into the air.

"What are you drinkin' out of that bottle? Liquor?"

"Yes'm," he answered meekly; "not drinkin' exactly, but just a-goin' to. Would you like some of it?"

"Yes, I'd like all of it. Bring it here. Bring it here!" she repeated with emphasis, as he hesitated.

Thus adjured, he advanced with halting steps, and surrendered the bottle.

"I don't approve of drinkin'," said she. "I've seen the evil effects, and won't have it. I ought by good rights to empty it out, but it's sometimes useful in sickness, and so I won't; but I'll see that it don't tempt you any more right off. And I've got a word in

season for you, young man, and that is, you laff too much for your own good. I like laffin' in its place; but if I catch you makin' any more fun of me, I'll straighten them legs of yours in such a way that they'll come out even."

She then put the bottle into the bandbox, and declared herself ready to start.

her securely in her seat. It was the first masculine embrace she had ever experienced, and there was an unmistakable smile on her plain, brown face as she looked down approvingly at her late antagonist.

"Well, I declare, Mr. Deathburrow, if you ain't stout! I always did admire a good, sizable, stout man. I hate a runt."



"IN A MINUTE SHE HAD CUT AWAY HIS BOOT."

"How are we goin'?"

"Here's your burro," answered Delicti.

"Tote him up, Kiote."

"What, that little brute! Me ride on him! I'm better able to carry him than he is me."

"You'll find his strength all right, Miss June."

She went up to the animal, and put her hands on his back.

"How'm I goin' to git on? I can git on to any horse, but this thing ain't high enough to jump on to, and he's a little too high to set down on."

"Let me help you, Miss June," said Delicti, and then he took her in his strong arms, and lifting her up as he would a baby, placed

The cavalcade now moved off, Delicti leading the burro with one hand and carrying the bandbox with the other. The Kiote brought up the rear, and seemed to be pondering something.

"Have you lived very long about here, Mr. Deathburrow?" said Miss June, after they had gone some distance in silence.

"Well—no, Miss June—not exactly—not very long, just lately. As a fact, I haven't stopped very long anywhere for some period back."

"That's bad," said she; "a roamin' stone gathers no moss. Are you a married man?"

"No, Miss June; not in the least."

"You'd ought to be. You'd be more respected if you was settled down and had a capable wife to look after you, cut your hair, and make you look decent. But I wouldn't advise anybody to settle on sech land as this.



I wouldn't give a cent an acre for it. I've got a quarter section in Kansas, as good land as ever lay out doors. No incumbrance—eighty acres improved—timber and water—a good house—plenty of stock, and money ahead. There's everything that heart could wish. I've carried it on alone for fifteen years, and probably always shall. But it's botherin' sometimes. I have to depend on hired men, and they want overseenin'. I can do that, but I have to oversee in the house too; and sometimes I wish I could be in two places at once, or find some capable man to take one of the places. I used to formerly think, sometimes, that I might in the future git married; but, oh calamities of Jeremiah! how is anybody goin' to find the suitable kind of a man? The men now-days are mostly all fools and incompetents, like them coots in the stage." At this recollection, Miss June indulged in a grim chuckle.

Delicti gave her a sly look of intelligence, and when their eyes met, his face wore a smile that matched hers. Then there was silence for a time. As they went along, Miss June's eyes rested on her escort with an expression that indicated strong interest, not unmixed with speculation as to possibilities; and as he walked at her side, he had the air of a man trying to make up his mind on a difficult question. As for the Kiote, his humor had vanished. He was superstitious, and had grown horribly afraid of this masterful woman who so coolly assumed authority over him and seemed to dominate even the terrible Corpus Delicti himself.

The rendezvous was soon reached, but Herr Smithson had not yet appeared. Delicti showed no signs of impatience at this, but the Kiote was disappointed and anxious. Miss June remarked that, while they were waiting, she would take a stitch in her dress, which had been torn in the scuffle; and she was soon busy among the contents of the handbox. Under cover of this diversion, the Kiote held a whispered conversation with Delicti.

"Say, 'Corpus, I'm for skinnin' out."

"Whyfore? What's the matter with ye?"

"I'm hoodooed. She's a thirty-two-degree witch; and if we don't vamose while we can, she'll ride us for a couple of broomsticks for all eternity."

"She ain't a bad one, Limpy. I rather like her; and if the tenderfoot comes and she goes away with him, I rather incline to think I shall lick him."

"Oh, Corpus, she's jumped your claim

sure! But there comes the tenderfoot. Now's our chance. I say, scoot!"

The sound of wheels grinding in the sand was heard, and Herr Smithson appeared, driving a horse and buckboard. He alighted, and came briskly forward; but his enthusiasm went down to zero when, instead of meeting Madame Allanni, he was confronted by the threatening figure of Miss June, whose face had a look in it that boded trouble, but quickly changed to one of grim amusement.

"So you're the man that wants me, are you?" said she. "Confound your impudence, to s'pose I'd take up with a little fat squab of a thing like you! Oh my! Good-by, Johnny." She shut her eyes with a grimace, snapped her fingers, and went back to her handbox.

By this time the resourceful manager had got his second wind. "A fine day, Mr. ——— Corpus. Well, here we are, but where's the lady?"

"It appears to me she's visible to the naked eye," answered Delicti, motioning with his head in the direction of Miss June, but looking very steadily at Smithson.

"Why, my dear sir, you are joking."

"Whyfore? She's the only lady I know of in these parts."

"But, my esteemed friend, there's a mistake. That—ah—party over there is not the lady."

"What's that you say?" roared Delicti.

"What did you call her? Her no lady! Take that back, you sucker, or—" He reached his hand behind him, drew his revolver half out of his belt, and made a stride forward.

"Stop it!" cried Miss June. "Stop it right off! I won't have no fightin' over me!" She came up on a run, and with a dexterous movement hooked the crooked handle of her umbrella into Delicti's belt and jerked him backward. There was a sharp report; Delicti gave a roar, and grasped one of his legs with both hands. A chamber of his revolver had been discharged, and the bullet passing downward had gone through his foot.

Then there was a quick shifting of characters in the scene. At the report of the pistol, Herr Smithson bounded into the air like a rubber ball, and sprinted down the road at a pace that would take him out of the State by the next morning; while the Kiote, giving a yell of dismay, took to his heels, and working his unequal legs to their full capacity, made off through the sage brush in the opposite direction. But prompt as were these movements, they were not quicker than those

of Miss June. Before the manager had made a dozen jumps, she was into her bandbox, and had out of it a heavy shawl, the bottle of whisky, some vials, pieces of cloth, and a pair of scissors. She spread the shawl on the ground, then flew to the buckboard, and was back in a flash with the seat cushion, which she put down on the shawl. Then she went to Delicti, and put her shoulder under his arm. He, in the meantime, had been hopping about on one foot, and bellowing forth his wrath and anguish in roarings that added fresh vigor to the terror-inspired legs of Herr Smithson and sent the alarmed burro galloping off after the Kiote.

"Come right along with me now—right along. You may holler all you want to; it's good for relievin' pain, but swearin' won't better it none."

She helped him to sit down on the shawl, and gave him some of the whisky. "It's good for these occasions," said she; "and it's lucky I took it, or that Red Head would have drunk it all up by this time. Now let me have that butcher-knife." She unhooked his belt, took out the knife, and then made him lie down with his head on the cushion. In a minute she had cut away his boot and exposed the injured foot. She examined it carefully and not unskillfully, with eye and hand, and soon declared her opinion that it wasn't much of a wound after all. "The bullet's gone clean through," said she, "and it must have hurt awful at first, for it went right in among the cords; but there ain't no arteries busted nor bones broke."

She took bits of cloth, saturated them with the contents of her vials, and put them on the wound. "I use arnica," said she. "Some prefers carbolio oil; but I like arnica, specially for the first application."

Delicti meanwhile had ceased his complainings, and was lying quiet, attentively observing her movements. He looked at her homely, resolute, and yet womanly face, and watched the swift motions of the hands that were so heavy in strife, but so light and deft in their present ministrations.

"Now, Mr. Deathburrow, put your finger on the bandage—right there—and hold it tight while I git a long piece to bind round the whole and sew it on."

The long piece was soon found; and as she secured it in place, she proceeded to administer some wholesome counsel to her patient. "This accident all comes from your carryin' round a loaded pistol. It's a very careless habit, for it may go off any time and hit somebody. And I sometimes think, William

—there, I've said it! Well, I might as well say it as think it, and I think short names is best between friends anyway. You may call me Lorena for all I care. But as I was goin' to say, William, I sometimes think you're quick-tempered, and that makes it all the more danger. Think how awful it would be if you had shot the man."

"I warn't a-playing it to hurt the fool," said Delicti. "I wanted to scare him away. I was afraid he'd coax you off with him, and I wouldn't had you slope with him for twice the stakes he was to cough up."

"Oh, William, what a joker you are. Me go off with him! I should thought you'd known me better. But you scairt him bad enough to pay him well for his impudence to me. He's run the fat all off from him by this time; and at the rate he was goin', his friends'll never see him agin. There, I think that'll be comfortable; but when we git to the village, we'll have a doctor look at it for safety, though I don't think he can improve it much."

She got him into the buckboard, wrapped her shawl about his foot, and then climbed up herself and took the reins.

"It's lucky that man left his rig behind him," said she. "It looks like a purty good horse for this country, but I guess he's got a touch of the springhalt."

What passed between them on their drive back to Sagetown is a part of their family history, and concerns no one outside the family; but as they drove into town, soon after dark, she was saying, "Yes, William, on all accounts it's best for us to go straight home. I can put off the visit to Fluorella Pease—and I don't know as it's very necessary to be made, anyway—and duty calls me back."

They paused once to make an inquiry of a passer-by, and then drove to a house known to be the residence of the Baptist minister. Here they stopped, and she assisted him into the house; and half an hour later Mr. and Mrs. William Deathburrow came out and went to the doctor's office.

That night when the express went through, among those who boarded the train was a lame man, who supported himself on one side with an umbrella and was supported on the other by a woman who carried in her free hand a large bandbox. She helped him into the car, made a drummer give up one of the two seats he was monopolizing, put him into it, and tucked him up. And the bell rang, the conductor shouted, "All aboard," the wheels went round, and the train rushed eastward.

# LINCOLN'S GREAT VICTORY IN 1864.

BY IDA M. TARBELL.

Author of "The Early Life of Lincoln."



**I**t was not until the fall of 1863 that Abraham Lincoln was able to point to any substantial results from the long months of hard thought and cautious experiment he had given to the Civil War. By that time he did have something to show. The borders of the Confederacy had been pressed back and shut in by an impregnable wall of ships and men. Not only were the borders of the Confederacy narrowed; the territory had been cut in two by the opening of the Mississippi, which, in Lincoln's expressive phrase, now ran "unvexed to the sea." He had a war machine at last which kept the ranks of the army full. He had found a commander-in-chief in Grant; and, not less important, he had found, simultaneously with Grant, also Sherman, McPherson, and Thomas, as well as the proper places for the men with whom he had tried such costly experiments for Burnside, Hooker, and Meade. He had his first effective results, too, from emancipation, that policy which he had inaugurated with such foreboding. Fully 100,000 former slaves were now in the United States service, and they had proved beyond question their value as soldiers. More than this, it was evident that some form of emancipation would soon be adopted by the former slave States of Tennessee, Arkansas, Maryland, and Missouri.

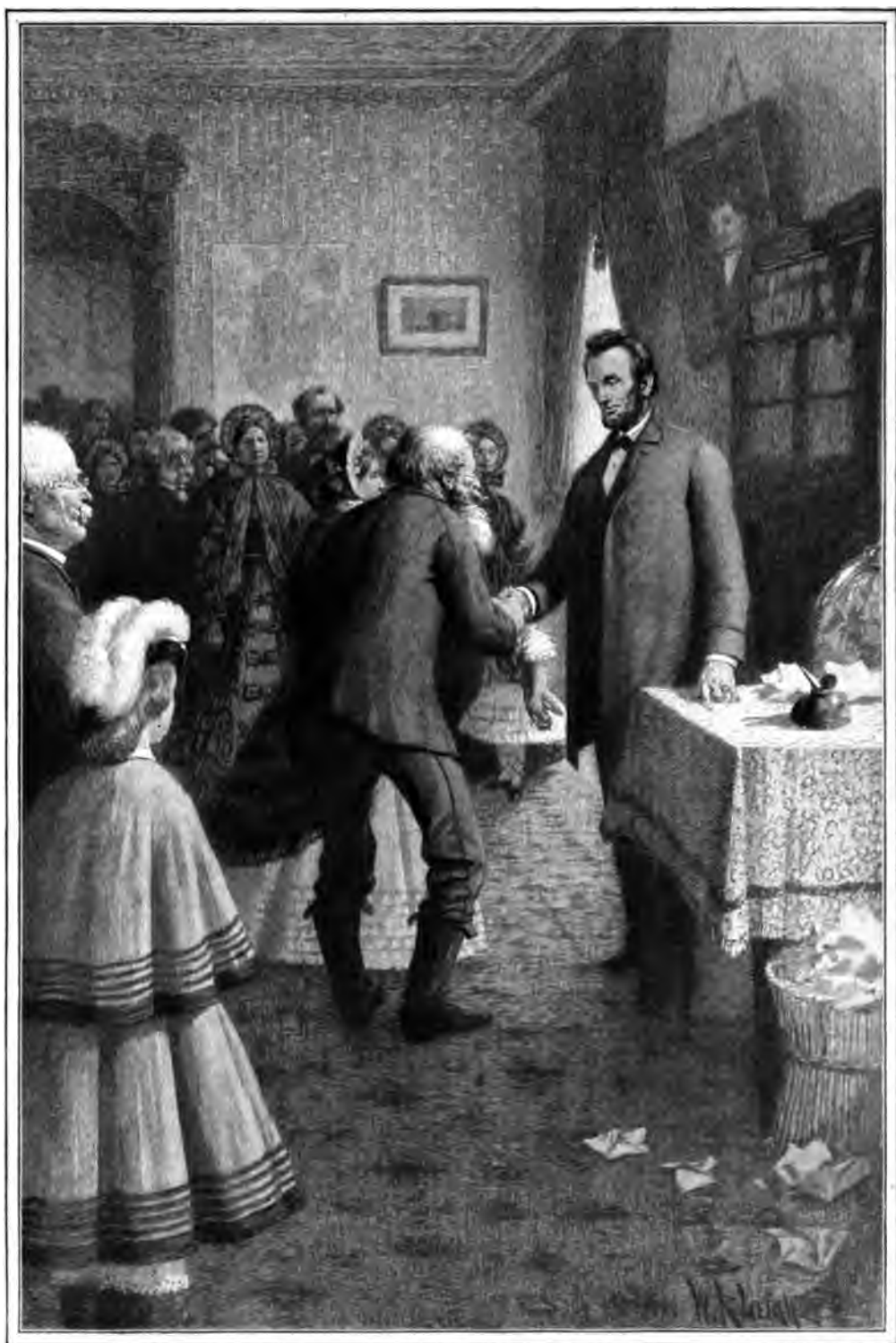
At every point, in short, the policy which Lincoln had set in motion with painful foresight and labor was working as he had believed it would work, but it was working slowly. He saw that many months of struggle and blood and patience were needed to complete his task; many months and in less than a year there would be a presidential election, and he might be obliged to leave his task unfinished. He did not hesitate to say frankly that he wanted the opportunity to finish it. Among the leaders of the Republican party were a few conservatives who, in the fall of 1863, supported Lincoln in his desire for a second term; but there were more

who doubted his ability and who were secretly looking for an abler man. At the same time, a strong and open opposition to his reelection had developed in the radical wing of the party.

The real cause of this opposition was Lincoln's unswervable purpose to use emancipation purely as a military measure. The earliest active form this opposition took was probably under the direction of Horace Greeley. In the spring of 1863, Mr. Greeley had become thoroughly disheartened over the slow progress of the war and the meager results of the Emancipation Proclamation. He was looking in every direction for some one to replace Lincoln, and eventually he settled on General Rosecrans, who at that moment was the most successful general before the country. Greeley, after consulting with a number of Republican leaders, decided that some one should go to Rosecrans and sound him. James R. Gilmore ("Edmund Kirke") was chosen for this mission. Mr. Gilmore recounts, in his "Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln," as an evidence of the extent of the discontent with Lincoln, that when he started on his mission, Mr. Greeley gave him letters to Rosecrans from about all the more prominent Republican leaders except Roscoe Conkling, Charles Sumner, and Henry Wilson.

Mr. Greeley's idea was, as he instructed Mr. Gilmore, to find out, first, if Rosecrans was "sound on the goose" (political slang for sound on the anti-slavery policy), and, secondly, if he would consider the nomination to the Presidency. If Mr. Gilmore found Rosecrans satisfactory, Greeley declared that he would force Lincoln to resign, put Hamlin in his place, and compel the latter to give Rosecrans the command of the whole army. His idea was, no doubt, that the war would then be finished promptly and Rosecrans would naturally be the candidate in 1864.

Mr. Gilmore went on his mission. Rosecrans seemed to him to fulfil Mr. Greeley's ideas, and finally he laid the case before him. The General replied very promptly: "My place is here. The country gave me my edu-



PRESIDENT LINCOLN RECEIVING VISITORS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.



ANDREW GREGG CURTIN, GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA  
1861-1867.



ISRAEL WASHBURN, GOVERNOR OF MAINE 1861-1863.

cation, and so has a right to my military services." He also declared that Mr. Greeley was wrong in his estimate of Lincoln and that time would show it.

Lincoln knew thoroughly the feeling of the radicals at this time; he knew the danger there was to his hopes of a second term in opposing them; but he could be neither persuaded nor frightened into modifying his policy. The most conspicuous example of his firmness was in the case of the Missouri radicals.

The radical party in Missouri was composed of men of great intelligence and perfect loyalty; but they were men of the Frémont type, idealists, incapable of compromise and impatient of caution. They had been in constant conflict with the conservatives of the State since the breaking out of the war, and by the spring of 1863, the rupture had become almost a national affair. Both sides claimed to be Union men and to believe in emancipation; but while the conservatives believed in gradual emancipation, the radicals demanded that it be immediate. The fight became so bitter that, as Lincoln said to one of the radicals, who came to him early in 1863, begging his interference: "Either party would rather see the defeat of their adversary than that of Jefferson

Davis. You ought to have your heads knocked together," he added in his exasperation.

Finally, he determined that he must break up somehow what he called their "pestilent, factional quarrel," and sent a new military governor, General J. M. Schofield, to Missouri. The advice he gave him was this:

Let your military measures be strong enough to repel the invader and keep the peace, and not so strong as to unnecessarily harass and persecute the people. It is a difficult rôle, and so much greater will be the honor if you perform it well. If both factions, or neither, shall abuse you, you will probably be about right. Beware of being assailed by one and praised by the other.

General Schofield was not able to live up to Lincoln's counsel. He incurred the suspicion and dislike of the radicals, and they determined that he must be removed. September 1st, a great convention was held, and a committee of seventy persons appointed to go to Washington and demand from Mr. Lincoln a redress of grievances. They of course had the sympathy of the radical anti-slavery element of the whole North in their undertaking, and when the Committee of Seventy started for Washington they received an ovation in almost every State through which they passed. Arrived in Washington, they became



RICHARD YATES, GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS 1861-1865.



WILLIAM SPRAGUE, GOVERNOR OF RHODE ISLAND 1860-1863.

the center of the town's interest, and a great reception was given them in the Union League Hall, at which eminent men denounced the conservatives of Missouri and demanded instant emancipation.

An arrangement was made for the President to receive the committee on September 30th and hear their statement of grievances. The imposing procession of delegates went to the White House at nine o'clock in the morning. At the committee's own request, all reporters and spectators were refused admission to the audience, only the President and one of his secretaries meeting them. Even the great front doors of the White House were locked during the forenoon.

The conference began by the reading of an address which denounced the conservative party, and demanded that General Schofield be removed and General Benjamin F. Butler be put in his place, and that the enrolled militia of the State be discharged and national troops replace them.

After the reading of the address, the President replied. Mr. Enos Clarke of St. Louis, who was one of the delegates, records the impression this reply made upon his mind:

"The President listened with patient attention to our address," says Mr. Clarke, "and at the conclusion of the reading replied at length. I shall never forget the

intense chagrin and disappointment we all felt at the treatment of the matter in the beginning of his reply. He seemed to belittle and minimize the importance of our grievances and to give magnitude to minor or unimportant matters. He gave us the impression of a pettifogger speaking before a justice of the peace jury. But as he talked on and made searching inquiries of members of the delegation and invited debate, it became manifest that his manner at the beginning was really the foil of a master, to develop the weakness of the presentation. Before the conclusion of the conference, he addressed himself to the whole matter in an elevated, dignified, exhaustive, and impressive manner.

"There was no report made of this conference,"\* but I remember that Mr. Lincoln made this statement: 'You gentlemen must bear in mind that in performing the duties of the office I hold I must represent no one section of the Union, but I must act for all sections of the Union in trying to maintain the supremacy of the government.' And he also said this: 'I desire to so conduct the affairs of this Administration that if, at the end, when I come to lay down the reins of power, I have lost every other friend on earth, I shall at least have one friend left, and that friend shall be down inside of me.' These were characteristic expressions.

"Toward the conclusion of the conference and after the whole matter had been exhaustively discussed by the President and the petitioners, Mr. C. D. Drake, our chairman, stepped forward and said: 'Mr. President, the time has now come when we can no longer trespass upon your attention, but must take leave of you;' and in those deep, impressive, stentorian tones peculiar to Mr. Drake, he added, 'Many of these men who stand before you to-day return to inhospitable homes, where

\*The Hon. John Hay, then one of the President's secretaries, was present and made notes of Mr. Lincoln's remarks, which are published in part in "Abraham Lincoln: A History."

rebel sentiments prevail, and many of them, sir, in returning there do so at the risk of their lives, and if any of those lives are sacrificed by reason of the military administration of this government, let me tell you, sir, that their blood will be upon your garments and not upon ours."

"During this impressive address the President stood before the delegation with tears streaming down his cheeks, seeming deeply agitated.

"The members of the delegation were then presented individually to the President and took leave of him. I shall always remember my last sight of Mr. Lincoln as we left the room. I was withdrawing, in company with others, and as I passed out I chanced to look back. Mr. Lincoln had met some personal acquaintances with whom he was exchanging pleasantries, and instead of the tears of a few moments before, he was indulging in hearty laughter. This rapid and wonderful transition from one extreme to the other impressed me greatly."

Ex-Governor Johnson of Missouri, another member of the committee, says of Lincoln's reply to their address :

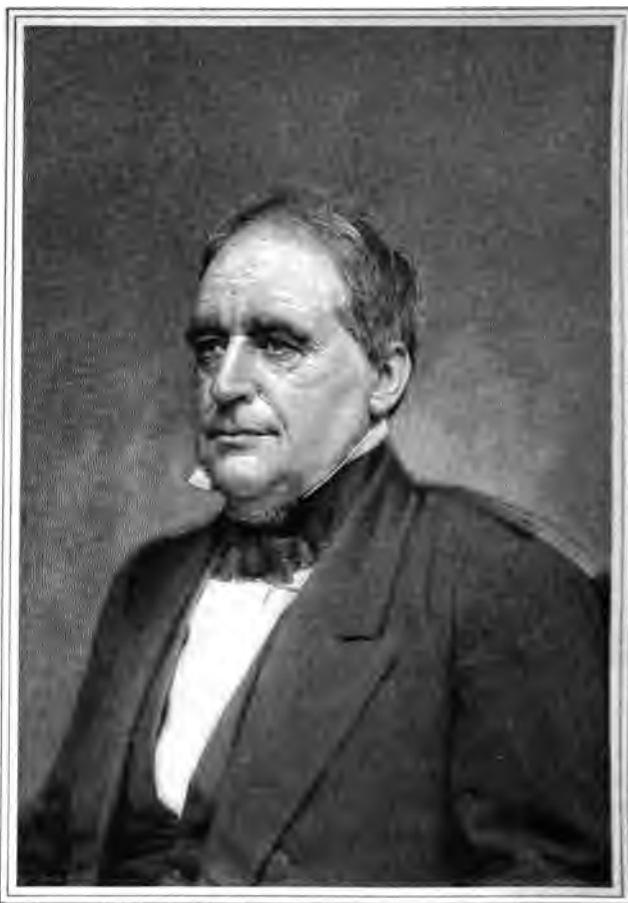
"The President in the course of his reply hesitated a great deal and was manifestly, as he said, very much troubled over the condition of affairs in Missouri. He said he was sorry there should be such divisions and dissensions ; that they were a source of more anxiety to him than we could imagine. He expressed his appreciation of the zeal of the radical men, but sometimes thought they did not

understand the real situation. He besought us not to get out of humor because things were not going as rapidly as we thought they should. The war, he pointed out, affected a much larger territory than that embraced within the borders of Missouri, and possibly he had better opportunities of judging of things than some of us gentlemen. He spoke with great kindness, but all the way through showed his profound regret at the condition of affairs in our State. He regretted especially that some of the men who had founded the Republican party should now be arrayed apparently against his Administration.

"I had met Mr. Lincoln twice before then. This time he appeared different from what he had on the two former occasions. There was a perplexed look on his face. When he said he was bothered about this thing, he showed it. He spoke kindly, yet now and then there was a little rasping tone in his voice that seemed to say: 'You men ought to fix this thing up without tormenting me.' But he never lost his temper."

Mr. Lincoln sent the committee away, promising to reply by letter to their address. The events of the next day showed him more

\* Interview for McClure's Magazine, reported by J. McCall Davis.



HANNIBAL HAMLIN, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES 1861-1865.

From a photograph in the War Department Collection.

plainly than ever what following the committee had. The night after the conference, Secretary Chase gave them a great reception at his house. He did not hesitate to say, in the course of the evening, that he was heartily in sympathy with their mission and that he hoped their military department would be entrusted to a gentleman whose motto was "Freedom for all." (Going on to New York, the committee were given a great and enthusiastic meeting at Cooper Union: William Cullen Bryant made a sympathetic speech, and various members of the committee indulged in violent denunciations of the conservative element of the country, and did not hesitate to threaten Mr. Lincoln with revolutionary action if he did not yield to their demands.

Mr. Lincoln of course was not insensible to the political power of the Missouri radicals. He knew that this was a test case. He knew that they made their issue at a criti-



cal time for him, it being the eve of the fall elections. So important did his supporters consider it that he do something to pacify radical sentiment that Mr. Leonard Swett, one of his most intimate friends, and one heartily in sympathy with his policy, urged him, one day in October, to take a more advanced position and recommend in his annual message a constitutional amendment abolishing slavery:

Turning to me suddenly, he said, "Is not the question of emancipation doing well enough now?" I replied it was. "Well," said he, "I have never done an official act with a view to promote my own personal aggrandizement, and I don't like to begin now. I can see that emancipation is coming; whoever can wait for it will see it; whoever stands in its way will be run over by it."

In spite of the pressure and threats of the Committee of Seventy, Lincoln, when he answered their letter on October 5th, yielded to none of their demands. He would not remove General Schofield. He would not discharge the enrolled militia. He closed his letter refusing their requests with a few of those resolute sentences of which he was capable when he had made up his mind to do a thing in spite of all opposition:

"I do not feel justified," he said, "to enter upon the broad field you present in regard to the political differences between Radicals and Conservatives. From time to time I have done and said what appeared to me proper to do and say. The public knows it all. It obliged nobody to follow me, and I trust it obliges me to follow nobody. The Radicals and Conservatives each agree with me in some things and disagree in others. I could wish both to agree with me in all things, for then they would agree with each other and would be too strong for any foe from any quarter. They, however, choose to do otherwise; and I do not question their right. I, too, shall do what seems to be my duty. I hold whoever commands in Missouri or elsewhere responsible to me and not to either Radicals or Conservatives. It is my duty to hear all, but at least I must, within my sphere, judge what to do and what to forbear."

There was no mistaking this letter of Lincoln. It told the radicals not only of Missouri, but of the whole North, that the President was not to be moved from his emancipation policy. Its first effect of course was to stimulate their search for a man to put in his place. At that time—the fall of 1863—Grant was the military hero of the country, and his name began to be urged for the Presidency. Now Lincoln had never seen Grant. Was he a man whose head could be turned by a sudden notoriety? Could it be that, just as he had found the commander for whom he had searched so long, he was to lose him through a burst of popular gratitude and hero-worship? He decided to find

out Grant's feeling. He did this through Mr. J. Russell Jones of Chicago, a friend of the General.

"In 1863," says Mr. Jones, "some of the newspapers, especially the New York 'Herald,' were trying to boom Grant for the Presidency.\* While General Grant was at Chattanooga, I wrote him, in substance, that I did not wish to meddle with his affairs, but that I could not resist suggesting that he pay no attention to what the newspapers were saying in that connection. He immediately replied, saying that everything of that nature which reached him went into the waste-basket; that he felt he had as big a job on hand as one man need desire; that his only ambition was to suppress the rebellion; and that, even if he had a desire to be President, he could not possibly entertain the thought of becoming a candidate for the office, nor of accepting a nomination were one tendered him, so long as there was a possibility of keeping Mr. Lincoln in the Presidential chair. The whole spirit of his letter was one of the most perfect devotion to Lincoln."

"Before this letter reached me, however, President Lincoln telegraphed me to come to Washington. The telegram gave no hint of the business upon which he wished to see me, and I had no information upon which to found even a suspicion of its nature. On my way to the train I stopped at my office, in the postoffice building, and in passing my box in the postoffice I opened it and took out several letters. I put them into my pocket, and did not look at them until after I had gotten aboard the train. I then discovered that one of the letters was from General Grant; it was the letter of which I have already spoken. The circumstance has always seemed to me to have been providential."

"Upon my arrival at Washington, I sent word to the President that I had arrived and would be glad to call whenever it was most convenient and agreeable for him to receive me. He sent back a request for me to call that evening at eight o'clock. I went to the White House at that hour."

"When the President had gotten through with the persons with whom he was engaged, I was invited into his room. The President then gave directions to say to all that he was engaged for the evening. Mr. Lincoln opened the conversation by saying that he was anxious to see somebody from the West with whom he could talk upon the general situation and had therefore sent for me. Mr. Lincoln made no allusion whatever to Grant. I had been there but a few minutes, however, when I fancied he would like to talk about Grant, and I interrupted him by saying:

"Mr. President, if you will excuse me for interrupting you, I want to ask you kindly to read a letter that I got from my box as I was on my way to the train."

"Whereupon I gave him Grant's letter. He read it with evident interest. When he came to the part where Grant said that it would be impossible for him to think of the Presidency as long as there was a possibility of retaining Mr. Lincoln in the office, he read no further, but arose and, approaching me, put his hand on my shoulder and said:

"My son, you will never know how gratifying that is to me. No man knows, when that Presidential grub gets to gnawing at him, just how deep it will get until he has tried it; and I didn't know but what there was one gnawing at Grant."

\* The "Herald" published its first editorial advocating Grant on December 15, 1863. It was headed, "Grant as the People's Candidate."



"The fact was that this was just what Mr. Lincoln wanted to know. He had said to Congressman Washburne, as I afterwards ascertained:

"About all I know of Grant I have got from you. I have never seen him. Who else besides you knows anything about Grant?"

Washburne replied:

"I know very little about him. He is my townsman, but I never saw very much of him. The only man who really knows Grant is Jones. He has summered and wintered with him." (This was an allusion to the winter I had spent with Grant in Mississippi, at the time Van Dorn got into Holly Springs.)

"It was this statement of Washburne's which caused Lincoln to telegraph me to come to Washington."\*

But there were other names than Grant's in the mouth of the opposition. All through the winter of 1863-1864, in fact, the great majority of the Republican leaders were discussing different candidates. One of the men whom they approached was the Vice-President, Hannibal Hamlin. He was a man of strong anti-slavery feeling, and it was well known that Lincoln never had gone fast enough to suit him. Would he accept the candidacy? he was asked. Mr. Hamlin would not listen to the suggestion. Lincoln, he said, was his friend. Their views were not always the same, but he believed in Lincoln, and would not be untrue to his official relation. Not every member of the official family, however, had the same sense of loyalty. Indeed, before the end of 1863, an active campaign for the nomination was being conducted by one of the members of the cabinet, Mr. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury.

Mr. Chase had been a rival of Lincoln in 1860. He had gone into the cabinet with a feeling very like that of Mr. Seward, that Lincoln was an inexperienced man, incapable of handling the situation, and that he or Mr. Seward would be the premier. Mr. Seward soon found that Lincoln was the master, and he was great enough to acknowledge the supremacy. But Mr. Chase was never able to realize Lincoln's greatness. He continued to regard him as an inferior mind, and seemed to believe, honestly enough, that the people would prefer himself as President if they could only have an opportunity to vote for him. All through the winter of 1863-1864 he carried on a voluminous private correspondence in the interests of his nomination, and about the middle of the winter he consented that his name be submitted to the people. The first systematic measure in promotion of his candidacy was a circular marked "confidential," sent out by Senator Pomeroy

of Kansas, calling on the country to organize in behalf of Mr. Chase. The Secretary hastened to assure Mr. Lincoln that he knew nothing of this circular until he saw it in the newspapers, but he confessed that he had consented that his name be used as a Presidential candidate, and said that, if Mr. Lincoln felt that this impaired his usefulness as Secretary of the Treasury, he did not wish to continue in his position.

Lincoln had known for many months of Mr. Chase's anxiety for the nomination, but he had studiously ignored it. He could not be persuaded by anybody to do anything to interrupt Mr. Chase's electioneering. Now that the Secretary had called his attention to the matter of the circular, however, he replied courteously, though indifferently:

"... My knowledge of Mr. Pomeroy's letter having been made public came to me only the day you wrote; but I had, in spite of myself, known of its existence several days before. I have not yet read it, and I think I shall not. I was not shocked or surprised by the appearance of the letter, because I had had knowledge of Mr. Pomeroy's committee, and of secret issues which, I supposed, came from it; and of secret agents who, I supposed, were sent out by it, for several weeks. I have known just as little of these things as my friends have allowed me to know. They bring the documents to me, but I do not read them; they tell me what they think fit to tell me, but I do not inquire for more. . . .

"Whether you shall remain at the head of the Treasury Department is a question which I will not allow myself to consider from any standpoint other than my judgment of the public service; and, in that view, I do not perceive occasion for a change."

Mr. Chase was free, as far as Lincoln was concerned, to conduct his Presidential campaign from his seat in the cabinet. But the Republicans of his State were not willing that he should do so, and three days after the Pomeroy circular first appeared in print, the Union members of the legislature demanded, in the name of the people and of the soldiers of Ohio, that Lincoln be renominated. There was nothing to do then but for Mr. Chase to withdraw.

Indeed, it was already becoming evident to Lincoln's most determined antagonists in the party that it would be useless for them to try to nominate anybody else. On all sides—in State legislatures, Union leagues, caucuses—the people were demanding that Lincoln be renominated. The case was a curious one. Four years before, Lincoln had been nominated for the Presidency of the United States because he was an available candidate, not from any general confidence that he was the best man in the Republican party for the place. Now, on the contrary, it was declared that he would have to be

\* Interview for McClure's Magazine, reported by J. McCan Davis.



LEGEND SCRATCHED ON A WINDOW PANE BY J. WILKES  
BOOTH, AT MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA, AUGUST, 1864.

nominated because he had won the confidence of the people so completely that no candidate would have any chance against him. In four years he had risen from a position of comparative obscurity to be the most generally trusted man in the North. The great reason for this confidence was that the people understood exactly what he was trying to do and why he was trying to do it. From the beginning of his Administration, in fact, Lincoln had taken the people into his confidence. Whenever a strong opposition to his policy developed in any quarter, it was his habit to explain in a public letter exactly why he was doing what he was doing, and why he was not doing the thing he was urged to do. He had written such a letter to Greeley in August, 1862, explaining his view of the relation of emancipation to the war; such were his letters in June, 1863, replying to the Democrats of New York and Ohio who protested against the arrest of Vallandigham for treasonable speech; such his letter to James C. Conkling in August, 1863, explaining his views of peace, of emancipation, of colored troops. These public letters are Lincoln's most remarkable state papers. They are invincible in their logic and incomparable in their simplicity and lucidity of expression. By means of them he convinced the people of his own rigid mental honesty, put reasons for his actions into their mouths, gave them explanations which were demonstrations. They believed in him because he had been frank with

them, and because he tried to make matters so clear to them, used words they could understand, kept the principle free from all non-essential and partisan considerations.

Scarcely less important than these letters in convincing the people of the wisdom of his policy were Lincoln's stories and sayings. In February, 1864, just after the popular demand for his renomination began to develop, the New York "Evening Post" published some two columns of Lincoln's stories. The New York "Herald" jeered at the collection as the "first electioneering document" of the campaign, and reprinted them as a proof of the unfitness of Lincoln for the Presidency. But jeer as it would, the "Herald" could not hide from its readers the wit and the philosophy of the jokes. Every one of them had been used to explain a point or to settle a question, and under their laughter was concealed some of the man's soundest reasoning. Indeed, at that very moment the "Herald" might have seen, if it had been more discerning, that it was a Lincoln saying going up and down the country that was serving as one of the strongest arguments for his renomination, the remark that it is never best to swap horses in crossing a stream. Lincoln had used it in speaking of the danger of changing Presidents in the middle of the war. He might have written a long message on the value of experience in a national crisis, and it would have been meaningless to the masses; but this homely figure of swapping horses in the middle of a stream appealed to their humor and their common sense. It was repeated over and over in the newspapers of the country. It was in every man's mouth, and was of inestimable value in helping plain people to see the danger of changing Presidents while the war was going on.

The Union convention was set for June. As the time approached, Lincoln enthusiasm grew. It was fed by Grant's steady beating back of Lee toward Richmond. The country, wild with joy, cried out that before July Grant would be in the Confederate capital and the war would be ended. The opposition to Lincoln that had worked so long steadily dwindled in the face of military success, until all of which it was capable was a small convention in May, in Cleveland, at which Frémont was nominated.

The Union convention met in June. That it would nominate Lincoln was a foregone conclusion. "The convention has no candidate to choose," said the Philadelphia "Press." "Choice is forbidden it by the

previous action of the people." The preliminary work of the convention, seating delegates and framing a platform, was rapidly disposed of. Then on June 8th, after a skirmish about the method of nominating the candidates, Illinois presented the name of Abraham Lincoln. A call of States was immediately taken. One after another they answered: Pennsylvania for Lincoln, New York for Lincoln, New England solid for him, Kentucky solid, and so on through the thirty States and Territories represented; only one dissenting delegation in the entire thirty: Missouri, whose radical Union representatives gave twenty-two votes for Grant. On a second reading of the vote this ballot was changed, so that the final vote stood 506 for Lincoln.

The President took his renomination calmly. "I do not allow myself to suppose," he said to a delegation from the National Union League which came to congratulate him, "that either the convention or the League have concluded to decide that I am either the greatest or best man in America, but rather they have concluded that it is not best to swap horses while crossing the river, and have further concluded that I am not so poor a horse that they might not make a botch of it trying to swap."

The renomination of Lincoln had taken place when the country and the Administration were rejoicing in Grant's successes and still prophesying that the war was practically over. The developments of the next few days after the nomination put a new look on the military situation. Instead of entering Richmond, Grant attacked Petersburg; but before he could capture it the town had been so reinforced that it was evident nothing but a siege could reduce it. Now the Army of the Potomac in its march from the Rapidan to the James, extending from May 4th to June 24th, had lost nearly 55,000 men. If Petersburg was to be besieged, it was clear that the army must be reinforced, that there must be another draft. The President had hinted that this was possible only a week after his nomination, in an address in Philadelphia at a sanitary fair:

"If I shall discover," he asked, "that General Grant and the noble officers and men under him can be greatly facilitated in their work by a sudden pouring forward of men and assistance, will you give them to me? Are you ready to march?" Cries of "yes" answered him. "Then I say, stand ready," he replied, "for I am watching for the chance."

A few days later he visited Grant, and rode the lines in front of Petersburg. All that he

saw, all the only made it clear, there must be another outpouring of men. His friends besought him to try to get on without it. The country was growing daily more discouraged as it realized that its hope of speedy victory was vain. A new draft would arouse opposition, give a new weapon to the Democrats, make his reelection uncertain: he could not afford it. He refused their counsels. "We must lose nothing even if I am defeated," he said. "I am quite willing the people should understand the issue. My reelection will mean that the rebellion is to be crushed by force of arms." And on July 18th, he called for 500,000 volunteers for one, two, and three years.

All the discontent that had been prophesied broke forth on this call. The awful brutality of the war came upon the country as never before. There was a revulsion of feeling against the sacrifice going on, such as had not been experienced since the war began. All the complaints that had been urged against Lincoln both by radical Republicans and by Democrats broke out afresh. The draft was talked of as if it were the arbitrary freak of a tyrant. It was declared that Lincoln had violated constitutional rights, personal liberty, the liberty of the press, the rights of asylum; that, in short, he had been guilty of all the abuses of a military dictator. Much bitter criticism was made of his treatment of peace overtures. It was declared that the Confederates were anxious to make peace, and had taken the first steps, but that Lincoln was so bloodthirsty that he was unwilling to use any means but force.

As July dragged on and August passed there was no break in the gloom. Farragut was threatening Mobile; Sherman, Atlanta; Grant, Petersburg; but all of these three great undertakings seemed to promise nothing but a fruitless slaughter of men. The despair and indignation of the country in this dreadful time all centered on Lincoln. Republicans, hopeless of reelecting him, talked of replacing him by another candidate. The Democrats argued that the war and all its woes were the direct result of his tyrannical and unconstitutional policy. The more violent intimated that he should be put out of the way. A sign of the bitterness against him little noted at the moment, but sinister in the light of after events, was an inscription found one August morning written on the window of a room in a Meriville (Pennsylvania) hotel. The room had been occupied the night before by a favorite actor, J.

Wilkes Booth. The inscription ran: "Abe Lincoln Departed this Life Aug. 13th, 1864, By the effects of Poison."

In the dreadful uproar of discontent one cry alarmed Lincoln more than all others; this was the revival of the demand that Grant be presented for the Presidency. It was not so much the fear of defeat by Grant that affected him as it was the dread that the campaign would be neglected if the General went into politics. He concluded that he ought to sound Grant again. Colonel John Eaton (now General), a friend of Grant, was in Washington at the time and often with Mr. Lincoln. Referring to the efforts making to nominate Grant, Lincoln asked if the Colonel knew what the General thought of the attempt. No, the Colonel said, he didn't.

"Well," said Lincoln, "if Grant is the great general we think he is, he must have some consciousness of it, and know that he cannot be satisfied with himself and secure the credit due for his great generalship if he does not finish the job." And he added, "I don't believe they can get him to run."

The President then asked the Colonel if he could not go to Grant and find out for him how Grant felt. Colonel Eaton started at once on his errand. Reaching headquarters and being received by the General, he worked his way to the subject by recounting how he had met persons recently in traveling who had asked him if he thought Grant could be induced to run against Lincoln, not as a partisan, but as a citizens' candidate, to save the Union. Grant brought his hand down emphatically on the strap arm of his camp-chair. "They can't do it! They can't compel me to do it!"

"Have you said this to the President?" asked Colonel Eaton.

"No," said Grant, "I have not thought it worth while to assure the President of my opinion. I consider it as important for the cause that he should be elected as that the army should be successful in the field."\*

Lincoln's friends took the situation at this period more seriously than he. Their alarm is graphically pictured in the following letter from Leonard Swett to his wife. It was probably written toward the end of August:

ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK.  
Monday, , 1864.

*My Dear Wife:* The fearful things in relation to the country have induced me to stay a week here. I go to Washington to-night, and can't see how I can get away from there before the last of the week.

A summary of movements is as follows:

\* Interview with General Eaton for McClure's Magazine.

The malicious foes of Lincoln are calling or getting up a Buffalo convention to supplant him. They are Sumner, Wade, Henry Winter Davis, Chase, Frémont, Wilson, etc.

The Democrats are conspiring to resist the draft. We seized this morning three thousand pistols going to Indiana for distribution. The war Democrats are trying to make the Chicago nominee a loyal man. The peace Democrats are trying to get control of the government, and through alliance with Jefferson Davis, to get control of both armies and make universal revolution necessary.

The most fearful things are probable.

I am acting with Thurlow Weed, Raymond, etc., to try to avert. There is not much hope.

Unless material changes can be wrought, Lincoln's election is beyond any possible hope. It is probably clean gone now.\*

Lincoln himself had made up his mind that he would be defeated. What would be his duty then? It was so clear to him, that he wrote it down on a slip of paper:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,  
WASHINGTON, August 23, 1864.

This morning, as for some days past, it seems exceedingly probable that this Administration will not be reelected. Then it will be my duty to so cooperate with the President-elect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration; as he will have secured his election on such grounds that he cannot possibly save it afterward.

A. LINCOLN.†

He folded the slip, and when the cabinet met, he asked the members to put their names on the back. What was inside he did not tell them. In the incessant buffeting of his life he had learned that the highest moral experience of which a man is capable is standing clear before his own conscience. He laid the paper away, a compact with his conscience in case of defeat.

The Democrats had deferred their national convention as long as possible, hoping for a military situation which would enable them to win the people. They could not have had a situation more favorable to their plans. But they miscalculated in one vital particular. They took the despair of the country as a sign that peace would be welcome even at the cost of the Union, and they adopted a peace platform. They nominated on this platform a candidate vowed to war and to the Union, General McClellan. So unpopular was the combination that General McClellan, in accepting the nomination, practically repudiated the platform.

But at this moment something further interfered to save the Administration. Sherman captured Atlanta, and Farragut took Mobile Bay. "Sherman and Farragut," said

\* This letter, hitherto unpublished, was kindly loaned by Mr. Leonard Herbert Swett of Aurora, Ill.

† "Abraham Lincoln: A History." By Nicolay and Hay.

Seward, "have knocked the bottom out of the Chicago nominations." If they had not quite done that, they had at least given heart to Lincoln's supporters, who went to work with a will to secure his reelection. The following letter by Leonard Swett shows something of what was done:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,  
WASHINGTON, September 8, 1864.

*My Dear Wife:* There has never been an instance in which Providence has kindly interposed in our behalf in our national struggles in so marked and essential manner as in the recent Union victories.

You know I had become very fearful before leaving home. When I arrived in New York, I found the most alarming depression possessing the minds of all the Republicans, Greeley, Beecher, Raymond, Weed; and all the small politicians without exception utterly gave up in despair. Raymond, the chairman of the National Committee, not only gave up, but would do nothing. Nobody would do anything. There was not a man doing anything except mischief.

A movement was organizing to make Mr. Lincoln withdraw or call a convention and supplant him.

I felt it my duty to see if some action could not be inaugurated. I got Raymond, after great labor, to call the committee at Washington three days after I would arrive here, and came first to see if Mr. Lincoln understood his danger and would help to set things in motion. He understood fully the danger of his position, and for once seemed anxious I should try to stem the tide bearing him down. When the committee met, they showed entire want of organization and had not a dollar of money.

Maine was calling for speakers. Two men were obtained, and I had to advance them a hundred dollars each to go.

The first gleam of hope was in the Chicago convention. The evident depression of the public caused the peace men to control that convention, and then just as the public began to shrink from accepting it, God gave us the victory at Atlanta, which made the ship right itself, as a ship in a storm does after a great wave has nearly capsized it.

Washburne, of Illinois, a man of great force, came, and he and I have been working incessantly. I have raised and provided one hundred thousand dollars for the campaign.

Don't think this is for improper purposes. It is not. Speakers have to be paid. Documents have to be sent, and innumerable expenses have to be incurred.

The Secessionists are flooding the Northwest with money. Voorhees and Vallandigham are arming the people there, and are trying to make the draft an occasion for an uprising. We are in the midst of conspiracies equal to the French Revolution.

I have felt it my solemn duty under these circumstances to stay here. I have been actuated by no other motive than that of trying to save our country from further dismemberment and war. People from the West, and our best people, say if we fail now the West will surely break off and go with the South. Of course that would be resisted, and that resistance would bring war.\*

All through September and October the

\* This letter, hitherto unpublished, was kindly loaned by Mr. Leonard Herbert Swett of Aurora, Ill.

preparation for the November election continued. The loyal governors of the North, men to whom the Union cause owed much more than has ever been fully realized, worked incessantly. The great orators of the Republican party were set at work, Carl Schurz even giving up his opportunity in the army to take the platform, and many an officer and private who had influence in their communities going home on furloughs to aid in electioneering. The most elaborate preparations were made for getting the vote of every man, most of the States allowing the soldiers to vote in the field. Where this was not arranged for, the War Department did its utmost to secure furloughs for the men. Even convalescents from the hospitals were sent home to vote.

In this great burst of determined effort Lincoln took little part. The country understood, he believed, exactly what his election meant. It meant the preservation of the Union by force. It meant that he would draft men so long as he needed them; that he would suspend the writ of habeas corpus, and employ a military tribunal, whenever he deemed it necessary. It meant, too, that he would do his utmost to secure an amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery forever, for the platform the Union convention had adopted before nominating him contained that plank. He could not be persuaded by the cautious and timid to modify or obscure this policy. He wanted the people to understand exactly what he intended, he said, and whenever he did speak or write, it was only to reiterate his principles in his peculiarly plain, unmistakable language. Nor would he allow any interference with the suffrage of men in office. They must vote as they pleased. "My wish is," he wrote to the postmaster of Philadelphia, who had been accused of trying to control the votes of his subordinates, "that you will do just as you think fit with your own suffrage in the case, and not constrain any of your subordinates to do other than as he thinks fit with his."

Thus when the election finally came off, on November 8th, there was not a man of any intelligence in the country who did not know exactly what he was voting for, if he voted for Lincoln. What these men thought of him the work of that day showed. Out of 233 electoral votes, General McClellan received twenty-one, 212 being for Lincoln. The opportunity to finish the task was now his.

# THE LONE CHARGE OF WILLIAM B. PERKINS.

BY STEPHEN CRANE,

Author of "The Red Badge of Courage," "The Open Boat," etc.



HE could not distinguish between a five-inch quick-firing gun and a nickel-plated ice-pick, and so, naturally, he had been elected to fill the position of war correspondent. The responsible party was the editor of the "Minnesota Herald." Perkins had no information of war, and no particular rapidity of mind for acquiring it, but he had that rank and fibrous quality of courage which springs from the thick soil of Western America.

It was morning in Guantanamo Bay. If the marines encamped on the hill had had time to turn their gaze seaward, they might have seen a small newspaper despatch-boat wending its way toward the entrance of the

harbor over the blue, sunlit waters of the Caribbean. In the stern of this tug Perkins was seated upon some coal bags, while the breeze gently ruffled his greasy pajamas. He was staring at a brown line of entrenchments surmounted by a flag, which was Camp McCalla. In the harbor were anchored two or three grim, gray cruisers and a transport. As the tug steamed up the radiant channel, Perkins could see men moving on shore near the charred ruins of a village. Perkins was deeply moved; here already was more war than he had ever known in Minnesota. Presently he, clothed in the essential garments of a war correspondent, was rowed to the sandy beach. Marines in yellow linen were handling an ammunition supply. They paid no attention to the visitor, being morose from the inconveniences of two days and nights of fighting. Perkins toiled up the zig-zag path to the top of the hill, and looked with eager eyes at the trenches, the field-pieces, the funny little Colts, the flag, the grim marines lying wearily on their arms. And still more, he looked through the clear air over 1,000 yards of mysterious woods from which emanated at inopportune times repeated flocks of Mauser bullets.

Perkins was delighted. He was filled with admiration for these jaded and smoky men who lay so quietly in the trenches waiting for a resumption of guerrilla enterprise. But he wished they would heed him. He wanted to talk about it. Save for sharp inquiring glances, no one acknowledged his existence.

Finally he approached two young lieutenants, and in his innocent Western way he asked them if they would like a drink. The effect on the two young lieutenants was immediate and astonishing. With one voice they answered, "Yes, we would." Perkins almost wept with joy at this amiable response, and he exclaimed that he would immediately board the tug and bring off a bottle of Scotch. This attracted the officers, and in a burst of confidence one explained that there had not been a drop in camp. Perkins lunged down the hill, and fled to his boat, where in his exuberance he engaged in



"Come on," he shouted.



"Perkins flung himself through that hole."

a preliminary altercation with some whisky. Consequently he toiled again up the hill in the blasting sun with his enthusiasm in no ways abated. The parched officers were very gracious, and such was the state of mind of Perkins that he did not note properly how serious and solemn was his engagement with the whisky. And because of this fact, and because of his antecedents, there happened the lone charge of William B. Perkins.

Now, as Perkins went down the hill, something happened. A private in those high trenches found that a cartridge was clogged in his rifle. It then becomes necessary with most kinds of rifles to explode the cartridge. The private took the rifle to his captain, and explained the case. But it would not do in that camp to fire a rifle for mechanical purposes and without warning, because the eloquent sound would bring six hundred tired marines to tension and high expectancy. So the captain turned, and in a loud voice announced to the camp that he found it necessary to shoot into the air. The communication rang sharply from voice to voice. Then the captain raised the weapon and fired. Whereupon—and whereupon—a large line of guerrillas lying in the bushes decided swiftly that their presence and position were discovered, and swiftly they volleyed.

In a moment the woods and the hills were alive with the crack and sputter of rifles. Men on the warships in the harbor heard the old familiar flut-flut-fluttery-fluttery-flut-flut-

flut from the entrenchments. Incidentally the launch of the "Marblehead," commanded by one of our headlong American ensigns, streaked for the strategic woods like a galloping marine dragoon, peppering away with its blunderbuss in the bow.

Perkins had arrived at the foot of the hill, where began the arrangement of 150 marines that protected the short line of communication between the main body and the beach. These men had all swarmed into line behind fortifications improvised from the boxes of provisions. And to them were gathering naked men who had been bathing, naked men who arrayed themselves speedily in cartridge belts and rifles. The woods and the hills went flut-flut-flut-fluttery-fluttery-flut-fluttery-flut. Under the boughs of a beautiful tree lay five wounded men thinking vividly.

And now it befell Perkins to discover a Spaniard in the bush. The distance was some five hundred yards. In a loud voice he announced his perception. He also de-



*W. B. Perkins*

"An apparitional figure."



clared hoarsely, that if he only had a rifle, he would go and possess himself of this particular enemy. Immediately an amiable lad shot in the arm said: "Well, take mine." Perkins thus acquired a rifle and a clip of five cartridges.

"Come on!" he shouted. This part of the battalion was lying very tight, not yet being engaged, but not knowing when the business would swirl around to them.

To Perkins they replied with a roar. "Come back here, you —— fool. Do you want to get shot by your own crowd? Come back, —— ——!" As a detail, it might be mentioned that the fire from a part of the hill swept the journey upon which Perkins had started.

Now behold the solitary Perkins adrift in the storm of fighting, even as a champagne jacket of straw is lost in a great surf. He found it out quickly. Four seconds elapsed before he discovered that he was an alms-house idiot plunging through hot, crackling thickets on a June morning in Cuba. Sss-s-swing-sing-ing-pop went the lightning-swift metal grasshoppers over him and beside him. The beauties of rural Minnesota illuminated his conscience with the gold of lazy corn, with the sleeping green of meadows, with the cathedral gloom of pine forests. Sshsh-swing-pop! Perkins decided that if he cared to extract himself from a tangle of imbecility he must shoot. The entire situation was that he must shoot. It was necessary that he should shoot. Nothing would save him but shooting. It is a law that men thus decide when the waters of battle close over their minds. So with a prayer that the Americans would not hit him in the back nor the left side, and that the Spaniards would not hit him in the front, he knelt like a supplicant alone in the desert of chaparral, and emptied his magazine at his Spaniard before he discovered that his Spaniard was a bit of dried palm branch.

Then Perkins flurried like a fish. His reason for being was a Spaniard in the bush. When the Spaniard turned into a dried palm branch, he could no longer furnish himself with one adequate reason.

Then did he dream frantically of some anthracite hiding-place, some profound dungeon of peace where blind mules live placidly chewing the far-gathered hay.



"Then he told them."

"Sss-swing-win-pop! Prut-prut-prrrut!" Then a field-gun spoke. "Boom-ra-swow-ow-ow-ow-pum." Then a Colt automatic began to bark. "Crack-crck-crck-crck-crck" endlessly. Raked, enfiladed, flanked, surrounded, and overwhelmed, what hope was there for William B. Perkins of the "Minnesota Herald"?

But war is a spirit. War provides for those that it loves. It provides sometimes death and sometimes a singular and incredible safety. There were few ways in which it was possible to preserve Perkins. One way was by means of a steam-boiler.

Perkins espied near him an old, rusty steam-boiler lying in the bushes. War only knows how it was there, but there it was, a temple shining resplendent with safety. With a moan of haste, Perkins flung himself through that hole which expressed the absence of the steam-pipe.

Then ensconced in his boiler, Perkins comfortably listened to the ring of a fight



which seemed to be in the air above him. Sometimes bullets struck their strong, swift blow against the boiler's sides, but none entered to interfere with Perkins's rest.

Time passed. The fight, short anyhow, dwindled to prut . . . prut . . . prut-prut . . . prut. And when the silence came, Perkins might have been seen cautiously protruding from the boiler. Presently he strolled back toward the marine lines with his hat not able to fit his head for the new bumps of wisdom that were on it.

The marines, with an annoyed air, were settling down again when an apparitional figure came from the bushes. There was great excitement.

"It's that crazy man," they shouted, and as he drew near they gathered tumultuously

about him and demanded to know how he had accomplished it.

Perkins made a gesture, the gesture of a man escaping from an unintentional mud-bath, the gesture of a man coming out of battle, and then he told them.

The incredulity was immediate and general. "Yes, you did! What? In an old boiler? An old boiler? Out in that brush? Well, we guess not." They did not believe him until two days later, when a patrol happened to find the rusty boiler, relic of some curious transaction in the ruin of the Cuban sugar industry. The patrol then marveled at the truthfulness of war correspondents until they were almost blind.

Soon after his adventure Perkins boarded the tug, wearing a countenance of poignant thoughtfulness.

## RUDYARD KIPLING.

### A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.\*

BY CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.



THE deep and wide-spread interest which the writings of Mr. Rudyard Kipling have excited has naturally led to curiosity concerning their author, and to a desire to know the conditions of his life. Much has been written about him which has had little or no foundation in truth. It seems then worth while, in order to prevent false or mistaken reports from being accepted as trustworthy, and in order to provide for the public such information concerning Mr. Kipling as it has a right to possess, that a correct and authoritative statement of the chief events in his life should be given to it. This is the object of the following brief narrative.

Rudyard Kipling was born at Bombay on the 30th of December, 1865. His mother, Alice, daughter of the Rev. G. B. Macdonald, a Wesleyan preacher, eminent in that denomination, and his father, John Lockwood Kipling, the son also of a Wesleyan preacher, were both of Yorkshire birth. They had been married in London early in the year, and they

named their firstborn child after the pretty lake in Staffordshire on the borders of which their acquaintance had begun. Mr. Lockwood Kipling, after leaving school, had served his apprenticeship in one of the famous Staffordshire potteries at Burslem, had afterward worked in the studio of the sculptor, Mr. Birnie Philip, and from 1861 to 1865 had been engaged on the decorations of the South Kensington Museum. During our American war and in the years immediately following, the trade of Bombay was exceedingly flourishing, the city was immensely prosperous, a spirit of inflation possessed the government and the people alike, there were great designs for the improvement and rebuilding of large portions of the town, and a need was felt for artistic oversight and direction of the works in hand and contemplated. The distinction which Mr. Lockwood Kipling had already won by his native ability and thorough training led to his being appointed in 1865 to go to Bombay as the professor of Architectural Sculpture in the British School of Art which had been established there.

It was thus that Rudyard Kipling came to be born in the most cosmopolitan city of the Eastern world; and it was there and in its

\* This sketch of Mr. Kipling's life was written for the new popular edition of his writings. It is published here in advance by permission of Professor Norton and Mr. Kipling.

neighborhood that the first three years of the boy's life were spent, years in which every child receives inefaceable impressions, shaping his conceptions of the world, and in which a child of peculiarly sensitive nature and active disposition, such as this boy possessed, lies open to myriad influences that quicken and give color to the imagination.

In the spring of 1868, he was taken by his mother for a visit to England, and there, in the same year, his sister was born. In the next year his mother returned to India with both her children, and the boy's next two years were spent at and near Bombay.

He was a friendly and receptive child, eager, interested in all the various entertaining aspects of life in a city which, "gleaning all races from all lands," presents more diversified and picturesque varieties of human condition than any other, East or West. A little incident which his mother remembers is not without a pretty allegoric significance. It was at Nasik, on the Dekhan plain, not far from Bombay, the little fellow trudging over the plowed field, with his hand in that of the native husbandman, called back to her in the Hindustani, which was as familiar to him as English, "Good-by, this is my brother."

In 1871, Mr. and Mrs. Kipling went with their children to England, and being compelled to return to India the next year, they took up the sorrow common to Anglo-Indian lives, in leaving their children "at home," in charge of friends at Southsea, near Portsmouth. It was a hard and sad experience for the boy. The originality of his nature and the independence of his spirit had already become clearly manifest, and were likely to render him unintelligible and perplexing to whosoever might have charge of him unless they were gifted with unusual perceptions and quick sympathies. Happily, his mother's sister, Mrs. (now Lady) Burne-Jones, was near at hand, in case of need, to care for him.

In the spring of 1877, Mrs. Kipling came to England to see her children, and was followed the next year by her husband. The children were removed from Southsea, and Rudyard, grown into a companionable, active-minded, interesting boy, now in his thirteenth year, had the delight of spending some weeks in Paris, with his father, attracted thither by the exhibition of that year. His eyesight had been for some time a source of trouble to him, and the relief was great from glasses, which were specially fitted to his eyes, and with which he has never since been able to dispense.

On the return of his parents to India, early in 1878, Rudyard was placed at the school of Westward Ho, at Bideford, in Devon. This school was one chiefly intended for the sons of members of the Indian services, most of whom were looking forward to following their father's career as servants of the crown. It was in charge of an admirable head-master, Mr. Cormell Price, whose character was such that he won the affection of his boys no less than their respect. The young Kipling was not an easy boy to manage. He chose his own way. His talents were such that he might have held a place near the highest in his studies, but he was content to let others surpass him in lessons, while he yielded to his genius in devoting himself to original composition and to much reading in books of his own choice. He became the editor of the school paper, he contributed to the columns of the local "Bideford Journal," he wrote a quantity of verse, and was venturesome enough to send a copy of verses to a London journal, which to his infinite satisfaction was accepted and published. Some of his verses were afterward collected in a little volume, privately printed by his parents at Lahore, with the title "Schoolboy Lyrics." All through his time at school his letters to his parents in India were such as to make it clear to them that his future lay in the field of literature.

His literary gifts came to him by inheritance from both the father and mother, and they were nurtured and cultivated in the circle of relatives and family friends with whom his holidays were spent. A sub-master at Westward Ho, though little satisfied with the boy's progress in the studies of the school, gave to him the liberty of his own excellent library. The holidays were spent at the Grange, in South Kensington, the home of his aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Burne-Jones, and here he came under the happiest possible domestic influences, and was brought into contact with men of highest quality, whose lives were given to letters and the arts, especially with William Morris, the closest intimate of the household of the Grange. Other homes were open to him where the pervading influence was that of intellectual pursuits, and where he had access to libraries through which he was allowed to wander and to browse at his will. The good which came to him directly and indirectly from these opportunities can hardly be overstated. To know, to love, and to be loved by such a man as Burne-Jones was a supreme blessing in his life.

In the autumn of 1882, having finished his course at school, a position was secured for him on the "Civil and Military Gazette," Lahore, and he returned to his parents in India, who had meanwhile removed from Bombay to Lahore, where his father was at the head of the most important school of the arts in India. The "Civil and Military Gazette" is the chief journal of northwestern India, owned and conducted by the managers and owners of the "Allahabad Pioneer," the ablest and most influential of all Indian newspapers published in the interior of the country.

For five years he worked hard and steadily on the "Gazette." Much of the work was simple drudgery. He shirked nothing. The editor-in-chief was a somewhat grim man, who believed in snubbing his subordinates, and who, though he recognized the talents of the "clever pup," as he called him, and allowed him a pretty free hand in his contributions to the paper, yet was inclined to exact from him the full tale of the heavy routine work of a newspaper office.

But these were happy years. For the youth was feeling the spring of his own powers, was full of interest in life, was laying up stores of observation and experience, and found in his own home not only domestic happiness, but a sympathy in taste and a variety of talent and accomplishment which acted as a continual stimulus to his own genius. Father, mother, sister, and brother all played and worked together with rare combination of sympathetic gifts. In 1884, some of the verses with the writing of which he and his sister had amused themselves were published at Lahore, in a little volume entitled "Echoes," because most of them were lively parodies on some of the poems of the popular poets of the day. The little book had its moment of narrowly limited success, and opened the way for the wider notoriety and success of a volume into which were gathered the "Departmental Ditties" that had appeared from time to time in the "Gazette." Many of the stories also which were afterwards collected under the now familiar title of "Plain Tales from the Hills" made their first appearance in the "Gazette," and attracted wider attention in the Anglo-Indian community.

Kipling's work for five years at Lahore had indeed been of such quality that it was not surprising that he was called down to Allahabad, in 1887, to take a place upon the editorial staff of the "Pioneer." The training of an Anglo-Indian journalist is peculiar.

He has to master knowledge of many kinds, to become thoroughly acquainted with the affairs of the English administration and the conditions of Anglo-Indian life, and at the same time with the interests, the modes of life, and thought of the vast underlying native population. The higher positions in Indian journalism are places of genuine importance and of large emolument, worthy objects of ambition for a young man conscious of literary faculty and inspired with zeal for public ends.

The "Pioneer" issued a weekly as well as a daily edition, and in addition to his regular work upon the daily paper, Kipling continued to write for the weekly issue stories similar to those which had already won him reputation, and they now attracted wider attention than ever. His home at Allahabad was with Professor Hill, a man of science attached to the Allahabad College. But the continuity of his life was broken by various journeys undertaken in the interest of the paper, one through Rajputana, from which he wrote a series of descriptive letters, called "Letters of Marque"; another to Calcutta and through Bengal, which resulted in "The City of Dreadful Night" and other letters describing the little-known conditions of the vast presidency; and, finally, in 1889, he was sent off by the "Pioneer" on a tour round the world, on which he was accompanied by his friends, Professor and Mrs. Hill. Going first to Japan, he thence came to America, writing on the way and in America the letters which appeared in the "Pioneer" under the title of "From Sea to Sea," and in September, 1889, he arrived in London.

His Indian repute had not preceded him to such degree as to make the way easy for him through the London crowd. But after a somewhat dreary winter, during which he had been making acquaintances and had found irregular employment upon newspapers and magazines, arrangements were made with Messrs. Macmillan and Co. for the publication of an edition of "Plain Tales from the Hills." The book appeared in June. Its success was immediate. It was republished at once in America, and was welcomed as warmly on this side of the Atlantic as on the other. The reprint of Kipling's other Indian stories and of his "Departmental Ditties" speedily followed, together with new tales and poems which showed the wide range of his creative genius. Each volume was a fresh success; each extended the circle of Mr. Kipling's readers, till now he is the most widely known

of English authors. The list which follows this sketch gives the dates of his many publications.

In 1891, Mr. Kipling left England for a long voyage to South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and Ceylon, and thence to visit his parents at Lahore. On his return to England, he was married in London to Miss Balestier, daughter of the late Mr. Wolcott Balestier of New York. Shortly after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Kipling visited Japan, and in August they came to America. They established their home at Brattleboro, Vermont, where Mrs. Kipling's family had a large estate; and here, in a pleasant and beautifully situated house which they had built for themselves, their two eldest children were born, and here they continued to live till September, 1896.

During these four years Mr. Kipling made three brief visits to England to see his parents, who had left India and were now settled in the old country.

The winter of 1897-8 was spent by Mr. Kipling and his family, accompanied by his father, in South Africa. He was everywhere received with the utmost cordiality and friendliness.

Returning to England in the spring of 1898, he took a house at Rottingdean, near Brighton, with intention to make it his permanent home.

Of the later incidents of his life there is no need to speak.

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## THE LUCK OF THE BABE.

BY W. A. FRASER,

Author of "The Eye of a God," and other stories.



WHEN the other fellows in the 100th Hussars bestowed upon Harry Toby the artless name of "Babe," they considered that, with full regard to his exuberant innocence, they had let him down with a gentle solicitude worthy of the mess. If he had sulked about it, he would have stepped right into hard training for any trying condition of affairs that might have awaited him in a future state. But he had just the most beautifully oiled temper that ever ran smoothly in any piece of human mechanism. They drew him, and made use of him; they drove cholera out of the camp at Cocowan to the fife and drum of the Babe's laughter; and

to the laughter that came from his exploit with an elephant. The elephant had ideas, as elephants always have, and so had the Babe—sometimes. The result was that men who were buried at ten o'clock the next day laughed that day. But this is a story of the Babe and three horses, not of an elephant.

Bear in mind that Toby was in the first flush of the glamour of life in India. The ethics of betting, the subtle uncertainty of racing, the perplexing art of knowing just what to do at the right moment, were all tumbling in upon him with the cyclonic violence of a southwest monsoon. He would survive, of course—at least, he likely would; but in the meantime he was in a magic laby-

rinth of tortuous experiences. But he had money, and he shoveled it in.

Well, the three horses were Amir, Rocket, and Pegu. Not one of them belonged to Tobyn; they belonged to men who could almost do the "mango-tree trick." Their names were John, James, and Henry, as they say in the schoolbooks, which will do very well for this tale. They were all entered in the "Railway Plate"—the horses, of course—and men said the betting mill would be a big one. That was, between Amir and Rocket particularly. The "Railway Plate" was a mile on the flat, a distance which suited both horses. Pegu was supposed to lie down and roll over after he had gone a half-mile, for that was his limit—five furlongs at the very outside. The terms of the race called for three starters, and that was really why Pegu had been put in. He was, as it were, a subsidized interest, and being a forlorn runner, a native jockey was thought good enough to pilot him, and much cheaper. That's what Henry, his owner, thought; so he put up Abdul, little better than a stable-boy, who only knew enough to sit in the saddle and let the horse use his own discretion—which, after all, is not such a very bad thing.

Before the race, John, the owner of Amir, took counsel with himself. It would be a near thing between his horse and Rocket—either might win. He could not depend on Amir's winning, but he could upon Rocket's. In fact, he quite convinced himself that Rocket had much the better chance; so, through a friend, he backed the other man's horse heavily. It was a thoroughly sound enterprise, based on obvious principles. But James was not so sure about Rocket winning as was his friend John. He had uneasy qualms about the horse. What if Amir could stay the mile—he was certainly faster than Rocket? It was too risky; he would back the better horse, Amir. So he sent a trusty henchman, who loaded up the willing "bookies" with bets on John's horse, Amir. It was a generous thing to do, this backing of each other's horses; an unselfish thing; and they hid their good under a bushel; did not let the right hand know what the left was doing—said not a word to each other. Of course the result of this steady plunge on the part of the owners caused Amir and Rocket to rule close favorites in the betting. It was *six to five on*—take your choice. Also because of this, and because he really hadn't a ghost of a chance, Pegu glided out in the betting until he was twenty to one.

This was a charming sort of arrangement for the Babe to wander up against. He had a happy faculty of finding intricate combinations of this sort; and his supreme indifference to results and complete faith in his own ability usually ran him hard and fast on the sunken rock. When he asked a friend what he should back, the friend blithely answered, "Amir—nothing else in it." That being so, he felt that he must do something substantial; so he had 1,000 rupees on the horse. It was an exhilarating start, and he whistled cheerfully as he walked around to the front of the stand.

"You are happy," said Captain Lavel, meeting him on the grass promenade.

"Yes," answered Tobyn, "I've just backed the winner—that is to be."

"What's the good thing?" asked Lavel.

"Amir; Grant says he can't lose."

"Now look here," exclaimed Lavel, half angrily, "Grant's an ass. Amir hasn't a thousand-to-one chance. I know him, for I used to own him. He can't stay the distance; seven-eighths is as far as he can get. He'll crack up a furlong from home at the pace Rocket'll set him."

He looked with angry compassion into the face of Tobyn, and the latter drew the toe of his boot thoughtfully across the grass, making Maltese crosses, as though he would force his thought into some sort of shape. Lavel's information had staggered him. What the deuce did Grant mean by putting him on to a horse like that—on to a dead one? Then he remembered that Grant had taken a rise out of him once or twice before. However, evidently Lavel knew about the runners; so he asked, "What shall I do?"

"Why, go back Rocket," advised the Captain. "Play to get even. Back him for 1,000, or enough to pay your losings over Amir. I shouldn't do any more on this sort of a race, if I were you," and he sauntered over to the marquee, for all this talking made him dry.

"This is no end of a fool's game!" muttered the Babe, as he stalked toward the bookmakers to do as his friend had advised. "I can't win, and I am almost certain to lose a little."

He wondered why in the world he wasn't clever enough to think of some scheme to score over Grant and the other fellows who were always putting him on to dead things. The only thing he could do would be to wring some of their necks; but that would be bad form. It meant showing that he had lost

his temper because he got a bit the worst of it; that wouldn't be tolerated in the 100th Hussars. Why the deuce wasn't he clever enough to score? By Jove, it was really aggravating. Then he backed Rocket for 1,000, and felt that he was pretty well back at the beginning again. However, it was better than losing. He didn't mind the money so much as the known fact of his persistency in never picking a winner.

He was in this irregular frame of mind when Larraby spotted him. "Here's sport," muttered the latter to himself; and he heliographed a friend, Dixon, to join him. "What have you backed, Tobyn?" asked Larraby, solicitously.

"Backed them both," answered the Babe, laconically.

"Pegu, and what else?" queried Larraby.

"Pegu be hanged! I haven't touched that crock," he answered, with fine scorn in his voice. "I got on Amir first, thanks to Grant; and then Lavel assured me that he had no chance, and I put a thou' on the Rocket, to save the Amir money."

"Then you'll be just 2,000 out," said Larraby solemnly; "2,000 of her Majesty's rupees—won't he, Dixon?"

"Yes," assented the latter, wondering why he should be forced into his friend's lie.

"How's that?" asked Tobyn, frowning a look into the face of the complacent Larraby.

"Well, neither owner is backing his horse. I know for a fact, because I've been watching; and that means anything you like. Besides, Pegu can run like a streak of blue lightning. He's got a light weight on his back, and he'll get away from them so far they'll never catch him in this heavy going."

"You think he'll win, then?" queried Tobyn.

"Win? Of course he will; he'll walk in. You'd better put 1,000 on him, and make a haul; he's twenty to one. Have a plunge. At any rate you'll have backed the three of them, and must get a winner."

"What did you do that for?" asked Dixon, as they turned away from Tobyn. "You know Pegu was only put in to make up the race."

"Oh, he's fair game," answered Larraby, lightly. "I like to see him dropping his sov's about. I'll tell this down at the mess to-night—how the Babe backed all the horses in a race and expected to win."

The more Tobyn thought it over, the more it occurred to him that he ought to back Pegu. If he didn't and the latter won,

by Jove, he'd have backed two losers out of three runners. Great Rama! they *would* laugh at him; he'd never hear the last of it. Also he'd lose 2,000—1,000 over each of the horses. If he backed Pegu now, he could only lose 1,000—he must find the winner then, as Larraby had said. And, of course, if Pegu won, he'd win 20,000. He'd do it. So he had 1,000 on "the outsider" at twenty to one.

The bookmaker chuckled softly to himself when he booked the bet. "That's 1,000 out of the fire," he said. "The other two are running for each other; this is my profit." If the gods would only send him a few more rich young asses like the Babe, he'd soon quit the game.

Then the true fun began; for it was really more comedy than race. Jockey Blake rode Amir, and "Scotty" Lewis was on Rocket. Now bear in mind that Amir's owner had backed Rocket, and Rocket's owner had backed Amir, and that jockeys generally receive explicit instructions from their owners, before they go out, as to how they are to ride the race,—always on the square, my masters. Blake thought that a bad start would suit him capitally; Scotty meant to get away absolutely last; three or four lengths the worst of the start would be a good excuse for having been beaten.

Abdul couldn't understand it. The few minutes at the starting-post had always been more or less of a nightmare to him; the sahibs used such bad language and jostled so. He had always started at the tail end of the procession, leaving the front seats to the jockey sahibs. Now they told him to move up in front, and were deuced polite to each other—most sacrificing in keeping their horses in the background, out of the other fellow's way. The sahibs were a mighty queer lot anyway, Abdul thought; quite mad, all of them.

When the flag fell, Abdul cut out the running with Pegu at a furious clip. He would stay in front of the sahibs as long as he could. Blake took a pull at Amir's head. "What are you waiting for?" called out Scotty on Rocket.

"I thought it was a false start," answered Blake, "seeing you hanging back there."

"Oh, the start's all right," said Scotty angrily. "Go on!"

"All right, come along then," yelled Blake, letting go of Amir's head a little.

They were only cantering; and all the time the iron-gray Pegu, with the black boy on his back, was slipping away from them.

People in the stand, seeing the state of things, thought it was a false start, and bantered cheerfully over the idiocy of the native boy, Abdul. "It doesn't make any difference," some one said; "Pegu had no chance anyway."

Tobyn saw the gray opening up a wide stretch of country between himself and the other two horses, and going up to Larraby, congratulated him upon his perspicacity. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "you're a good one at picking them. They'll never catch Pegu now. I suppose you've backed him yourself?"

Larraby's face was a study; but the Babe didn't notice this; he never explored faces.

Down on Amir, Blake was swearing softly to himself. At last he spoke. "Why don't you go on, Scotty? Can't you see that native slipping away from us? He's got twenty lengths the best of it now."

"I'm ridin' 'cording to orders," answered Scotty, sulkily. "Go on yourself."

"Did the old man order you to throw the race away?" queried Blake, petulantly, wrenching at Amir's mouth.

"He told me not to throw it away makin' the runnin' fer you."

While they wrangled, and their horses jumped sideways, like a lady's palfrey, because of their noses being pulled down on their chests, Abdul was stealing away into the distance like a soft, gray shadow. Luckily for him, he never looked back in any race so long as he was ahead, but kept pegging away, like a true native. All the time he thought the sahibs were at his heels, ready for a surging rush as they swept into "the straight." And into "the straight," and still no sign of the sahibs. What if his mount should win! He had put ten rupees on him with the bookmakers. The odds, twenty to one, had tempted him; besides, was it not the horse he was going to ride—and had he not ten rupees of confidence in himself?

A serious problem had opened up for the other two boys to consider. Because of astral communication, Blake knew that his employer would win if Rocket won; and Scotty also knew that Amir's winning would benefit his master. Also were the jockeys in the same boat, because of arrangement.

Then the third factor in the problem appeared, or, in point of fact, was disappearing—the native boy on Pegu. Blake saw this, and realized that he would have to, at least, save second money. If Rocket would not go on, he would; so he set sail for the leader. Scotty followed. They made up ground rapidly, but the gray hung on surprisingly. Would they ever catch him?

In the stand the excitement was terrific. Nobody had backed Pegu—nobody but the Babe. It was the stand against the Babe; the fast horses against the dead one; the jockeys against the native boy. It was tragically unique, this race of the wise men against the lambs.

Jump by jump Amir and Rocket reduced the lead the gray outcast had. Abdul could hear something coming now—something thundering along behind him; still far enough away so that he need not pull out, as he had always done. It was not far to the winning-post—would the gray last? He thought of the 200 rupees he would win, and swore by Allah that he would give half of it in charity, if Allah would only breathe into the nostrils of the gray and fill his lungs with strength. The two jockeys were riding for second place now; that was about all they could see in it. The stand, mad with excitement, thought they were riding to win; thought it was either rare horsemanship, this waiting race, or else sheer stupidity. If the native won, it would be stupidity; if either of the jockeys won, his backers would label it "splendid horsemanship."

It was stupidity. As the gray just tottered under the wire first, the other two finished like lions, nose and nose, in a dead heat for second money. Then pandemonium broke loose in the stand. All the backers' money was burned up. No, not all! Babe Tobyn had 18,000 to draw out of the flames. There he stood, the only winner among all those clever racing men—the Babe.

Imagination needs no word-prick to picture what the owners of Amir and Rocket thought and said. Down at the mess that night there was no hilarity when Babe Tobyn walked in; only the hush of awe. Such luck as that clearly indicated the finger of Allah. He had passed through his novitiate, and they were abashed.



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# MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FOR AUGUST



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*C. J. Rhodes*

The Rt. Hon. Cecil John Rhodes, the promoting and commanding spirit in all South African affairs, is the son of an English clergyman, and was born in England in 1853. This portrait of him is from a recent photograph by W. and D. Downey, London. See page 320.

# McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

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AUGUST, 1899

No. 4.

## THE STATE AGAINST ELLSWORTH.

BY WILLIAM R. LIGHTON.



FROM the beginning of the career of Brown's Hotel in Marston, each annual volume of its inky and thumb-soiled desk-register had been but a periodical instalment of the long serial story of hard times. And that was a story quite in the modern fashion—a deadly monotonous level of ragged, knotty fact. This level was broken within each year by only two or three little knolls of seasonal activity upon which old Brown could mount from the valley of the shadow of pennilessness into the sunlight of that happy altitude where dollar may be heard to chink against dollar.

The fall term of the district court within and for Phillips County formed one of those rare hummocks of kindly circumstance. There was also a spring term, but that did not amount to much; for Phillips was an agricultural county, and in May the farmers were too busy to harbor a litigious mood. Before November the year's cropping was well out of the way, and time dragged. There was then a general desire for some gently exhilarating amusement. In a remote farming neighborhood, going to law with one's friends is often the only possible means of adequate diversion. In such cases, litigation does not imply crying need for justice; rather, a need for such agitation of the blood as will prevent its growing stagnant in the veins. The sheriff's summons in a promising legal controversy is as attractive as a gay circus poster.

The November term of 1893 was to be formally opened upon Tuesday. For several preceding days an alien cleanliness had held

possession of the old hotel building, to the vast discomfort of its regular corps of boarders "by the week." For the most part, these were railroaders and clerks in the town stores. By reason of the fact that they were fed and lodged cheaply, they were not considered as entitled to be querulous concerning dirt and dilapidation, which are ever the natural earned increment of cheap poverty. But to the bar of the district, whose members paid day rates, there was due some largess. The bare floor of the bare main room had been scrubbed until it bristled with coarse splinters standing irritably erect. The dingy boxes dispersed plentifully about for the convenience of those who spat had experienced their semi-annual replenishing with fresh sawdust; the battered counter was covered with new oilcloth; the cigar-case had taken on the rare dignity of two or three full boxes of higher-priced cigars, whose gaudy labels were free of fly-specks. Worthy climax to a noteworthy upheaval, old Brown himself no longer lounged negligently over his outspread arms upon the counter, but was stiffly upright within an armor of starched bosom and rasping collar. His face was changed from its habitual unkempt dullness, and held something of that dynamic quality which pertains to the clean-shaven and the combed. The whole place bore the appearance of a newly and violently reformed sot.

On Sunday, after the week of unwonted agitation with brush, broom, and mop, the hotel rested in a state of hushed expectancy. On Monday morning, the guests began to arrive from distant towns in the district, and throughout the day there was a cumulative animation. By the time the early night had



DISCUSSING THE NEW JUDGE.

closed in, the sleepy old building was buzzing deliriously with many voices. The dining-room girls were all in commotion, like hens in a sudden hailstorm; old Brown himself, officiating at the desk, was vainly trying to grasp the situation with mental fingers which were all thumbs. But with a few exceptions, the guests were not captious; they were well used to the county-seat hotels upon the prairie. Those who had supped were gathering cheerfully in the office; those who were still to sup, while they awaited the second call from the dining-room, were empty listeners to the chaffing and bantering of the full.

One topic in particular ran obligato-like over and through and around the multiplicity of themes which made up the medley of conversation. Since the last assembling of court in this county, a new judge had been chosen by the people of the district, and the present term was to constitute his *début*. Lawyers, who have to do with myriad phases of men and affairs, by and by grow a little skeptical of the soundness of popular judgment as expressed at the polls; for public opinion is very fluid, and though it is seen to ebb and flow, the laws of its tides are incalculable. As witness: John Brooke, the new judge, was a Populist, whereas the district had been

for more than twenty years unvaryingly Republican. He had been swept into office upon the crest of one of those waves of public sentiment which rolled across the Western prairies in the years not long gone.

He was comparatively unknown, as are most men who rise to prominence in time of critically sudden revolution in politics. He lived in the most obscure and thinly populated county of the district, at its extreme western end. There he had picked up piecemeal his education in letters and in law, and there he had been admitted to practice hardly ten years before his selection by the new party as its candidate for judicial honors. His had been but an ordinary country practice—rather poorer and more limited than the average, indeed, if campaign tales were to be believed. Because of the poverty of his town and county in large litigation, his routine work as a collector of commercial accounts had been supplemented by desultory employment as a solicitor for insurance and as agent in such occasional real-estate transactions as were made necessary by the shifting interests of a first generation on new soil. When now and then his business brought him in contact with older men in other towns, they got a distinct impression that he was honest—an honesty which most were inclined

to attribute to his untried youth rather than to an enduring earnestness of purpose. Such judgment was rendered plausible by experience with Western methods in public life. At the time of his nomination, and while it was undreamed that there was any serious threat in the campaign of the new party, Brooke had suffered considerable neglect and inattention at the hands of those who were credited with weight of authority in the district politics. But he had taken to the stump himself, and in the course of a month or so the passive smile upon the faces of the leaders of the opposition had given place to a puzzled frown. There was then a belated overhauling of his "record," which was found to be speckless. There was no recourse save to that unfailing weapon of him whose armory is otherwise depleted—that mere burlesque on the art and name of

argument—invective. His opponents talked aggressively of Brooke's youthful simplicity, and of his poor equipment in the wiles and artifices which are supposed to be the needful possessions of the office-holder. There were stories told by the Republicans—most of them true—to illustrate his childlike character and freedom from craft. Brooke had not replied to these, but had confined himself in his speeches to a painstaking discussion of public affairs as they had been administered in the past, and as they were to be administered under the new *régime*. The end justified him. The people appeared to have conceived a sudden passion for candor and simplicity in high places. Perhaps they saw, beneath his mantle of artlessness, a certain large-dimensioned sagacity; perhaps it was only an evidence of the unfailing Western appetite for change; at any rate, they seemed more than willing to take their chances with this man who was dubbed an enthusiastic vagarist, and he had closed his campaign with a substantial majority in every county.

At supper-time, on this Monday night, he had not yet reached Marston, but was due to arrive on a later train. In the interim there was a buzz and whisper of comment, speculation, and prophecy on the part of those who were already assembled. The dominant note in the chorus was a note of doubt.

Judge Stillings had just bought generously of cigars from one of the fresh boxes in the case. One, newly lighted, he held in his bearded lips; the others he was bestowing through several pockets. In complexion, beard, and hair he bore the



"'NO,' HE SAID FRANKLY. 'IT'S WORSE THAN THAT. I'M A SUBJECT FOR A JURY.'"

rinth of tortuous experiences. But he had money, and he shoveled it in.

Well, the three horses were Amir, Rocket, and Pegu. Not one of them belonged to Tobyn; they belonged to men who could almost do the "mango-tree trick." Their names were John, James, and Henry, as they say in the schoolbooks, which will do very well for this tale. They were all entered in the "Railway Plate"—the horses, of course—and men said the betting mill would be a big one. That was, between Amir and Rocket particularly. The "Railway Plate" was a mile on the flat, a distance which suited both horses. Pegu was supposed to lie down and roll over after he had gone a half-mile, for that was his limit—five furlongs at the very outside. The terms of the race called for three starters, and that was really why Pegu had been put in. He was, as it were, a subsidized interest, and being a forlorn runner, a native jockey was thought good enough to pilot him, and much cheaper. That's what Henry, his owner, thought; so he put up Abdul, little better than a stable-boy, who only knew enough to sit in the saddle and let the horse use his own discretion—which, after all, is not such a very bad thing.

Before the race, John, the owner of Amir, took counsel with himself. It would be a near thing between his horse and Rocket—either might win. He could not depend on Amir's winning, but he could upon Rocket's. In fact, he quite convinced himself that Rocket had much the better chance; so, through a friend, he backed the other man's horse heavily. It was a thoroughly sound enterprise, based on obvious principles. But James was not so sure about Rocket winning as was his friend John. He had uneasy qualms about the horse. What if Amir could stay the mile—he was certainly faster than Rocket? It was too risky; he would back the better horse, Amir. So he sent a trusty henchman, who loaded up the willing "bookies" with bets on John's horse, Amir. It was a generous thing to do, this backing of each other's horses; an unselfish thing; and they hid their good under a bushel; did not let the right hand know what the left was doing—said not a word to each other. Of course the result of this steady plunge on the part of the owners caused Amir and Rocket to rule close favorites in the betting. It was *six to five on*—take your choice. Also because of this, and because he really hadn't a ghost of a chance, Pegu glided out in the betting until he was twenty to one.

This was a charming sort of arrangement for the Babe to wander up against. He had a happy faculty of finding intricate combinations of this sort; and his supreme indifference to results and complete faith in his own ability usually ran him hard and fast on the sunken rock. When he asked a friend what he should back, the friend blithely answered, "Amir—nothing else in it." That being so, he felt that he must do something substantial; so he had 1,000 rupees on the horse. It was an exhilarating start, and he whistled cheerfully as he walked around to the front of the stand.

"You are happy," said Captain Lavel, meeting him on the grass promenade.

"Yes," answered Tobyn, "I've just backed the winner—that is to be."

"What's the good thing?" asked Lavel.

"Amir; Grant says he can't lose."

"Now look here," exclaimed Lavel, half angrily, "Grant's an ass. Amir hasn't a thousand-to-one chance. I know him, for I used to own him. He can't stay the distance; seven-eighths is as far as he can get. He'll crack up a furlong from home at the pace Rocket'll set him."

He looked with angry compassion into the face of Tobyn, and the latter drew the toe of his boot thoughtfully across the grass, making Maltese crosses, as though he would force his thought into some sort of shape. Lavel's information had staggered him. What the deuce did Grant mean by putting him on to a horse like that—on to a dead one? Then he remembered that Grant had taken a rise out of him once or twice before. However, evidently Lavel knew about the runners; so he asked, "What shall I do?"

"Why, go back Rocket," advised the Captain. "Play to get even. Back him for 1,000, or enough to pay your losings over Amir. I shouldn't do any more on this sort of a race, if I were you," and he sauntered over to the marquee, for all this talking made him dry.

"This is no end of a fool's game!" muttered the Babe, as he stalked toward the bookmakers to do as his friend had advised. "I can't win, and I am almost certain to lose a little."

He wondered why in the world he wasn't clever enough to think of some scheme to score over Grant and the other fellows who were always putting him on dead things. The only thing he could do would be to wring some of their necks; but that would be bad form. It meant showing that he had lost

his temper because he got a bit the worst of it; that wouldn't be tolerated in the 100th Hussars. Why the deuce wasn't he clever enough to score? By Jove, it was really aggravating. Then he backed Rocket for 1,000, and felt that he was pretty well back at the beginning again. However, it was better than losing. He didn't mind the money so much as the known fact of his persistency in never picking a winner.

He was in this irregular frame of mind when Larraby spotted him. "Here's sport," muttered the latter to himself; and he heliographed a friend, Dixon, to join him. "What have you backed, Tobyn?" asked Larraby, solicitously.

"Backed them both," answered the Babe, laconically.

"Pegu, and what else?" queried Larraby.

"Pegu be hanged! I haven't touched that crock," he answered, with fine scorn in his voice. "I got on Amir first, thanks to Grant; and then Lavel assured me that he had no chance, and I put a thou' on the Rocket, to save the Amir money."

"Then you'll be just 2,000 out," said Larraby solemnly; "2,000 of her Majesty's rupees—won't he, Dixon?"

"Yes," assented the latter, wondering why he should be forced into his friend's lie.

"How's that?" asked Tobyn, frowning a look into the face of the complacent Larraby.

"Well, neither owner is backing his horse. I know for a fact, because I've been watching; and that means anything you like. Besides, Pegu can run like a streak of blue lightning. He's got a light weight on his back, and he'll get away from them so far they'll never catch him in this heavy going."

"You think he'll win, then?" queried Tobyn.

"Win? Of course he will; he'll walk in. You'd better put 1,000 on him, and make a haul; he's twenty to one. Have a plunge. At any rate you'll have backed the three of them, and must get a winner."

"What did you do that for?" asked Dixon, as they turned away from Tobyn. "You know Pegu was only put in to make up the race."

"Oh, he's fair game," answered Larraby, lightly. "I like to see him dropping his sov's about. I'll tell this down at the mess to-night—how the Babe backed all the horses in a race and expected to win."

The more Tobyn thought it over, the more it occurred to him that he ought to back Pegu. If he didn't and the latter won,

by Jove, he'd have backed two losers out of three runners. Great Rama! they *would* laugh at him; he'd never hear the last of it. Also he'd lose 2,000—1,000 over each of the horses. If he backed Pegu now, he could only lose 1,000—he must find the winner then, as Larraby had said. And, of course, if Pegu won, he'd win 20,000. He'd do it. So he had 1,000 on "the outsider" at twenty to one.

The bookmaker chuckled softly to himself when he booked the bet. "That's 1,000 out of the fire," he said. "The other two are running for each other; this is my profit." If the gods would only send him a few more rich young asses like the Babe, he'd soon quit the game.

Then the true fun began; for it was really more comedy than race. Jockey Blake rode Amir, and "Scotty" Lewis was on Rocket. Now bear in mind that Amir's owner had backed Rocket, and Rocket's owner had backed Amir, and that jockeys generally receive explicit instructions from their owners, before they go out, as to how they are to ride the race,—always on the square, my masters. Blake thought that a bad start would suit him capitally; Scotty meant to get away absolutely last; three or four lengths the worst of the start would be a good excuse for having been beaten.

Abdul couldn't understand it. The few minutes at the starting-post had always been more or less of a nightmare to him; the sahibs used such bad language and jostled so. He had always started at the tail end of the procession, leaving the front seats to the jockey sahibs. Now they told him to move up in front, and were deuced polite to each other—most sacrificing in keeping their horses in the background, out of the other fellow's way. The sahibs were a mighty queer lot anyway, Abdul thought; quite mad, all of them.

When the flag fell, Abdul cut out the running with Pegu at a furious clip. He would stay in front of the sahibs as long as he could. Blake took a pull at Amir's head. "What are you waiting for?" called out Scotty on Rocket.

"I thought it was a false start," answered Blake, "seeing you hanging back there."

"Oh, the start's all right," said Scotty angrily. "Go on!"

"All right, come along then," yelled Blake, letting go of Amir's head a little.

They were only cantering; and all the time the iron-gray Pegu, with the black boy on his back, was slipping away from them.



ler. But of course this is different. There wa'n't no fit place to put a clean man in the jail. Jail ain't just to say air-tight, nohow. An', then, Jimmy said he had corn an' such to be looked after, so I let him go home. He said he'd come in to-day, sure. Be just my durned luck if he'd skipped out. Like's not he's in Injun Territory by now. I ought to knowed better. Then where'll I be?"

A laugh stirred the group of listeners, and

place, bending under the weight of a trunk set upon his shoulders, and followed by several new guests. The first of these was a man of apparently thirty years, bronzed by sun and weather, poorly clad, but rugged and ruddy, as becomes one whose craft is with the plow. At sight of this man the sheriff's face cleared.

"Well, thank the Lord, Jimmy!" he cried, and shook hands cordially.



"SHE SAID SHE COULD WAIT WHILE I WAS TAKIN' MY MEDICINE."

some one spoke: "Why, Billy, you are in a box, ain't you? Of course he's skipped. Wasn't he under bond?"

"Bond!" the perturbed officer answered. "No, he wasn't. He couldn't give none. I ought to kep' him, I reckon; but durn my fool heart, I thought I knowed him well enough. Besides, he'd been good friends to me out in Wells precinct."

The ripple of laughter rose to a cresting wave. This was no new thing in the conduct of the sheriff's office.

There was a commotion on the wide porch at the front of the hotel—many steps and the bumping of heavy baggage. The door was pushed open, and there entered the big negro who was general factotum about the

"Think I wasn't coming?" the other laughed lightly. "I said I'd be here, didn't I?" Then these two passed from general attention, to make way for one who had followed in Ellsworth's steps, and whom Stillings greeted with warmth:

"Judge, I'm glad to see you—glad to be the first to shake your hand and say good luck to you."

There was a stir in the company, and a pushing forward with eager outstretching of hands, to the forgetting of everything but the desire to be conciliatory. That is an American trick, and not altogether Western.

Presented to the eye, Judge Brooke gave promise of fulfilment of Stillings's assurance that he was "no fool." He was tall and

well knit, with a smooth-shaven face, and apparently not much beyond his thirty-fifth year. But for his size and muscular strength he would have appeared much younger, so clear were his eyes, so fresh his complexion. There was an undeniable masculine quality in his bearing; his lips were restrained, almost grim, and evidently sealed against trivialities. Clearly the fret of light circumstances could not stir him to an active eruption of words; it must be a fact or a thought of large force that could move his square jaw. Now, as he met the crowding lawyers and acknowledged their well-wishing, it was with perfect calmness and an uncompromising dignity, though it was plain that he was not in the least artificially stiffened by the new title. He bore himself like a man.

"We shall be thrown much together for a few years," he said to the attentive group. "Probably you are as anxious as I that everything shall move pleasantly, so far as our personal relations are concerned. I shall try to do my part to that end. Some of you are strangers to me; but that is not to continue. We may have antagonistic ideas in politics, but I hope that may signify nothing. I shall not regard politics; I shall not consider that I owe any debt to any particular political party, as in the campaign I have tried to forget that I was the candidate of one party, and not of the whole people. I have no doubt that we shall get along very well together. Landlord, am I too late for supper?"

Judge Brooke arose early on the crisp morning following, and had his breakfast almost alone; then he went for a long walk through the town. When he returned to the hotel, there was still a half-hour before the time set for the opening of court, and the lawyers were lingering in the dining-room. After his exhilarating exercise in the free air, Brooke found the overheated office oppressive, and he remained upon the wide porch, pacing back and forth. There he found one apparently like-minded to himself—the man Ellsworth, who had on the preceding night surrendered himself to the custody of the sheriff, and who now sat upon a long bench without the door. To him Judge Brooke spoke casually:

"You were on the train with me last night coming up, weren't you? On jury service, are you?"

Ellsworth grinned appreciatively. "No," he said frankly. "It's worse than that. I'm a subject for a jury. I reckon I'll be arraigned to-day."

Brooke's brow contracted as he looked keenly into the smiling face. It was a good face—such a face as men like to look upon in their fellows. It was entirely free of that element of doggedness and sly concealment which we are used to expect in the face of one even charged with crime. His eyes were especially good, large and clear, almost limpid, like a child's. The face comported very well with the tone of the confession; but the substance of that confession made a sad puzzle.

"How's that?" Brooke asked. "Arraigned? You don't mean that—on a criminal charge?"

Ellsworth nodded, his grin persistent. "Grand larceny," he said with a deliberate accent, as though the words had a not unpleasant flavor. Brooke stood for a moment, his hands clasped at his back.

"Well," he said at last; "I don't understand this. I suppose I have no right to ask questions; I shall find out by and by, no doubt."

"Oh, that's all right," Ellsworth answered. "I'm not squeamish about it. It's grand larceny all right enough. Yes, you'll hear about it later, I reckon."

By ones and twos and threes the lawyers were filing out of the hotel, buttoning about them their overcoats, whose pockets bulged ominously with papers. In a straggling procession, judge, bar, and hangers-on moved up the street toward the ramshackle frame building where were the county offices and whose upper story held the court-room.

The ceremonies of the opening of term went forward quite as at other times, with dreary calling of the docket, assignment of cases for trial, and such other matters as attend the awakening of Justice from a doze. The criminal cases were first assigned, after ancient usage; two or three petty offenders were there, and also the man Ellsworth, who lounged within the bar, an interested onlooker at the turning of wheels in the great machine into whose hopper he was soon to pass.

Brooke comported himself in a way to make sleepy eyes open and slow heads buzz. Stillings was soon smiling broadly. Never had there been in this district such incisiveness, such an unexcusing celerity in the despatch of business. Brooke's eyes, alight with the vigor of youth, seemed to have an unwontedly clear insight; facts, principles, precedents he held with a firm grasp. In the afternoon of the second day he called the case of the State against Ellsworth. Ells-

worth dropped the legs of his up-tilted chair to the floor, and stood before the judge's desk.

"So you are Ellsworth, are you?" Brooke asked. "You are bound over to this court on a charge of grand larceny. Have you counsel? Have you a lawyer?"

"No," Ellsworth answered slowly. "I didn't have any before the justice; I ain't got any here. I don't know as I need him."

"Yes; you'll need counsel," Brooke persisted. "It wouldn't be fair to you to proceed without giving you the benefit of advice from some one who knows the law."

"Oh, I don't know," Ellsworth said. "All I want is a fair show. I reckon I'd get that without a lawyer. I'm satisfied." He did not appear at all chagrined or dismayed. There was nothing flippant in his attitude; he bore himself with a respectful regard for the dignity of the court; his nonchalance seemed to be wholly on his own account.

"No," the judge said; "that won't do. Can you afford to pay a lawyer?"

"Well, no; I can't," the prisoner replied, a little reluctantly. "I don't own anything. I rented a little piece of land this summer—run it on shares. I had a fair crop, and I've sold my share. But I've—I've blowed the money I got for it. I haven't got any left."

Judge Brooke glanced about the courtroom. "Does any one know this man personally?" he asked. The big sheriff was upon his feet.

"I know him, Judge," he said. "I've knowed him a good while—ever since my first term."

"Well, what about him?" Brooke asked. "Do you know his circumstances?"

"He's told his circumstances fair as I could. He's told it just as it is. Jimmy ain't got nothin'."

"Very well. Under such conditions, Ellsworth, I have authority to appoint counsel for you, at the cost of the county. Are you acquainted with any lawyer here? Is there any one you'd prefer?"

Ellsworth turned to face the many lawyers sitting around the tables and against the rail. "I ain't particular," he said. "Suit yourself, Judge, and I'm satisfied."

"Judge Stillings," Brooke said abruptly, "I shall appoint you to defend this man, if you care to assume the case."

Then came a whispered consultation between attorney and client; then the arraignment, the perfunctory plea of "not guilty," and the droning work of empanelling a jury.

That done, the case proceeded *uneventfully*. Three or four witnesses for the State gave a succinct story of the crime. In the preceding summer Ellsworth, while in the employ of a large farmer in the county, had been several times entrusted with charge of carloads of fattened cattle shipped to the nearest stock-yards market. He was accounted a good man at this work. His employer had reposed such confidence in his integrity, and was himself so *easy-going*, that he had not held Ellsworth to a strict accounting with vouchers and bills of sale. By and by he had discovered, quite by accident, that Ellsworth had been guilty of a substantial speculation on one of his trips. With his faith shaken, he had preferred the charge for which Ellsworth was on trial. That was all. The proof was clear and direct—so undeniable that Stillings did not much concern himself with cross-examination of the witnesses. In an hour's time the State had rested its case. Then came another whispered consultation, and Stillings arose.

"May it please the Court," he said, in his professional manner, "with this evidence before the Court and jury, the defense wishes to withdraw the plea of not guilty, and to enter instead a plea of guilty. But in that connection the prisoner wishes to make a statement to the Court in his own behalf."

Judge Brooke leaned forward upon his dingy desk, knitting his brows, looking intently into Ellsworth's unabashed eyes. He briefly instructed the jury, then took up his pen and wrote an entry upon his docket, which he read aloud. The jurors were discharged.

"Well," the judge said interrogatively. "what does the prisoner wish to say?"

Ellsworth arose in his place. "Only a little, Judge," he said. "I haven't got nothing to say about the evidence; it's been straight enough—all true, just like it happened. I did knock down some money that wasn't mine—about a hundred and fifty. I done it because I needed it. I thought I needed it—thought I couldn't get along without it. I reckon that's where I missed my cue; I reckon I'd been a heap better off if I'd let it alone. But I didn't seem to be satisfied to have it that way. I reckon that don't matter much now. But I'd like to say a word about something else. You've heard what Mr. Burton, him that I stole from, said about my good character before this. I had it, too, Judge; nobody that knows me can say anything about me but just this one thing; I had a good character. I ain't beg-

gin' off, understand; I'm here to take my medicine, like I deserve; but I'd like to have my time in the pen made as short as you can make it. I paid back the money to Burton, just a couple of weeks ago, that I stole. He'll tell you so. So he ain't out anything.

cheeks, mounting to the very roots of his hair; his glance fell, and his fingers worked nervously upon the brim of his old hat, which he held before him. Then he laughed shamefacedly.

"Well, no, Judge, I haven't told it all. I



"I WANT TO GIVE HIM ANOTHER SHOW."

That's what I done with the money I got out of my corn. That's why I didn't have any to pay a lawyer with. I paid him every last cent, with interest on top. And besides that, I've paid in other ways for my stealin', a hundred times over. If I lived a thousand years, I couldn't steal no more. That's all I wanted to say. I hope you can make my time short. I've got some use for myself now outside the pen. I've just found that out, since I done this stealin'."

His eyes had not dropped while he spoke; he had met Brooke's scrutiny fearlessly. Now that he had finished, he waited in respectful attention.

"Ellsworth," Brooke said in a moment, "have you told me everything? I should like to hear the whole story."

For the first time the prisoner was visibly embarrassed. A flush crept up, flooding his

haven't kept anything back about the stealin', though. But there—there is something else. It don't make no difference, though, to anybody but me; it don't make my stealin' any blacker or any whiter. You'd see that, if I was to tell you. But I'd rather not—not here, anyhow."

Brooke's eyes sought the clock upon the court-room wall, whose hands indicated the hour of adjournment. "Mr. Sheriff," he said, "adjourn court until to-morrow mornin' at nine o'clock." Then he came down from the bench and stood at Ellsworth's side, motioning that Judge Stillings should join them. "I want you two to eat supper at my table to-night," he said. "I want to talk with you a little further—that is, Ellsworth, if you don't mind telling me the whole story privately, in the presence of your counsel."

Ellsworth's cheeks still bore a remnant of their flush, but he was no longer agitated. "Why, sure!" he said heartily. "It's nothing I'm ashamed of, except before so many folks, lawyers and such, that wouldn't be likely to understand. You will, maybe; I'll tell you, anyway."

As they went down the street, he walked between judge and lawyer. He began to speak at once when they were in the open air, out of hearing of the court-room throng. His speech was directed mainly to Brooke, but now and then he turned a smiling glance upon Stillings's immobile face.

"It's this way, Judge. There's a girl in it. I've heard folks say when a man goes wrong he most generally makes out like it was some girl put him up to it. But that ain't what I mean. My girl she's a different sort. But then it was thinking about her that made me take old Burton's money. Burton's got a big ranch up country a piece—maybe you know him?—and he keeps a lot of folks about the place. This girl I'm tellin' you about, she cooked for the men. That's how I come to know her. I've known her for two years; but we took to each other so natural, seems like I've known her ever since I was born. I don't know; maybe that's the way with everybody when he takes a shine to a girl. This was the first time it ever happened to me."

"Well?" Brooke questioned, when Ellsworth lapsed into a thoughtful silence. "Was she a good girl?"

Ellsworth stood still, lifting his hat with a little gesture of reverence. "Good!" he echoed. "Good!" He walked on again, but with slower steps. His manner of complacency had died down within him; his eyes were very serious, overcast by the shadows of strong thought and feeling. "Judge, she's an angel, that's what she is—an angel in a blue gingham apron, messin' around in a kitchen. That's what made me hot. The other fellows didn't see what she was. The way some men look at it, all girls is just alike; they can't see no difference. But I did have just enough sense to see that she was different, and I thought when she got to be my wife I'd like to have her keep on being different. I was getting thirty dollars a month on the ranch, besides board. There was no chance of getting any more; that was the most that Burton paid anybody, only the foreman. Thirty dollars a month don't go very far with a man and a woman, let alone children. I've always thought I'd like a big mess of children, if ever I had a home of my own. I never

could manage money, anyway. And anyhow, I'd seen too much of women crowding along on a little pinch of money with a big family. My mother she worked herself into an old woman, doing for us boys when we was half-grown cubs; and then afterward she died because there wasn't money enough to get things when she needed 'em. That's stuck in my craw ever since. I was bound my wife shouldn't have that happen to her. I was thinking about getting married pretty soon. I couldn't wait—I thought I couldn't. You know how a man is about such things. So, fool-like, I just set to work to find some other way of getting what I couldn't get honest. It was easy enough to find the way. That's how I come to steal from Burton."

They had reached the hotel, and had paused for a moment upon the wide porch, so that Ellsworth might conclude his brief speech. Brooke led the way to the dining-room and to his own table in a secluded corner, where the three sat down and ordered their supper.

"Ellsworth," Brooke said, while they waited for their order to be filled, "do you think that was sufficient reason for your act?"

"No, I don't," Ellsworth answered brusquely. "I've said so, ain't I? I've said I'd seen my blunder. I've seen it good and plenty. What I can't see now is what ever made me do it. Seems like a man must be a good deal of a natural-born fool to just shut his eyes and run into a thing like this. He's got to have his head bumped a few times before he gets wise; seems that way with me, anyhow. Martha—Martha's *her* name—it's Martha that bumped my head for me. I'd give half my life, willing, for a chance to take back this year." His cheeks were blanched and his voice tense with passionate feeling. His fingers were clutched together so that the nails were purple. "But what's the use? I reckon that's the way a man's bound to feel, though. I don't know as I've got any right to kick."

There followed a silence, while the waitress brought and distributed the trayful of small dishes holding their supper. When she had gone, Brooke asked gently: "And has the girl thrown you over now?"

Ellsworth looked with sharp surprise at his questioner. "Who? Martha? No, she ain't. You don't seem to understand what sort of a girl she is. No, sir! She's hung to me like sheep stay with an old bell-wether. That's what makes me nervous. She's been—there ain't no telling what that girl ain't said and done. She's made me

stay awake nights and think, and that's more than anything or anybody ever did before since I was born. It was her that made me take that piece of land on the shares this summer, so I could pay back the money to old Burton. I had to furnish my own seed corn, and she helped me buy it. What do you think of that? Say, I've wished a dozen times this last six months that she *would* drop me—no, I ain't, either; but I've felt pretty near like wishing it. A good woman can make a man feel so danged uneasy. Oh, Judge, you don't know that girl! Why, I'd about made up my mind once or twice to run away, after the sheriff let me go, and get rid of the whole business; but she wouldn't have it. She said I'd got to be a man. Let me tell you: she come down to the train night before

last with me, to see me off; that's what she did, and she told me then I'd got to be a man if she was to have anything more to do with me. She said she could wait while I was takin' my medicine. How does that strike you?"

He had laid aside knife and fork, and was leaning forward with his elbows upon the table, his supper quite forgotten in the ecstasy of his speech. "Quit me! Well, I should say not!"

Brooke, too, had lost interest in the supper; but Stillings was giving stolid attention to his beefsteak and fried potatoes. There seemed to be no need for professional intervention. Brooke's thoughts were much engaged. It was evident that Ellsworth's exuberant speech was an apotheosis of the



"JUDGE! THIS IS HER."

woman, rather than an excuse or justification of himself; he seemed to have lost sight of himself altogether, save as he made the merest lay-figure for the exercise of Martha's surpassing sturdy virtues. Such a man does not plead for himself.

"So, you see," he continued, "that's why I'm anxious. If it was only me I wouldn't care—not so much, anyway; but now seems like I've got to care. I want to show her that she ain't trusted me for nothing. I want to make it all right with Martha."

Brooke's foot sought Stillings's broad toes beneath the table, and gave to them a gentle pressure of inquiry. A barely perceptible nod was Stillings's answer. Stillings was not inattentive.

"But do you feel sure of yourself, Ells-

worth?" Brooke asked. "You mustn't think only of the woman's power over you. In a matter like this a man must, after all, rely chiefly upon himself. He doesn't want some one to lean upon; he must learn to stand alone. You have to think of that."

"Yes, I know—I have," Ellsworth answered. "I've spent lots of time this summer thinking over the whole business. There ain't many men that are any good at standing alone or walking straight by themselves. I don't suppose I could do it—I don't suppose I would if I could, unless I had somebody else to think about besides myself. This is the way I've figured it out: A man—just a common man, like me—most generally ain't ambitious to amount to much just for the sake of being proud of himself. I never cared. I never thought about it, one way or the other. I reckon the reason I never stole before this time was because I never thought about it. But it's different when the man's got a woman to think about—if she's any good. Why, it looks to me now like as if, when a man loves a real good woman, he's going to be just as good as she makes him be. Ain't that reasonable? If she won't put up with anything else—if she says, like Martha said to me, 'See here, Jimmy, you've got to be a man!' why then he's going to do it. Same as if she was sittin' on the top rail of a high fence, and she says to him, 'Come up here and set beside me'—won't he climb up? You bet he will. But if she wasn't there, that top rail wouldn't draw him, not by itself. Oh, I've thought about it, a heap!"

Brooke's fine face was all alight under the contagion of Ellsworth's virile enthusiasm. It was good to look upon his face when it had come out from the shelter of its usual placid repose. He got to his feet; the others also arose.

"You two will be in the court-room at nine in the morning," he said. "I shall think of the matter overnight and attend to the sentence at once when court is opened. There is nothing else on the criminal docket."

When court had been convened for the next day and the clerk had droned through with the reading of the journal, Judge Brooke spoke directly: "In the matter of the State against Ellsworth. The prisoner has pleaded guilty to the charge of grand larceny, and is now before the court for sentence. The passing of sentence in such cases has heretofore been a very simple matter in this district. But I have found this case to present

some difficulties. I have talked with the prisoner and his counsel; I have gone to the bottom of the matter, I think. In this course I have been moved by a desire to do justice to both prisoner and people.

"Our criminal code has been enacted by the social body for a selfish end—its own safety. Its apparent purpose is not to secure immunity from crime, but to secure protection against the criminal. It may be said that that is the only province of positive law, and that the finer ethics of the matter lie within the domain of social or political science. I am not so sure that the two are so sharply separable; I am not so sure that ethics should not play a large part in the administration of even the strictest possible code of positive laws. As it is, any act which falls within a certain classified and arbitrary list is forthwith named an offense against the State. But little attention is given to the motive underlying the act. Nor is the good of the criminal himself taken largely into consideration in administering penalties, save upon the theory that to punish him by restricting his liberty will give him time and opportunity for turning penitent. The accepted doctrine seems to be that he who has done any one of these things is of necessity by temperament and nature an enemy of his brothers.

"In my judgment, that polity is not broad enough—not elastic enough. It aims at crushing out effects, not at the alleviation of causes. The prisoner himself has rights—rights far beyond the mere matter of securing a hearing by an impartial jury and beyond the admission of evidence according to established usage. He has the right to have his motive considered. I think it should be the business of the courts to inquire as fully as possible into the motives which foreshadow the acts complained of; and in meting punishment for those acts a court should seek to avoid the danger of spoiling a potentially useful citizen. That is a duty he owes to the people, as well as to the accused man. I know of no prohibition upon such course, if a court wishes to take the time for it. It seems to me that in such matters the greatest safety of society lies, not in the arbitrary authority of the court, but in its discretionary power. The court as the instrument of the law is not an avenging Nemesis. The law is impersonal, and incapable of cherishing or executing vengeance; it is a dispassionate agency for securing the greatest possible good of the social body, and it must not lose sight of the fact that the

accused man is himself an integral part of that body.

"In the case at bar, I think I have gotten a clear understanding of the man and his motive. The act of theft was only a very badly distorted shadow of the motive. The prisoner has himself seen this. Mr. Ellsworth, stand up. In view of all the circumstances in your case, I shall sentence you to six months in the county jail of this county, and I shall suspend execution of the sentence until the first day of the May term of next year. In the meantime, you are to be at liberty within the county. I shall expect you to look carefully after your conduct and to report to me here upon the first day of the next term."

He paused, and took up his pen to enter the sentence. An inarticulate buzz arose in the room, and the heads of the lawyers were bent together for whispered comment. One man touched the impassive Stillings upon the arm.

"Is that Populism, poetry, or Greek philosophy?" he questioned hoarsely, "or has he found out that Ellsworth voted for him?" But Stillings settled himself in his chair without reply.

When the entry was written, Brooke looked up from the page. He had heard the voiceless murmur, but his manner was fearless and unperturbed. Ellsworth still stood before the bench, his eyes wide with question, his lips parted for speech that would not be formed. Another man was also upon his feet, just without the bar-rail. This was Burton, the prosecuting witness against Ellsworth. He was a big man, heavy-limbed, with thick neck, florid face, and a fringe of red beard. He wore a heavy overcoat of sheepskin, which made his bulk appear portentous. When he caught Brooke's eye, he raised his hand like a schoolboy.

"Judge," he said, in his deep, out-door voice, "Judge, I want to say a word, if you'll let me."

As Brooke waited, Burton made his elephantine way through the crowd until he stood at Ellsworth's side. He laid his heavy hand upon the prisoner's shoulder, keeping it there while he spoke:

"Judge, you're right about this business. I ain't been easy in my mind lately—well, not since I filed the complaint, but 'specially since I've come down here to court and had time to think it over. I think you're right about what you said, Judge. It does look too bad to spoil a good man, to send him to the pen for just this one thing. I s'pose I'm to blame. I'm apt to be quick. Ells-

worth had been a good man about the place, always straight as a string. It kind of disappointed me to find what he'd done; but I s'pose I hadn't any right to be so quick about it. I might've saved lots of trouble all around; I might've spoke to him myself. That would've made things all right. Now, if he ain't to go to jail before May, I want to take him back with me on the place. I want to give him another show. We'll both give each other another show, if that's satisfactory, Judge?"

Brooke's unbending glance read the old man's face, with its breadth of ruddy honesty. He spoke quietly: "That is a matter with which the Court has nothing to do, Mr. Burton. Personally, however, I should be glad to have you give this man an opportunity for employing himself during the winter. He will need to be kept occupied. That's all, Ellsworth; you may go. That, gentlemen, concludes our work on the criminal docket. We will proceed with the civil cases."

In the following April, Brooke returned for a day to Marston. Since the close of the term, months before, he had not concerned himself with thought of Ellsworth; for he was by habit a busy man, and he was content to allow Ellsworth to work out his own salvation. But on this morning, as he walked up the street toward the hotel, the force of association brought to his mind a vague wonder as to how matters were going with that ingenuous ward of the law. In the next moment he saw Ellsworth. He was standing before the window of a house-furnishing shop, looking in, and by his side was a woman. Brooke slackened his quick pace, and turned aside. As he approached, Ellsworth was speaking earnestly to his companion:

"We can do it easy, Martha. That's to be for your room, and I don't want nothing cheap for you. You listen to me, girl; there ain't nothing that's too good for you. You make me keep 'sayin' that every minute. I'm glad you do, though—it's fun to say it. But there's no use of your kicking; it won't do no good. My head's set. Come on; let's go in and see what else they've got." As he turned, he caught Brooke's smiling glance, and he blushed a sudden fiery red; then with an impulsive gesture he lifted the woman's unresisting hand to lay it in that of the judge, outstretched.

"Judge, this is Her," he said, with the tone of one who utters a sacred name.

The woman did not speak, but stood hold-



ing Brooke's hand in both her own with a straining pressure, and her eyes were fixed upon his with the eager gaze of one who looks for something not yet revealed. As he regarded the calm, strong face, full of the purity and power of good womanhood, Brooke got understanding and knew that Ellsworth was safe. Quick tears suffused the woman's eyes, and she turned away to the window.

"Well, Ellsworth," Brooke said genially, "how does it go with you?"

"You don't need to ask me that," Ellsworth answered soberly. "Don't you see I'm with Her? There ain't nothing wrong with me."

Brooke hesitated for a moment with a question hanging upon his tongue—a question which he did not like to form in words; and there proved to be no need for that.

"We ain't married," Ellsworth said simply. "Not yet. I wouldn't do that, not in a hundred years, not while things is this way. But I don't mind sayin' we're looking around a little, like you see us this morning.

And we've got a place picked out that's for rent up near the ranch. Say, you remember Burton; of course you do! Well, sir, Burton he's been like what a man's daddy might be to him—there ain't nothing he don't want to do for us two, if we'd let him. But we won't. We're going to pole our own skiff, right from the start, without no help from anybody. That's Martha's notion; and of course, then, it's mine too. We're going to start just plain and easy, when we do start, by and by. Only Burton's lent me a plow and a team for a while, and I've got most of my land broke. Only thing that worries me sometimes, nights, when I'm alone—somehow I don't think of it much when I'm with Martha—is that maybe I'm getting too brash about what's going to happen next term. Maybe—I don't know—" He dropped into silence, as though his thoughts led where speech hardly dared to follow. Brooke laughed.

"Go ahead, Ellsworth," he said gayly. "You're all right."

## ST. PATRICK, THE SARPINTS, AND THE SINNER.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS ("MAC"),

Author of "Through the Turf Smoke," etc.



NE faculty with which Owen a-Slaivin was blessed was the happy knack of sleeping where and when and for what length of time he chose. If Owen came in from his day's work with a keen appetite for his supper, and found that the pratie pot did not yet show signs of boiling—found that "the white horses" were not on it—"Why," he would say to Peggy, "I'll just bab an eye till they're ready for teemin'," and, sitting on his creepie-stool, to the one side of the fire, he would simply bow his head, and sleep soundly and refreshingly for the five minutes or the ten minutes (as the case might be) which were to spare before his services were requisitioned to link off the big pot and teem it from the door-step. The Bum-madier prophesied that when poor Owen's time had come to die (which God keep afar!), and Peggy and the priest were standing by his bedside watching for the dread moment, Owen would surely ask them how many minutes they thought he had, and forthwith pro-

ceeded to "bab an eye" for the allotted time.

And though we youngsters were amused at Owen's power of falling asleep, and keeping so, in the most awkward position, and under the most unfavorable conditions, it was by times aggravating. When we were in the humor for hearing one of the many brilliant stories, both traditional and made to order, that Owen could recite so *racily*, and when Owen, to our joy, had consented to "reharse us a rattlin' good yarn," and we therefore had quieted down from our frolics and drawn the circle close around Owen's hearth fire (each upon his haunches upon the clay floor), supporting our backs by clasping our hands around our knees, it was just then a trifle trying to find that Owen had been seized with the bright idea of "babbing an eye" whilst we settled ourselves. But—Owen's story was always worth waiting for.

At the time that good Sent Pathrick (may the heavens be his bed!) was convartin' Irelan'

from haythendom, an' afther he'd screenged the kingdom high up an' low down, mainin' not to laive thrace or thrack of anything haythenish atween the four says, an' when he thought at last he could sit down an' thank God, an' wipe the sweat off of his forehead, doesn't there come word till him that there was still wan haythen—a hardened villain—livin' in the neighborhood iv Athlone, who refused to be convarted, an' wouldn't be either coaxed or kicked intil Christianity.

The Sent was purty vexed, as you may

him. He started at the Joyant's Causeway, an' gathered all afore him as he come down, intendin' for to run them all intil the ocean at the Cove iv Cork. When he reached as far as in the neighborhood of Athlone, he inquired for the residence of the haythen, an' the people diracted him. So Pathrick driv his sarpints that way, an' when he come to the house of the haythen, he ordhered that lad to come out till he's put him through his p's and q's. The haythen he come out, an' Pathrick hurled at his head all the denunciations in the Scripthurs. "An' now," siz he,



"AN' PATHRICK HURLED AT HIS HEAD ALL THE DENUNCIATIONS IN THE SCRIPHTHURS."

suppose, at this, an' "Upon my varity," siz Pathrick, siz he, "I'll make him sorry his gran'mother was iver born."

Now, at this time, the Sent had 'most all the sarpints gathered into the say; for as he went up an' down convartin', he used, as he sayed himself, to kill two birds with the wan stone, an' gather the sarpints afore him as he went, an' ivery time he came convaynient to the say, he'd throt them out an' over with them. But he had yet to go wan other journey to gather up all the missed an' sthrayed wans. So, to his feet he gets, an' spittin' on his fist, takes a good grip of his goold-headed pastoral staff, an' off with

"will ye consint to be convarted? There's heaven, an' there's hell," siz he, "afore ye; make yer own choice. Only this, if ye choose haythendom an' hell, then off ye march in the middle iv this thrife of sarpints here—off, an' into the say."

"Misther Sent Pathrick," the haythen was beginnin', but the Sent stops him.

"No 'misterin' for me, if ye please," says the Sent. "I'm just plain Sent Pathrick."

"Well, Sent Pathrick," siz the haythen, "would yer sentship kindly give me an iday-a iv what sort of company goes to heaven?"

"To heaven," siz Sent Pathrick, "ill go all the good an' pious people that spends

their lives in prayin' an' fastin' an' meditati-  
tin'; all them that don't carouse, an' dhrink  
wine, an' bawl comic songs, an' br'ak their  
neighbors' heads at the fair."

"An' to hell?" siz the haythen.



"'I BELIEVE,' SIZ HE TILL HIMSELF, . . . 'IT'S MY DUTY . . . TO TEST  
WHAT THIS EVIL NEW LIQUOR IS LIKE.'"

"To hell," siz the Sent, "goes all the  
bad people that, instead iv prayin' an' fast-  
tin', watchin' an' meditati-  
tin', goes around in-  
stead to weddin's an' wakes, fairs and frolics,  
singin' an' dancin', dhrinkin' an' carousin',  
fightin' an' lovemakin' all these goes to  
hell. So, me good fella, beware, beware! Re-  
flect upon that before ye give yer decision!"

But the haythen sinner that he was tuk  
small time for reflection. "Yer Sentship,"  
siz he, "plaise dhrive me on with the sar-  
pints!"

Poor Sent Pathrick was dumbfounded.  
An' small wondher! Then the lad axed him  
laive to go in an' put on a clane collar, an'  
give his hands an' his face a lick, afore set-

tin' out. An' the Sent, bein' no bad fella,  
consented, an' sat down on a stone outside  
waitin' for him. But, behold ye, the hay-  
then—fer he was a purty purtickler kind iv  
a buck—tuk a longer time nor Pathrick had

bargained for, get-  
tin' himself intil ro-  
tation; an' the Sent  
had to send in word  
till him to shake  
himself an' be  
quick, bekase the  
sarpints was meand-  
herin' about an' an-  
noyin' the people  
passin' the roads.

Now this haythen  
had discovered the  
saycret of brewin'  
from corn what he  
called Ishky-bagh  
(Uisge-bath), or the  
Wather iv Life, an'  
what we nowadays  
call plain whisky.  
So he tuk an' sent  
out to Pathrick a  
cruiskin of the  
Uisge-bath, to keep  
him company while  
he'd wait an' to  
sloke his thirst, be-  
kase, more be the  
same token, it was  
a mortal warm,  
dhrouthy day. But  
Sent Pathrick was  
always wan iv the  
most temperate iv  
men, an' he sent  
back word to the  
haythen that it was  
no manner of use

thryin' to temp' an' bribe him; for him to  
hurry himself up, if he plaised, for it would  
be a hard job gatherin' together the sarpints,  
who, durin' this long wait, were shragglin'  
an' sthrayin' to all arts. Still, the jug hav-  
in' been placed at Pathrick's elbow, the scent  
iv it soon sthruick him, an' Pathrick immedi-  
ately begun dhravin' in long breaths through  
his nose. "'I believe,'" siz he till himself at  
length, "'it's my duty as the Sent iv this  
counthry to test what this evil new liquor  
is like, so as to warn me convarts agin it.'" So he hoisted the little cruiskin to his lips,  
an' let the smallest dhrop iv the stuff sit  
upon his tongue. He smacked his lips at  
wanst, an' tuk a thrifle more. The eyes of

the good Sent brightened up at this, an' he tried a third sup. "It is a mortal dhrouthy day," siz he. An' then siz he to the sarvint that brought him the liquor, "Ye may tell the haythen," siz he, "not to discomode himself hurryin' too much with his dhressin'. I have laivin's and lashin's iv time."

The poor Sent, poor man, *was* mighty dhrouthy, there's no doubt iv it, an' small blame till him such a day; an' when the haythen at length come out, dhressed an' ready for the road, it was low tide in the cruiskin.

"Now," siz Sent Pathrick, "it's a usual thing, when a man's goin' to be hung, to grant him any requist, in modheration, that he axes. So," siz he, "as you're in much the same position as a man goin' till his hangin', I'll grant you the requist iv takin' with ye, for company on the road an' to squelch yer thirst—I'll grant ye the requist iv takin' a cruiskin iv the Uisge-bath with ye."

The lad he smiled, an' siz he, "Ay, but, Sent Pathrick, so far as I know, it isn't usually the hangman that chooses the requist. But no matther," siz he, "the cruiskin I'll take." So takin' undher his arm a comfortable-sized wan, with the bubbles on top iv all iv them off on the road for the Cove, it winkin' at ye, the haythen tuk his place among the sarpints, an' Pathrick, headin' It was a long an' a dhreich journey, an'



"IT WAS LOW TIDE IN THE CRUISKIN."



". . . THE SARPINTS WAS THE VERY DIVIL TO MANAGE."



"—BUT THE HAYTHEN . . . ALWAYS MADE OFFER OF THE CRUISKIN . . ."

the Sent, poor man, had the dickens's own troublesome time iv it. The haythen, iv course, he went along all right; but the sarpints was the very divil to manage, an' there wasn't a cross-roads they come to that the whole covey iv them wouldn't take an' start down the wrong way, purtendin' all as wan as that they thought in their hearts they wor takin' the very right way an' savin' the Sent trouble; an' the poor distracted Sent had to be cleekin' this lad back with the cleek iv his staff, for to make him go right; an' pummelin' that boy with the goold head iv his stick, to make him mend his manners; an' proddin' another lazy schaimer, to encour-

age him; but (to give the divil his due) the haythen he was aisy dhrivin', an' went along all right, givin' no throuble whatsomiver.

As I said, it was a mighty dhrouthy sort iv a day, an' what atween the drouth an' the fataigue an' the vexation the sarpints give him, Pathrick (no wondher) wanted for to stop an' sloke his thirst at almost every runnin' sthram he come till; but the haythen (who was noways bad-hearted, after all) always made offer of the cruiskin to the Sent instead. It's a bad medicine is the cowl wather when wan's hot an' sweatin'; so Pathrick always consented to take a pull out iv the cruiskin, an' when he'd dhrav his sleeve along his mouth, an' hand back the cruiskin, he'd say, "Thanky, Haythen. That's mighty slokin'." An' faith so it was.

An' after a hard an' thryin', tire-some time iv it, poor Sent Pathrick, both tired an' footsore, worn an' forlorn, with the temper iv him nigh broken, at long an' at last reached the say at the Cove iv Cork. An' he had screenged the counthry so well this time, that he hadn't left a sthrayed or sthraggled sarpint from end till wynd iv Irelan' that he hadn't gathered with him, an' the haythen—the only remainin' haythen in all the lan'—among them. An' he now surrounded the congregation, himself an' his staff, an' driv them higgledy-piggledy out into the raavenous waves iv the ocean, all iv them, barrin' the haythen, who he wanted to say a last wurrd till. An' when he watched till he seen the tail iv the last sarpint stop kickin' above the wather an' disappear for iver, he turned till the haythen, who was standin' there waitin' his turn, an' siz he:

"How long have ye been makin' that obnoxious liquid ye call Uisge-bath?"

"Nigh on ten years, Sent," siz the haythen.

"Ye hardened sinner," siz the Sent. "An' dhrinkin' it?"

"An' dhrinkin' it, yis," siz the haythen.

"Och, och! but ye're the hopeless sinner," siz the Sent. "Now," siz the Sent,

"I have tested that Uisge-bath in the interests iv all my Christians in Irelan'; it was my duty to do at all hazards whatsomiver. Again an' again, unshrinkin', I've done me



" . . . AN' PATHRICK, HEADIN' ALL IV THEM OFF ON THE ROAD FOR THE COVE . . . "

duty by that Uisge-bath an' my Christians, an' I now pronounce it a dangerous liquor, that's liable to work no end of harm, sin, an' misery if it iver goes intil thoughtless hands. Tell me, how many people knows the saicret iv producin' that sinful dhrink?"

"The sorra take the sinner but me own self," siz the haythen.

"Thank God," siz Sent Pathrick. "It'll be the aisier done away with. Write me out the resait."

"For what," siz the haythen, "does yer sentship want the resait?"

"In ordher," siz Sent Pathrick, "that I may burn it up, an' desthroy the saicret for iver."

"But sure," siz the haythen, "when ye've dhriv me intil the say afther them other lads ye're afther dumpin', the saicret *will* be desthroyed for iver."

"Right enough," siz the Sent, "but I want to desthroy both you an' the resait, an' in that way make double sure."

But no, the lad was parvarse to the end. He'd not give Pathrick the resait, on no account whatsomiver. An' though the Sent worked him high up an' low down, it wasn't



" . . . HE UPS TO THE HAYTHEN AGAIN, AN' HE SIZ, SIZ HE . . . "



"I'LL MAKE PARSONAL APPLICATION TO THE KING IV IRELAN' TO HAVE YE SALARIED."

wan bit iv use, good, bad, or ondifferent; his saicret would niver go on paper.

"Come, dhrive me in," he says, "dhrive me in to the say, an' be done with me," the parvarse villain that he was.

Sent Pathrick tuk a turn or two up an' down the banks iv the say, an' he thinkin' hard. An' at long an' at last he ups to the haythen again, an' he siz, siz he:

"I have been thinkin' an' reflectin' upon your case," siz he, "an' it's only this instant it sthrikes me that since I have convarted an' made good pious 'Christians out of all the rest in Irelan', if I dhrowned you it'll niver do at all at all, for I'll have niver a sinner at all in the whole kingdom to praich against an' to hould up as a warnin' an' a moral to all the good people. That," siz the Sent, "'ud niver do at all at all. I must spare you for a bad example."

"For a bad example!" siz the haythen. "Well, I'm sure I'm mortal thankful to yer oncom-  
mon great kindness. Still, don't think me ongrateful, but it sthrikes me that a bad example is but a slack profes-  
sion, afther all, for a poor divil be expected to knock out a livin' at."

"As for that," siz Sent Pathrick, "I'll make parsonal applica-  
tion to the King iv Irelan' to have ye salaried, so ye can live comfortable an' aisy durin' the rest iv yer natural life. Ye'll have to thramp around with me, wheresomiver I go praichin', an' be always on hand for me to hould ye up to the scorn an' opprobrium that ye des-  
sarve."

"Sent Pathrick," siz the poor fella, all alive with gratefulness, "I'll give ye me vow, niver from this day out to distil wan other dhrop iv Uisge-bath."

"Aisy, aisyy, ye vaga-  
bone ye!" siz Pathrick. "Remember yer callin'! A purty sort iv a start that would be, wouldn't it? If ye're goin' to be my Bad Example, ye must be it with all the veins iv yer heart, or else ye'll find me, some mornin', givin' ye the run down the same pad-walk the other sarpints went. Sartintly, ye must keep yer hand in, makin' dhrops iv that depraved an' sinful liquor back an' forrid. There's no better way iv perfectin' yerself for the profession I'm givin' ye."

An' so the Sent, on all his rounds through Irelan' afther, niver journeyed without his Bad Example, who he made great use iv for houldin' all good Christians on the right coorse, in tarror an' awe. An' the Bad Ex-  
ample lived for many long years, in **paice**, comfort, an' content, as happy as such a vile sinner could expect to be.

## THE BALLYGUNGE CUP.

BY W. A. FRASER.

Author of "The Eye of a God," and other stories.



TRUE woman, a strong man, and a good horse; love, strength, and speed. Because of these things, this story.

But it did not start this way, not by a great deal. At first it was only banter. That was the way Beth looked at it—Beth Cavendish. If Douglas Slade was more in earnest, that was his fault.

He was in indigo, up in Tirhoot, and the planter's life tends to make one take things more seriously than they do in the Service. For Beth was of the army. Her father, who was a general, and her brother, and all the rest of the Cavendishes were of the army. And there it's strength and speed and truth, and just a little of love perhaps.

She admired Slade in a sisterly sort of way. He was like her brothers; quite good enough for the Service; should have been there, in fact, not messing about in the poisonous indigo, having to drink a little gin every day to keep the poison out of his blood, as they all did.

As for the seriousness of the thing, as I have said, it was all on his side. That was the atmosphere when they said these things. It was in Calcutta. He had really been skirmishing for an opening—so blunderingly that she knew it.

"Marriage and the before is not romance," she said, looking very earnestly through the window and out across the sun-scorched *maidan* that stretched away to the stone feet of Fort William. "It's dreadfully commonplace; it's almost tragic in its dull commercialness."

"Is there no romance of love, then?" he said, feeling that some strong moves were being made on the chess-board of their little game.

"I suppose there is—of 'love'; but we don't associate love with most of the marriages we see, you know; they are 'arranged,' and the result is——"

He waited for her to finish the sentence,

watching the gray eyes as they came back drooping a little from the glare of the hot sunshine. But she seemed to be picturing the result to herself and to have forgotten all about his presence; so he added: "Disastrous, eh?"

"Not always, of course. Now if it were the old days, the old times when men rode forth to battle for the ladies they loved, or said they loved, it might be different. Then a man had to dare and do much to prove his love. Now it's simply a matter of arrangement."

Slade thought hopelessly of his position. He might vow to raise more indigo than any other man in his district, but that would hardly appeal to this maid of a warlike race. His chances were limited. He would willingly undertake to thrash anybody, but there was nobody to thrash. He felt quite bitterly that what she said was true; there was little of romance in his life, little that was bright to offer her in exchange for the pleasant existence she led. Why should she go to live at his stupid old bungalow, up in Tirhoot, simply because he desired it—loved her, if you will? She had sadly demolished his skirmishing line; but he must retreat with a light heart, conceal the dull little gnawing with banter.

"Yes," he said; "if we lived in those days, or those days were now, I might take your glove, tie it to my helmet—I really forget how they did fasten the gloves on—and go up and down the land knocking people about, until you were quite satisfied with the slaughter and called me back to receive my reward. By Jove! I'd do it quick enough, though," he added, more to himself than to his companion.

Beth smiled a little at this, and said: "You see the fates are against you; there's no chance for you to show your devotion."

"No; no chance," he admitted, tragically.

"Are you going to win any races in Calcutta next meeting?" she broke in, changing the subject abruptly, as though his last words had settled the other for all time.



"No, I'm afraid I can't even win a race. My horses are all crocks—not one above selling-plater form."

A merry light danced in Beth's eyes. Had she laid a trap for him? "You shall be my knight-errant then. I'll give you a task. Win me the Ballygunge Cup."

His face fell. "Something easy, please," he begged. "The moon, for instance, or Buddha's tooth from Ceylon. Any little bauble you may think of."

"My knight rides not forth to battle to-day, then?" said Beth.

"Oh, I'll try it, of course," he added, flushing a little; "try it, and not a hack in my stable fit to pull a dog-cart! Only don't pluck a fellow if he fails, that's all. But I must have a gage—a modern gage in black and white."

The getting of the gage was too tedious for telling, but it read:

"If Douglas Slade wins the next Ballygunge steeplechase, I promise to—" and there she stuck.

He filled in, with his own hand, "Reward him."

"You're to wear it on your casque, you know," she said, as he folded it up neatly.

"Yes, I'll tie it in my racing-cap when I ride forth to battle in the Cup," he said as he stood, one foot on the step of his high dog-cart, and nodded pleasantly to Beth.

"Now I'm in a hat," thought Slade to himself, as he drove to his hotel. "Win the Ballygunge Cup with a lot of broken-down nags, when I have failed before with the best horse that ever came to India. And the Cavendish knew I couldn't win it when she set me the pace."

Then he grabbed a life-line that dangled down into his sea of despair. The life-line was Captain Frank Johnson. He was standing at the door of the hotel.

"By Jove!" said Slade, "you're just the man I want, Johnson. If there's anybody on earth, or anywhere else, that can help me out of this pickle, you're the man, or fiend, as the case may be."

Up in his room he told Johnson what he had undertaken to do. The Captain whistled a merry note of derision.

"Do you know what you've run up against?" he asked. "Lord Dick's got Musket, a big winner at Luncheon, out from home to land this same bit of jewelry; and, bar him, there isn't a horse in the country can beat Jovial, who is in it too."

"I'd transfer my horse, Chang, to you quick enough," continued Captain Frank,

"for I mean to start him; but I'll tell you straight, if the other two come to the post fit, I'll only win it in case something happens the both of them—in case they fall, or run out, or something of that sort. Neither of them is apt to do that, though," he continued, regretfully, "for they're both crack-ers at the 'lepping' game."

"But I've got to win it," said Slade, helplessly; and the look on his face drew another whistle from the firm, thin lips of the racing Captain.

Johnson sat in deep thought for a minute. "If it's as bad as all that," he said presently, looking at Slade, "we'll have to hunt up a horse to beat the both of them, eh? You've got nothing in your stable that a dhoby's donkey couldn't give pounds to. But Baldeck's just landed a Waler, in a ship-load of horses from Australia, that if we can buy and get fit in time will take a lot of beating. His name's Goldfinder. He won over big timber in Australia."

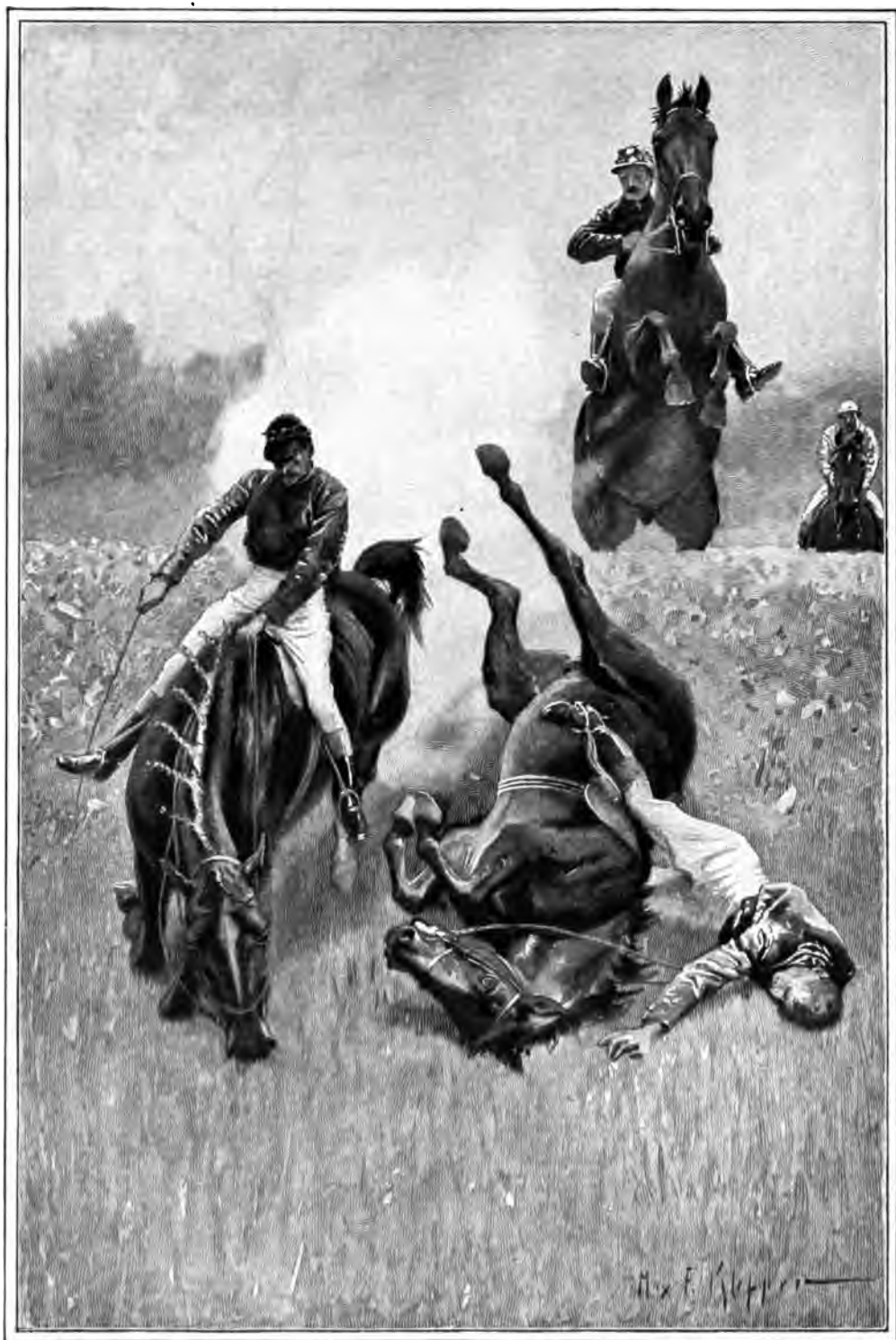
Hope is a good tonic, and the way Slade rushed things until he had secured Goldfinder was appalling. Not but that there was trouble over it, and it really seemed as though everybody was in league to keep him from winning the Cup. Baldeck wanted it himself; in fact, had brought this horse out to win it, to take back to Australia. Goldfinder's price, £500, was all right. Slade gave that eagerly enough, and he got over the difficulty of the Cup for Baldeck by agreeing that, if the horse won, he would have a duplicate made, in gold, if he liked, and give it to him. This seemed a trifling and happy arrangement; but like a good many other trifling things, it turned out serious in the end.

"You'll have to come up with me to my place and get Goldfinder fit," Slade said to Johnson. "I want to win this race and then quit the turf. I'll have something else to think of then," he added impressively.

So Johnson and his own racing stable were transported up to Tirhoot. There was no difficulty about this, for Captain Frank had shed the army, and was a racing gentleman pure and simple—not so very pure and simple perhaps. Slade agreed to make him a present of Goldfinder after the race was run and won.

"We'll have a great chance to find out how the new horse is going," Slade remarked, "with Chang in the string. Chang's almost good enough, and if my horse turns out a bit better, we'll scorch them this trip."

While Slade and Johnson got the two



"GOLDFINDER TOOK OFF AT THEIR VERY HEELS."

horses ready in Tirhoot, on the indigo planter's estate, something else was being got ready in Calcutta. That was the working of one John Maynard's mind over this same Ballygunge Cup. He was in the Service, too, but that didn't matter. What did matter was that he thought Beth Cavendish the only girl he wanted to marry.

Now a trick native servants have is to understand English and pretend they do not. And one of Beth's servants had heard enough to earn a silver rupee from Maynard. It is not customary for English officers to bribe native servants, but Maynard was not a customary sort of chap—he was Oriental in his ways. That was why Maynard also prepared something. "I can't get anything to beat him now," he reasoned, "but I can stop him; I can get a horse strong enough to do that trick—strong enough to bring him down."

So while others worked faithfully in Tirhoot, he trained a sprinter to go fast for a mile, and jump viciously at everything in sight. Though Maynard's morals were slightly oblique, his pluck was all right, and he never thought of his own neck in the matter. If he broke the other fellow's—well, necks sometimes do get broken in a steeplechase over a stiff country.

"I think it's fairly satisfactory," he confided to himself. "If by any chance I fail to bring him a cropper, Lord Dick is pretty sure to beat him out on Musket." So he took a pretty heavy bet, backing Lord Dick's horse to win a small fortune. You see it was all gain with him—love and coin.

A week before they took the horses down to Calcutta for the meet, Slade and Johnson had a trial to see how things had been coming on. As trials go it was superb. Slade rode Goldfinder at 11st; Johnson, Chang at 10st 7; and three other horses were put in to make the running, with an English jockey, Stegg, on the back of the best of them, a horse called "Ring." They went over three miles of strongly-made country, as though they were racing for a hundred Ballygunge cups. Goldfinder won handily enough at the finish, and Slade had a nice warm feeling about his heart, as he looked at the big chestnut's mighty limbs, clean as a whistle, when he turned him over to his syce after the gallop.

"It's all oop, sir, with t'others," said Stegg. "Th' Coop'll coom Tirhoot w'y this trip."

"If it doesn't," added Johnson, "I'll take the shilling and give up racing."

But down Calcutta way people were just as sure that the race lay between Musket and Jovial. Musket was from the land where they breed Grand National winners; and Lord Dick was a finished horseman. Nerves of steel, and heart of a lion—that was Lord Dick, in the saddle or out.

Why Maynard had put Diablo in, nobody knew. Certainly he couldn't stay the course, three miles and a half, and he was well named Diablo, for he had the temper of a fiend. It bothered Captain Frank not a little. That a man of Maynard's cleverness should play the fool was quite out of the question; besides, Maynard could surely get something that would go the distance and have some chance of finishing with the others. Then, when he found out that Diablo's owner had taken a long bet about Musket's winning, he commenced to do considerable thinking—suspicious thinking.

"I'll keep an eye on Maynard in the race," he told Slade. "He played me a bit of a trick once at Umballa, and I shouldn't be mind wiping out the score. Chang's a pretty big horse, and between us we can take care of ourselves, and somebody else, too, if it's needed."

"What do you mean?" asked Slade.

"Nothing, only we'll sort of win the Cup between us. You'll sort of ride under my order, and when I give you the word in the race, do just as I say, even if it does seem a bit queer."

"I'll take your coaching, Frank, for you know the game better than I do."

That was only two days before Cup day. Slade said nothing to Beth about winning the Cup. When he had won it, would be soon enough; if he lost—well, he had not lost yet, anyway.

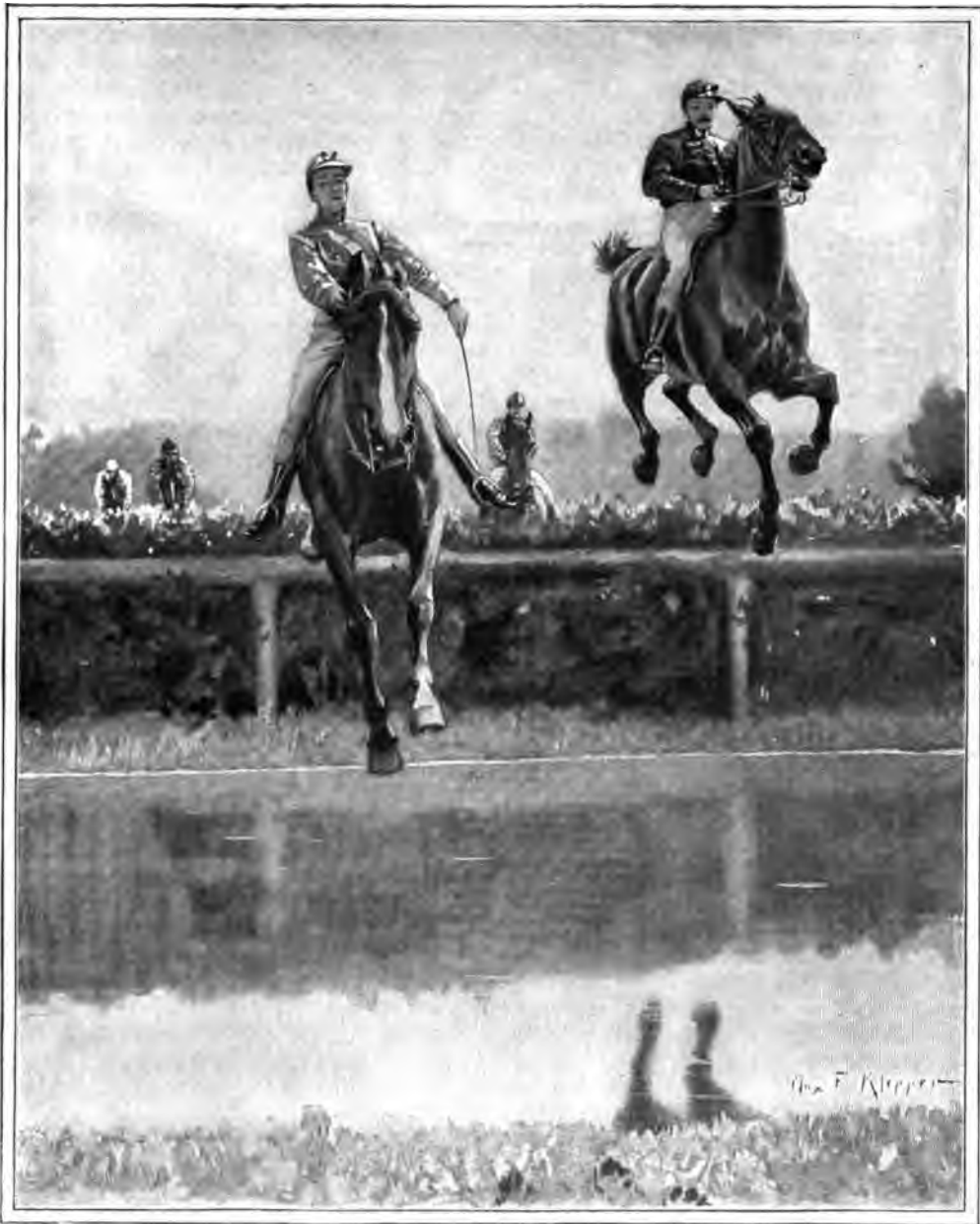
"There'll be some collar-bones cracked to-day," said Captain Frank to Slade, as they put on their silk colors in the dressing-room, the day of the race. "The top bamboos on all the jumps are iron bound, and if any horse hits them hard, he'll come down for keeps; and he'll stay down, too."

"Dangerous, that, eh?" answered Slade. "Might upset our good thing."

"Hardly," said Captain Frank, with his drawling twang; "somebody'll find them dangerous, but you won't. Goldfinder 'll fly them like a bird."

"What about Chang?" inquired Slade.

"Chang and his rider are all right," replied Johnson. "They're only out for an airing. I've backed Goldfinder, for I can't beat the other two."



"TOGETHER THEY FLEW IT. . . ."

The terms of the race were simple enough. It was a gentleman's race, for all horses owned *solely* by members of the Ballygunge Association. It was open to all riders. This also was a simple arrangement that turned out very complicated at the end.

Of course Beth was there; everybody who was anybody was. It was the "Grand National" of India. Beth had not thought that Douglas Slade would take her banter

so seriously. Why had he bought a horse that really had a good chance of winning the Cup—for people were saying that he might win? Good judges liked the big chestnut, and were saying that he had a great chance.

Beth kept asking herself a knotty question: "If Douglas Slade won, what then?" He had kept so quiet about it that she thought he had forgotten the whole thing. Surely he was a valiant knight. It would

almost be too bad for him to be beaten now. The thought gave her a start. What if he should be beaten—he had been so plucky about it, so determined?

It was the one thing in the world to warm the warrior blood that coursed through her veins; just what her brothers would have done; gone at it strong and fearlessly and with a determination to win. And it was all for her sake, too; there was no getting over that point.

And Maynard, who also had a horse in the race, had told her that Lord Dick's Musket would certainly win. She hardly knew what her feelings were. If Douglas Slade won, it would lead to complication sure, he was so persistent; if he lost, it would be too bad. It was silly of her to have given him that gage.

And there was the gage right enough, straight in front of her eyes. Douglas Slade, riding by on his big chestnut from the paddock to the course, turned his head toward the grand stand as he passed the end, and she saw the missive, the gage, tied tightly in the strings of his cap, gleaming white against the dark-blue silk.

Slade caught Beth's eye as he looked at the sea of faces, and she felt a warm flush scorch her cheeks. It vexed her. She did not care for him; it had been only banter.

They were all stringing out for the start now—eight of them, eight of the best steeplechase horses in all India. Captain Frank on the big angular Chang looked the finished horseman that he was; the easy grace of his seat told of the perfect mastery: it was like my lady in her rocking-chair. And the thin, determined, bony face of the rider: it would be Chang's fault if that pair did not win.

Win! The Captain was not thinking of winning—thinking of something else—thinking of the dark-brown horse just in front of him, Diablo. Goldfinder held Chang quite safe as far as winning went, he knew; his business was to take care of Diablo, and mayhap his rider, for Captain Frank's suspicion had become a certainty.

A steeplechase of three miles and a half is not a spring in which the start counts for much; so they were soon away, the silk jackets of the riders snapping and cracking at the wind, like frost breaking away from the tightened bark of trees in winter.

Beth said to herself that she shouldn't care much, shouldn't take much interest in the thing; but when the roar, "They're off!" beat up from the enclosure below

and went ech'ing through the stand, she felt that she had three or four hearts in her breast, all beating and hammering away with a suffocating quickness. Still she did not care—it was the excitement.

Over the first three fences they raced like mad things; not at all like cool-headed riders in a big steeplechase.

"They'll soon crack up at that pace," racing men said; "it's too fast."

Jovial's rider was racing for the lead, and Diablo, with blood-red nostrils spread wide, his small wicked ears laid tight back on his cobra-like neck, looked the perfect embodiment of evil, as he galloped on the leader's quarter. Maynard was pulling at his head; but the very devil was in the horse.

At the third fence Prifton, an outsider, struck the rail heavily, and the bamboo clanged back like a taut bowstring. The fall was so terrific that Prifton and his rider lay as though their backs were broken.

Surging to the right over this fence, just in time to miss the fallen horse, Musket, Goldfinder, and Chang went in a bunch. Over the "post and rails," and "drop fence," they still kept up the terrible pace, Goldfinder making the heart of Douglas Slade glad as he skimmed them like a deer. "God and my girl!" he muttered, quite like a knight of old, as he felt the great springy chestnut rise each jump with a mighty surge and come down on the other side like a cat.

Beth, too, was muttering something as she watched the dark-blue cap rise in the air, almost disappear, and then go skimming along on the level.

Maynard was pulling Diablo back to the others. Johnson saw that, and pushed Chang out a little. "You devil!" he jerked out between his set teeth, "I'll give you what-for!"

That was for Maynard.

At the big mud wall Jovial struck his forefeet and sent a cloud of dust in the air. As the others swept by, they saw Jovial's rider plowing along on his side, as though he had been shot out of a catapult. But he was not hurt, and in three seconds had the horse going again.

Maynard, with a strong pull at Diablo's head, had got him back until Chang's nose was on his flank. On Chang's quarter raced Goldfinder.

Johnson saw Maynard take a look over his shoulder at Slade's mount. "He'll try it on the in-and-out or the big water jump," thought Captain Frank.

The "in-and-out" was two big mud walls

about twenty feet apart. As they neared it Johnson saw that Maynard was up to mischief. "He'll pull dead across Goldfinder if I don't bring him down," he thought.

Four strides from the first wall Maynard looked around again. Goldfinder was thundering along just behind Chang, who was still lapped on Diablo's quarter.

Captain Frank saw the look, and the short wrap that Maynard took in the right rein of Diablo's bridle.

"Pull back!" he yelled to Slade, and drove the spurs into Chang's great flanks.

At that instant Maynard pulled Diablo's head short to the right as they lifted at the first wall. With a smashing crash Chang was into him, chest on. As the two went into the dip, a smashed mass, Goldfinder took off at their very heels, swinging slightly to the left, and landed clear of the wreck.

The second wall he cleared also, and he and Musket, a length behind, raced on the level. Jovial was lengths behind.

A cry of horror went up from the stand as Diablo and Chang toppled over the wall in a broken heap. Beth closed her eyes, and



"'I HARDLY KNOW YET WHAT I WON,' SHE REPLIED ENIGMATICALLY."

turned white. When she opened them, the blue cap was skimming along like a bird. "Who fell?" she asked faintly.

"Captain Johnson and Maynard are down," her companion replied. "I'm afraid there are backs broken there."

It seemed wicked to feel glad when perhaps some one was lying dead between those barriers, but her heart certainly gave a throb of joy at the answer that told her the owner of the blue cap was Slade, and still riding. She was beginning to forget all about the banter.

Then the race itself began in earnest. Musket and Goldfinder were fighting like gladiators for the Cup their masters coveted so much. At the water jump, eighteen feet broad, they came together, together they flew it. A roar of applause went up from the straining, eager watchers.

Half a mile from home Musket's head showed well in front. "Lord Dick'll win," said Beth's companion. "Musket's an Irish horse, bred to run all day."

Beth's fingers clutched tightly the handle of her parasol, and she set her white lips firm and hard.

And so they came, around the corner, and up the stretch, and over fences—always the same; the creamy nose of Lord Dick's roan always a trifle in front. As they cleared the last fence, Slade seemed to send a thrill of the pent-up energy of his frame into Goldfinder, and the big horse made a last mighty effort. Surely, slowly, his golden nozzle crept up past the mottled head of the roan. Lord Dick's whip flashed in the air, and cut at Musket's quivering flanks. Slade sat perfectly still, crouched low over the withers of his horse, for he knew that Goldfinder knew and was making his last effort. There was no sound in the stand, nothing but the strained breathing of the people who waited.

Only the judges knew as they flashed under the wire which had won. Then the numbers went up, and the crowd knew. It was Goldfinder's race.

"Sorry for Lord Dick," said Beth's companion, as they sat down; "but the other chap, Slade, deserves it. Never saw a gamer race in my life."

Beth wasn't sorry for anybody. Her nerves were jerking and twitching, and she felt that she never wanted to see another race in her life—not one just like that, anyway.

Two processions came into the stand enclosure almost together. Musket and Gold-

finder formed one, while the other consisted of two stretchers, carrying Johnson and Maynard.

"A twisted ankle and a cracked rib is no price to pay for a victory like that," Captain Frank assured Slade; "besides, I wiped that Umballa score out."

Maynard was badly smashed up too; collar-bone broken, and a badly wrenched shoulder, but not beyond the working of more mischief, though.

After the race, Slade met Beth, face to face, on the lawn. She held out her hand in a pleased way.

"Are you glad I won?" he asked awkwardly. "Did you win gloves or anything over my mount?"

"I hardly know yet what I won," she replied enigmatically. "You see I can't quite remember what my bets were till people come to pay up."

"I don't know what I've won either," thought Slade, as Beth's companion carried her off; "but I'll find out to-morrow."

That night Slade was having the fruits of victory thrust upon him. They were having a little victory dinner, he and some friends, and in the middle of it a servant brought in a letter for him.

The letter was from Johnson. It was characteristic and much to the point. Somebody had entered a protest against Goldfinder, on the score that he was not the sole property of Mr. Slade. The stewards, whose brains were as weak as stewed tea-leaves, had decided to hold the Cup back. Goldfinder had undoubtedly won the race itself; and stakes and bets would go to his owner and backers, but the Cup would not be handed over until Slade proved that he had complied with the regulations. There would be a meeting of the stewards next morning at ten o'clock, when he would have a chance to prove his case. All that Johnson wrote, and more too; but the more too was chiefly ornamental, and reflected upon the character of the stewards and everybody associated with the objection.

Slade was sure there was no cause against him, but somehow he felt as though Beth were slipping away. Next day at the stewards' meeting he indignantly denied that anybody but himself had any interest in Goldfinder.

Then he was confronted with something he had completely forgotten—his promise to Baldeck.

One of the stewards said: "An objection has been lodged on the score that Mr. Bal-



deck is still interested in Goldfinder, to the extent that you promised him the Cup, or a duplicate of it, in the event of his winning. If you assure the stewards that this is not so, there is no evidence other than Mr. Baldeck's word, and we shall be forced to overrule the objection. If you admit it, it establishes the fact that Mr. Baldeck still has an interest in the horse, that you are not the sole owner. In that event the Cup will go to Musket, who finished second."

It was a bitter pill, losing the prize, and on a technicality, too; but Slade never hesitated for an instant. His word would be taken against the other man's, but that didn't matter.

"I promised Mr. Baldeck the Cup," he said gravely. "I didn't know that it constituted an interest in the horse."

That afternoon he went to hand Beth the gage back; not as he thought he should have gone, to demand fulfilment of the promise, given in banter though it was, but to admit that he had failed.

It was rather odd that Beth had heard all the facts of the case before Slade got

there, but she had. Whether Captain Frank was able to get about in a gharry or not, I don't know; but Beth knew.

"I have brought back your gage," said Slade, trying to speak in the same bantering tone they had used that other time. "I failed to get you the Cup."

Beth smiled a little as she reached out for the creased slip of paper Douglas handed her. "She doesn't care a rap," he thought; "she is laughing at me."

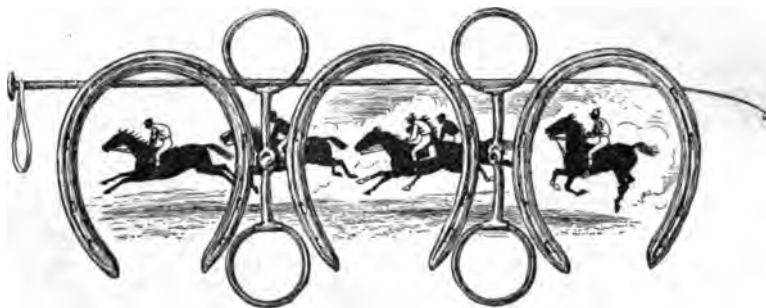
Deliberately Beth opened the dust-stained note, and read it with provoking coolness.

"This doesn't say a word about the Ballygunge Cup," she said, arching her eyebrows.

"Doesn't what?" he broke in, perplexed.

"It says—wait, I'll read it to you: 'If Douglas Slade wins the next Ballygunge *steeplechase*, I promise to—' Then she broke off, as she had in writing the note, and looking up at him inquiringly, asked, "And you did win the *steeplechase*, didn't you—though you are not to get the Cup?"

And so it really did not matter very much about the Cup, after all, though they would have liked it in their drawing-room.





OPENING OF THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE ODZI RIVER—AN IRON BRIDGE ON THE LINE RUNNING FROM SALISBURY TO BEIRA, ON THE INDIAN OCEAN.

From a photograph by Bleackley, Umtali.



## THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY.

BY W. T. STEAD.

**L**AST year, at St. Petersburg, when I was talking to Herr Rothstein, he suddenly surprised me by an observation on the secret forces which appear to dominate the actions of men. Herr Rothstein, although but little heard of outside Russia, is one of the dozen notable personalities who influence the policy of that great empire. He is a Jew, and a German Jew. But he is Monsieur Witte's Jew; and as the financial adviser of the Imperial Finance Minister, he is a man of mark as well as a man of wealth, a man of influence, and a man of power. But although knowing and respecting him as financier and as statesman, I was hardly prepared for the philosophical observation which fell from his lips on the subject of the great transcontinental line which Russia is building across northern Asia.

"This railway," said Herr Rothstein,

"like many others of the same nature, is being built under the compulsion of an impulse, or an instinct, which it is impossible to justify on financial, political, or military grounds. The sacrifices which the construction entails will never be repaid, at least to the men who make them. From a financial point of view, I could name a score of other methods of investing money within the empire that would pay handsomely, pay far better than this transcontinental railway can ever hope to do. But nations appear to be sometimes possessed by an uncontrollable passion to bring together the uttermost ends of a continent, quite irrespective of rational motives. It is a kind of demon which drives them; and I can only suppose that the impulse is intended to promote the general good of mankind. Certainly, in our case, the sacrifices are much more obvious than the gain to Russia."

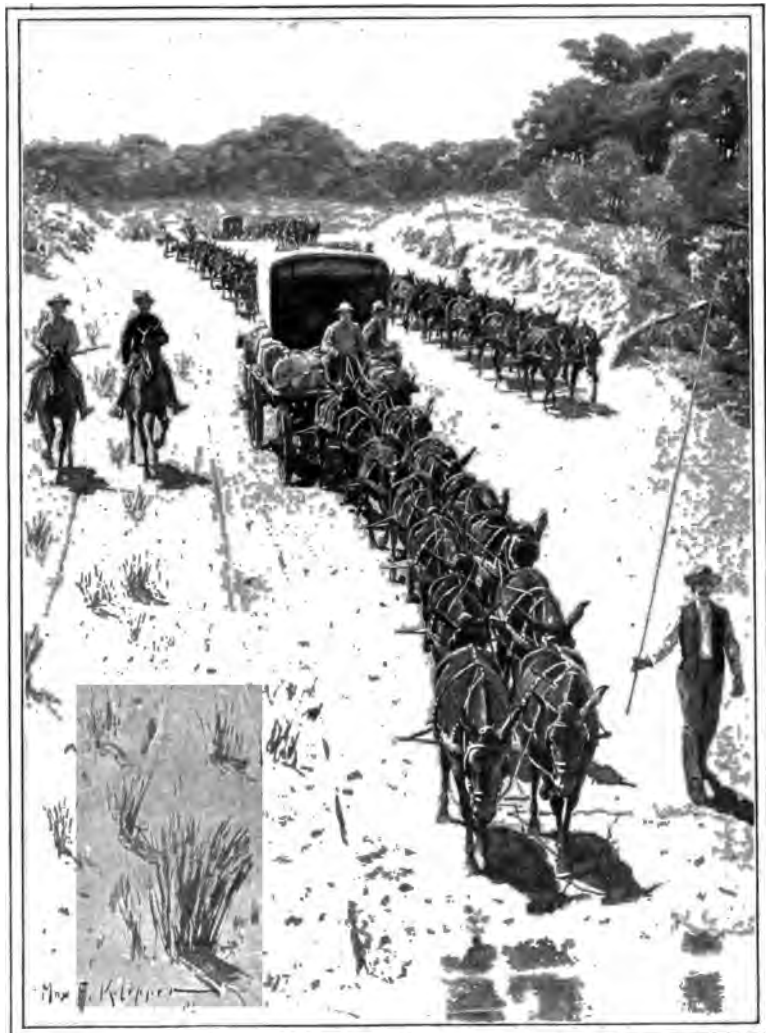
If this be the case with the Siberian rail-

way, what can be said of the Cape to Cairo line but that it is a still more striking illustration of Herr Rothstein's doctrine? From a political point of view, the British Empire will profit even more than Russia by the building of the Asiatic through railway, over which in a few years will pass all the mails between England and her colonies and dependencies in the Pacific. From every point of view, the construction of the line across Siberia is more important to the English-speaking world than the Cape to Cairo railway. To shorten the time in which one can travel round the planet from sixty-five to thirty-three days is an achievement of supreme value to the only race that has planted its families all around the world. But the Cape to Cairo railway will not materially diminish the dimensions of the planet. After it is built, no express will traverse the Continent in less than eleven days. Add to this the four or five days between London and Cairo, and we have fifteen or sixteen days for the overland route, as against seventeen or eighteen days by sea.

If the Cape to Cairo line is not urgently wanted in order to expedite communication between London and the extremities of Africa for imperial or military reasons, it is still less wanted from the point of view of a dividend-earning investment. There is at this moment no through traffic of any kind between the Cape and Cairo. The two ends of the African Continent have absolutely

nothing in common, except that they are both African, and that both are at present under the shelter of the British flag. To build the line would cost fifty million dollars at least, possibly twice as much. It is extremely doubtful whether it would earn a dividend or could even be worked except at a loss. And yet, notwithstanding all these obvious and indisputable considerations, it is by no means impossible that the Cape to Cairo line may be in working order in 1909.

Why it should be so, why the keenly practical and stolidly unimaginative Briton should be bending his energies and lavishing his resources in order to construct a line from



FROM CAPE TO CAIRO—THE PRESENT METHOD OF TRANSPORTATION.

Drawn from a photograph.



LORD EVELYN BARING CROMER, BRITISH CONSUL-GENERAL IN EGYPT.

From a copyrighted photograph by Elliott &amp; Fry, London.

idea has fascinated the imagination of Mr. Rhodes; and the second and hardly less potent reason is the fact that the Cape and Cairo both begin with the letter C. Possibly this second reason ought to have precedence over the first, for who knows how much of the fascination which has caught Mr. Rhodes's fancy was due to "apt alliteration's artful aid"?

After these two leading motives, there must be mentioned as a potent third cause the jealousy of the nations, and especially the anxiety of many Englishmen for the security of their somewhat precarious position in Egypt and the Nile valley. It is

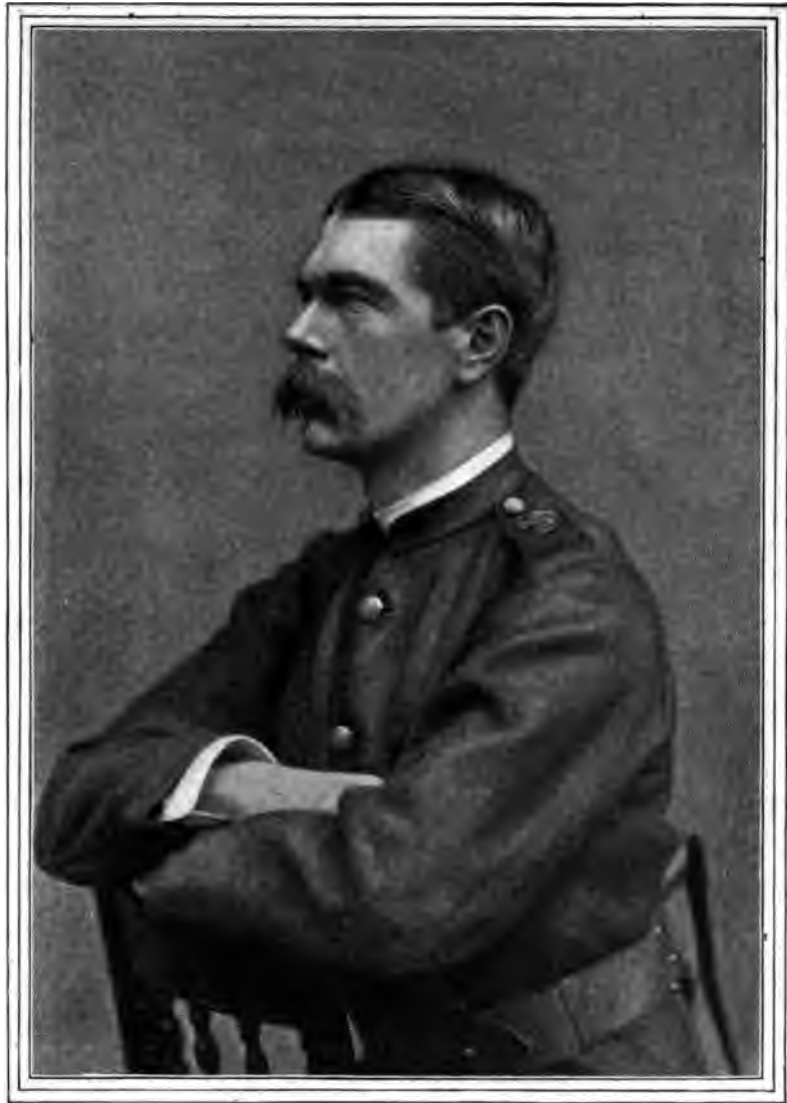
Cape to Cairo, it is difficult to explain, except on the theory of Herr Rothstein—that the Providence that rules mankind has willed that the ends of the world should be linked together and that the continents should be bridged by the iron rail; and so, obedient to the Invisible Power behind the veil, mortal men hasten to carry out their appointed task. That may be, perhaps is, the occult, hidden source from which such activities spring; but the outer and visible reasons why the Cape to Cairo line is coming into being are simple and obvious enough. The first dominating cause is the fact that the

true the railway, even when constructed, will not paint the African map British red from the Mediterranean to the Table Mountain. But it undoubtedly tinges the whole intervening region with the ruddy glow that heralds the dawn of Empire. Had the idea taken anything approaching its present shape in the days when the German claims to East Africa were being considered by the British Government, there would have been very stringent provisions made to secure a strip of territory down the side of Lake Tanganyika, along which the Cape to Cairo line would have had undisputed right of way.

Unfortunately, the dream of Mr. Rhodes had not then even been dreamed. So it came to pass that a solid block of German territory intervenes between the northern and southern termini of the line, across which Mr. Rhodes must carry his railway as best he can, on terms the deciding factor in which lies, not in London, but in Berlin. That, however, only increased the desire of the British Imperialist to provide against any further interruptions of the continuity of British red between Cape and Cairo.

When steeple-jacks wish to ascend a lofty spire, they are accustomed to fly a kite so that its string falls across the pinnacle. To this string a stout cord is attached, by the aid of which a rope and

ladder are soon securely fixed in position, giving the steeplejack easy access to the summit. When Mr. Rhodes began to plan the construction of his Cape to Cairo railway, he flew his kite over the continent. Some five or six years ago—time flies fast when men are building empires—he startled the world with the announcement that he intended to construct an overland telegraph line from the Cape to Cairo. At first men jeered. When he appealed for funds from the public with which to lay down his wires through Central Africa, the Stock Exchange



LORD HORATIO HERBERT KITCHENER OF KHARTUM, SIRDAR OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY.

From a copyrighted photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

for once was deaf to his appeal. The Mahdist rebellion was then in full possession of Khartum and the Egyptian Soudan. Ever since Gordon's death, the vast belt of territory between the equatorial lakes and the Nile at Dongola had been hermetically sealed against European civilization. How could Rhodes hope to get his lines through Mahdism?

"Oh, as to that," replied Rhodes with boyish confidence, "when the time comes, I shall know how to square the Mahdi."

People shrugged their shoulders, and said

that the fanaticism of the Mahdi would be proof even against the wealth of Mr. Rhodes. Then other objectors asked how the telegraph poles were to be protected from the white ants, those scavengers of Central Africa, to whose tooth nothing is sacred that has not within it the principle of life.

man to be balked in his purpose. He at once began the construction of the line, starting from the northern terminus of the Cape telegraphic service. He has pushed the line northward through Rhodesia to Umtali, in Mashonaland, which is 1,800 miles from the Cape, and is pushing it on through



THE PIONEER OF THE RAILWAY— A TRACTION ENGINE LEAVING MACEQUECE, ON THE LINE OF CONSTRUCTION OF THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY.

Drawn from a photograph.

"Make them of iron," replied Rhodes.

"But against the wandering herds of wild elephants what avail will be your iron poles? These huge pachyderms would use the telegraph poles as scratching-posts."

"We shall see," was Mr. Rhodes's reply. "And if you don't subscribe for the Cape to Cairo telegraph stock, I will find the money myself, and go ahead."

Nine-tenths of the money had to be found by Mr. Rhodes personally. But he is not a

Nyassaland to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, another 700 miles farther north. The total distance to be covered is 6,600 miles. At the same time, the Egyptian Government, under British auspices, was pushing its telegraph system southward from Wady Halfa. Its advance was intermittent, the erection of the telegraph poles being necessarily dependent upon the pushing back of the outposts of the Dervishes. Last autumn, however, the destruction of the power

of the Khalifa at Omdurman enabled the Anglo-Egyptian authorities to reopen the long-closed telegraph office at Khartum. Khartum being 1,300 miles from Cairo, this reduces the distance to be spanned by the telegraph wire to 3,500 miles; or, if we reckon Abercorn on Lake Tanganyika as its northern terminus, only 2,800 miles. It is being rapidly eaten into at both ends, more rapidly in the south than in the north. Still nearly one-half of



A TYPICAL JUNGLE SCENE ON THE MOMBASA-UGANDA RAILWAY.

From a photograph copyrighted by the Committee of the Uganda Commission. The thorny scrub, which extends some 200 miles inland from the coast, is so heavy that it is often impossible to cut through more than a quarter of a mile a day.



A TYPICAL KAFFIR KRAAL, NEAR BULAWAYO, ON THE LINE OF THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY.



LAYING THE TRACK OF THE SOUDAN MILITARY RAILWAY.

The gangs of Arab and Soudanese laborers laid the ties and rails brought to them by the construction train, shown in the distance. As fast as the rails were laid the train advanced. This and the picture below are drawn from photographs taken by René Bull, correspondent of "Black and White" in Egypt and the Soudan during the Khartum campaign.

the continent, and that the most difficult part, remains to be crossed. How difficult it is may be inferred from the fact that, whereas the line was put up at a cost of \$250 a mile in Rhodesia, it is estimated that it may cost from \$400 to \$500 per mile in the territory between Umtali and the extreme southern limit of the Egyptian Soudan.



THE SOUDAN MILITARY RAILWAY—UNLOADING AMMUNITION AT THE HEAD OF THE LINE.



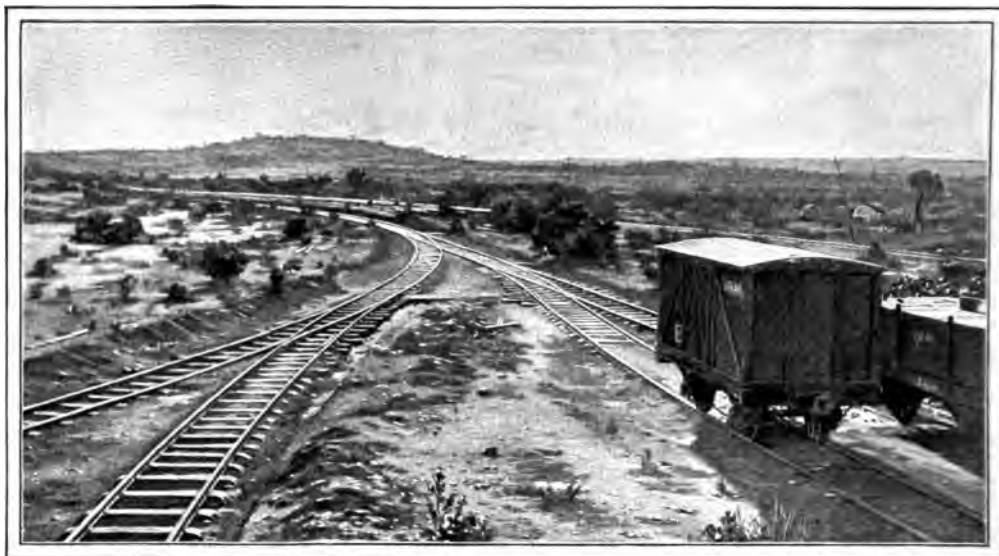


TRAVELERS' REST, AN INN NEAR BULAWAYO, ON THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY. DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



A TRAIN FORD ACROSS THE SHASHI RIVER, ONE HUNDRED MILES BELOW BULAWAYO, ON THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY. DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.





VIEW FROM THE COAL STAGE, BULAWAYO, CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY. THE MAIN LINE IS ON THE RIGHT.

Drawn from a photograph.

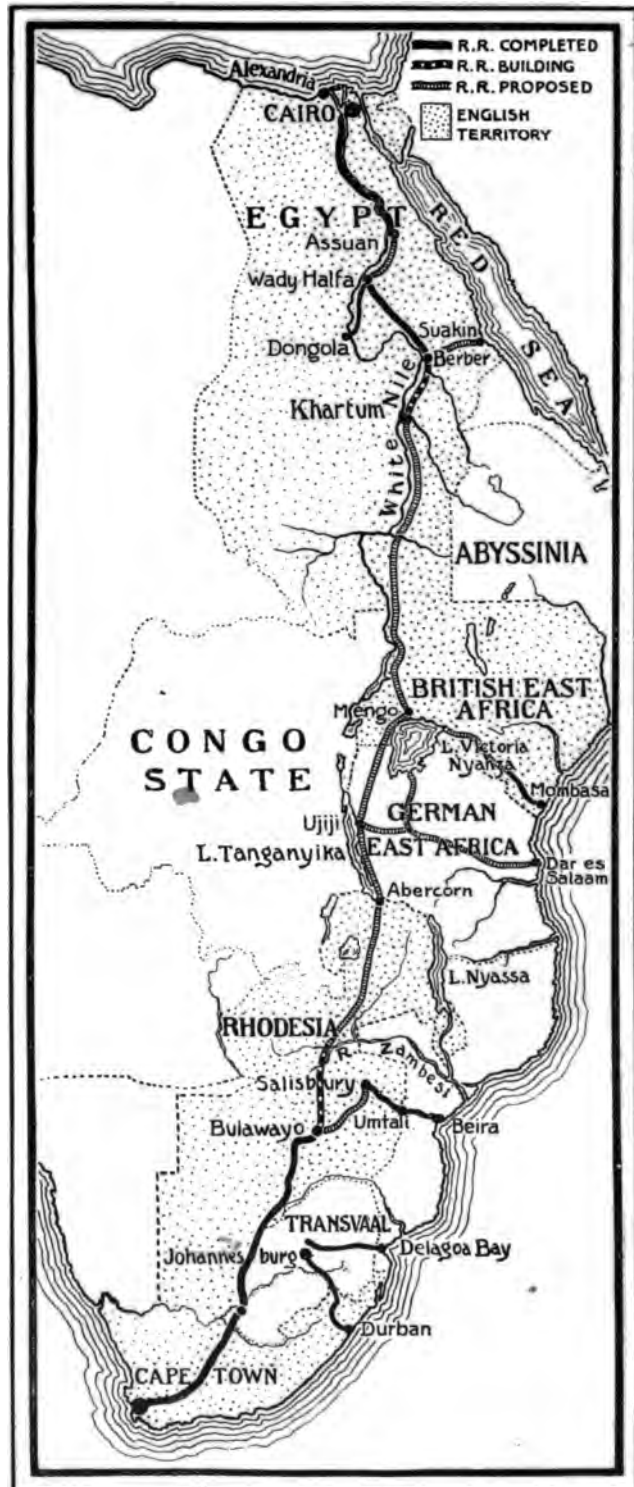
From Umtali, the telegraph line strikes Nyassaland at Blantyre. From thence, it northward to Tete, where it crosses the Zam- skirts the lake on the western coast to Ka- besi, and joins the telegraphic system of ronga, which was reached last December.



MACAPA BRIDGE, ON THE LINE OF THE MOMBASA-UGANDA RAILWAY.

From a photograph copyrighted by the Committee of the Uganda Railway Commission. On the left of the picture is shown the partially completed iron bridge; on the right is the temporary timber viaduct, constructed for working purposes. Timber does not last long in these waters, because they are infected by the *Teredo navalis*, or ship-worm.

From Karonga, the route lies through Rhodesia to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika. From Abercorn, it will enter German territory, and skirt Lake Tanganyika on the east. The Germans gave Mr. Rhodes leave to carry his line through German territory on condition that he would, in addition to his own through wire, lay down at his own cost a separate line between Rhodesia and British East Africa, the wire of which is to be used solely for the telegraph traffic of German East Africa, and to be the property of the German Government, which will keep up the line at Mr. Rhodes's expense. At the end of forty years, the German Government may take over the line without paying compensation of any kind. Beggars must not be choosers, and the German Government having Mr. Rhodes at its mercy, drove this bargain before giving him way leave through territory which it has neither colonized, civilized, nor occupied. After leaving German territory, the telegraph line will make its way to Mengo, in Uganda; and then, avoiding the malarious valley of the Nile between Lake Albert and Khartum, it will traverse the edge of the plateau that skirts the frontier of Abyssinia, and make a junction with the Anglo-Egyptian system on the frontier of the Soudan. With the exception of the 700 miles of German territory, the whole distance from Cape to Cairo is already colored British red on the African map. That distance may be reduced to 300 miles if the beginning of German territory is reckoned at the north end of Tanganyika, instead of the south. England has a right of free navigation over the whole length of the lake—400 miles—so that, in reality, of the 6,600 miles which stretch between Cape



MAP SHOWING THE ENTIRE LINE OF THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY.  
COMPILED FROM THE LATEST SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

and Cairo the traveling Briton need only for 300 miles stray beyond the protecting shadow of the Union Jack.

The Transcontinental Telegraph Company, unlike the Cape to Cairo railway, can be justified as a financial speculation. The cost of telegraphing to South Africa at present is \$1.20 per word. Communication goes by cables on the east and west coasts of the continent. The capital invested in the African cables is estimated at from fifteen to twenty million dollars. To keep the cables in repair six vessels are constantly employed, three on each coast. To build the overland line costs from \$250 to \$500 per mile. Averaging it at \$375, the total cost of putting up the telegraph wire across Africa would be less than \$2,500,000. The cost of upkeep is also much less for the overland line than for the submarine cable. It may, indeed, be calculated that the cost of maintenance will be largely met by local messages, none of which are of course at the command of the cable companies. The net result is that, when the overland wire is in working order, Mr. Rhodes will be able to reduce the cost of telegraphy at once from \$1.20 to 84 cents a word, and earn a good dividend besides.

So much for the telegraph line, which it is expected will be in working order in five years' time. It is, however, the Cape to Cairo railway that has most attracted the attention of the world. It is not built yet; hardly half of it is contracted for. But it is following closely on the heels of the telegraph, and Mr. Rhodes recently invited me to be present at the laying of the last rail on January 20, 1909. In ten years' time the line, it is calculated, will be completed and ready to carry the mails from Cairo to the Cape. The cost of the whole line is estimated at \$125,000,000. But as over 3,000 miles are at present constructed, the total required for the central section will not exceed \$75,000,000. Mr. Rhodes, indeed, put it recently at only \$50,000,000. His estimate was that 3,229 miles still needed to be built, and that they could be built at a cost of \$15,000 per mile. This, however, is a somewhat sanguine estimate. Since it was framed, Mr. Rhodes has seen cause to vary the route, in order to avoid the swamps in the Nile valley—a commendable object, but one which will not diminish the mileage of iron way. The cost of constructing the Cape railway through Bechuanaland was \$15,000 per mile; but in Rhodesia, owing to the greater cost of carriage and the increased

cost of labor, the railway bill ciphered out at \$19,000 per mile. It will be strange if the cost is less than this in the centre of equatorial Africa.

The task of bridging the continent of Africa by a railway has been facilitated by the necessities of war. Hosea Biglow's familiar saying about "civilization getting a lift in the powder-cart" was seldom more appositely illustrated than by the recent war in the Soudan. When the Sirdar, General—now Lord—Kitchener began to work out the carefully calculated plan of campaign which he had matured for striking down the Dervishes of the Desert, he found himself confronted by this almost insuperable difficulty. The heart of the enemy was situate just 1,200 miles south of Cairo. To reach that heart and deal it a deadly blow, 1,200 miles (chiefly desert) had to be traversed by an army every mouthful of whose food, to say nothing of its powder and shot, its forage, and all its other impedimenta, must be despatched from a base 1,200 miles to the rear of the fighting front. In the previous invasion of the Soudan, Lord Wolseley had endeavored to overcome this immense difficulty of transport by utilizing the Nile and despatching an army in rowboats, past the cataracts, to Dongola. The experience of that expedition hardly justified the repetition of the experiment. If, therefore, the great blow was to be struck at the heart of Mahdism, the desert between Wady Halfa and Berber must be bridged by a railway. There was comparatively little engineering to do. The desert is level. Its drawback is not difficult gradients, but the scantiness of water. Between the starting-point at Wady Halfa and the terminus at the Atbara there are only two wells—one place per 175 miles where you can quench your thirst under an African sun cannot be considered an ideal allowance. The line was constructed for the most part by the natives, the Egyptian soldiers lending a hand under English supervision. When the Dervishes were beaten in the earlier campaign, their disbanded soldiers eagerly sought employment in making the line along which, a few months later, a force of 23,000 men was to be hurled against the capital of the Khalifa.

Further progress was stopped by the difficulty of bridging the Atbara. It was decided to throw a bridge across the river before the July floods. Time was short. Tenders were invited from British bridge-builders on a specification which was so elaborate that, when the tenders arrived, it was

discovered that the building would take two years to erect, as it was not capable of being launched. Fresh tenders had to be invited in hot haste, and to the infinite dismay of the British public it was discovered that the Americans beat their rivals hollow both as to time and as to price. The order was not a very large one. The total cost of the bridge was only \$32,500. But no incident in recent years has brought home to the British public the extent to which the British manufacturer has been beaten by his American rival more forcibly than this matter of the Atbara bridge. No English firm could undertake to deliver the bridge either at the cost or in the time which it was supplied by the Americans. Within thirty-seven days of the receipt of the order, the seven spans of the Atbara bridge left New York Harbor for their destination in Egypt.

The line south of the Atbara on to Khartum is already in course of construction. Thousands of the Dervishes who escaped unhurt from the slaughter of Omdurman are shoveling dirt at a beggarly pittance per day, and glad to get it. Openings for unskilled labor are not too numerous in the Soudan.

The ultimate route of the Khartum railway is uncertain. Originally the idea was entertained of carrying it along the Nile valley through Fashoda to Sobat, where the trunk line from the south was to have effected a junction. More careful examination of the proposed route has compelled a modification of this scheme. It is more likely that the railway will be deflected eastward, and, like the telegraph, will skirt the western frontiers of Abyssinia. There is also some talk of building the much discussed Suakim-Khartum branch; but at present the notion is not to cross the desert to Berber, but to trend southward by Kassala. Suakim is undoubtedly the sea-gate of the Egyptian Soudan, and a line of a few hundred miles in length has always an enormous pull over its rival whose haulage exceeds a thousand miles.

A railway without a seaport is like a plant without a root, and even this transcontinental line will depend for its prosperity chiefly upon the number and facility of its points of access to the sea. Its northern terminus is Alexandria, once one of the greatest of all seaports, and still the most thriving harbor in the African continent. The southern terminus is at the base of Table Mountain, that silent sentinel which looks from the extreme limit of Africa over the waste of

water which stretches southward to the Antarctic ice. Between these two extreme ports, separated by 6,000 miles, there is at present only one port from which the Cape to Cairo line has access to the ocean. This is where the little two-foot gauge Beira-Salisbury railway crosses the malarial region of Portuguese South Africa, 200 miles south of the delta of the Zambesi. Beira is the natural seaport of Rhodesia. When Portugal sells her colonies, Beira with Delagoa Bay will pass into the hands of the English. But at present satisfactory working arrangements enable the Rhodesians to receive and despatch merchandise across Portuguese territory to the Indian Ocean.

When we turn from the railways from the seacoast which actually exist to those which are already projected, or are partly constructed, we find that the Cape to Cairo railway may count upon having access to the sea by means of independent lines running westward into the interior on the East Coast at five different points. To the West Coast there is at present talk of two railways: one crossing German territory to the British post of Walvisch Bay, the other stretching across the Congo Free State, which would unite the Atlantic with Lake Tanganyika. The latter is something more than a project, for the Belgians have partially surveyed the route, and the telegraph and telephone, the pioneers of the railway, have already linked the great inland lake with the Congo waterway. The distance, however, between the Cape to Cairo line and the Western Coast is so much greater than that which divides it from the Indian Ocean that we need not discuss the West African lines as material factors in the success of Mr. Rhodes's project.

The railways from the East Coast which will feed the great trunk line are as follows:

(1) The Natal railway, which starts from Durban, and at present terminates in the Transvaal.

(2) The Delagoa Bay railway, starting from the port of that name, in Portuguese territory, and terminating, like the Natal railways, in the Transvaal.

At present, and so long as President Kruger is supreme in the Boer Republic, there will be no junction between the Cape to Cairo line and the railways serving the Transvaal. But President Kruger's day is hastening to its close. Nothing is more certain in the future than that the Federation of all South African States will be accomplished under British auspices. When that day comes, perhaps even before that day comes, the

Transvaal railways will be joined to the great trunk line which runs northward just outside the frontier of the Republic.

(3) The Beira railway, of which I have already spoken, crossing Portuguese territory, enters Rhodesia at Umtali, from which point it is in communication with Salisbury on the north and Bulawayo in the southwest. It is to be widened to three feet six inches, experience having shown that a two-foot gauge line cannot be worked at a profit. As the result of the change in gauge, the freight will be reduced from \$55 to \$40 per ton.

(4) The German East African railway, which is still a subject for discussion at Berlin. This line, the preliminary survey of which has been undertaken, will start from the sea-coast, and after crossing the German Protectorate to Tabora, will throw out two branches, one terminating at Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika, the other at some post on the Victoria Nyanza. The first section of this line—only one-sixth of the whole—will connect the coast with Mrogoro in Ukami; and although only 110 miles in length, it is estimated that to build it will cost \$3,000,000, an average of \$30,000 per mile. The cost of building the railway to the Lakes cannot, therefore, be less than \$20,000,000.

(5) The British East African railway from Mombasa to the Victoria Nyanza. This line is now in course of construction. Three hundred miles, or nearly one-half of the entire line, have been built across the lowlands nearest the sea, at a cost of \$8,750,000, which makes the average cost about the same as the German estimate. The remaining half, which is more difficult from an engineering point of view, will bring the total expenditure up to a sum far exceeding the original estimate of \$15,000,000. The lake terminus of the Mombasa railway will be close to the German frontier, on the eastern shore of the Victoria Nyanza. The Cape to Cairo line will pass on the western coast of the lake. Owing to the extraordinary perversity of the British Foreign Office, the gauge of the Mombasa line differs from that of all other African railways. The gauge of the Egyptian railways is four feet eight inches. The gauge of the South African lines is three feet six inches. But the gauge of the Mombasa line is three feet three inches.

(6) Between Mombasa and Suakim, on the Red Sea, there is a stretch of 1,800 miles as the crow flies, a belt through which there will be no access to the sea. Not until we reach Suakim can the Cape to Cairo line ex-

tend a branch to the sea. Whether *via* Berber or *via* Kassala, there is no doubt but that it will reach the sea at Suakim.

In constructing the Cape to Cairo line, it is to be expected that at first, at all events, its builders will avail themselves of the remarkable series of waterways which line their route. Even to this day, although the railway runs 350 miles south of Wady Halfa, the Egyptian Government is content to rely upon the Nile for the 200 miles which lie between Assuan and Wady Halfa. If Mr. Rhodes were to utilize all the lakes on his way, he would be able to get a lift of 400 miles on Lake Nyassa, 400 more along Tanganyika, and nearly 300 on the Victoria Nyanza, so that at least one-third of the gap yet to be bridged could be crossed by steamer. If, in addition to the lakes, he decided to utilize the Nile below Khartum, it is possible to travel, when the Nile is high, 450 miles from Khartum to Fashoda; and if the sudd or floating vegetation could be cut through by steamer and the waterway kept clear, he might go by boat to the Albert Nyanza, which is 750 miles farther south. By thus utilizing both river and lakes, the distance to be covered by rail would be reduced to little more than 1,000 miles. Mr. Rhodes's idea is, however, to carry the railway the whole distance, so as to avoid transshipment, and to escape the malarious marshes between Khartum and the Albert Nyanza.

Mr. Rhodes began his end of the line by building 600 miles of railway from Vryburg in Bechuanaland to Bulawayo in Rhodesia. The construction was hurried because the cattle-plague, by destroying the oxen of South Africa, rendered transport impossible. The railway was not built by the Chartered Company—the East India Company of South Africa, which came into existence to enable Mr. Rhodes to execute his great designs—but the company formed for its construction received a twenty years' subsidy from the Chartered Company of \$50,000 per annum, and the company besides guaranteed five per cent. interest on the first mortgage debentures and debenture stock. The cost of building the line was about \$10,000,000, toward which the Imperial Government, through Sir William Harcourt (then Chancellor of the Exchequer), contributed \$1,000,000. The line has been very successful, and its success has naturally led to a demand for a further extension.

No practical proposal, it need hardly be said, has ever been made as yet to construct the Cape to Cairo line. All that is at pres-

ent in negotiation is the construction of the northward extension of the Bechuanaland railway to the gold and coal regions of Rhodesia, which it is necessary to tap in the interest of the colonists themselves. Even if there were no Cape to Cairo Grand Trunk line in the air, the building of the railway to the gold region of Gwelo and the valuable coal field of the Mafungabusi district would be indispensable. The Bechuanaland Railway Company needs coal. At present it has to carry its fuel as well as its freight from the Cape to Rhodesia. Hence its cars return empty. When the Mafungabusi area is tapped, where seventy miles of coal-beds lie waiting the pick of the miner, not only will the railway find fuel, but it will also find mineral to fill the cars at present returned empty. The hundred miles from Bulawayo to Gwelo are all surveyed and pegged out ready for the constructor. From Gwelo to Mafungabusi, a distance of 150 miles, another section is surveyed and will be taken in hand at once. Beyond Mafungabusi there are only 150 miles to cross before the line will reach the Zambesi. This river it is proposed to bridge just outside the Portuguese frontier, about 500 miles east of the Victoria Falls, where a short bridge of a quarter of a mile will carry the line across the one great river it will meet on its northward way. Mr. Rhodes hopes to cross the Zambesi in five years' time.

Up to this point, the Cape to Cairo line may be said to have materialized or to be in a fair way to materialize. North of the Zambesi, the line exists only on paper and in the imagination of Mr. Rhodes. No regular survey has been made, and it is quite possible that the line of route at present contemplated may be abandoned. The telegraph route, for instance, differs widely from that which the railway will follow. It is easy to sling a telegraph wire across ravines without regard to gradients which would baffle the engineer of a railway. The telegraph line crosses Portuguese territory at Tete, and makes its way to Blantyre, and then skirts Lake Nyassa to Karonga. The original design of the railway is to run it west of Zumbo, midway between Nyassa and Bangweolo, along a healthy open plateau which skirts the Loango valley to Lake Cheroma, 220 miles north of the Zambesi. From thence it will strike 280 miles across country to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika. The cost of constructing the line from Bulawayo to Tanganyika is estimated at about \$15,000,000—900 miles at about \$16,000 per mile.

Land costs nothing, labor is cheap. In the diamond mines, Mr. Rhodes pays his stalwart native as much as three hundred dollars a year. But on the Zambesi labor is plentiful at eighteen dollars per annum. The men employed in pegging out the telegraph line between Nyassa and Tanganyika are paid in a currency of calico estimated at less than a dollar a month. The engineering difficulties are not great, being chiefly confined to the crossing of the valley of the Zambesi and the rapid descent from the plateau to the shores of the Tanganyika.

Nothing has yet been arranged with the German Government for the railway right of way across German East Africa. Mr. Rhodes is not worrying himself about what must be done five years hence. He is content to arrange for the immediate necessities of the colony which bears his name. Not until 1904 will he be able to cross the Zambesi, and it is a far cry from the Zambesi to the southern frontier of German East Africa. What will happen then it is premature to discuss to-day. Mr. Rhodes, no doubt, believes that he will be able to arrange terms whereby, to the mutual advantage of Great Britain and Germany, he will be permitted to carry his line through to Uganda. But while preparing for all eventualities, Mr. Rhodes, being a practical man, prefers to concentrate his energies on the next step, which is the northward extension of the Bechuanaland railway to the Mafungabusi coal field.

Such, in brief, is a sketch of the Cape to Cairo line. It is the first great trunk railway ever designed to span a continent from north to south. It is the first railway projected to cross the equator at right angles, and the only railway in the world which has ever been designed to cross territory across which no road, trade route, or human trackway has yet existed. No government is at the back of it. No financial syndicate hopes to make money out of it. That it should exist even in the realm of imagination is due solely to the creative genius of one man, and that the man who only three years ago was stripped of all his official positions and solemnly censured by a Parliamentary committee. But the greatness of Cecil Rhodes is not dependent upon official positions. His official positions, indeed, were only the certificates of an influence which existed before they were granted and which their withdrawal was powerless to affect. The Cape to Cairo railway is only the shadow of the African Colossus falling athwart the continent which is dominated by his personality.

# THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA.

## A NOVEL.

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON.

### SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

John Harkless, coming to the town of Plattville an unknown "young man from the East," has brought the "Carlow County Herald" from bankruptcy to prosperity, and made it a decided moral force in the community. He has compelled an unsavory politician, Rodney McCune, to retire to private life; has sent eight members of a gang of marauders, known as "White Caps," to the penitentiary; and has retrieved from drunkenness a broken-down schoolmaster, Fisbee, and given him employment on the paper. By these achievements he has secured the gratitude of all concerned except the White Caps, who threaten vengeance. A fair visitor now arrives in town—Helen Sherwood, related, apparently, in some wise to Fisbee. Harkless goes one night to call on her, and is fired at by the White Caps. She exposes herself to the fire by running to his as-

sistance. So far as he recalls, he has never seen her before; but he finds in her the realization of many a fond dream. Next day he discovers that his dreams have been in part memories, for he had known Helen, slightly, some years earlier; and she has kept trace of him ever since.

This day, during a circus parade which Helen and he are viewing together, Harkless breaks up the game of a pair of confidence men; and in the crowd and excitement, he is again secretly assailed by the White Caps, but without injury. In the evening, when they are alone in the garden of Helen's host, Judge Briscoe, she discloses to Harkless that she has been suddenly summoned home. This impels him, in spite of himself, to confess the love he is already feeling for her. Then, under the rejection he infers rather than receives, he leaves her desperately, to be caught soon after in a terrific storm. In the midst of the storm, as there becomes too much reason to fear, he is assailed a third time by the White Caps.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### THE COURT-HOUSE BELL.



THE court-house bell ringing in the night! No hesitating stroke of Schofield's Henry, no uncertain touch, was on the rope. A loud, wild, hurried clamor pealing out to wake the country-side, a rapid *clang! clang!* that struck clear in to the spine.

. . . The court-house bell had tolled for the death of Morton, of Garfield, of Hendricks; had rung joy-peals of peace after the war and after political campaigns; but it had rung as it was ringing now only three times: once when Hibbard's mill burned; once when Webb Landis killed Sep Bardlock, and intrenched himself in the lumber-yard, and would not be taken until he was shot through and through; and once when the Rouen accommodation, crowded with children and women and men, was wrecked within twenty yards of the station.

Why was the bell ringing now? Men and women, startled into wide wakefulness, groped to windows. No red mist hung over town or country. What was it? The bell rang on. Its loud alarm beat increasingly into men's hearts, and quickened their throbbing to the rapid measure of its own. Vague forms loomed in the gloaming. A horse, madly ridden, splashed through the town. There were shouts. Voices called

hoarsely. Lamps began to gleam in the windows. Half-clad people emerged from their houses, men slapping their braces on their shoulders as they ran out of doors. Questions were shouted into the dimness.

Then the news went over the town.

It was cried from yard to yard, from group to group, from gate to gate, and reached the furthestmost confines. Runners shouted it as they sped by, and boys panted it, breathless; women with loosened hair stumbled into darkling chambers and faltered it out to new-wakened sleepers; and pale girls, clutching wraps at their throats, whispered it across fences. The sick, tossing on their hard beds, heard it. The bell clamored it far and near; it spread over the country-side, and it flew over the wires to distant cities. The White Caps had got Mr. Harkless!

Lige Willetts had lost track of him out near Briscoe's, it was said, and had come into town at midnight seeking him. He had found Parker, the "Herald" foreman, and Ross Schofield, the typesetter, and Bud Tipworthy, the devil, at work in the printing-office, but no sign of Harkless, there or in the cottage. Together these had sought for him, and had roused others, who had inquired at every house where he might have gone for shelter; and they had heard nothing. They had watched for his coming during the slackening of the storm; he had not come, and there was no place he could have gone. He was missing. Only one thing could have happened.

They had roused up Tom Smith, the



prosecutor; and Horner, the sheriff; and Jared Wiley, the deputy. William Todd had rung the alarm. It was agreed that the first thing to do was to find him. After that there would be trouble—if not before. It looked as if there would be trouble before. The men tramping up to the muddy Square in their shirt sleeves were bulgy about the right hips; and when Homer Tibbs joined Columbus Landis at the hotel corner, and Landis saw that Homer was carrying a shot-gun, Landis went back for his. A hastily sworn posse galloped out Main Street. Women and children ran into neighbors' yards and began to cry. Day was coming, and, as the light grew, men swore and savagely kicked at the palings of fences as they ran by them.

In the foreglow of dawn they gathered in the Square, and listened to Warren Smith, who made a speech from the court-house fence and warned them to go slow. They answered him with angry shouts and hootings; but he made his big bass voice heard, and bade them do nothing rash; no facts were known, he said; it was far from certain that harm had been done; and no one knew that the Six-Cross-Roads people had done it, even if something had happened to Mr. Harkless. He declared that he spoke in Harkless's name. Nothing could distress *him* so much as for them to defy the law, to take it out of the proper hands. Justice would be done.

"Yes, it will!" shouted a man below him, brandishing the butt of a raw-hide whip above his head. "And while you jaw on about it here, he may be tied up like a dog in the woods, shot full of holes by the men you never lifted a finger to hender, because you want their votes when you run for circuit judge. What are we doin' *here*? What's the good of listening to you?"

There was a yell at this, and those who heard the speaker would probably have started for the Cross-Roads, had not a rumor sprung up, which passed rapidly from man to man and in a few moments had reached every person in the crowd. The news came that the two shell-gamblers had wrenched a bar out of a window under cover of the storm, had broken jail, and were at large. Their threats of the day before were remembered now, with convincing vividness. They had sworn repeatedly to Bardlock and to the sheriff, and in the hearing of others, that they would "do" for the man who had taken their money from them and had them arrested. The prosecuting attorney, quickly perceiving the value of this complication in

holding back the mob that was already forming, called Horner from the crowd, and made him get up on the fence and confess that his prisoners had escaped—at what time he did not know, probably toward the beginning of the storm, when it was noisiest.

"You see," cried the attorney, "there is nothing as yet of which we can accuse the Cross-Roads. If our friend has been hurt, it is much more likely that these crooks did it. They escaped in time to do it, and we all know they were laying for him. You want to be mighty careful, fellow-citizens. Horner is already in telegraphic communication with every town around here, and he'll have those men before night. All you've got to do is to control yourselves a little and go home quietly." He could see that his words (except those in reference to returning home—no one was going home) made an impression. There was a babble of shouting and argument and swearing, that grew louder and louder.

Mr. Ephraim Watts, in spite of all confusion clad as carefully as upon the preceding day, deliberately climbed the fence, and stood by the lawyer, and made a single steady gesture with his hand. He was listened to at once, as his respect for the law was less notorious than his irreverence for it, and he had been known in Carlow as customarily a reckless man. They wanted illegal and desperate advice, and quieted down to hear it. He spoke in his professionally calm voice.

"Gentlemen, it seems to me that Mr. Smith and Mr. Ribshaw" (nodding to the man with the raw-hide whip) "are both right. What good are we doing here? What we want to know is what's happened to Mr. Harkless. It looks just now like the shell-men might have done it. Let's find out what they done. Scatter and hunt for him. Soon as anything's known for certain, Hibbard's mill whistle will blow three times. Keep on looking till it does. *Then*," he finished, with a barely perceptible scornful smile at the attorney, "*then* we can decide on what had ought be done."

Six-Cross-Roads lay dark and steaming in the sun that morning. The forge was silent, the saloon locked up, the roadway deserted, even by the pigs. The broken old buggy stood rotting in the mud without a single lean little old man or woman—such were the children of the Cross-Roads—to play about it. Once, when the deputy sheriff rode through alone, a tattered black hound, more wolf than dog, half-emerged, growling, from beneath one of the tumble-down barns, and



was jerked back into the darkness by his tail, with a snarl fiercer than his own, while a gun-barrel shone for a second as it swung for a stroke on the brute's head. The hound did not yelp or whine when the blow fell. He shut his eyes twice, and slunk sullenly back to his place.

The shanties might have received a volley or two from some of the mounted bands, exasperated by futile searching, had not the escape of Horner's prisoners made the guilt of the Cross-Roads appear doubtful in the minds of many. As the morning waned, the advocates of the theory that the gamblers had made away with Harkless grew in number. There came a telegram from the Rouen chief of police that he had a clew to their whereabouts. He thought they had succeeded in reaching Rouen, and it began to be generally believed that they had escaped by the one-o'clock freight train, which had stopped to take on some empty cars at a sidetrack a mile northwest of town, across the fields from the Briscoe house. Toward noon a party went out to examine the railroad embankment.

Men began to come back into the village for breakfast by twos and threes; but many kept on searching the woods, not feeling the need of food or caring if they did. Every grove and clump of underbrush, every thicket was ransacked; the waters of the creek, shallow for the most part, but swollen overnight, were dragged at every pool. Nothing was found; there was not a sign.

The bar of the hotel was thronged all morning as the returning citizens rapidly made their way thither, and those who had breakfasted and were going out again paused for internal, as well as external, reinforcement. The landlord, himself returned from a long hunt, set out his whisky with a lavish hand.

"He was the best man we had, boys," said Landis, as he poured the little glasses full. "We'd ort of sent him to the legislative halls of Washington long ago. He'd of done us honor there. But we never thought of doin' anything fer him; jest set 'round and left him build up the town and give him empty thankies. Drink hearty, gentlemen," he finished, gloomily. "I don't grudge no liquor to-day—except to Lige Willetts."

"He was a good man," said young William Todd, whose nose was red, not from the whisky. "I've about give up."

"It's goin' to seem mighty empty around here," said Ross Schofield. "What's goin' to become o' the 'Herald' and the party in

this district? Where's the man to run either of 'em now? Like as not," he concluded, desperately, "it'll go against us in the fall."

Dibb Zane choked over his four fingers. "We might's well bust up the dab-dusted ole town ef he's gone."

"I don't know what's come over that Cynthy Tipworthy," said the landlord. "She's waited table on him last two years, and her brother Bud works at the 'Herald' office. She didn't say a word, only looked and looked and looked, like a crazy woman; then her and Bud went off together to hunt in the woods. They jest tuck hold of each other's hands like——"

"I reckon there ain't many crazier than them two Bowlders, father and son," interrupted a patron, wiping the drops from his beard as he set his glass on the bar. "They rid into town like a couple of wild Indians, the old man beatin' that gray mare o' theirs till she was one big walt, and he ain't natcherly no cruel man either. I expect Lige Willetts better keep out of Hartley's way."

"I keep out of no man's way," cried a voice behind him. Turning, they saw Lige standing on the threshold of the door that led to the street. In his hand he held the bridle of the horse he had ridden across the sidewalk, and that now stood panting, with lowered head half through the doorway, beside his master. Lige was hatless, splashed with mud from head to foot; his jaw was set, his teeth ground together; his eyes burned under red lids, and his hair lay tossed and damp on his brow. "I keep out of no man's way," he repeated hoarsely. "I heard you, Mr. Tibbs, but I've got too much to do, while you loaf and gas and drink over Landis's bar; I've got other business than keepin' out of Hart Bowlder's way. I'm lookin' for John Harkless. He was the best man we had in this ornery hole, and he was too good for us, and so we've maybe let him get killed, and maybe I'm to blame. But I'm goin' to find him, and if he's hurt—I'm going to have a hand on the rope that lifts the men that did it, if I have to go to Rouen to put it there! After that, I'll answer for my fault, not before!"

He threw himself on his horse, and was gone. Soon the room emptied, as the patrons of the bar returned to the search, and only Mr. Wilkerson and the landlord remained, the bar being the professional office, so to speak, of both.

At eleven o'clock, Judge Briscoe dropped

wearily from his horse at his own gate, and said to a wan girl who came running down the walk to meet him: "There is nothing yet. I sent the telegram to your mother—to Mrs. Sherwood."

Helen turned away without answering. Her face was very white, and looked pinched about the mouth. She went back to where old Fisbee sat on the porch, his white head held between his two hands; he was rocking himself to and fro. She touched him gently, but he did not look up. She spoke to him. "Father," she said.

He did not seem to hear her.

"There isn't anything yet. He sent the telegram. I shall stay with you now, no matter what you say." She sat beside him, and put her head down on his shoulder; and though for a moment he appeared not to notice it, when Minnie came out on the porch, hearing her father at the door, the old man had put his arm about the girl, and was stroking her fair hair softly.

Briscoe glanced at them, and raised a warning finger to his daughter, and they went tiptoeing into the house, where the Judge dropped heavily upon a sofa. Minnie stood before him with a look of pale inquiry, and he shook his head.

"No use to tell *them*; but I can't see any hope," he answered her, biting nervously at the end of a cigar. "I expect you better bring me some coffee in here; I couldn't take another step to save me. I'm too old to tear around the country horseback before breakfast, like I have to-day."

"Did you send her telegram?" Minnie asked, as he drank the coffee she brought him. She had interpreted "coffee" liberally, and, with the assistance of Mildy Upton (whose subdued nose was frankly red, and who shed tears on the raspberries), had prepared an appetizing table at his elbow.

"Yes," responded the Judge, "and I'm glad she sent it. I talked the other way yesterday, what little I said—it isn't any of our business—but I don't think any too much of those people, somehow. She thinks she belongs with Fisbee, and I guess she's right. That young fellow must have got along with her pretty well, and I'm afraid when she gives up, she'll be pretty bad over it; but I guess we all will. It's terribly sudden, somehow, though it's only what everybody half expected would come; only we thought it would come from over yonder." He nodded toward the west. "But she's got to stay here with us. Boarding at Tibbs's with that old man won't do; and she's no girl to live

in two rooms. You fix it up with her—you make her stay."

"She must," answered his daughter, as she knelt beside him and patted his coat and handed him several things to eat at the same time. "Mr. Fisbee will help me persuade her, now that she's bound to stay in spite of him and the Sherwoods too. I think she is perfectly grand to do it. I've always thought she was grand—ever since she took me under her protection at school, when I"—Minnie was speaking sadly, mechanically; but suddenly she broke off with a quick sob, turned to the window, then turned again to Briscoe and cried: "I don't believe it! He knew how to take care of himself too well. He'd have got away from them."

Her father shook his head. "Then why hasn't he turned up? He'd have gone home after the storm if something bad wasn't the matter."

"But nothing—nothing *that* bad could have happened. They haven't found—any—anything."

"But why hasn't he come back, child?"

"Well, he's lying hurt somewhere, that's all."

"Then why haven't they found him?"

"I don't care," she cried, and choked with the words, and tossed her disheveled hair from her temples; "it isn't true! Helen won't believe it—why should I? It's only a few hours since he was right here in our yard, talking to us all. I won't believe it till they've searched every stick and stone of Six-Cross-Roads and found him."

"It wasn't the Cross-Roads," said the old gentleman, pushing the table away and relaxing his limbs on the sofa. "They probably didn't have anything to do with it. We thought they had, at first; but everybody's about come to believe it was those two fellows that he had arrested yesterday."

"It wasn't the Cross-Roads!" echoed Minnie, and she began to tremble violently. "Haven't they been out there yet?"

"What use? They are out of it, and they can thank God they are."

"They are not!" she cried, very much agitated. "They did it. It was the White Caps. We *saw* them, Helen and I!"

The Judge got upon his feet with an oath. He had not sworn for years until that morning. "What's this?" he said sharply.

"I ought to have told you before, but we were so frightened, and—you went off in such a rush after Mr. Wiley was here. I never dreamed everybody wouldn't know it was the Cross-Roads; that they would *think*

of any one else. And I looked for the scarecrow as soon as it was light, and it was 'way off from where we saw them, and wasn't blown down at all; and Helen saw them in the field besides; saw all of them——"

He interrupted her. "What do you mean? Try to tell me about it quietly, child." He laid his hand on her shoulder.

She told him breathlessly what she and Helen had seen, and he grew more and more visibly perturbed and uneasy, biting his cigar to pieces and groaning at intervals. When she had finished, he took a few quick turns about the room, with his hands thrust deep in his coat-pockets, and then, charging her to repeat the story to no one, left the house, and, forgetting his fatigue, rapidly crossed the fields to the point where the bizarre figures of the night had shown themselves to the two girls at the window.

The soft ground had been trampled by many feet. The boot-prints pointed to the northeast. He traced them backward to the southwest through the field, and saw where they had come from near the road, going northeast. Then, returning, he climbed the fence, and followed them northward through the next field. From there, the next field to the north, lying beyond the road that was a continuation of Main Street, stretched to the railroad embankment. The track, ruggedly defined in trampled loam and muddy furrow, bent in a direction which indicated that its terminus might be the switch where the empty cars had stood last night, waiting for the one-o'clock freight. Though the fields had been trampled in many places by the searching parties, he felt sure of the direction taken by the Cross-Roads men, and he perceived that the searchers had mistaken the tracks he followed for those of earlier parties in the hunt. On the embankment he saw a number of men, walking west and examining the ground on each side, and a long line of people following them out from town. He stopped. He held the fate of Six-Cross-Roads in his hand, and he knew it.

The men on the embankment were walking slowly, bending far over, their eyes fixed on the ground. Suddenly one of them stood erect and tossed his arms in the air and shouted loudly. Other men ran to him, and another, far down the track, repeated the shout and the gesture to another far in his rear. This man took it up, and shouted and waved to a fourth man, and so they passed the signal back to town. There came, almost immediately, three long, loud whistles from a mill near the station; and the em-

bankment grew black with people pouring out from town, while the searchers came running from the fields and woods and underbrush on both sides of the railway.

Briscoe began to walk on toward the embankment.

The track lay level and straight, not dimming in the middle distances, the rails converging to points both northwest and southeast, in the clean-washed air, like examples of perspective in a child's drawing-book. About seventy miles to the west and north lay Rouen; in the same direction, nearly six miles from where the signal was given, the track was crossed by a road leading directly south to Six-Cross-Roads.

The embankment had been newly ballasted with sand. What had been discovered was a broad brown stain in the sand on the south slope, near the top. There were smaller stains above and below, none beyond it to left or right; and there were many deep footprints in the sand. Men were examining the place excitedly, talking and gesticulating. It was Lige Willetts who had found it. His horse was tethered to a fence near by, at the end of a lane through a cornfield. Jared Wiley, the deputy sheriff, was talking to a group near the stain, explaining.

"You see, them two must have knowed about the one-o'clock freight, and that it was to stop here to take on the empty lumber-cars. I don't know how they knowed it, but they did. It was this way: when they got out the window, they beat through the storm straight for this side-track. At the same time Mr. Harkless leaves Briscoe's, goin' west. It begins to rain. He cuts across to the railroad to have a sure footing and strikin' for the deepo for shelter—near place as any, except Briscoe's, where he's said good-night already, and prob'ly don't wish to go back, fear of givin' trouble or keepin' 'em up. Anybody can understand that. He comes along, and gets to where we are precisely at the time *they* do, *them* comin' from town, him strikin' for it. They run right into each other. That's what happened. They re-cog-nized him, and raised up on him, and let him have it. What they done it with, I don't know. We took everything in that line off of 'em. Prob'ly used railroad iron; and what they done with him afterwards, we don't know, but we will by night. They'll sweat it out of 'em up at Rouen, when they get 'em."

"I reckon maybe some of us might help," remarked Mr. Watts reflectively.

Jim Bardlock swore a violent oath. "That's

the talk!" he shouted. "Ef I ain't the first man of this crowd to set my foot in Roowun, an' first to beat in that jail door, I'm not town marshal of Plattville, County of Carlow, State of Indiana, and the Lord have mercy on our souls!"

Tom Martin looked at the brown stain, and quickly turned away; then he went back slowly to the village. On the way he passed Warren Smith.

"Is it so?" asked the lawyer.

Martin answered with a dry throat. He looked out over the sunlit fields, and swallowed once or twice. "Yes, it's so. There's a good deal of it there. Little more than a boy he was." The old fellow passed his seamy hand over his eyes without concealment. "Peter ain't very bright sometimes, it seems to me," he added, brokenly; "overlook Bodeffer and Fisbee and me, and all of us old husks, and—and"—he gulped suddenly, then finished—"and act the fool, and take a boy that's the best we had. I wish the Almighty would take Peter off the gate; he ain't fit fer it."

When the attorney reached the spot where the crowd was thickest, way was made for him. The old colored man Xenophon approached at the same time, leaning on a hickory stick and bent very far over, one hand resting on his hip as if to ease a rusty joint. The negro's age was an incentive to fable. From his appearance he might have known the prophets, and he wore that hoary look of unearthly wisdom which many decades of superstitious experience sometimes give to members of his race. His face, so tortured with wrinkles that it might have been made of innumerable black threads woven together, was a living mask of the mystery of his blood. Harkless had once said that Uncle Xenophon had visited heaven before Swedenborg and hell before Dante. To-day, as he slowly limped over the ties, his eyes were bright and dry under the solemn lids, and though his heavy nostrils were unusually distended in the effort for regular breathing, the deeply puckered lips beneath them were set firmly. He stopped, and looked at the faces before him. When he spoke, his voice was gentle, and though the tremulousness of age harped on the vocal strings, it was rigidly controlled. "Kin some kine gelmun," he asked, "please t' be so good ez t' show de ole main whuh de W'ite Caips is done shoot Marse Hawkliiss?"

"Here was where it happened, Uncle Zen," answered Wiley, leading him forward. "Here is the stain."

Xenophon bent over the spot on the sand, making little odd noises in his throat. Then he painfully resumed his former position. "Dass his blood," he said, in the same gentle, quavering tone. "Dass my bes' frien' whut lay on de groun' whay yo' staid, gelmun. Dass whuh dey laid 'im, an' dass whuh he lie," the old negro continued. "Dey shot 'im in de fiel's. Dey ain't shot 'im heah. Yondeh dey druggen 'im, but dis whuh he lie." He bent over again, then knelt, groaningly, and placed his hand on the stain, one would have said, as a man might place his hand over a heart to see if it still beat. He was motionless, with the air of hearkening.

"Marse, honey, is you gone?" He raised his voice as if calling. "Is you gone, suh?—Marse?"

He looked up at the circle about him, and then, still kneeling, not taking his hand from the sand, seeming to wait for a sign, to listen for a voice, he said: "Whafo' you gelmun think de good Lawd summon Marse Hawkliiss? Kase he de mos' fittes? You know, dat man he ketch me in de cole night, wintuh 'fo' lais', stealin' 'is wood. You know whut he done t' de ole thief? Tek an' buil' up big fiah een ole Zen' shainty. Say, 'He'p yo'se'f, an' welcome. Reckon you hongry, too, ain' you, Xenophon?' Tek an' feed me. Tek an' tek keer o' me ev' since. Ah pump de baith full in de mawn', mek 'is bed, pull de weeds out'n de front walk; dass all. He tek me in. When ah ask 'im ain' he 'fraid keep ole thief, he say, jesso: 'Dass all my fault, Xenophon. Ought look you up long 'go; ought know long 'go you be cole dese baid nights. Reckon ahm de thievenest one 'us two, Xenophon, keepin' all dis wood stock' up when you got none,' he say, jesso. Tek me in; say he *lahk* a thief. Pay me sala'y. Feed me. Dass de main whut de Caps gone shot lais' night." He raised his head sharply, and the mystery in his gloomy eyes intensified as they opened wide and stared at the sky, unseeingly.

"Ise bawn wid a cawl!" he exclaimed loudly. His twisted frame was braced to an extreme tension. "Ise bawn wid a cawl! De blood anssuh!"

"It wasn't the White Caps, Uncle Xenophon," said Warren Smith, laying his hand on the old man's shoulder.

Xenophon rose to his feet. He stretched a long, bony arm straight to the west, where the Cross-Roads lay; stood rigid and silent, like a seer; then spoke:

"De men whut shot Marse Hawkliiss lies

yondeh, hidin' f'um de light o' day. An' him"—he swerved his whole rigid body till the arm pointed northwest—"he lies yondeh. You won' fine 'im heah. Dey fought 'im in de fiel's, an' dey druggen 'im heah. Dis whuh dey lay 'im down. Ise bawn wid a cawl!"

There were exclamations from the listeners, for Xenophon spoke as one having authority. Suddenly he turned, and pointed his outstretched hand full at Judge Briscoe.

"An' dass de main," he cried, "dass de main kin tell yo' ah speak de trufe!"

Before Briscoe answered, Eph Watts looked at him keenly, and then turned to Lige Willetts and whispered: "Get on your horse, ride in, and ring the court-house bell like fury. Do as I say!"

Tears stood in the Judge's eyes. "It is so," he said solemnly. "He speaks the truth. I didn't mean to tell it to-day, but somehow—" He paused. "The hounds!" he cried. "They deserve it! My daughter saw them crossing the fields in the night—saw them climb the fence, a big crowd of them. She and the lady who is visiting us saw them, saw them plainly. The lady saw them several times clear as day, by the flashes of lightning—the scoundrels were coming this way. They must have been dragging him with them then. He couldn't have had a show for his life amongst them. Do what you like. Maybe they've got him at the Cross-Roads. If there's a chance of it—dead or alive—bring him back!"

A voice rang out above the clamor that followed the Judge's speech.

"'Bring him back!' God could, maybe; but He won't. Who's travelin' my way? I go west!" Hartley Boulder had ridden his sorrel right up the embankment, and the horse stood between the rails.

There was an angry roar from the crowd. The prosecutor pleaded and threatened unheeded, and as for the deputy sheriff, he declared his intention of taking with him all who wished to go as his posse. Eph Watts succeeded in making himself heard above the tumult.

"The Square!" he shouted. "Start from the Square. We want everybody. We'll need them. And we want every one in Carlow to be implicated in this posse."

"They will be!" shouted a farmer. "Don't you worry about that."

"We want to get into some sort of shape," cried Eph.

"Shape," repeated Hartley Boulder scornfully.

There was a hiss and clang and rattle behind him, and a steam whistle shrieked. The crowd divided, and Hartley's sorrel scrambled down just in time as the west-bound accommodation rushed by on its way to Rouen. From the rear platform leaned the sheriff, Horner, waving his hands frantically as he flew by, but no one understood—or cared—what he said, or, in the general excitement, even wondered why he was going away. When the train had dwindled to a dot and disappeared, and the noise of its rush grew faint, the court-house bell was heard ringing, and the mob was rushing pell-mell into the village to form on the Square. The Judge stood alone on the embankment.

"That settles it," he said aloud, gloomily watching the last figures. He took off his hat, and pushed back the thick white hair from his forehead. "Nothing to do but wait. Might as well go home for that. Blast it!" he exclaimed impatiently, "I don't want to go there. It's too hard on the little girl. If she hadn't come till next week, she'd never have known John Harkless."

## CHAPTER IX.

### JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

ALL morning horsemen had been galloping through Six-Cross-Roads, sometimes singly, oftener in company. At one o'clock the last posse passed through on its return to the county seat, and after that there was a long, complete silence, while the miry corners were undisturbed by a single hoof-beat. No unkempt colt nickered from his musty stall. The sparse young corn that used to nod and chuckle greenly stood rigid in the fields. Up the Plattville pike despairingly cackled one old hen, with her wabbling, sailor run, amit with a superstitious horror of nothing; she hid herself in the shadow underneath a rickety barn, and was still.

Only on the Wimby farm were there signs of life. The old lady who had sent Harkless roses sat by the window all morning and wiped her eyes, watching the horsemen ride by; sometimes they would hail her and tell her there was nothing yet. About two o'clock, her husband rattled up in a buckboard, and got out the shot-gun of the late and more authentic Mr. Wimby. This he carefully cleaned and oiled, in spite of its hammerless and quite useless condition, sitting meanwhile by the window opposite his wife, and often looking up from his work to shake his weak

fast at his neighbors' domiciles and creak decrepit curses and denunciations.

But the Cross-Roads was ready. It knew what was coming now. Frightened, desperate, sullen, it was ready.

The afternoon wore on, and lengthening shadows fell upon a peaceful—one would have said, a sleeping—country. The sun-dried pike, already dusty, stretched its serene length between green borders flecked with purple and yellow and white weed-flowers; and the tree shadows were not shade, but warm blue and lavender glows in the general pervasion of still, bright light; the sky curving its deep, unburnished, penetrable blue over all, with no single drift of fleece upon it to be reflected in the creek that wound along past willow and sycamore, dimpled but unrummured. A woodpecker's telegraphy broke the quiet like a volley of pistol-shots.

But far eastward on the pike there slowly developed a soft, white haze. It grew denser and larger, and gradually rolled nearer. Dimly behind it could be discerned a darker, moving nucleus that extended far back upon the road.

A heavy tremor began to stir the air; faint, manifold sounds, a waxing, increasing, multitudinous rumor.

The pike ascended a long, slight slope leading west up to the Cross-Roads. From a thicket of iron-weed at the foot of this slope was thrust the visage of an undersized girl of fourteen. Her fierce eyes examined the approaching cloud of dust intently. A redness rose under the burnt yellow skin, and colored the wizened cheeks. . . .

They were coming.

She stepped quickly out of the tangle, and darted up the road. She ran with the speed of a fleet little terrier, not opening her lips, not calling out, but holding her two thin hands high above her head. That was all. But Birnam wood was come to Dunsinane at last, and the messenger sped. Out of the weeds in the corner of the snake fence, in the upper part of the rise, silently lifted the heads of men whose sallowness became a sickish white as the child flew by.

The mob was carefully organized. They had taken their time, and had prepared everything deliberately, knowing that nothing could stop them. No one had any thought of concealment; it was all as open as the light of day, all done in the broad sunshine. Nothing had been determined as to what was to be done at the Cross-Roads more definite than that the place was to be wiped out.

That was comprehensive enough; the details were quite certain to occur. They were all on foot, marching in fairly regular ranks. In front walked Mr. Watts, the man Harkless had abhorred in a public spirit and befriended in private. To-day he was a hero and a leader, marching to avenge his professional oppressor and personal brother. Cool, unruffled, and to outward vision unarmed, marching the miles in his brown frock-coat and generous linen, he led the way. On one side of him were the two Bowlders, on the other was Lige Willetts, Mr. Watts preserving peace between the young men with perfect tact and sang-froid.

They kept good order and a similitude of quiet for so many, except far to the rear, where old Wilkerson was bringing up the tail of the procession, dragging a wretched yellow dog by a rope fastened around the poor cur's protesting neck, the knot carefully arranged under his right ear. In spite of every command and protest, Wilkerson had marched the whole way uproariously singing "John Brown's Body."

The sun was in the west when they came in sight of the Cross-Roads, and the cabins on the low slope stood out angularly against the radiance beyond. As they beheld the hated settlement, the heretofore orderly ranks showed a disposition to depart from the steady advance and rush the shanties. Willetts, the Bowlders, Parker, Ross Schofield, and a dozen others did, in fact, break away, and set a sharp pace up the slope.

Watts tried to call them back. "What's the use your gettin' killed?" he shouted.

"Why not?" answered Lige, and, like the others, was increasing his speed when old "Wimby" rose up suddenly from the roadside ahead of them, and motioned them frantically to go back. "They're laid out along the fence, waitin' fer ye," he warned them. "Git out the road. Come by the fields. Fer the Lord's sake, spread!" Then, as suddenly as he had appeared, he dropped down into the weeds again. Lige and those with him paused, and the whole body came to a halt while the leaders consulted. There was a sound of metallic clicking, and a thin rattle of steel. From far to the rear came the voice of old Wilkerson:

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground,  
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground."

A few near him, as they stood waiting, began to take up the burden of the song, singing it in slow time like a dirge; then those farther away took it up; it spread,

reached the leaders; they, too, began to sing, taking off their hats as they joined in, and soon the whole concourse, solemn, earnest, uncovered, was singing—a thunderous requiem for John Harkless.

The sun was swinging lower, and the edges of the world were embroidered with gold, while that deep volume of sound shook the air, the song of a stern, savage, just cause—sung, perhaps, as some of the ancestors of these men sang with Hampden before the bristling walls of a hostile city. It had iron and steel in it. The men lying on their guns in the ambuscade along the fence heard the dirge rise and grow to its mighty fullness, and they shivered. One of them, posted nearest the advance, had his rifle carefully leveled at Lige Willetts, a fair target in the road. When he heard the singing, he turned to the man next behind him and laughed harshly: “I reckon we’ll see a big jamboree other side Jordan to-night, huh?”

The huge murmur of the chorus expanded and gathered in rhythmic strength, and swelled to power, and rolled and thundered across the plain.

“John Brown’s body lies a-mouldering in the ground,  
John Brown’s body lies a-mouldering in the ground,  
John Brown’s body lies a-mouldering in the ground,  
His soul goes marching on!  
Glory! glory! hallelujah!  
Glory! glory! hallelujah!  
Glory! glory! hallelujah!  
His soul goes marching on!”

A gun spat fire from the higher ground, and Willetts dropped where he stood, but was up again in a second, with a red line across his forehead where the ball had grazed his temple. The mob spread out like a fan, the men climbing the fence and beginning the advance through the fields, thus closing on the ambuscade from both sides. Mr. Watts, wading through the high grass in the field north of the road, perceived the barrel of a gun shining from the fence some distance in front of him, and the same second, although no weapon was seen in his hand, discharged a revolver at the clump of grass and weeds behind the gun. Instantly ten or twelve men leaped from their hiding-places along the fences of both fields, and, firing hurriedly and harmlessly into the scattered ranks of the oncoming mob, broke for the shelter of the houses, where their fellows were posted. Taken on the flanks and from the rear, there was but one thing for them to do to keep from being hemmed in and shot or captured (They excessively preferred

being shot.) With a wild, high, joyous yell, sounding like the bay of young hounds breaking into view of their quarry, the Plattville men followed.

The most eastward of the debilitated edifices of Six-Cross-Roads was the saloon. It bore the painted legends, on the west wall, “Last Chance”; on the east wall, “First Chance.” Next to this, and separated by two or three acres of weedy vacancy from the corners, where the population centered thickest, stood—if one may so predicate of a building which leaned in seven directions—the house of Mr. Robert Skillett, the proprietor of the saloon. Both buildings were shut up as tight as their state of repair permitted. As they were furthest to the east, they formed the nearest shelter, and to them the Cross-Roaders bent their flight, though they stopped not here, but disappeared behind Skillett’s shanty, putting it between them and their pursuers, whose guns were beginning to speak. The fugitives had a good start, and, being the picked runners of the Cross-Roads, they crossed the open, weedy acres in safety, and made for their homes. Every house had become a fort, and the defenders would have to be fought and torn out one by one. As the guns sounded, a woman in a shanty near the forge began to scream, and kept on screaming.

On came the farmers and the men of Plattville. They took the saloon at a run; battered down the crazy doors with a fence-rail, and swarmed inside like busy insects, making the place hum like a hive, but with the hotter industries of destruction. It was empty of life as a tomb, but they beat and tore and battered and broke and hammered and shattered like madmen; they reduced the tawdry interior to a mere chaos, and came pouring forth laden with trophies of ruin; and then there was a charry smell in the air, and a slender feather of smoke floated up from a second-story window.

At the same time, Watts led an assault on the adjoining house, an assault which came to a sudden pause, for from cracks in the front wall a squirrel-rifle and a shot-gun snapped and banged, and the crowd fell back in disorder. Homer Tibbs had a hat blown away, full of buckshot holes, while Mr. Watts solicitously examined a small aperture in the skirts of his brown coat. The house commanded the road, and the rush of the mob into the village was checked, but only for the instant.

A rickety woodshed, which formed a portion of the Skillett mansion, closely joined

the "Last Chance" side of the family place of business. Scarcely had the guns of the defenders sounded when, with a loud shout, Lige Willetts leaped from an upper window on that side of the burning saloon and landed on the woodshed, and, immediately climbing the roof of the mansion itself, applied a brand to the dry, time-worn clapboards. Ross Schofield dropped on the woodshed close behind him, his arm lovingly enfolding a gallon jug of whisky, which he emptied (not without evident regret) upon the clapboards as Lige fired them. Flames burst forth almost instantly, and the smoke, uniting with that now rolling out of every window of the saloon, went up to heaven in a cumbrous, gray column.

As the flames began to spread, there was a rapid fusillade from the rear of the house, and a hundred men and more, who had kept on through the fields to the north, assailed it from behind. Their shots passed clear through the flimsy partitions, and there was a screaming like beasts' howls from within. The front door was thrown open, and a lean, fierce-eyed girl, with a case-knife in her hand, ran out in the face of the mob. At sound of the shots in the rear they had begun to advance on the house a second time, and Hartley Bowlder was the nearest man to the girl. With awful words, and shrieking inconceivably, she made straight at Hartley, and attacked him with the knife; she struck at him again and again, and in her anguish of hate and fear she was so extraordinary a spectacle that she gained for her companions the seconds they needed to escape from the house. As she hurled herself alone at the oncoming torrent, they sped from the door unnoticed, sprang over the fence, and reached the open lots to the west before they were seen by Willetts from the roof.

"Don't let 'em fool you!" he shouted. "Look to your left! There they go! Don't let 'em get away."

The Cross-Roaders were running across the field. They were Bob Skillett and his younger brother, and Mr. Skillett was badly damaged: he seemed to be holding his jaw on his face with both hands. The girl turned, and sped after them. She was over the fence almost as soon as they were, and the three ran in single file, the girl last. She was either magnificently sacrificial and fearless, or she cunningly calculated that the regulators would take no chances of killing a woman-child, for she kept between their guns and her two companions, trying to cover and shield the latter with her frail body.

"Shoot, Lige," called Watts. "If we fire from here, we'll hit the girl. Shoot!"

Willetts and Ross Schofield were still standing on the roof, at the edge, out of the smoke, and both fired at the same time. The fugitives did not turn; they kept on running, and they had nearly reached the other side of the field when, suddenly, without any premonitory gesture, the elder Skillett dropped flat on his face. The Cross-Roaders stood by each other that day, for four or five men ran out of the nearest shanty into the open, lifted the prostrate figure from the ground, and began to carry it back with them. But Skillett was alive; his curses were heard above all other sounds. Lige and Schofield fired again, and one of the rescuers staggered. Nevertheless, as the two men slid down from the roof, the burdened Cross-Roaders were seen to break into a run; and at that, with another yell, fiercer, wilder, more joyous than the first, the Plattville men followed.

The yell rang loudly in the ears of old Wilkerson, who had remained back in the road, and at the same instant he heard another shout behind him. He had not shared in the attack; but, greatly preoccupied with his own histrionic affairs, was proceeding alone up the pike—except for the unhappy yellow mongrel still dragged along by the rope—and alternating, as was his natural wont, from one fence to the other; crouching behind every bush to fire an imaginary rifle at the dog, and then springing out with triumphant bellowings to fall prone upon the terrified animal. It was after one of these victories that a shout of warning was raised behind him, and Mr. Wilkerson, by grace of the god Bacchus, rolling out of the way in time to save his life, saw a horse dash by him—a big black horse whose polished flanks were dripping with lather. Warren Smith was the rider. He was waving a slip of yellow paper high in the air.

He rode up the slope, and drew rein beyond the burning buildings, just ahead of those foremost in the pursuit. He threw his horse across the road to oppose their progress, rose in his stirrups, and waved the paper over his head. "Stop!" he roared. "Give me one minute. Stop!" He had a grand voice, and he was known in many parts of the State for the great bass roar with which he startled his juries. To be heard at a distance most men lift the pitch of their voice. Smith lowered his an octave or two, and the result was like an earthquake playing an organ in a catacomb.



"Stop!" he thundered. "Stop!"

In answer, one of the flying Cross-Roaders turned and sent a bullet whistling close to him. The lawyer paused long enough to bow deeply in satirical response; then, flourishing the paper, he roared again: "Stop! A mistake! I have news! Stop, I say! *Horner has got them!*"

To make himself heard over that tempestuous advance was a feat; for him, moreover, whose counsels had so lately been derided, to interest the pursuers at such a moment enough to make them listen—to find the word—was a greater; and by the word, and by gestures at once vehemently imperious and imploring, to stop them, was a still greater. But he did it. He had come at just the moment before the moment that would have been too late. They all heard him. They all knew, too, that he was not trying to save the Cross-Roads as a matter of duty, because he had given that up before the mob left Plattville. Indeed, it was a question if, at the last, he had not tacitly approved; and no one feared indictments for the day's work. It would do no harm to listen to what he had to say. The work could wait; it would "keep" for five minutes. They began to gather around him, excited, flushed, perspiring, and smelling of smoke. Hartley Bowlder, won by Lige's desperation and intrepidity, was helping the latter tie up his head. No one else was hurt.

"What is it?" they clamored impatiently. "Speak quick." There was another harmless shot from a fugitive, and then the Cross-Roaders, divining that the diversion was in their favor, secured themselves in their decrepit fastnesses and held their fire. Meanwhile the flames crackled cheerfully in Plattville ears. No matter what the prosecutor had to say, at least the Skillett saloon and homestead were gone, and Bob Skillett and one other would be sick enough to be good for a while.

"Listen," cried Warren Smith, and, rising in his stirrups again, read the missive in his hand, a Western Union telegraph form. "Warren Smith, Plattville," was the direction. "Found both shell-men. Police familiar with both, and both wanted here. One arrested at noon in second-hand clothes store wearing Harkless's hat; also trying to dispose torn full-dress coat known to have been worn by Harkless last night. Stains on lining believed blood. Second man found later at freight yards, in empty lumber-

car left Plattville one P.M., badly hurt, shot and bruised. Supposed Harkless made hard fight. Hurt man taken to hospital unconscious. Will die. Other man refuses to talk so far. Check any movement Cross-Roads. This clears Skillett, etc. Come over on 9.15 accommodation."

The telegram was signed by Horner, the sheriff, and by Barrett, the superintendent of police at Rouen.

"It's all a mistake, boys," the lawyer said, as he handed the paper to Watts and Parker for inspection. "The ladies at the Judge's were mistaken, that's all, and this proves it. It's easy enough to understand: they were frightened by the storm, and watching a fence a quarter of a mile away by flashes of lightning—any one would have been confused, and imagined all the horrors on earth. I don't deny but what I believed it for a while, and I don't deny but the Cross-Roads is pretty tough, but you've done a good deal here already to-day, and we're saved in time from a mistake that would have turned out mighty bad. This settles it. Horner got a wire to go, soon as they got track of the first man; that was when we saw him on the Rouen accommodation."

A slightly cracked voice, yet a huskily tuneful one, was lifted quaveringly on the air from the roadside, where an old man and a yellow dog sat in the dust together, the latter reprieved at the last moment, his surprised head rakishly garnished with a hasty wreath of dog-fennel daisies.

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground,  
While we go marching on."

Three-quarters of an hour later the inhabitants of the Cross-Roads, saved, they knew not how; guilty; knowing nothing of the fantastic pendulum of opinion, which, swung by the events of the day, had marked the fatal moment of guilt now on others, now on them who deserved it—these natives and refugees, conscious of atrocity, dumfounded by a miracle, thinking the world gone mad, hovered together in a dark, ragged mass at the crossing corners, while the skeleton of the rotting buggy in the slough rose behind them against the face of the west. They peered with stupefied eyes through the smoky twilight.

From afar, faintly through the gloaming, came mournfully to their ears the many-voiced refrain, fainter, fainter:

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground,  
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground,  
John Brown's body lies a-mould— . . . . .  
. . . . . we go march . . . on."

(To be continued.)

## BY COURTESY OF THE CLOWN.

BY ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.



THE little man in motley, thrusting his face through the curtains of the big circus tent, looked out on the gathering crowds and grinned. To him that assemblage of gaping backwoods pioneers was a greater show than the one he was traveling with, although the circus itself was a pioneer in its way. It was the first that had ever traveled through the almost unbroken forests of southern Indiana, and the fame of its performance at Vincennes had spread to the Ohio long before the plodding oxen had drawn the heavy lion cages half that distance. Such wild rumors of it had found their way across the sparsely settled hills and hollows, that families who had not been out of sight of their cabin chimneys in five years or more were drawn irresistibly circusward.

Standing on a barrel, behind a hole in the canvas of the tent, the little clown amused himself by watching the stream of arrivals. As far as he could see, down the glaringly sunny road, rising clouds of dust betokened the approach of a seemingly endless procession. The whole county appeared to be flocking to the commons just outside of Burnville, where the annual training in military tactics took place on "muster days." People were coming by the wagon-load; nearly every horse carried double, and one old nag ambled up with a row of boys astride her patient back from neck to tail.

It was a hot afternoon in August, and a rank, almost overpowering odor of dog-fennel rose from the dusty weeds trampled down around the tent. The little clown was half stifled by the dust, the heat, and the smell, and the perspiration trickled down his grotesquely painted face; but an occasional impatient flapping of his handkerchief to clear away the dust of a new arrival was all that betrayed his discomfort. He was absorbed in the conversation of a little group who, seated on a log directly under his peep-hole in the canvas, were patiently waiting for the performance to begin.

"My motley can't hold a candle to theirs,"

he thought, with an amused chuckle, as he surveyed them critically. "Judging by the cut of that girl's old silk dress, it was a part of her grandmother's wedding finery, and she probably spun the stuff for that sunbonnet herself. But the man—Moses in the bul-rushes! People back East wouldn't believe me if I told them how he is togged out: tow trousers, broadcloth coat with brass buttons, bare feet, and a coonskin cap, on this the hottest of all the hot dog-days ever created!"

He wiped his face again after this inventory, and steadied himself on the barrel. All unconscious of the audience they were entertaining, the man and girl were retailing the neighborhood news to a tired-looking little woman, who sat on the log beside them, with a heavy baby in her arms. Their broad Western speech was as unfamiliar as it was amusing to their unseen listener. The barrel shook with his suppressed laughter, as they repeated the rumors they had heard regarding the circus.

"Thar was six oxen to draw the lion cages," said the girl, fanning herself with her sunbonnet. "Sam said them beasts roared to beat the Dutch—two of 'em. And he says thar's a pock-marked Irishman as goes around between acts with a nine-banded armadillo. Ef ye tech it, ye'll never have the toothache no more. But thar's suthin better nor him. Sam says he 'lows we'll jest all die a-laughin' when we see the clown. The whole end of the State has gone wild over that air clown. Sam says they make more fuss over him than they would over the President ef he was t' come to this neck o' woods."

Here the auditor behind the scenes, with his hand on his heart, made such a low bow that he lost his balance, and nearly upset the barrel.

"I reckon the elyfun't will be the biggest sight," drawled the man. "That's what drawed me here. I ain't never seen even the picter of an elyfun't, and they say this is the real live article from t'other side of the world. They say it kin eat a cock of hay six foot high at one meal."

Here the baby stirred and fretted in the

woman's arms, and she wearily lifted it to an easier position against her shoulder.

"I wish Jim would hurry up," she sighed,

"'Tain't Mis' Potter," answered the older woman. "She's ben laid up with rheumatiz

nearly all summer. It's Boone Ratcliffe's mother and his little William."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed the girl, with eager interest, standing up to get a better view. "Not ole 'Madam Ratcliffe,' as pap calls her! I've ben honin' for a sight of her ever sense last spring, when I heerd she'd come out from Maryland. I used to hear about her afore Boone married M'randy. It was M'randy as told me about her. She said the ole lady was so rich and so stuck up that she never even tied her own shoes. They had slaves and land and money and everything that heart could wish, and they didn't think that M'randy was good enough for their only son. The letters they writ to Boone trying to head him off made M'randy so mad that I didn't suppose she'd ever git over it."

"She didn't,"

answered the little woman, "and it was scant welcome they got when they come. The letter they sent a month aforehand never got here, so of course nobody knowed they was a-comin', and they wa'n't nobody down to the Ohio River landin' to meet 'em. My Jim he happened to be thar when they got off'n the flatboat. They was dreadful put out when they didn't find Boone watchin' out for 'em, after comin' all the way from Maryland. Goodness knows



"THE LITTLE CLOWN AMUSED HIMSELF BY WATCHING THE STREAM OF ARRIVALS."

wiping her hot face on a corner of her homespun apron.

"He's over yander helpin' ole Mis' Potter put up her ginger-bread stand," answered the girl, pointing to a large oak-tree on the edge of the common. "I seen 'em when she first come a-drivin' up on that big ox-sled, with a barrel of cider behind her. Law, I reckon she hain't never missed bein' on hand to sell her cakes and cider here on muster-days nary a time in ten years."

what 'ud become of 'em ef Jim hadn't happened acrost 'em. The boat had gone on down the river and left 'em settin' thar on shore amongst the bales and boxes, as helpless as two kittens. Jim he seen 'em a-settin' thar, and bein' a soft-hearted chap and knowin' suthin was wrong, he up and spoke.

"They was so bewildered like, 'count of not finding Boone and everything bein' so dif'-runt from what they lotted on, that they was well-nigh daft. The ole man had ben sick ever sence they left Pittsburg, and they was both plum tuckered out with that long flat-boat trip. Jim he jest h'isted 'em into the wagon, big chest and all, and brought 'em on to Burnville.

"He said 'twas plain to be seen they hadn't never been used to roughin' it in any way. The ole gentleman was so sick he had

to lean his head on her shoulder all the way, and she kep' a-strokin' his white hair with her fine soft fingers, and talkin' to him as if he'd ben a child. She tried to chirk him up by tellin' him they'd soon be to Boone's home, and talkin' 'bout when Boone was a little feller, tell Jim couldn't hardly stand it, he's that soft-hearted.

"He knew all the time what a disapp'intment was in store when they should set eyes on M'randy and the cabin, and find Boone growed to be so rough and common. It was dark when they got thar. Boone hadn't got home yit, and thar wa'n't a sign of a light about the place. So Jim lef' the ole folks setting in the wagon, and went in to break the news to M'randy, knowin' what a high-tempered piece she is at times. He said she was settin' on the doorstep in her bare feet



"'OLE MIS' RATCLIFFE TRIED TO APOLOGIZE FER COMIN'."

and dirty ole linsey-woolsey dress, jawin' little William. She'd ben a-makin' soap all day, and was dead tired.

"When Jim tole her what 'twas, the surprise seemed to strike her all of a heap. She never made a move to git up, and as soon as she could git her breath she begun to splutter like blue blazes. She said some folks had more burdens laid onto their shoulders than by rights was their share, and she couldn't see what made them ole people come trackin' out where they was neither wanted nor expected. She hadn't no airthly use for that stuck-up ole Mis' Ratcliffe, if she was Boone's mother. Oh, she jest talked up scan'lous.

"Jim he was afraid they would hear her clear out in the road, so he kep' tryin' to smooth her down, and then he went out and tried to smooth things over to the ole people. By the time they'd climbed out'n the wagon and walked up the path, William had lit a candle, and she was holdin' it over her head in the doorway. The way Jim tole it I could jest see how they stood lookin' at each other, like as they was takin' their measures. Jim said they both seemed to see the difference, M'randy so frowsy and common-lookin', for all her prettiness, and the ole lady so fine and aristocratic in her elegant dress and bunnit. He said he'd never fergit how white and tired-lookin' their old faces showed up in the candle-light, and sort of disapp'inted, too, over the welcome they'd ben expectin' and didn't git.

"M'randy didn't even offer to shake hands. After she'd stared a minute she said, sorter stiff-like, 'Well, I s'pose you may as well come on in.' Jim says there was tears in the ole lady's eyes when she follered M'randy into the cabin, but she wiped 'em away real quick, and spoke up cheerful to ole Mr. Ratcliffe.

"The room was in such a muss there wa'n't an empty chair to set on tell M'randy jerked the things off two of'm and kicked the stuff out of sight under the bed. Then she dusted 'em with her apron, and said in a long-sufferin' sort of tone that she reckoned 'twas about as cheap settin' as standin'.

"Ole Mis' Ratcliffe tried to apologize fer comin'. She said that their daughter back in Maryland tried to keep 'em from it, but that Boone couldn't come to them, and it had been ten years since he had left home, and they felt they must see him once more before they died. Jim said it was so pitiful the way she talked that he got all worked up."

"Why didn't they turn right around and go home the next day?" cried the girl, with flashing eyes. "That's M'randy all over again when she once gits her temper up, but people as rich as them don't have to put up with nobody's high and mighty ways."

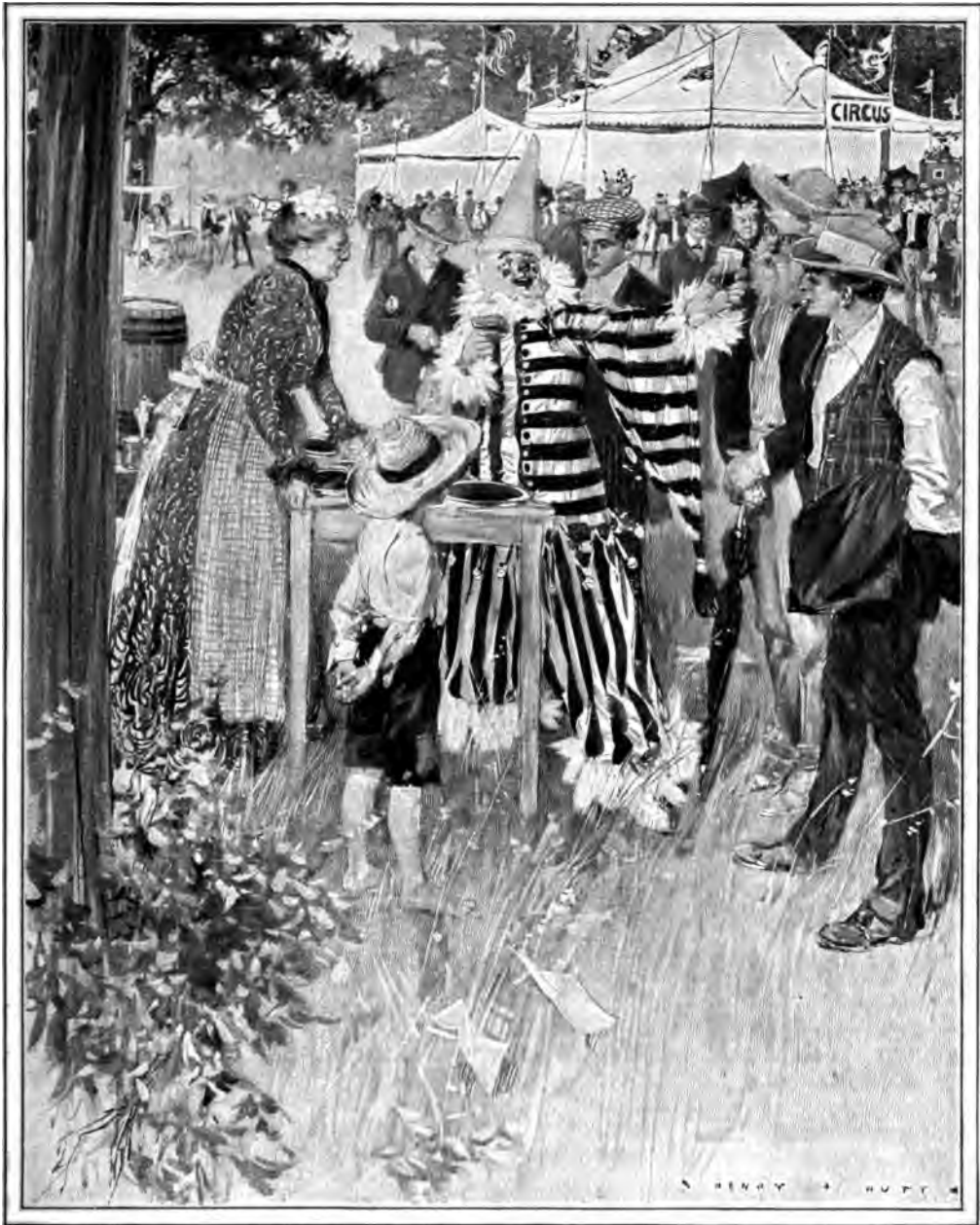
"They are not rich any more," was the answer. "A few years ago they lost all they had, slaves, land, and everything, and their married daughter in Baltimore is takin' care of 'em. She was sure they wouldn't find it agreeable out here, so she provided the money for 'em to come back on; but the ole man had his pockets picked comin' down on that flatboat, and they don't feel as they could write back and ask her for more. She's good to 'em as can be, but she hasn't got any more than she needs, and they hate to ask for it. That's why the ole lady is here to-day, takin' Mis' Potter's place. Boone persuaded her to come, and tole her if she could make as much as Mis' Potter always does, it will be enough to pay their way back to Maryland. He helped her get ready. I don't know what he said to M'randy to make her stand aside and not interfere, but she made up the ginger-bread as meek as Moses, and let Jim roll the barrel of cider out of the smoke-house without a word."

"Why don't Boone scratch around and raise the money somehow?" put in the man, who had chewed in interested silence as he listened to the story. Now he stopped to bite another mouthful from a big twist of tobacco he took from his broadcloth coat pocket.

"'Pears like their only son is the one that ought to do fer 'em, and at least he could make M'randy shut up and treat his parents civil."

"Boone!" sniffed the woman. "Why, he's under M'randy's thumb so tight that he dassent sneeze if she don't take snuff. Besides, he's ben on the flat of his back off and on all summer, with dumb ague. It's run into a slow fever now, and it takes every picayune they can scrape together to git his medicines. Then, too, M'randy sprained her ankle a month or so back, and things have been awful sence then. The ole man he don't realize he is in the way, he's so childish and broken down. He jest sorter droops around, pin'in' for the comforts he's always ben used to, in a way that almost breaks his ole wife's heart. She feels it keen enough for both of 'em, because she can't bear to see him lackin' anything he needs, and she'd rather die than be a burden to anybody."

"I tell Jim I'm sorry for the whole set,



"HE HAD BEEN FUNNY ENOUGH IN THE RING, BUT NOW THEY FOUND HIS JOKES IRRESISTIBLE."

and I can see it isn't the pleasantest thing for M'randy to give up a room to them when thar's only two in the cabin, and her ways ain't their ways, and their bein' .har puts everything out of joint; but Jim he sides with the ole people. He's mighty sorry for 'em, and would have put his hand in his own pocket and paid their expenses long ago back to Maryland, ef he'd a-ben able. He's ben a great comfort to the ole lady, he's jest that soft-hearted. I hope she'll sell out as fast as Mis' Potter always done."

Before the girl could echo her wish, there was a discordant scraping inside the tent, a sound of the band beginning to tune their instruments. Instantly there was a rush toward the tent, and all three of the little group sprang to their feet. The little woman

looked wildly around for Jim, with such an anxious expression that the clown lingered a moment, regardless of the stream of people pouring into the entrance so near him that the curtain which screened him from public view was nearly torn down. He waited until he saw a burly, good-natured man push his way through the crowds and transfer the heavy baby from the woman's tired arms to his broad shoulder. Then he turned away with a queer little smile on his painted face.

"He's jest that soft-hearted," he repeated, half under his breath. The woman's story had stirred him strangely. "It's a pity there's not more like him," he continued. "I guess that too few Jims and too many M'randys is what is the matter with this dizzy old planet."

"What's that ye're grumbling about, Humpty Dumpty?" asked the pock-marked Irishman as he came up with his nine-banded armadillo, all ready for the performance. Then in his most professional tones: "If it is the toothache yez have now, I'll be afther curing it entoi'rely wid wan touch of this baste from——"

"Oh, get out!" exclaimed the clown, putting his hand on the tall Irishman's shoulder and springing lightly down from the barrel. "I'm dead sick of all this monkey business. If it wasn't a matter of bread-and-butter I wouldn't laugh again in a year."

"Yez couldn't make anybody out there in that big aujence belave it," laughed the Irishman. "They think yer life is wan petooal joke; that yez are a joke yerself for that matther, a two-legged wan, done up in cap and bells."

"You're right," said the clown bitterly, looking askance at his striped legs. "But 'a man's a man for a' that and a' that,' and he gets tired sometimes of always being taken for a jesting fool. Curse this livery!"

The Irishman looked at him shrewdly. "You should have gone in for a 'varsity cap and gown, and Oi've been thinking sometimes that maybe yez did start out that way."

A dull red glowed under the paint on the clown's face, and he ran into the ring in response to the signal without a reply. A thundering round of applause greeted him, which broke out again as he glanced all around with a purposely silly leer. Then he caught sight of Jim's honest face, smiling expectantly on him from one of the front benches. It struck him like a pain that this man could not look through his disguise of tawdry circus trappings, and see that a

man's heart under the clown's motley. There came a fierce longing to tear off his outer character of mountebank, for a moment, to show Jim the stifled nature underneath, noble enough to recognize the tender chivalry hidden in the rough exterior of the awkward backwoodsman, and to be claimed by him as a kindred spirit.

As he laughed and danced and sang, no one dreamed that his thoughts kept reverting to scenes that the woman's story had called up, or that a plan was slowly shaping in his mind whereby he might serve the homesick old soul waiting out under the oak-tree for the performance to be done.

No wonder that people accustomed to seeing old Mrs. Potter in that place, gowned in homespun, and knitting a coarse yarn sock, had stopped to stare at the newcomer. Such a type of high-born, perfect ladyhood had never appeared in their midst before. The dress that she wore was a relic of the old Maryland days; so was the lace cap that rested like a bit of rare frost-work on her silvery hair. Mrs. Potter knew everybody for miles around, and was ready to laugh and joke with any one who stopped at her stand. Mrs. Ratcliffe sat in dignified silence, a faint color deepening in her cheeks like the blush of a winter rose. It was so much worse than she had anticipated to have these rude strangers staring at her, as if she were a part of the show. She breathed a sigh of relief when the music began, for it drew the crowds into the tent as if by magic. She and little William were left entirely alone.

With the strident boom of the bass viol came the rank smell of the dog-fennel that hurrying feet had left bruised and wilting in the sun. All the rest of her life that warm, weedy odor always brought back that humiliating experience like a keen pain. The horses in the surrounding grove stamped restlessly and whinnied as they switched off the flies. The long ride and the unaccustomed labor of the morning had exhausted her. She began to nod in her chair, giving herself up to a sense of drowsiness, for as long as the people were in the tent she would have no occupation.

Her white head dropped lower and lower, until presently she was oblivious to all surroundings. Little William, sitting on the sled with his back against the cider barrel, was forgotten. M'randy and the ill-kept man from her Maryland days edged about with a loving eye, sheltered as



some delicate white flower. Every path had been made smooth for her, every wish anticipated all her life long, until that day when

when the restlessness of his 'teens sent him roving over the Alleghanies to the frontier, regardless of their long-cherished ambitions

for him. Back of the time when in a sudden mad whim he had married a settler's pretty daughter, whom he was ashamed to take back to civilization when he thought of the Baltimore belles to whom he had paid boyish court. He had not stopped to consider her rough speech and uncouth manners. He had been a long time out in the wilderness, he was only twenty, and her full red lips tempted him.

If the dreams could only have stopped then, that little space she slept, while the circus band thrummed and drummed inside the tent, and the shadows of the hot August afternoon lengthened under the still trees outside, would have been a blessed respite. But they repeated the unpleasant



"WE ARE GOING BACK TO MARYLAND, DEAR HEART!"

they had set their faces westward to find Boone. It was coming down the Ohio on that long journey by flatboat that she suddenly woke to the knowledge that her husband's illness had left him a broken-down old man, as weak and irresponsible as a child.

But mercifully her dreams were back of that time. They were back with Boone in his gay young boyhood, when he danced minuets with the Governor's daughter, and entertained his college friends in lordly style on the old plantation. Back of that time

parts as well. They came on down to the night of that unwelcome arrival. They showed her the days when Boone lay prostrated with a slow malarial fever; the days when the fierce heat made him drag his pallet desperately from one corner to another across the bare puncheons, trying to find a spot where he could be comfortable. She could see him lying as he had so often lain, with his face turned toward the back door, looking out with aching eyes on the tall corn that filled the little clearing. In his feverish wanderings he complained that it was crowding up around



the house trying to choke him. And there was little William, little nine-year-old William, sitting on the floor beside him, attempting to flap away the flies with a bunch of walnut leaves. There were long intervals sometimes when the heat overpowered the child with drowsiness. Then the walnut branch wavered uncertainly or stopped in mid-air, while he leaned against the table leg with closed eyes and open mouth. Sometimes Miranda slept on the door-step, barefooted, as usual, with a dirty bandage around her sprained ankle.

In that short sleep she seemed to relive the whole summer, that had dragged on until her sense of dependence grew to be intolerable. Miranda's shrill complaining came penetrating again into the tiny room where she sat by her husband's bed, and the old head was bowed once more on his pillow as she sobbed: "Oh, William, dear heart, if the Lord would only take us away together! I cannot bear to be a burden to any one!" It was the sound of her own sobbing that awakened her, and she sat up with a sudden start, realizing that she had been asleep. She must have slept a long time. In that interval of unconsciousness the tavern-keeper from Burnville had erected a rival stand a few rods away.

She saw with dismay his attractive display of "store" goods. Then her face flushed

as he began to set out whisky bottles and glasses. Her first impulse was to gather up her belongings and get home as quickly as possible. In her perplexity she looked around for little William. Regarding a circus with such contempt herself, it had never occurred to her that he would care to see it.

He was a timid little fellow, who always hid when company came to the house, and he had never been away from home more than a dozen times in his life. The crowds frightened him, and he stayed as closely as



"THE TRUEST GENTLEMAN I HAVE MET IN MANY A DAY!"

a shadow at his grandmother's elbow until the music began. Then he forgot himself. It thrilled him indescribably, and he watched

with longing eyes as the people crowded into the tent. It seemed to him that he must certainly go wild if he could not follow, but they had sold nothing. Even if they had, he would not have dared to ask for enough money to pay his admission, it seemed such an enormous sum. As she began to nod in her chair he began to edge nearer the tent. He could catch now and then a word of the clown's jokes, and hear the roars of laughter that followed. When the clown began to sing, William had one ear pressed against the tent. People clapped and cheered uproariously at the last line of every stanza. He could not hear enough of the words to understand why. In the general commotion he was conscious of only one thing: he was on the outside of that tent, and he must get inside or die.

Regardless of consequences, he threw himself on the grass and wriggled around until he succeeded in squeezing himself under the canvas. There was a moment of dizzy bewilderment as he sat up and looked around. Then some cold, squirming thing touched the back of his neck. He gave a smothered cry of terror; it was the elephant's trunk. He had come up directly under the animal "from t'other side of the world, that could eat a six-foot cock of hay at one meal."

As he sat there, shivering and blubbing, afraid to move because he did not know which end of the clumsy monster was head and which tail, he heard a loud guffaw. The pock-marked Irishman who had charge of the nine-banded armadillo had seen the little side-show, and it doubled him up with laughter. He roared and slapped his thigh and laughed again until he was out of breath. Then he gravely wiped his eyes and drew the boy out from under the great animal. William clung to him, sobbing. Then the warm-hearted fellow, seeing that he was really terrified, took him around and showed him all the sights. In the delight of that hour, home, grandmother, and the world outside were completely forgotten.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Ratcliffe sat wondering what had become of the boy. People began to straggle out of the tent. There was to be another performance after dark, and she expected to find her customers among those who stayed for that. The tavern-keeper began calling attention to his refreshments in a facetious way that drew an amused crowd around him. Her hopes sank, as group after group passed her without stopping. Two young fellows from the village who had been drinking pushed roughly against her table.

"Hi, Granny!" hiccupped one of them. "Purty fine doughnuts, ole girl!" He gathered up a plateful, and tried to find his pocket with unsteady fingers. She stood up with a sickening feeling of helplessness, and looked around appealingly. Just then a heavy hand struck the fellow in the mouth, and jerked him back by his coat-collar. The pock-marked Irishman, to whom the bewildered little William still clung, had undertaken to find the boy's grandmother for him. The child's artless story had aroused his warmest sympathies, and nothing could have given him greater pleasure than this opportunity to fight for her.

"Put thim back, you ugly thafe o' the worruld," he roared, "or Oi'll throw yez entoirely over the sorcuss tint!"

The man bristled up for a fight, but one look into the big Irishman's glowering eyes sobered him enough to make him drop the cakes and slink away.

The Irishman looked embarrassed as Mrs. Ratcliffe began to thank him with tears in her eyes, and hurried back to the tent. The look of distress deepened on her face. Everybody passed her table for the one made popular by the loud-voiced man who knew so well how to advertise his wares. With a stifled groan she looked around on the great pile of provisions she had brought. What quantities of good material utterly wasted! What would Miranda say?

As she looked around her in dismay, she saw the clown coming toward her, still in his cap and bells. He had been watching the scene from a distance. Her distress was pitiful. To be compelled to wait on this jesting fool like any common bar-maid would fill her cup of degradation to overflowing. What could she do if he accosted her familiarly as he did every one else?

He leaned over and took off his grotesque cap. "Madam," he said, in a low, respectful tone, "I have no money, but if you will kindly give me a cake and a mug of cider, you shall soon have plenty of customers."

Greatly surprised, she filled him a cup, wondering what he would do. There was a rush for that part of the grounds as the hero of the hour appeared. He had been funny enough in the ring, but now they found his jokes irresistible. His exaggerated praises of all he ate and drank were laughed at, but everybody followed his example. More than one gawky boy bought something for the sake of being made the subject of his flattering witticisms. The tavern-keeper called and

sang in vain. As long as the clown told funny stories and praised Mrs. Ratcliffe's ginger-bread, all other allurements were powerless. He stayed with her until the last cake had been bought and the cider barrel was empty.

It was nearly sundown when she started home. Jim came up to roll the empty barrel on to the sled, to place her chair against it, and help little William hitch up the oxen; but when she looked around to thank the little clown, he had disappeared. No one could tell where he had gone.

Never in her girlhood, rolling home in the stately family coach from some gay social conquest, had she felt so victorious. She jingled the silk reticule at her side with childish pleasure. She could hardly wait for the slow oxen to plod the two long miles toward home, and when they stopped in front of the little cabin she was trembling with eagerness. Hurrying up the path through the gathering dusk, she poured her treasure out on her husband's bed.

"Look!" she cried, laying her face on the pillow and slipping an arm around his neck. "We are going back to Maryland, dear heart!" She nestled her faded cheek against his with a happy little sob. "Oh, William, we need not be a burden any longer, for we're going home to-morrow!"

Later, the full August moon swung up over the edge of the forest. It flooded the little clearing with its white light, and turned the dusty road in front of the cabin to a broad band of silver. A slow, steady tramp of many feet marching across a wooden bridge in the distance fell on the intense stillness of the summer night.

"It's the circus," said Boone, raising his head to listen. "I reckon they're travelin' by night on account of the heat, and they'll be pushin' on down to the river."

His wife limped to the door and sat down on the step to watch for its coming, but his mother hurried out to the fence and leaned across the bars, waiting.

A strange procession of unwieldy monsters, never before seen in this peaceful woodland, loomed up in the distance, huge and black, while a stranger procession of fantastic shadows stalked grimly by its side. The sleepy keepers dozed in their saddles, filing by in ghostly silence, save for the clanking of trace-chains and the creaking of the heavy lion cages.

At the extreme end of the long line came the tired little clown on the trick mule. A sorrier-looking object could not be imagined, as he sat with his knees drawn up and his head bent dejectedly down. He did not notice the figure leaning eagerly over the bars, until she called him. Then he looked up with a start. The next instant he had dismounted and was standing bare-headed in the road before her. The moonlight made a halo of her white hair, and lighted up her gentle, aristocratic face with something of its old high-born beauty.

"I wanted to thank you," she said, holding out her slender hand to the painted little jester with the gracious dignity that had always been her charm. "You disappeared this afternoon before I could tell you how much your courtesy has done for me and mine."

He bowed low over the little hand.

"I bid you farewell, sir," she added gently. "The truest gentleman I have met in many a day!" It was the recognition that he had craved. She had seen the man through the money. He looked up, his face glowing as if that womanly recognition had knighted him; and with the remembrance of that touch resting on him like a royal accolade, he rode on after the procession, into the depths of the moonlighted forest.





## CAPTURING A CONFEDERATE MAIL.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.

THIS is the true story of one of the daring expeditions that fell to the lot of the Federal Secret Service Bureau during the Civil War. The facts were obtained from my father, Major J. S. Baker, who was one of the three men detailed to capture the stage-coach. I have tried, as far as possible, to let him tell the story in his own words. By a fortunate chance, Mrs. J. H. Sherman has preserved the actual parole issued by Lieutenant Osborne on the day of the raid and signed by Sherman with his left hand. She still has it in her possession. Traill, who was the third member of the party, never told the story so far as I know; he was always ashamed of having lost his horse.

In the month of February, 1863, it came to the notice of the War Department that a secret Confederate stage service was in operation between Baltimore and Richmond; and at the time the route was first traced by the agents of the Department, the managers of the enterprise were grown so bold that they had ceased to limit their business to passengers and mail, and the boot of every stage was piled with trunks and boxes filled with contraband goods. The profits of this traffic were in direct proportion to its hazards;

and any trader who was shrewd and daring enough to slip through the Union lines with quinine, morphine, percussion caps, or other light munitions of war, was sure of selling his stock to the Confederate government at an enormous advance.

Secretary Stanton turned the information of his scouts over to General L. C. Baker of the National Secret Service Bureau, with his instructions scrawled in blue across the face of the document:

"See if you can get hold of some of this mail or break up the business."

We knew that it would be impossible to intercept the blockade-runners in Maryland, where they were always under the protecting guardianship of their friends, concealed in attics and hay-stacks, with a hundred secret sentinels to whisper the approach of every searching party. It might seem easy to have sent out a raiding party in Virginia to take the stages. But the Federal lines at that time reached only as far as Dranesville, and the country beyond was given over to the ravages of guerrilla bands, which made the protection of the stage routes an important part of their duties. And if armed force could not insure the safety of the mail-carriers, there were innumerable opportunities in

the mountain ravines and among the friendly Virginia planters for effectual concealment. Indeed, it would have been quite as appropriate to stalk a red deer with a cavalry company as to send a regular military detachment to capture a smuggler in Virginia.

General Baker hit upon a plan that was as simple as it was audacious. He detailed three of his men—Sherman, Traill, and me—and instructed us to push out boldly beyond our lines and strike the stage route somewhere well up in the mountains near Leesburg. Leesburg was then the headquarters of a considerable body of Confederate cavalry and a base of military operations for northern Virginia. There being only three of us, the General thought we could creep up to the enemy's lines, or even beyond them, without attracting any attention. We might then wait at some obscure station on the mail route, and at the appearance of the stage, quietly capture it, search the passengers, destroy any contraband goods that might be in the stage boot, and ride back to Washington with the Confederate mails stowed safely away in our saddle-bags. The very boldness and swiftness of the movement would warrant its success. The General told us not to try to bring in any prisoners, but impressed upon us the necessity of getting the mails.

Traill was a Virginian born, and Sherman was a plucky Yankee who had gone to Virginia some time before the war as overseer for General Roger Jones of Fairfax County. Their acquaintance with eastern Virginia and its people admirably fitted them for such an expedition. I was thrown in to make measure, and it was my cue to keep well in the background until I was needed. Traill's soft Southern drawl would clear the way for all of us.

We left Washington on the evening of February 9, 1863. We were clad in citizen's clothes of nondescript gray, and each of us had a heavy ammunition belt buckled well up under his coat. Sherman and I each took a Colt's revolver, and Traill, who was always fearful of being underarmed, took two. There was nothing to distinguish us from ordinary citizens traveling in the common highway, with the exception of our secret service badges, which gave us almost unlimited privileges in passing through our lines and in getting such assistance as we might need from the soldiery.

As far as Dranesville we kept the pike, but when we left the Federal lines, we slipped off into a by-path that cut through a dense thicket of hog-pines. We rode silently, in

single file, and paused o had no desire to fall in. In this way we passed w Leesburg, and climbed the Blue Ridge. Morning fou tlement at the forking of the road. It was a mere three-corners, with a post-office, a blacksmith shop, and two or three dilapidated houses. It was called Laskey's, as I remember it, after the man who kept the post-office. Laskey's place was a little one-story, unpainted building, with a sagging porch jutting out over the road. It was set fairly on the mountain slope, and the land behind it dropped away abruptly into a deep ravine, with densely wooded sides. Laskey kept the post-office in a box-like front room, and he and his family lived in the rear.

We tied our horses at a hitching-bar near the store, where we could reach them easily in case of need. Traill walked into the building, and inquired when the stage would be along. Laskey was quite taken off his guard. "Directly, I reckon," he said.

Traill sat down on a nail-keg and lighted his pipe, and we fell to talking. For a time Laskey was restless and evidently suspicious, but Traill's drawl and Sherman's evident familiarity with the Loudoun County names thawed him out, and he was soon talking freely. He thought we would be perfectly safe in mailing our letters to Richmond, and he explained much at length how careful the driver was to store the mail in a hidden box under the seat. He also had a good deal to say about the valor of the blockade-runners, and how well they were armed.

About the middle of the forenoon Laskey reckoned that he heard the stage coming. Traill knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and I hitched my elbows to feel the friendly crook of my revolver butt beneath my coat. We followed Laskey out into his little porch. The stage was already half-way down the sandy hill, the horses bowling along at a rocking gallop, with the driver perched stiffly up behind.

Traill pushed the lank postmaster well to the front, and kept him much in friendly evidence. When the stage stopped, the driver came down from wheel to hub and stretched his legs. Several travel-worn passengers, one a woman, looked out suspiciously from the interior of the stage. One powerful, red-faced man carried a handsome rifle, and seemed uncertain just what to do with it. The boot l

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familiarity with the Loudoun County names

thawed him out, and he was soon talking

freely. He thought we would be perfectly

safe in mailing our letters to Richmond, and

he explained much at length how careful the

driver was to store the mail in a hidden box

under the seat. He also had a good deal to

say about the valor of the blockade-runners,

and how well they were armed.

About the middle of the forenoon Laskey

reckoned that he heard the stage coming.

Traill knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and

I hitched my elbows to feel the friendly crook

of my revolver butt beneath my coat. We

followed Laskey out into his little porch.

The stage was already half-way down the

sandy hill, the horses bowling along at a

rocking gallop, with the driver perched stiffly

up behind.

Traill pushed the lank postmaster well to

the front, and kept him much in friendly evi-

dence. When the stage stopped, the driver

came down from wheel to hub and stretched

his legs. Several travel-worn passengers,

one a woman, looked out suspiciously from

the interior of the stage. One powerful,

red-faced man carried a handsome rifle, and

seemed uncertain just what to do with it.

The boot l

"Any man

Traill

with baggage.

iver.

would like to



"SHERMAN AND I COVERED THE PASSENGERS INSIDE THE STAGE, INCLUDING THE RED-FACED MAN WITH THE RIFLE."

have you stay here for a few minutes," he said; "we are going to examine your baggage."

The driver's jaw dropped. "Who are you?" he demanded angrily, reaching into the pocket of his overcoat.

Traill's revolver flashed up and clicked, and I remember with what ludicrous alacrity the driver's hands went up. Sherman and I covered the passengers inside of the stage, including the red-faced man with the rifle, who was in a chill of fright.

"You are prisoners," Sherman said to them, "and if you keep quiet, there will not be any shooting."

We drove them like a flock of sheep into the post-office, and I stood at the doorway and kept guard. Traill sprang up the side of the stage, tore away the coverings of the driver's seat, and threw down three pouches of mail about the size of fat saddle-bags. Sherman cut the straps that supported the boot, and sent the trunks and boxes tumbling

into the sand. Then he found an ax near Laskey's chopping-log, and cracked off the tops of them one by one. Having laid bare the baggage, Sherman and Traill both began to throw it out. The upper part of most of the trunks was filled with clothing. Below this there was a varied assortment of contraband goods. They took out package after package of medicine—morphine and quinine principally—and burst them open in the sand. The bottles they cracked on the edges of the trunks. They also found several boxes of percussion caps, and a quantity of fine silk for hospital use.

We were all watching the swift destruction of the goods, and Traill had his head deep in one of the trunks, when of a sudden there came the biting "pit, pit" of revolvers. A bullet drove into the door at my side, and sent the splinters stinging into my face. A company of cavalry had shot from among the pines up the hill, and was now racing straight down upon us, firing furi-

ously. I remember how the revolvers blazed when the riders rose in their saddles to take aim.

Sherman and Traill pitched through the door, carrying me with them. Inside of the little store the stage passengers were scrambling under the counters and behind boxes, to protect themselves from the bullets. The woman was wailing her terror.

For a moment we paused undecided; capture seemed imminent, and we knew that our secret service badges, if found upon us, were as good as a sentence of death. Just then we caught a glimpse of the stage driver. He was edging toward the door, evidently intending to escape. "Get out of here," Sherman shouted, "and take your passengers with you! Get out!"

At the appearance of the driver waving his arms the firing ceased abruptly. The passengers ran after him, wild with terror, and tumbled into the stage. Just once the driver looked behind into Sherman's revolver muzzle, and then he put the gad to his horses, and the crazy old stage went rattling down the hill, swaying from side to side like a ship on a choppy sea.

All this had happened within the space of a long breath. The cavalymen, evidently much astonished by our amazing manœuvres, had slowed up, and were advancing more cautiously.

"What shall we do?" I asked.

"Barricade the door," said Traill.

"No; wait a minute," answered Sherman.

He stepped boldly across the porch, with his revolver in his hand, and seized the three mail bags, which had been left quite forgotten where Traill had dropped them. Then he turned and darted back, but before he could reach the doorway the cavalymen opened fire. The bullets threw up little wisps of sand around him, and cut a groove along the porch; but Sherman came in without a scratch. "We've got what we came for," he said.

By this time the cavalymen were at the door. Sherman had just time to whirl around and raise his revolver. One of the Confederates who was well in advance threw himself from his horse, and shouted: "Here, you surrender!"

Sherman fired. We saw the cavalryman give in at the knees and go down in a heap. His horse plunged and reared at the end of the bridle rein. The poor fellow clung desperately, and finally managed to drag himself up and mount. His horse turned and galloped madly up the hill, the rider swaying

dizzily and clinging to the pommel like a drunken man. An instant later the whole troop was well out of pistol range. Traill and I kept blazing away at them until our revolvers were empty.

"Well," observed Traill, "we're all here."

"And we're likely to stay," said Sherman, pointing down the road.

At the very first volley our horses had pulled loose from the rotten old tie-rail. They ran some distance down the hill after the stage, and we now saw two of the cavalymen gathering them in, with our blankets, ponchos, and rations. We were caught like rats in a trap.

We might be attacked again at any moment, and we made ready to receive the enemy by piling barrels and boxes against the windows of our citadel, and barricading the front and rear doors, so that they would open only wide enough to admit of the passage of a pistol arm. Then we unslung our ammunition belts, and laid them out where they could easily be reached. I remember with what unction Traill blew down the barrels of his revolvers, and with what nicety he fitted on the caps.

All this time Laskey had been hovering around us with tears of abject misery and terror streaming down his sallow face. He assured us that we should all be killed and the store burned over our heads. "You take your wife and children, and go down cellar, and stay there," said Traill. But the poor fellow was so terrified that we had to use the indisputable revolver argument before he would stir.

In the meantime the cavalymen on the hill had not been idle. Several of them stripped down to charging trim, and presently we saw a big sergeant give his horse the spur and come down the road at top speed. Another rider followed at a distance of ten yards, and then another and another. Sherman and I sprang to the door, and Traill to the window. As the riders reached the store, they lay over on the off sides of their saddles and blazed at us from under their horses' necks. We were awkwardly placed, but we returned their fire with spirit—"Gave 'em as good as they sent," Traill said. In his anxiety to get a better aim Sherman kept reaching further out of the door. "Take care, Sherman," I called to him.

"They can't hit anything," he responded, firing again.

But the words were hardly out of his mouth when his revolver fell from his hand, and his



hand dropped limp. From a ragged hole in his wrist the blood was spurting.

"Sherman, you're hit," I said.

"Never mind," he answered; "I can shoot just as well with my left hand."

He stooped, seized his revolver, and fired

the ruins of our barricade, with a dozen men in gray scrambling after him. At sight of us he threw up his revolver and fired. I felt the hot breath of the powder in my face, and the flash blinded me. An instant later Traill and I fired together. The cavalryman's head dropped back, his mouth gaped open, and he rolled over and over down the steps. Then we continued firing until there wasn't a patch of gray in sight.

In the meantime the battle in front was growing fierce. I heard Sherman shouting, and turned to see him wave his empty revolver. I knew that he could not load, and

I ran to help him. The barricade and the powder smoke so darkened the room that in my excitement I overturned the caps. While I was scrambling on the floor to gather them up, there came a rush of feet across the porch outside, and the flimsy door was burst open. For a moment two of the cavalymen struggled with our barricade, while several others fired from behind them into the room.

Sherman seized a heavy stone molasses-jug from a shelf, and hurled it full at the stormers. It made a great noise, but instead of repulsing the attack, only encouraged it. They thought we were now out of ammunition, and they came at us again both in front and in the rear.

But an instant later our revolvers were loaded again. Traill fired three times in quick succession, and then ran to the back door. Sherman and I remained in front, and it was the work of only a minute to send the cavalymen flying.

For a long time after that everything was still. The smoke, that had done so much in protecting us from the bullets of the stormers, cleared away, and we reloaded our hot revolvers and rebuilt our barricades. We also took the precaution of hiding our secret service badges in the lining of our coats. We dared not throw them away for fear we could not get back to Washington in case we escaped, and yet we dreaded being captured with them in our possession. Traill returned to the solace of his pipe, and we discussed the situation with some misgivings.

Presently we heard a commotion in the cellar below us. Laskey's wife and children began to scream, and a moment later the



"HE HELD HIS SABER ALOFT, AND A WHITE HANDKERCHIEF FLUTTERED AT ITS POINT."

the remaining charges before turning. I hastily bound up his wrist with a handkerchief, and he went at it again as if nothing had happened.

Quite suddenly we heard a commotion somewhere behind the building. Our barricade of boxes fell with a crash, and the back door was driven into splinters. Traill and I rushed into the little rear room. We understood in a flash the meaning of the cavalry show in front of the store—it covered a flank movement. At that moment we saw a big, square-jawed cavalryman drive against the broken door with his shoulder. It went down like paper, and he stood facing us in



postmaster himself thrust an ashy face above the trap-door. "They're settin' the store on fire," he said.

We listened intently. Behind the building some one was moving stealthily.

"They'll burn us all up," groaned Laskey; "they're carryin' straw for kindlin'."

Some one shouted to us from the hill outside, and we saw a single cavalryman, a lieutenant, riding down toward the store. He held his saber aloft, and a white handkerchief fluttered at its point. Sherman answered from the window.

"What do you want?"

"Come out of there and surrender."

"You've called at the wrong place," answered Sherman.

"If you don't, we'll fire the store. I came down to give you fair warning. We've got the place surrounded, and you can't escape."

We made no answer, and the lieutenant shouted again: "Are you going to surrender?"

"No," answered Sherman.

The lieutenant wheeled, and galloped back up the hill, and we again heard the noises back of the building.

"They're goin' to burn us out, sartin sure," wailed Laskey.

"No, they won't," said Traill; "you go out and tell 'em this is your property, and they must stand responsible if they burn it."

"All right, suh," he answered eagerly.

"Come up, Julia," calling to his wife.

"No," interrupted Traill, "you must go alone."

"But my wife will be burned."

"You tell 'em they mustn't burn this store," ordered Traill, fairly pushing him from the door.

He went out, waving his arms and shouting that he was innocent. We could hear the low grumble of his talk with the men at the corner, and then everything was still. After a seemingly endless wait we saw him running down the road, followed by the lieutenant and several privates. A hundred yards from the store they stopped. Sherman stepped out on the porch with his revolver in his hand.

"You fellows better surrender," shouted the lieutenant, this time persuasively; "we don't want to burn you out. This man's family is in the store, and we have no desire to injure any of them. You've got three men, and we've got two hundred and fifty. We're going to take you sooner or later, and the sooner you come out the better it will be for you."

Sherman stepped back into the store. "I don't propose to surrender," he said; "what do you say?"

"I don't," I said.

"Nor I," answered Traill.

"We won't surrender," reported Sherman from the porch.

"Then burn!" roared the lieutenant.

He dug his spurs into his horse, and rode back well out of pistol range. Then he turned and waved his saber, evidently signaling to the men back of the house. A moment later we heard the crackling of the fire, and the smoke swept by the window. Laskey, wild with terror, rushed down the hill, but Sherman refused to let him in. I ran to the trap-door, and tried to calm his half frantic wife and children.

The smoke continued to grow more dense, and Traill pulled down part of the barricade, so that we could make a dash for our lives the moment it became necessary. But for some reason we saw no flames. If properly set, the fire should have enveloped the dry, flimsy building in thirty seconds. Gradually the smoke disappeared, and Traill observed that we had escaped a fiery death.

Later in the war, no doubt, they would have burned the building and forced us to run like drowned-out gophers, but at that time soldiers were not schooled in all of the devices of military carnage, and when we did not offer ourselves up on the altar of our fears, the fire was raked away, and white-winged peace in the guise of the handkerchief on the saber point again hovered on the hill. Sherman stepped out.

"You fellows are good fighters," shouted the lieutenant, this time diplomatically.

"Thank you," responded Sherman.

"We can't stay here all night for three Yanks, and we've decided that if you'll sign a parole and give up your arms we'll let you go free."

We haggled for some time over the proposition. Traill and I saw in it the only possible loophole of escape, but Sherman opposed it. "I know those fellows better than you do," he said; "they won't think of recognizing a parole. The moment they get our arms they'd capture us." And he made a disagreeable motion of his fingers across his throat. "They're guerrillas, and responsible to nobody."

Our ammunition was running low, night was coming on, and we had neither eaten nor slept for nearly twenty-four hours. Besides that, Traill and I could see that Sherman was suffering from the shot in his arm,



"THE LIEUTENANT CAME DOWN TO THE STORE WITH HIS ORDERLY."

although he never mentioned it. We argued the question sharply for some little time, and Sherman finally yielded.

Then there was more haggling as to the terms of the parole. Sherman insisted with all of the dignity of a major-general that we be allowed to carry away our side-arms, but the lieutenant argued, with some reason, that we had been fighting with our side-arms and that we should give them up. He evidently knew that the rebel mail was in our possession, for he expressly stipulated that we were to carry nothing away with us.

"If I go, the mail goes with me, parole or no parole," said Sherman, in parenthesis to us. "We've got to have something to show for the trip."

Everything being finally arranged, the lieutenant came down to the store with his orderly. Sherman gravely returned his salute. Laskey brought a pen and ink, and the lieutenant, whose name was Osborne, stooped and wrote the paroles on slips of paper, using the battered and bullet-scarred window sill for a writing-desk. He was a big, bluff, handsome fellow, and he treated us with great civility. Knowing that ordinary prisoners of war would receive much better treatment than scouts or secret service men, we posed as regularly enlisted soldiers, and gave our companies and regiments. We each signed one of the slips, and then Sherman knocked the caps from three of the revolvers,

and handed them over one by one. It was like parting from our dearest friends. The lieutenant took them gravely, and gave them to his orderly. "You used them well," he said gallantly.

"We needed to," responded Sherman.

Having received our ammunition, what was left of it, the lieutenant paused, and eyed us sharply.

"Nothing but pocket-knives," put in Traill.

"You will now return to the top of the hill," said Sherman, "and remain there until we can march away."

"You are not to return to the store nor take anything with you," said the lieutenant.

"We understand the agreement clearly."

The lieutenant turned and mounted. Then he paused: "Our men are at the top of the hill," he said, "and I warn you for your own good that they will not stand any trifling."

"I would remind you that we are paroled prisoners of war," returned Sherman with dignity.

We stood as stiff as drum-majors, maintaining a ludicrous dignity, with our hearts in our boots, and the cavalymen rode slowly away up the hill. The sun was just setting over the mountain tops, and the woods were quiet and hazy with the smoke of our little battle. Before the lieutenant had gone half-way up the hill his command began to swarm out of the woods and ride down to meet him.

This was distinctly contrary to our parole agreement, but the lieutenant seemed to encourage it. "We're in for it," said Traill.

"No, we aren't," answered Sherman between his teeth.

He turned instantly, and we followed him into the store. Each of us seized one of the mail bags, tore aside the barricade, sprung through the back door, and ran rapidly down the hill by a narrow, well-worn pathway. Before we had gone fifty paces we heard the shouts of the cavalymen in pursuit.

At the bottom of the ravine a barrel was sunk deep in the oozy ground, and it was full of clear water that bubbled up out of the earth. As if with a common impulse, we dropped down and thrust our faces into it, and drank until we could hold no more. Bullets were better than the thirst from which we had been suffering all day long. Again on our feet, we ran up the ravine, the bottom of which was a dry runway covered with boulders and sand. It cut the mountain slope from near the summit to the valley below, and its banks were half hidden with overhanging bushes, junipers, spruces, and scrub-pines, often growing so thick that it was impossible to force a passage. We ran desperately for five or ten minutes, and then we began to hear the clattering of feet in the runway below us. Traill stopped, and reaching down, drew the fourth revolver from the depths of his cavalry boot. "They think we aren't armed," he said.

But Sherman and I were wholly defenseless, and we quickly concluded that concealment was our only course. So we scrambled up the side of the bank to the wooded slope of the mountain. Here we separated, Sherman and Traill penetrating further into the woods, while I wormed my way into a dense mat of junipers. It was agreed that if one of us was captured, he should not reveal the hiding-places of the others.

There we lay, hugging the moist ground, each with a bag of Confederate mail for a pillow. In the desire to have some weapon of defense at hand, I drew my clasp-knife and thrust it into the earth at my side. Then I covered my body as well as I could with dead leaves and juniper branches. Never before nor since have I longed so much for a revolver. We heard the cavalymen beating about in the bushes below us, evidently thinking we had gone down the ravine instead of up. But presently a considerable party of them approached and halted almost opposite my hiding-place. I lay so near the edge of the ravine that I could hear everything they said.

"We've lost their tracks," said one; "and I reckon they've taken to the woods somewhere in here."

A moment later they came scrambling up the bank, and I heard the officer direct them to march in open order, three or four yards apart. "They're skulking somewhere in these junipers," he said, "and if they don't surrender, shoot 'em."

Up to this point I had not felt the least anxiety for my safety. There was something inspiring in the action and excitement of the skirmish at the store and the subsequent flight; but this lying defenseless and waiting to be flushed like a partridge from its cover told on my nerves. I found it difficult to resist the temptation to leap up and run, regardless of the consequences. I had not the slightest doubt that we should all be shot where we lay, for the cavalymen were in no good humor. Nearer and nearer they came, tramping through the bushes. I sank down to my smallest, and grasped my clasp-knife until my fingers ached. I had decided that if I was found, there would be at least one less Confederate cavalryman.

"See anything?" shouted some one back in the woods.

"No," answered a voice almost over me.

At that one of the searchers thrust his saber viciously into a thicket not a dozen feet away from me. Then he paused, and looked around him in the gathering gloom. I was certain that he saw me, and as he took a step in my direction, I drew up one leg and prepared to spring at his throat. The leaves rustled, and he turned his head sharply, and poised his saber, again looking straight at me. My heart thumped so that I was sure he heard it; but he turned and poked into a thicket on the other side, and passed on up the hill, leaving me lying there panting and weak. Then I began to fear for Sherman and Traill, especially for Traill, for I knew that he would be sorely tempted to fire and take his chances. He always hated hiding. But the sounds of the search grew fainter and fainter, and presently I again heard the cavalymen scrambling among the boulders in the bottom of the ravine.

"They can't be anywhere on this side," said one of them, and directly they crawled up the opposite bank, where they continued their search.

It was now dark in the woods, and presently from somewhere up the mountain we heard a bugle sounding the cavalry recall. Ten minutes later it was followed by the lively



"EACH OF US SEIZED ONE OF THE MAIL BAGS . . . AND RAN RAPIDLY DOWN THE HILL."

music of the assembly. Then I heard the faint whistle of a cuckoo. It came again, twice repeated, and then I answered it. Five minutes later the three of us were gathered at the edge of the ravine, chilled and stiff and hungry, but safe.

All that night we skulked through the woods, choosing the most inaccessible by-paths and making wide detours around all of the plantations and settlements. At sunrise we stopped in an old corn-field, completely exhausted. Sherman's wrist was badly swollen, and pained him cruelly. Just over a little hill we saw the smoke rising from some clustering negro quarters, and a hundred yards beyond rose a wide-porched plantation house. I volunteered to see what could be done toward getting something to eat, for

we were almost famished. I crept up to the back of one of the cabins, and made known my wants to an old negro auntie who was sleepily starting her fire. When I told her we were Yankees in disguise, she was greatly frightened, but evidently anxious to help us. After much persuasion she cooked breakfast, and hung out a red petticoat to signal us when it was ready. Never did pork and corn cakes taste sweeter.

At noon we were marched to Federal headquarters at Dranesville in charge of a corporal of the guard, and before night we reported to General Baker in Washington. When the mails were opened they were found to contain much information of value, and we felt repaid in some degree for the loss of our horses and equipment.

# JENNY.

BY BENJAMIN COXE STEVENSON.



**Y**EARS ago, in what people of careless speech might call the backwoods of Indiana, but what deserves as rich a term as our language will afford, there lived a respectable farmer and his family, consisting of a wife and one son, a young man about twenty-one years of age.

There was a daughter at one time in the family, but she had married and left it a few years before. Mr. Morgan had given her—or, rather, her husband—eighty acres of land at her marriage, the young man's father built them the house, and both together gave them stock and implements enough to start housekeeping and farming with. The young woman was married at nineteen, but in that simple society enough worldly experience to enable one to be the head of a family was acquired early in life. The young wife needed to know how to cook, sew, make soap, and such things; the husband to plow, use an ax, and make hay. These things were learned early, because children began to work early. Little girls made bread at twelve and thirteen, boys were hands in the harvest field at fourteen and fifteen.

Although George Morgan was two years younger than his sister, he became possessed with the desire to marry soon after she left the home. Her happiness in a cheap little house, and everything her own, so affected him that he wanted to try it himself. But this was not the only thing that produced his desire; there was a slender girl, with a pale face, living about two miles away that helped. Jenny was just the girl to fill a simple heart and call out the sympathy that is the foundation of love. She was tall, with dark-brown, tired eyes that told of the hard life she had led and of sorrows she had had. Her father was a lazy good-for-nothing, and a drunkard. Her oldest brother, who had been little better, had died of consumption when she was fifteen. She and her mother nursed him through his lingering illness. He had hardly been buried when her mother was taken sick with the same disease, and

died about a year afterward. This left her with a younger sister and a little brother to take charge of, and her father more inclined to drink than ever.

Although George wanted to marry the girl so much, he felt that his father would not let him. Mr. Morgan had no use for an improvident man, especially a man that would drink liquor; and, besides, he had had some personal trouble with Wiggins. George knew this, and he also knew that his father was most unforgiving. Consequently for several years he was tossed backward and forward between his desire to marry and fear of not getting his father's consent. He was continually waiting for a more propitious time.

One winter the young girl caught a deep cold that lasted until spring. A bright-red spot appeared in each of her pale cheeks, and her eyes looked deeper and sadder than ever. Strange to say—or perhaps it is not—George wanted to marry then more than ever; but this sickness he knew would only add more force to his father's opposition. But spring came, and with it the return of the girl's health; and in the middle of the summer, when she was apparently well, George determined that it was the time to have the matter out with his father, one way or the other. He told Jenny one Sunday afternoon that he was going to try to get his father's consent, but she begged him not to. She knew everything was against their marriage, and feared the test. But George was determined, and with sadness she saw him depart for home.

George drove home slowly, his high-headed bay mare stepping along lightly, barely knocking up the dust. The first thing a young man in the country does, when he reaches what he thinks is maturity, is to become the owner of a driving horse and a buggy. This is as essential to the simple country society as a dress suit is to that of the city. And on Sunday afternoons each young man, his buggy clean and his horse sleek and reined as high as nature will allow, goes to see his chosen girl, and if the weather is good takes her for a drive. The horses may be reined too high, but it is Sunday, and the driver has on his best and most

uncomfortable clothes, so the horse ought to stand it. If a horse only knew how important it was to dash up in style to the hitching-post in front of the white-painted, green-blind, two-storied house, he would not complain. If he only knew that the Sunday-washed, clean-waisted boy seen making a dash from the gate to the house as he came down the road was running to say, "Hyere he comes," and that the agitation of the curtain in the front window was caused by a young lady peeping, he would hold his head up until his check-rein was as slack as a jumping-rope.

George turned in at the gate in front of his father's well-built barn. He loosened his horse's rein, and patted her neck.

"Jenny, my beauty," he said, "now you can let her down."

The mare drew a deep breath, and stretched her nose out near the ground. George opened the gate, and she walked through and stopped. He put the horse in the barn, and then backed the buggy into a shed at one end.

At the house he found his father sitting in the shade of a tree, his coat off, and his clean white shirt showing creases from the ironing. The old gentleman was not troubled with a collar; he seldom wore so useless an article of clothing, and certainly not on a warm summer afternoon. "Well, which one have you been to see to-day, George?" he asked good-humoredly.

"My best one," George answered evasively.

"You don't look very enthusiastic. I guess you found her other fellow there."

"No, there wasn't any one else there."

George was in no humor to be joked, and especially on a subject so close to what was vital to him. He was primed for something more serious, but, knowing that his father's jocular mood was closer to an explosion than a quiet one, saw this was not the time to act. "Is ma in the house?" he asked.

"Yes, some'eres; but you don't want to be running off; stay and tell me about her."

George found his mother in the kitchen setting their cold Sunday supper. It consisted of a part of a chicken, and a part of a pie, and a part of a loaf, and a part of everything they had had for dinner. He watched her silently. She asked him to get some water, and then to bring in some wood to get breakfast with. Mrs. Morgan saw that something was on his mind, but she waited for him to take his own time to tell

it. He knew that getting his mother's consent would be the smallest of his difficulties, but he wanted her advice. He also knew that the prospect of a quarrel between him and his father would worry her, and he dreaded to tell her.

"Mother," he said at last, "I've got something I want to talk to you about. I don't expect you will like it very much, but it's important to me." He paused, hardly knowing what to say, and then stumbled on. "It's about—do you think father will give me a start like Anna? I'm getting along now—I want to settle down."

"You are young yet, George." She thought he meant only to work for himself. "You are well enough at home, aren't you?"

"I know, but I would like to have a piece of land of my own and be working for myself."

"But your pa needs you, and I need you, George. Your pa's getting along in years, and who'll do things for me if you leave? Who'll bring in the stove wood for me? If I had another boy or girl—but you are all I have got."

George traced the figures on the red tablecloth with a fork. He saw she did not guess what he wanted to say, and he shrank from telling her. "Ma, I can't stay here always. Don't you—don't you think I'll ever want to get married?"

"Yes, you will want to be getting married some time, but you don't want to be thinking about that yet. I don't believe in children getting married too young; Anna married too young. Your pa and I were not married until he was thirty-five and I was twenty-two. That's young enough. I have known people—" and she rambled off, getting farther and farther away from George's case, until he became desperate. "Why," she said, finishing, "they had no more business getting married than you would, and you oughtn't to be thinking about anything like that for years yet."

This was poor encouragement, but he felt that he must have the truth out before things got worse. "That's just what I wanted to talk about," he said with a gulp. "I—I do want to get married." He did not dare look at his mother, but continued tracing the figures.

Her voice almost failed her. "George, you don't!" But she saw by his actions that he was in earnest. "You are too young, George. You oughtn't to be thinking about it yet."

"No, I am not, mother. I've got a team

of horses of my own, and if father will give me a piece of land I could get along."

The mother looked at him, and shook her head sadly.

"The sooner I start for myself the better start I'll have. Pa didn't own a piece of land until he was thirty-two or three, and he has made a good deal of money; but if he had have got a start earlier, wouldn't he have had more time to make more?"

Mrs. Morgan knew there was a flaw in this reasoning, but she could not tell exactly what it was. "Who is it you want to marry?" she asked.

George hesitated; here was the real difficulty. "W'y, it's—I and Jenny want to get married. I know pa don't like Bill Wiggins, but Jenny takes after her mother."

"She's an invalid."

"No, she isn't. She's well now."

"She was sick all last winter, and they say she's got the consumption."

George flinched at this bald statement. "No, she hasn't," he said. "She had a bad cold last winter, but she has got over it."

"She's all right now," he repeated, for his mother did not speak immediately.

"George," she said at last, the tears rising in her eyes, "George, I must be plain with you. It is a mother's right and a mother's duty to speak the truth and advise, no matter how unpleasant it is, and I must do it now. It's the time in your life when you want advice if you ever do, and no one will ever give you as sincere advice as your mother." She choked with emotion, but after a moment conquered it and went on: "You've come to the turning-point in the road. You've been wandering through the fields up to now; but now you've come to the place where you must choose the road, and it needs all the judgment a boy can give—and his mother too—not to make a mistake. A wife can make a man or ruin him. She can be a helpmate or she can be a burden. I've seen women that would bear good men down like a mill-stone around their necks. I've seen——"

"But Jenny isn't like that," broke in George. "You've seen how she worked to take care of her brother and mother when they were sick. She's faithful and——"

"Yes, I know; but, George, a girl with the best principles and the best disposition can sometimes be a burden. Ill health is the greatest load any one can carry."

"But Jenny's health is all right," George said peevishly.

"It is now, but there is consumption in the family, and—and—I want to be plain, George—she's as surely got the first symptoms of it as anybody. I *can't* see you burden yourself without telling you the truth. Life's hard enough any way, and enough of an uphill job when things go the best; but if a burden is a little more than one can bear, there is nothing to do but to fall down under it. Nobody except your Maker loves you better than your mother, and nobody will give you sincerer advice than Him. Look into your heart and see what He says, and follow the dictates you find there. I may be wrong; I am only giving you such advice as my poor light shows; but what He says will be right. He never advises any one wrong. People sometimes misjudge what He says, but it is their fault; and sometimes they wilfully disobey."

"Mother, I don't think I am wilfully disobeying. Jenny's had a hard time, and it seems to me that it is right to do something for her. If I can help her any, wouldn't it be right?"

"You can't marry everybody that's had a hard time and that you want to help. You want to look out for yourself some. You have rights of your own that you are bound to respect. You mustn't load yourself down because you want to help some one."

Mrs. Morgan reasoned with him from every standpoint, falling into many simple inconsistencies; and he as often shifted his point of defense until, to his own conviction, he had battered down all her arguments. She had to give up, but she was not convinced.

"I am afraid it is not the best thing, my son; but if you won't give it up, I'll give my consent, and do all I can to help you along if you can get your father's. But, George, don't quarrel with your father. If you see he is getting mad don't say any more. It won't do any good, you can't force him."

Mrs. Morgan finished putting the cold victuals on the table, and called her husband. The supper was eaten in silence. Mr. Morgan tried to joke George about the girls; that was a part of his regular Sunday pastime; but this day he met with little encouragement, and soon quit it. George showed strong signs of displeasure, and Mrs. Morgan became very nervous. Mr. Morgan's quick eye saw that something was coming, and he waited for it. But the young man was not ready; he wanted to wait until his mother was not by.

After supper there were a few things to do, and George made a partial change of his clothes,

and did them. He fed and watered the horses, and turned the bawling cows and calves together, for the Morgans were too religious to milk or do any unnecessary work on Sunday. He leaned against a fence, and watched the calves greedily suck their mothers' milk. White foam dripped from their mouths, and fell to the ground. The cows blinked their eyes contentedly, now and then laying their heads around caressingly against their little ones.

This peaceful scene set George to dreaming. "What if this was all mine," he said to himself—"this my barn and these my cows and calves. And suppose Jenny and I were married, and now she would come out here and lean over the fence and watch the calves. And we'd talk about which ones we would keep for our own milch cows and which we'd sell. And suppose she never had any sign of consumption, and was as strong as any woman. Suppose father, when I go to ask him, would say: 'Well, George, I was just thinking about that; I am getting old, and would like to take it easy, my son; and I will let you and Jenny take things and run them.' And he'd say: 'I've always hated the Wigginses; they are a mean, low-down set, but Jenny isn't to blame for that, and I'll fix you up right.' And suppose I'd take the place and run it, and make more money out of it than pa ever had; and he would say—" But here he saw a cow trying to take her calf through the gate into the pasture, and his reverie was interrupted.

When George was brought to himself, his position seemed sadder than it had before. He thought it over as he mechanically separated the cows from the calves. He was an abused, oppressed, down-trodden individual. His father expected him to work and slave all his life for *him*. He called up numerous times when he and his father had disagreed on matters about the farm, and his (George's) opinion had proved right. His father evidently wanted to keep him at home just to use him. He thoroughly convinced himself that he was being treated unfairly, and he finished his work fully determined to strike for liberty. When he got to the house, his father was smoking a pipe on the porch. Inside the house, but out of sight, his mother was waiting, nervously anticipating an outburst. She had learned long ago that Mr. Morgan's will must be the law of those around him, and she also perceived in her son a good deal of her husband's disposition.

George's heart failed him when the time came, and he put off saying anything from

moment to moment. All the fine speeches and arguments he imagined he would use had left him, or else seemed absurd. He thought if he could get started he would be all right, but he could not concentrate enough force at one time to begin. The light faded, and he began to think he would never be able to say anything; but by some supreme effort he said finally, in a queer voice: "Father, I'd like to talk to you a little."

"All right, my son, talk on," his father answered blandly.

"Well, I—I think you might set a farm aside for me. I'd like to settle down for myself. I don't think you treat me right," he exclaimed, remembering one of his mental arguments.

He paused for a moment, and his father's silence went like a cold wave up his back, but he knew that he must go on and, if possible, get angry, or he would lose what little courage he had.

"You gave Anna a farm when she was only nineteen, and I am twenty-one. I don't see why you can't start me. I've some horses and a cow already, and some money that I could buy some tools with—I don't see why you can't start me. I don't think you treat me right." He paused again in confusion.

"Go on," said Mr. Morgan after a moment's silence.

"Well—I don't see why you can't start me," he repeated helplessly. "You might do something for me."

"I could, I suppose," said Mr. Morgan slowly. "But aren't you doing well enough where you are? You've got a good home. Isn't that something? I let you farm on the shares, and you get your part of what you raise. Isn't that something? You feed your stock on my hay instead of your own. Isn't that something? You want me to give you a farm so that you can work on your own hook, do you? Do you think you asked for it in the right way?" He warmed up a little as he talked. "Perhaps your mother's cooking isn't good enough for you. Perhaps you would like to get some one else that would make you cakes of dough. If I should give you a farm, maybe you would get that sickly Wiggins girl to cook for you. I hear you are running around there a good deal. That is a nice crowd to run with."

George gained some courage in the shape of anger as his father talked, and it came to a head at the cruel remark about Jenny.

"Well, that's my business, I guess. I have to live my life; you don't. If I choose



to marry a sickly girl, I don't see what that has to do with you treating me as a father should. Because I may want to marry some one that you would not, you think I haven't got any sense."

"Young man, you are just being roped in by those people; they think I've got money, and they want to get rid of the girl. She is a burden to them, and they are trying to get you to take her off their hands. It is all very grand for you to talk about it being your business, but it is *my* business too. It is every man's business to look after his children when they can't look out for themselves. You would not be able to pay her doctor bills, say nothing about making a living for her—maybe for the whole Wiggins family."

The old man paused, and George jumped up, and cried out in his desperation: "I don't care what the doctor bills come to, and I don't care what you do for me; I'll marry where and who I please! If you don't intend to do anything for me, I had as well know it and quit you first as last. You seem to have a spite at me for some reason or other—I don't know what I've done—I guess my principal fault is that I am so much like you!" He almost screamed out the last words.

"Now, look here, young man, storming is entirely unnecessary," Mr. Morgan's voice seemed to have settled down in his throat. "I don't know where you learn such language. You certainly don't learn it at home, nor from your mother's people nor mine. You have been associating too much with your friends, the Wigginses; and if you continue to talk that way, I shall advise you to go to them and stay. Do you hear that—to go to them and stay?" The old man's voice was lower than usual, but the words were very distinct.

"Well, I'd rather live there," cried George, "where I am treated like a man, than live here and be treated like a dog!"

Mr. Morgan rose out of his chair, and his voice trembled with anger.

"Now go!" he cried. "I tell you, go! Get out of this house, and don't you come back. I never want to see your face again."

The young man walked off the porch muttering something that his father did not hear, and disappeared in the darkness.

In the greater darkness just inside the door of the house stood a sad listener to this quarrel. Tears ran down her cheeks, and her heart seemed about to break, but she did not dare come out and try to pacify the angry men. When her son left, she went

silently away, for fear her husband should come in and find her there. She did not care to meet him until she found out what she ought to do. She went to a bedroom that was only used for company, and there sat on the side of the bed. Her mind was in confusion. She could not form a single clear thought. She only knew that her husband and son had quarreled, and that her son had been driven away from home. She also had a vague idea that something *must* be done, and done soon. But *what?* On that her mind would offer no suggestion. "Oh, God," she whispered, "what can I do to save them from this great sorrow they have brought upon themselves?"

She slid down upon her poor, cracking knees, and buried her face in the covers on the bed. Then she poured forth her sorrows to the only Being she knew who could fully sympathize with her. She begged God to tell her what she ought to do. She asked that her son be taught more duty to his father, and to appreciate how kind his father had been to him already; and that her husband be made more gentle and kind to his son. She asked Him to reconcile them to each other and bind them closer together than they were before. With her tears and her prayer the bitterness of her sorrow somewhat spent itself, and when she arose from her knees she felt that her prayer would be answered.

When George left the house, he went to the barn. He had no definite object in going there, but went mechanically. It was the natural goal for him in his stupefied condition. His anger had gone, but there had not come in the place of it either sorrow or regret; in fact, complete comprehension had not come. He knew that he had been ordered away from home, but he did not connect that with his not being there in the future; it did not seem that it would be separating him from his mother—or even his father. He sat down on a pile of lumber at the end of the building. Behind him a horse delved in a manger for hay, and sneezed the dust from his nose every moment. The night was very dark; perfect blackness began at an arm's length. The light of the lightning from some distant storm could be seen playing low on the horizon. Frogs in a pond a quarter of a mile away kept up a dreary concert.

But George noticed none of this; he sat in a stupor, looking toward the invisible ground. How long he sat in this way he did not know, but rain began falling, and he



"THIS PEACEFUL SCENE SET GEORGE TO DREAMING. . . 'AND SUPPOSE I'D TAKE THE PLACE AND RUN IT.'"

moved under the shelter of a shed, and sat on a sill. The rain poured down for a few minutes, and then stopped as suddenly as it began. Soon after it stopped, George heard his mother calling him in a doubtful voice from the other corner of the barn. There was that timidity in it that a voice usually has when its owner has doubts of being heard. She was afraid that he had gone away on his horse before she got there. "George!" she repeated a little louder.

"Yes'm," he answered.

"Where are you?"

"Here," was his absurd reply.

She went in the direction of the voice.

"George, I have come to get you to go back to the house. Your father says for you to."

"Well, I guess I have stood it long enough. I don't see that it is anybody's business who I marry."

"Oh, George, we are all interested in you, and want to see you do well."

"Then you side with pa," he said sullenly.

"Oh, no, I don't. I think he is wrong to speak so harshly. He ought to talk with you and advise you, if he thinks you are wrong, but he oughtn't to be so harsh." She paused for a moment, and as he did not

answer she went on. "Jenny is an awfully nice girl, but pa thinks she would be a burden to you because she has got the—because she is sick so much. He doesn't like the Wigginses, but he wouldn't refuse if Jenny was well and strong. A wife can be a great help to a man, or a great load."

"The load 'uld be on me and nobody else," George almost sobbed. As his mother talked, the hopelessness and sadness of his position came to him.

"I know," she went on; "but you don't know how much we are interested in you. You can't imagine how much a father and mother love their children and want them to do well. When you were a little baby and lay in your cradle, I thought that I loved you so much that I could not love you more, but I love you more now than I did then. You are a man, and feel like a man; but you are little to us yet, and we want to guide and advise you just the same. We've had experience, and know the hardships of life, and we would like to give our knowledge to you, and save you as much sorrow and pain as we can."

She paused, and George said huskily: "You aren't saving me much sorrow."

"But, George, we may be. Things might

be worse. You are young yet, and so is Jenny. She ma, get well, and then you can get married. But I wouldn't say anything

was doing the bending. George soon went to his room, and the others retired not long after him. The next morning the relations, though still constrained, were easier, and became more and more so, until at the end of a week the two men were back in their old position as far as appearances went.

The fall work went on as usual about the farm, and no further reference was made to marriage nor to the Wigginses. George did his work as well as before, but at times he was very moody. Sometimes he was so much so, especially during the first of each week, that Mrs. Morgan feared another outbreak. She knew that he went to see Jenny as often as usual, but he never said anything about her. They heard of her from other sources, and usually that she was getting worse.

It was on one pleasant day in December, about four o'clock, that the small Wiggins boy came down



"JENNY WAS JUST THE GIRL TO FILL A SIMPLE HEART."

more about it now; let it drop for awhile." With more coaxing and encouragement she succeeded in influencing him, and the two went to the house together. They found Mr. Morgan reading a paper. The father's and son's eyes met in a half-defiant and half-embarrassed look. The young man sat in the back of the room, while the father continued reading. Neither wanted to make any advances; each wanted to feel that the other

the road toward the Morgans' house. He stopped at the gate leading into the yard, and peeped through the fence cautiously, as though he were about to enter a lot full of wild bulls. When he was satisfied that it was safe, he tried to open the gate, but the fastening was not like the ones used on his father's farm, and he could not do it. He worked at it thoughtfully for a while, then took another look at the house between

the bars. He concluded that the house was not coming to him and that he must get on the other side of the fence to go to it. He took an envelope out of his pocket, poked it through a crack in the fence, then got down on his hands and knees and crawled under the gate. He looked at the house again, evidently feeling that he had burnt the bridge behind him when he was attacking the enemy, instead of when he was retreating. But he had his instructions, and was going to get a reward when he got home, so he picked up the envelope, put it in his pocket, and proceeded. He went around to the back door, opened it, and looked in, never deigning to knock. Mrs. Morgan was in the kitchen getting supper, and hearing the door open, looked around. There stood staring at her a small boy that she did not remember having seen before.

"Howdy do?" she said pleasantly to him.

"Howdy?" the answer came back.

"Won't you come in?" she asked him.

"Where's George?" was his reply.

"He hasn't got home yet. Do you want to see him?"

"Yessum."

"Well, you will have to come in and wait until he comes. He'll be here in a little bit, I think."

The child came in, and sat down in the chair she pointed to.

"What do you want to see George about?" she asked, thinking she would open a conversation with him.

"Oh, nothin'," he answered.

"Where do you live?" she then asked him.

"Over yonder," with a jerk of his head in no particular direction.



"TEARS RAN DOWN HER CHEEKS, AND HER HEART SEEMED ABOUT TO BREAK."



"SHE CLUNG TO HIS HAND AS HE DROPPED INTO A CHAIR."

She did not seem to be learning much, but she was not discouraged. She brought him a cookie, and asked, "What's your name?"

"Charley Wiggins."

"Oh!" she exclaimed. Then the conversation dropped, such as it was, and she continued getting supper, while he sat and watched her with wide-open eyes. Supper was almost ready when George came in. Seeing the small boy sitting behind the stove, he exclaimed: "Hello, Charley; what you doin' here?"

Charley said: "Oh, nothin'," handed him the letter, and went out of the back door without any sort of a farewell. He had evidently had it drilled into him that the Morgans in general were a bad lot of people.

George opened the note, read it, and went out of the door after Charley, but he was far up the road, hurrying home to get his reward. Seeing there was little hope of overhauling him, George went to the barn and began saddling his horse. His mother

came out, and standing in the stable-door with her apron twisted around her head, asked what the matter was.

"I'm going to the Wigginses'; she's worse." And with a trembling hand he tried to put the bit in his horse's mouth; but she had not yet finished her corn, and coolly shoved his hand away to begin eating again. George was in no humor for such playfulness, and slapped her on the head. The sensitive horse leaped to the other side of the stall, and looked at him in astonishment. She had never felt such a thing before.

"You must come in and get some supper before you go. It's all ready," said Mrs. Morgan.

"I'm not hungry, and I haven't time," he said shortly.

He seldom spoke rudely to her, and she knew that he must be greatly worried.

The horse was bridled and saddled and ready to lead out, when George thought of the old clothes he had on.

"I must change my coat," he said to his mother, and ran to the house.

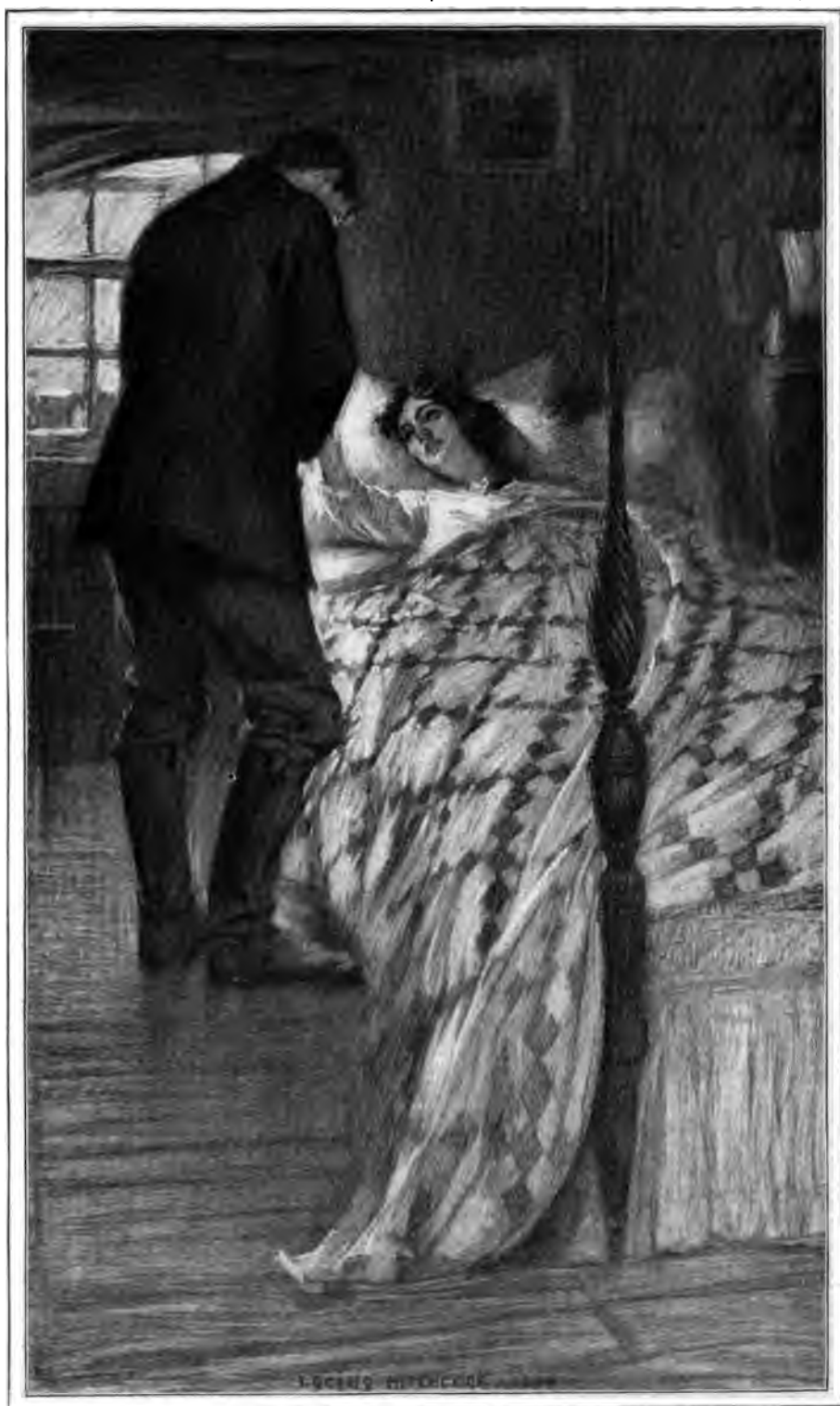
The horse began eating again with the bit in her mouth. Mrs. Morgan patted her neck and sides.

"Jenny, my beauty," she said, "he slapped you, but he did not mean it—no, he didn't."

She thought of her supper, and hurried to the house. On the way she met George coming back.

"You won't be gone long, will you?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said. "Here, read this; I must hurry," and he handed her the letter. The air was chilly, and she hurried to the house before she looked into it; then she read: "Dear George, the doctor says that Jenny cannot live through the night. Please come quick.—Lizzy."



"SHE LOOKED SO HAPPY."

For a long time Mrs. Morgan sat still, thinking of her unhappy son and her poor neighbors. Tears of sympathy ran down her cheeks. At last with a sigh she went into another room, and told her husband to come to supper. At the table she told him where George had gone, and on what occasion. After supper the evening was passed in silence. Mr. Morgan went to bed as early as usual, but his wife sat up waiting for George to come home, and to give him his supper. But he had not returned at ten o'clock, and she went to bed with a heavy heart. She was awakened often in the night by horses galloping along the road, but none of them stopped at their gate. Next morning, when she got up, she went to George's room to see if he had come home in the night, but the bed had not been slept in and there were no signs of his return. She got breakfast while her husband did George's morning work. She delayed calling her husband to breakfast as long as possible, but at last she despaired of George's coming, and they ate. They had barely finished their silent meal when they heard a click of the latch of the barn-lot gate. They saw George leading his horse to the barn. After he had fed her, he came slowly to the house. When he came in, his mother took his hand and

looked into his eyes without saying anything. He returned the look in a dazed sort of a way for a short time, then burst into tears and turned away. She clung to his hand as he dropped into a chair and hid his face in his other arm on the table. She moved a few dishes out of his way, and whispered her sympathy into his ear, for she knew what had happened. With his face muffled in his left arm he sobbed out his sorrow rather than talked.

"Oh, I'm a miserable wretch! She thought I did not want to marry her. I was ashamed to tell her that I put it off because pa objected. She thought I didn't want to."

Mr. Morgan sat at the other end of the table and played nervously with his coffee cup.

"And last night she said," he went on, "'George, I'm going to postpone it this time.' I told her then that pa made me. She looked so happy. She said: 'Tell your pa that I'm sorry he didn't like me.' She said: 'Tell him that I won't bother him any more.' She was easy at the last, and didn't suffer any. She said she would be happy where she was going, for she would have a new body, and wouldn't be sick there, and that when pa sees her in heaven he will not object to our marrying there."

## THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY IDA M. TARBELL,

Author of "The Early Life of Lincoln."



HE war is over." Throughout the breadth of the North this was the jubilant cry with which people greeted one another on the morning of April 14, 1865. For ten days reports of victories had been coming to them; Petersburg evacuated, Richmond fallen, Jefferson Davis and his cabinet fled, Lee surrendered, Mobile captured. Nothing of the Confederacy, in short, remained but Johnston's army, and it was generally believed that its surrender to Sherman was but a matter of hours. How completely the conflict was at an end, however, the people of the North had not realized until they read in their newspapers, on that Good Friday morning, an order of the Secretary of War suspending the draft, stopping the purchase of military sup-

plies, and removing military restrictions from trade. The war was over indeed.

Such a day of rejoicing as followed the world has rarely seen. At Fort Sumter scores of well-known citizens of the North, among them Henry Ward Beecher, William Lloyd Garrison, General Robert Anderson, and Theodore Tilton, raised over the black and shattered pile the flag which four years ago Charleston, now lying desolate and wasted, had dragged down.

Cities and towns, hamlets and country road-sides blossomed with flags and bunting. Stock exchanges met to pass resolutions. Bells rang. Every man who could make a speech was on his feet. It was a Millennium Day, restoring broken homes, quieting aching hearts, easing distracted minds. Even those who mourned—and who could count

the number whom that dreadful four years had stripped of those they held dearest?—even those who mourned exulted. Their dead had saved a nation, freed a people. And so a subtle joy, mingled triumph, resignation, and hope, swept over the North. It was with all men as James Russell Lowell wrote to his friend Norton that it was with him: "The news, my dear Charles, is from Heaven. I felt a strange and tender exaltation. I wanted to laugh and I wanted to cry, and ended by holding my peace and feeling devoutly thankful."

One man before all others in the nation felt and showed his gladness that day—the President, Abraham Lincoln. For weeks now he had seen the end approaching, and little by little he had been thankfully laying aside the ways of war and returning to those of peace. His soul, tuned by nature to gentleness and good-will, had been for four years forced to lead in a pitiless war. Now his duties were to "bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan;" to devise plans by which the members of the restored Union could live together in harmony, to plan for the future of the four million human beings to whom he had given freedom. All those who were with him at this time remarked the change in his feelings and his ways. He seemed to be aroused to a new sense of the beauty of peace and rest. For the first time since he entered the Presidency he took a holiday. He loved to linger in quiet spots, and he read over and over with infinite satisfaction lines of poetry which expressed repose. The perfect tranquillity in death seemed especially to appeal to him. Mrs. Lincoln related to her friend, Isaac Arnold, that, while visiting Grant's headquarters, at City Point, in April, she was driving one day with her husband along the banks of the James, when they passed a country graveyard. "It was a retired place, shaded with trees, and early spring flowers were opening on nearly every grave. It was so quiet and attractive that they stopped the carriage and walked through it. Mr. Lincoln seemed thoughtful and impressed. He said: 'Mary, you are younger than I. You will survive me. When I am gone, lay my remains in some quiet place like this.'"

A few days after this, as he was sailing down the James bound for Washington, Charles Sumner, who was in the party, was much impressed by the tone and manner in which Mr. Lincoln read aloud two or three times a passage from Macbeth:

"Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;  
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,  
Can touch him further!"

There was a marked change in his appearance. All through 1863 and 1864 his thin face had day by day grown more haggard, its lines had deepened, its pallor had become a more ghastly gray. His eye, always sad when he was in thought, had a look of unutterable grief. Through all these months Lincoln was, in fact, consumed by sorrow. "I think I shall never be glad again," he said once to a friend. But as one by one the weights lifted, a change came over him; his form straightened, his face cleared, the lines became less accentuated. "His whole appearance, poise, and bearing had marvelously changed," says the Hon. James Harlan. "He was, in fact, transfigured. That indescribable sadness which had previously seemed to be an adamant element of his very being, had been suddenly changed for an equally indescribable expression of serene joy, as if conscious that the great purpose of his life had been achieved."\*

Never since he had become convinced that the end of the war was near had Mr. Lincoln seemed to his friends more glad, more serene, than on the 14th of April. The morning was soft and sunny in Washington, and as the spring was early in 1865, the Judas-trees and the dogwood were blossoming on the hillsides, the willows were green along the Potomac, and in the parks and gardens the lilacs bloomed—a day of promise and joy to which the whole town responded. Indeed, ever since the news of the fall of Richmond reached Washington the town had been indulging in an almost unbroken celebration, each new victory arousing a fresh outburst and rekindling enthusiasm. On the night of the 13th, there had been a splendid illumination, and on the 14th, the rejoicing went on. The suspension of the draft and the presence of Grant in town—come this time not to plan new campaigns, but to talk of peace and reconstruction—seemed to furnish special reason for celebrating.

At the White House the family party which met at breakfast was unusually happy. Captain Robert Lincoln, the President's oldest son, then an aide-de-camp on Grant's staff, had arrived that morning, and the closing scenes of Grant's campaign were discussed with the deepest interest by father

\* From an unpublished manuscript, "Recollections of Abraham Lincoln."







THE LAST PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN, TAKEN APRIL 9, 1865, THE SUNDAY BEFORE HIS ASSASSINATION.

Drawn from a photograph made by Alexander Gardner, photographer to the Army of the Potomac, while the President was sharpening a pencil for his son Tad. Copyright, 1894, by Watson Porter.

as if scaring sheep. Enough lives have been sacrificed. We must extinguish our resentment if we expect harmony and union. There was too much desire on the part of our very good friends to be masters, to interfere with and dictate to those States, to treat the people not as fellow-citizens; there was too little respect for their rights. He didn't sympathize in these feelings."

The impression he made on all the cabinet that day was expressed twenty-four hours later by Secretary Stanton: "He was more

cheerful and happy than I had ever seen him, rejoiced at the near prospect of firm and durable peace at home and abroad, manifested in marked degree the kindness and humanity of his disposition, and the tender and forgiving spirit that so eminently distinguished him."

In the afternoon the President went for his usual drive. Only Mrs. Lincoln was with him. Years afterward Mrs. Lincoln related to Isaac Arnold what she remembered of Mr. Lincoln's words that day: "Mary," he said, "we have had a hard time of it since we came to Washington; but the war is over, and with God's blessing we may hope for four years of peace and happiness, and then we will go back to Illinois, and pass the rest of our lives in quiet. We have laid by some money, and during this term we will try and save up more, but shall not have enough to support us. We will go back to Illinois, and I will open a law office at Springfield or Chicago, and practice law, and at least do enough to help give us a livelihood."

It was late in the afternoon when he returned from his drive, and as he left his carriage he saw going across the lawn toward the Treasury a group of friends, among them Richard Oglesby, then Governor of Illinois. "Come back, boys, come back," he shouted. The party turned, and joined the President on the portico, and went up to his office with him.

"How long we remained there I do not remember," says Governor Oglesby. "Lincoln got to reading some humorous book: I think it was by 'John Phoenix.' They kept sending for him to come to dinner. He promised each time to go, but would continue reading the book. Finally he got a sort of peremptory order that he must come to dinner at once. It was explained to me by the old man at the door that they were going to have dinner and then go to the theater."\*

A theater party had been made up by Mrs. Lincoln for that evening—General and Mrs. Grant being her guests—to see Laura Keene, at Ford's Theater, in "Our American Cousin." Miss Keene was ending her season in Washington that night with a benefit. The box had been ordered in the morning, and unusual preparations had been made to receive the Presidential party. The partition between the two upper proscenium boxes at the left of the stage had been removed, comfortable upholstered chairs had been put in, and the front of the box had been draped with flags. The manager, of course, took

care to announce in the afternoon papers that the "President and his Lady" and the "Hero of Appomattox" would attend Miss Keene's benefit that evening.

By eight o'clock the house was filled with the half-idle, half-curious crowd of a holiday night. Many had come simply to see General Grant, whose face was then unfamiliar in Washington. Others, strolling down the street, had dropped in because they had nothing better to do. The play began promptly, the house following its nonsensical fun with friendly eyes and generous applause, one eye on the President's box.

The Presidential party was late. Indeed it had not left the White House until after eight o'clock, and then it was made up differently from what Mrs. Lincoln had expected, for in the afternoon she had received word that General and Mrs. Grant had decided to go North that night. It was suggested then that the party be given up, but the fear that the public would be disappointed decided the President to keep the engagement. Two young friends, the daughter of Senator Ira Harris and his stepson, Major H. R. Rathbone, had been invited to take the place of General and Mrs. Grant.

Schuyler Colfax and Mr. Ashmun, of Massachusetts, had called early in the evening, and the President had talked with them a little while. He rose finally with evident regret to go to his carriage. The two gentlemen accompanied him to the door, and he paused there long enough to write on a card, "Admit Mr. Ashmun and friend to-morrow morning at nine o'clock." As he shook hands with them he said to Mr. Colfax: "Colfax, don't forget to tell those people in the mining regions what I told you this morning." Then, entering the carriage, he was driven to the theater on Tenth Street, between E and F.

When the Presidential party finally entered the theater, making its way along the gallery behind the seats of the dress circle, the orchestra broke into "Hail to the Chief," and the people, rising in their seats and waving hats and handkerchiefs, cheered and cheered, the actors on the stage standing silent in the meantime. The party passed through the narrow entrance into the box, and the several members laid aside their wraps, and bowing and smiling to the enthusiastic crowd below, seated themselves, Mr. Lincoln in a large arm-chair at the left, Mrs. Lincoln next to him, Miss Harris next, and to the extreme right, a little behind Miss Harris, Major Rathbone; and then the play went on.

\* Interview for *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE*.



MARY TODD LINCOLN, WIFE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

From a photograph taken by Brady, in the War Department Collection of Civil War Photographs.

The party in the box was well entertained, it seemed, especially the President, who laughed good-humoredly at the jokes and chatted cheerfully between the acts. He moved from his seat but once, rising then to put on his overcoat, for the house was chilly. The audience was well entertained, too, though not a few kept an eye on the box entrance, still expecting General Grant. The few whose eyes sought the box now and then noticed, in the second scene of the third act, that a man was passing behind the seats of the dress circle and approaching the entrance to the box. Those who did not

know him noticed that he was strikingly handsome, though very pale; that was all. They did not look again. It was not General Grant.

One man did watch him. He knew him, and wanted to see who in the Presidential box it could be that he knew well enough to call on in the middle of an act. If any attendant saw him, there was no question of his movements. He was a privileged person

his right hand a Derringer revolver, and that he raised the weapon and aimed it steadily at the head of the smiling President.

No eye saw him, but a second later and every ear heard a pistol shot. Those in the house unfamiliar with the play thought it a part of the performance, and waited expectant. Those familiar with "Our American Cousin," the orchestra, attendants, actors, searched in amazement to see from where the sound came.

Only three persons in all the house knew just where it was—three of the four in the box knew it was there by their side—a tragedy. The fourth saw nothing, heard nothing, thought nothing. His head had fallen quietly on his breast, his arms had relaxed a little, the smile was still on his lips.

Then from the box, now filled with white smoke, came a woman's sharp cry, and there was a sound of a struggle. Major Rathbone, at the sound of the shot, had sprung to

Allow Mr. Ashmun  
& friends to come in  
at 9 - A.M. to mor  
row -  
A. Lincoln  
April 14. 1865.

THE LAST BIT OF WRITING DONE BY LINCOLN.

loaned by G. A. Morton, New Haven, Connecticut.

in the theater, having free entrance to every corner. He had been there in the course of the day; he had passed out and in once or twice during the evening.

Crowding behind some loose chairs in the aisle, the man took from his pocket a package of visiting cards, and, selecting one, gave it to the messenger at the door, saying he knew the President. A moment later he passed out of sight through the door leading into the passage behind the box. He closed the door behind him, and did a curious thing for a visitor to a theater party. He picked up a piece of stout plank which he seemed to know just where to find, and slipped one end into a hole gouged into the wall close to the door-casing. The plank extended across the door, making a rough but effective bolt. Turning to the door which led from the passage to the boxes, he may have peered through a tiny hole which had been drilled through the panel. If he did, he saw a quiet party intent on the play, the President just then smiling over a bit of homely wit.

Opening the door so quietly that no one heard him, the man entered the box. Then if any eye in the house could but have looked, if one head in the box had been turned, it would have been seen that the man held in

his feet and grappled with the stranger, who now had a dagger in his hand, and who struck viciously with it at the Major's heart. He, warding the blow from his breast, received it in his upper arm, and his hold relaxed. The stranger sprang to the balustrade of the box as if about to leap, but Major Rathbone caught at his garments. They were torn from his grasp, and the man vaulted toward the stage, a light, agile leap, which turned to a plunge as the silken flag in front caught at a stirrup on his boot. As the man struck the floor his left leg bent and a bone snapped, but instantly he was up; and limping to the middle of the stage, a long strip of the silken banner trailing from his stirrup, he turned full on the house, which still stared straight ahead, searching for the meaning of the muffled pistol shot. Brandishing his dagger and shouting—so many thought, though there were others whose ears were so frozen with amazement that they heard nothing—"Sic semper tyrannis!" he turned to fly. Not, however, before more than one person in the house had said to himself, "Why, it is John Wilkes Booth!" Not before others had realized that the shot was that of a murderer, that the woman's cry in the box came from Mrs. Lincoln, that the



WATCHING AT THE BEDSIDE OF THE DYING PRESIDENT ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 14 AND 15, 1865.

President in all the turmoil alone sat calm, his head unmoved on his breast. As these few grasped the awful meaning of the confused scene, it seemed to them that they could not rise nor cry out. They stretched out inarticulate arms, struggling to tear themselves from the nightmare which held them. When strength and voice did return, they plunged over the seats, forgetting their companions, bruising themselves, and clambered to the stage, crying aloud in rage and despair, "Hang him, hang him!" But Booth, though his leg was broken, was too quick. He struck with his dagger at one who caught him, plunged through a familiar back exit, and, leaping upon a horse standing ready for him, fled. When those who pursued reached the street, they heard only the rapidly receding clatter of a horse's hoofs.

But while a few in the house pursued Booth, others had thought only of reaching the box. The stage was now full of actors in their paint and furbelows, musicians with their instruments, men in evening dress, officers in uniform—a motley, wild-eyed crowd which, as Miss Harris appeared at the edge of the box crying out, "Bring water. Has any one stimulants?" demanded, "What is it? What is the matter?"

"The President is shot," was her reply.

A surgeon was helped over the balustrade into the box. The star of the evening, whose triumph this was to have been, strove to calm the distracted throng; then she, too, sought the box. Major Rathbone, who first of all in the house had realized that a foul crime had been attempted, had turned from his unsuccessful attempt to stop the murderer to see that it was the President who had been shot. He had rushed to the door of the passage, where men were already beating in a furious effort to gain admission, and had found it barred. It was an instant before he could pull away the plank, explain the tragedy, demand surgeons, and press back the crowd.

The physicians admitted lifted the silent figure, still sitting calmly in the chair, stretched it on the floor, and began to tear away the clothing to find the wound, which they supposed was in the breast. It was a moment before it was discovered that the ball had entered the head back of the left ear and was imbedded in the brain.

There seemed to be but one desire then: that was to get the wounded man from the scene of the murder. Two persons lifted him, and the stricken party passed from the box, through the dress circle, down the stairs

into the street, the blood dripping from the wound faster and faster as they went. No one seemed to know where they were going. For as they reached the street there was a helpless pause and an appeal from the bearers, "Where shall we take him?" Across the street, on the high front steps of a plain, three-storied brick house, stood a man, who but a moment before had left the theater, rather bored by the play. He had seen, as he stood there idly wondering if he should go in to bed or not, a violent commotion in the vestibule of the theater; had seen people rushing out, the street filling up, policemen and soldiers appearing. He did not know what it all meant. Then two men bearing a body came from the theater, behind them a woman in evening gown, flowers in her hair, jewels on her neck. She was wringing her hands and moaning. The man on the steps heard some one say, "The President is shot;" heard the bearers of the body asking, "Where shall we take him?" and quickly coming forward, he said, "Bring him here into my room."\*

And so the President was carried up the high steps, through a narrow hall, and laid, still unconscious, still motionless, on the bed of a poor, little, commonplace room of a commonplace lodging-house, where surgeons and physicians gathered about in a desperate attempt to rescue him from death.

While the surgeons worked the news was spreading to the town. Every man and woman in the theater rushed forth to tell it. Some ran wildly down the streets, exclaiming to those they met, "The President is killed! The President is killed!" One rushed into a ball-room, and told it to the dancers; another bursting into a room where a party of eminent public men were playing cards, cried, "Lincoln is shot!" Another, running into the auditorium of Grover's Theater, cried, "President Lincoln has been shot in his private box at Ford's Theater." Those who heard the cry thought the man insane or drunk, but a moment later they saw the actors in a combat called from the stage, the manager coming forward. His face was pale, his voice agonized, as he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I feel it my duty to say to you that the announcement made from the front of the theater just now is true, President Lincoln has been shot." (One ran to summon Secretary Stanton. A boy picked up at

\*The man who gave his room to the dying President was William T. Clarke, of the Thirtieth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, then on detail service in the War Department. Mr. Clarke is now dead, but papers establishing his story are owned by his brother-in-law, Mr. H. E. Wright, of Roxbury, Massachusetts.



THE CAPTURE OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH, THE ASSASSIN OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Booth was tracked from Washington to a farm near Bowling Green, Virginia, where, on the night of April 25th, eleven days after the assassination, he was found in a barn. He refused to surrender, and the barn was set on fire. While it was burning Booth was shot by one of the pursuing party. He died three hours later.



the door of the house where the President lay was sent to the White House for Robert Lincoln. The news spread by the very force of its own horror, and as it spread it met other news no less terrible. At the same hour that Booth had sent the ball into the President's brain, a man had forced his way into the house of Secretary Seward, then lying in bed with a broken arm, and had stabbed both the Secretary and his son Frederick so seriously that it was feared they would die. In his entrance and exit he had wounded three other members of the household. Like Booth, he had escaped. Horror bred rumor, and Secretary Stanton, too, was reported wounded, while later it was said that Grant had been killed on his way North. Dread seized the town. "Rumors are so thick," wrote the editor of the "National Intelligencer" at two o'clock in the morning, "the excitement of this hour is so intense, that we rely entirely upon our reporters to advise the public of the details and result of this night of horrors. Evidently conspirators are among us. To what extent does the conspiracy exist? This is a terrible question. When a spirit so horrible as this is abroad, what man is safe? We can only advise the utmost vigilance and the most prompt measures by the authorities. We can only pray God to shield us, His unworthy people, from further calamities like these."

The civil and military authorities prepared for attack from within and without. Martial law was at once established. The long roll was beaten; every exit from the city was guarded; out-going trains were stopped; mounted police and cavalry clattered up and down the street; the forts were ordered on the alert; guns were manned.

In the meantime there had gathered in the house on Tenth Street, where the President lay, his family physician and intimate friends, as well as many prominent officials. Before they reached him it was known there was no hope, that the wound was fatal. They grouped themselves about the bedside or in the adjoining rooms, trying to comfort the weeping wife, or listening awe-struck to the steady moaning and labored breathing of the unconscious man, which at times could be heard all over the house. Stanton alone seemed able to act methodically. No man felt the tragedy more than the great War Secretary, for no one in the cabinet was by greatness of heart and intellect so well able to comprehend the worth of the dying President; but no man in that distracted night

acted with greater energy or calm. Summoning the Assistant Secretary, C. A. Dana, and a stenographer, he began dictating orders to the authorities on all sides, notifying them of the tragedy, directing them what precautions to take, what persons to arrest. Grant, now returning to Washington, he directed should be warned to keep close watch on all persons who came close to him in the cars and to see that an engine be sent in front of his train. He sent out, too, an official account of the assassination. To-day the best brief account of the night's awful work remains the one which Secretary Stanton dictated within sound of the moaning of the dying President.

And so the hours passed without perceptible change in the President's condition, and with only slight shifting of the scene around him. The testimony of those who had witnessed the murder began to be taken in an adjoining room. Occasionally the figures at the bedside changed. Mrs. Lincoln came in at intervals, sobbing out her grief, and then was led away. This man went, another took his place. It was not until daylight that there came a perceptible change. Then the breathing grew quieter, the face became more calm. The doctors at Lincoln's side knew that dissolution was near. Their bulletin of six o'clock read, "Pulse failing;" that of half-past six, "Still failing;" that of seven, "Symptoms of immediate dissolution," and then at twenty-two minutes past seven, in the presence of his son Robert, Secretaries Stanton, Welles, and Usher, Attorney-General Speed, Senator Sumner, Private Secretary Hay, Dr. Gurley, his pastor, and several physicians and friends, Abraham Lincoln died. There was a prayer, and then the solemn voice of Stanton broke the stillness, "Now he belongs to the ages."

Two hours later the body of the President, wrapped in an American flag, was borne from the house in Tenth Street, and carried through the hushed streets, where already thousands of flags were at half-mast and the gay bunting and garlands had been replaced by black draperies, and where the men who for days had been cheering in excess of joy and relief now stood with uncovered heads and wet eyes. They carried him to an upper room in the private apartments of the White House, and there he lay until three days later a heart-broken people claimed their right to look for a last time on his face.

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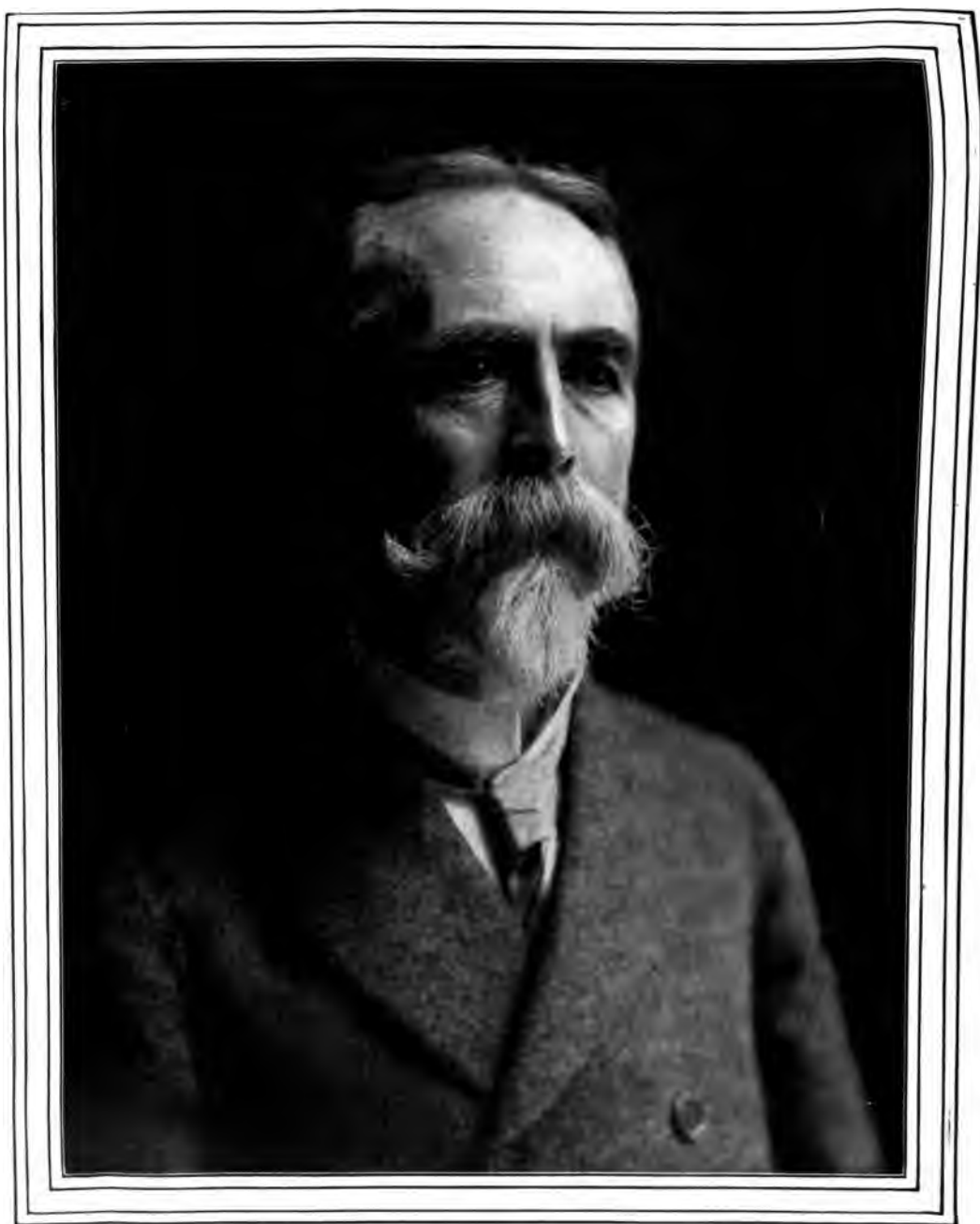


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ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SAMPSON, U. S. N.

From a photograph taken expressly for *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* by G. C. Cox, July 22, 1899.

# McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

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## DREYFUS.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM,

Author of "The Man with the Hoe and Other Poems."

### I.

A MAN stood stained : France was one Alp of hate,  
Pressing upon him with the whole world's weight.  
In all the circle of the ancient sun  
There was no voice to speak for him—not one.  
In all the world of men there was no sound  
But of a sword flung broken to the ground.

Hell laughed its little hour ; and then behold,  
How one by one the guarded gates unfold !  
Swiftly a sword by Unseen Forces hurled . . . .  
And now a man rising against the world !

### II.

Oh, import deep as life is, deep as time !  
There is a Something sacred and sublime  
Moving behind the worlds, beyond our ken,  
Weighing the stars, weighing the deeds of men.

Take heart, O soul of sorrow, and be strong !  
There is One greater than the whole world's wrong.  
Be hushed before the high Benignant Power  
That moves wool-shod through sepulcher and tower !  
No truth so low but He will give it crown ;  
No wrong so high but He will hurl it down.  
O men that forge the fetter, it is vain ;  
There is a Still Hand stronger than your chain.  
'Tis no avail to bargain, sneer, and nod,  
And shrug the shoulder for reply to God.

# ADMIRAL SAMPSON.

## A CHARACTER SKETCH.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.



It was said of Kitchener of Khartum: "Other generals have been better loved; none was ever better trusted."

These words fit as if they had been spoken of Admiral William T. Sampson. There have been those who wondered why a junior officer, captain of a ship—when there were many rear-admirals, commodores, and even captains of higher rank and longer experience in the navy—was appointed to the supreme command of the greatest fleet ever gathered under the American flag, and that with the almost universal commendation of the men who knew him best, not excepting the officers who had thus been superseded. The great public is well informed regarding this particular advancement, and yet it was only one of many in Sampson's unusual career. Sampson became superintendent of the Naval Academy as a commander, when the post had been filled for years previously by rear-admirals, commodores, and captains. He was elevated to the important position of Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance as a captain, a position usually held by an officer of higher rank. He was selected while yet a captain for the distinguished honor of representing the United States Navy at the International Maritime Conference. He was the first commander of the largest of American sea-going battle-ships—the "Iowa." He was the man naturally selected from all the navy as the president of the board which was to inquire into the "Maine" disaster. It was no sudden freak of political or popular favor—indeed, Admiral Sampson is not a popular man, so called—that made him chief at the naval battle of Santiago. All through his long career, his appointments have come without reference to the political color of the existing administration. He has held intimate advisory positions under both Republicans and Democrats, and has been equally trusted by each. He never had a political friend, in the commonly accepted meaning

of that term; he never in his life sought any position, either directly or indirectly. He was always called up; he never forced himself up.

All this argues unusual qualities of mind and unusual moral fiber; but it argues, more than anything else, a certain superb trustworthiness. "There is no man more thoroughly trusted by the Department and by all his fellow-officers in the navy than Admiral Sampson," said Secretary John D. Long, of the Navy Department. It is a trustworthiness of that rare yet homely sort that grows best in Anglo-Saxon soil. It regards not only the interests of the country and of the navy; but, higher than either, it governs Sampson's own interests, for he is without personal ambition.

It will not do to draw the parallel between Kitchener and Sampson too closely, for in many of the deeper things of character they are widely different; and yet I cannot refrain from quoting another characterization of the conqueror of Khartum, the man "who has worked at small things and waited for great, marble to sit still and fire to smite; steadfast, cold, and inflexible." This somehow suggests Sampson. At least, it may well be borne in mind in reviewing Sampson's career.

It is sometimes difficult to account properly for a man. At first glance, it would seem that Admiral Sampson grew in meager and unfriendly soil. His father was a plain day laborer, an Irish immigrant; his early home was in the woods of central New York; his opportunities for schooling were limited; his incentives to rise were few. And yet this north of Ireland stock, nurtured in poverty and Presbyterianism, vital of body and light of heart, is fertile in good men. Somehow genius seems always smoldering just beneath its surface, ready to leap forth when opportunity arises. In this case, as in that of many other famous Americans, the opportunity came with the stimulation of emigration. The Admiral's father and mother, James Sampson and Hannah Walker, came to New York in 1836, and settled at Palmyra,



HANNAH WALKER SAMPSON, ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S MOTHER.

From a photograph.



JAMES SAMPSON, FATHER OF ADMIRAL SAMPSON.

Drawn from a photograph.

on the bank of the Erie Canal. The elder Sampson was a man of great physical strength and endurance, although of little ambition. He was steady, plodding, silent, even dull-minded; he possessed few of the active virtues, but in those of a negative sort he was rich. Thus he was temperate, clean, self-controlled; he was kindly in his family; he worked steadily for his day's wages, and spent his evenings at home; he saved what money he could. These virtues he bequeathed as the best of legacies to his children.

What he lacked—a touch of the fire of imagination and spirituality—his wife, the Admiral's mother, made up. Mrs. Sampson was a woman of rare native refinement and ability. She was sweet, even beautiful, of face, and strong and steady and kindly of character. She was proud of her children—the Admiral was the oldest of a family of eight—and ambitious for them with all the keen ambition of mother-love. She was deeply, but practically, religious. An old friend of the family in Palmyra told me that he had often seen her on a Sunday morning with her little flock of children around her, all neatly dressed in honor of the day, coming down to the Presbyterian church—a walk of a mile. Although weighed down with the heavy duties of a poor man's family, she yet found time to read much and to spur her children on in their development. The

Admiral and his sister Lizzie were both naturally studious, and between these two and the mother there sprung up a warm companionship and friendliness, which meant more to them, perhaps, than their kinship. The close relations between brother and sister continued for years, the Admiral, while still in the struggling stages of his early career, sending his sister to Mount Holyoke Seminary, that she might complete her studies.

It was a good, green country, with weather-colored houses and big red barns, this central New York, where Sampson grew up, the kind of country in which an imaginative boy might expand. His opportunities were few, but he made the most of them. From the very first he was at the head of his classes in school. His mother would assume any burden rather than disturb her children in their education. Mr. Pliny B. Sexton, president of the village bank of Palmyra, who was a schoolmate of Sampson's, said of him: "He was the busiest boy I ever knew. Many times I have seen him run all the way home from school to help his father. I don't think he ever played ball or went skating in his life; he was too busy. He was one of the best-liked boys in the school, although never what could be called popular. We called him 'Will,' never 'Billy'—which you will recognize as a tribute to his dignity."

Miss Hannah Sampson, the Admiral's sis-



ter, who still lives in the old family home, says that the boy was a great reader. He devoured all manner of books on history, mechanics, and branches of natural science, and he even enjoyed mathematical works. Novels did not interest him. Before he was sixteen years old he had borrowed and read, so Mr. Sexton told me, nearly every book in town, except story books. And most of this reading was done, like Lincoln's, early in the morning or late in the evening, for there was always hard work to do as long as daylight lasted. During school vacations, young Sampson worked steadily with his father, sawing wood, spading gardens, digging ditches, and doing odd jobs about the village. For a time he worked for twenty-five cents a day in a brick-yard.

And thus he came to his seventeenth year—he was born in 1840. At this time there was a vacancy in the Naval Academy to be filled from the Palmyra congressional district, and Congressman Morgan of Aurora had the right of appointment. Two boys of influential parentage were named for the position, but owing to the objection of their mothers, the offer was declined in both instances. Then Mr. Morgan asked the principal of the Palmyra school for the name of his brightest boy. The answer came without a moment's hesitation, "Sampson." The Admiral's mother was overjoyed at the opportunity thus opened, but his father objected. The elder Sampson was growing old, the boy was now strong enough to do a man's work, and he was needed at home. But Mrs. Sampson laid her hand on her husband's shoulder, and her words are now historic in Palmyra. "I want one son," she said, "who won't carry a sawbuck on his shoulder all his life."

It so happened that, when the official announcement of Sampson's appointment reached Palmyra, a number of politicians were gathered in the office of the local newspaper, in Main Street. One of them looked out of the window. There in the street were James Sampson and his son digging a ditch connected with some public improvement. "Gentlemen," he said, "if you wish to see the future Admiral of the United States Navy, look out the window."

And so young Sampson left his native town for the first time in his life, to go to the Naval Academy. In the sifting which follows when a hundred boys are thrown together in the same class, Sampson came out, as usual, at the top. Admiral John W. Philip, who was a member with Sampson of the class that

was a yellowed old  
t the class stand-  
lemy four is the  
At the  
perfect marking. well, it was amazing to  
see with what regularity: mpsen won fours.  
Apparently it made not the slightest differ-  
ence whether the subject was mathematics,  
French, moral science, or seamanship, his  
grade was nearly always four. "I remem-  
ber well," said Admiral Philip, "the struggle  
of the four S's—Sampson, Stewart, Stone,  
and Snell. They fought for first place all  
through the course, but Sampson came out  
ahead. He was graduated number one."

Such scholarship as this sometimes makes  
a boy unpopular with his classmates, but it  
was quite the reverse in the case of Samp-  
son, for he was not given to conceit or  
pomposity: he was sane of mind and simple  
of heart—a gentleman by nature. But he  
was much too quiet and dignified—even cold,  
if you will—to become a boy's good-fellow,  
although no midshipman in the academy was  
more thoroughly respected and trusted. In  
his last year, he won the greatest honor that  
can come to a cadet: he was appointed ad-  
jutant of his class—a position bestowed not  
so much for scholarship as for the general  
qualities which go to make up a good sea-  
man and soldier. So far as I could learn,  
Sampson never appeared in any of the games  
or sports of the academy; he received  
few demerits; he never was in a rough-and-  
tumble fight, although he had muscles of  
steel and unusual physical endurance—a boy  
who could study eighteen hours out of the  
twenty-four and retain his vigor and health.  
Years later, during the long blockade of San-  
tiago, he never retired until after midnight,  
and he was invariably up at four in the morn-  
ing. All through the years at the academy  
he was developing the stern self-discipline  
which was to carry him to many honors.  
His intellect was of the kind that Huxley  
describes as "a clear, cold logic engine,  
ready to be turned to any kind of work, and  
spin the gossamers as well as forge the  
anchors of the mind." It mattered not what  
subject was before him, he went at it  
steadily, methodically, unrelentingly.

"It wouldn't have mattered," said a  
friend who has known the Admiral ever  
since his academy days, "what Sampson had  
set out to be; he would have mastered any  
subject. He would have made a good sci-  
entist—in fact, he is a good scientist; he  
would have made a first-class college presi-  
dent, a lawyer, a doctor, or even a preacher  
—or, rather, a theologian. No matter where



*Your friend & classmate*  
*Wm. J. Sampson*  
*7th Nov. 1864*

See note below.



SAMPSON IN 1865. AGE, 25.

From a photograph. Sampson, at this time, was a lieutenant, attached to the steam frigate "Colorado," the flagship of the European Squadron.



SAMPSON IN 1860, HIS LAST YEAR IN THE NAVAL ACADEMY. AGE, 20. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



SAMPSON IN 1876—COMMANDER, STATIONED AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY. AGE, 36. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The first of the above portraits is from a photograph taken about 1858, when Sampson was a naval cadet, age, 18. The autograph is a facsimile of one written under this same portrait, in an album owned by Sampson's classmate and friend, Admiral John W. Philip. At the time it was written, November 7, 1864, Sampson was a lieutenant, attached to the "Patapsco," of the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron.



ADMIRAL SAMPSON WITH CAPTAIN CHADWICK ON BOARD THE "MANGROVE," AT HAVANA.

From a photograph by J. C. Henment.

he has been placed in the navy, whether to make astronomical observations at Washington or to fight Spaniards at Santiago, he has done everything well. It is the quality of genuine greatness."

During Sampson's first furlough home from Annapolis, he wore the first overcoat he had ever owned—the one he drew with his uni-

form as a cadet. His father was still laboring about the village, and the young midshipman, without a thought of his position, took up the shovel and sawbuck and worked out his furlough. It was at this time that he met his future wife, Miss Margaret Aldrich. The Aldriches were prominent people in Palmyra, living in a fine old

place some distance out from the village. During Sampson's furlough they gave a party, and there was some question about the advisability of inviting the young cadet, who had been seen that week ditch-digging with his father. Social distinctions in a small town are as sharply drawn as in a great city, but Miss Aldrich insisted that Sampson be invited. He came; they were married three years later.

Following his graduation from the Naval Academy in 1861, he was appointed a master, and in 1862 he became a lieutenant, and was assigned to the old sailing-ship "John Adams," then used as a practice-ship for naval cadets. One of the officers—then a cadet—who accompanied him on a cruise from Newport to Port Royal, South Carolina, speaks of his qualities as an officer: "He was never excited, and never hurried, and he never seemed to raise his voice, and yet his orders could be heard distinctly by the men at the weather-earring when reefing top-sails."

Captain French E. Chadwick, the Admiral's chief of staff, knew him as an instructor in the Naval Academy, a position which he held in 1862. "The first time I ever saw Sampson," this officer writes, "I was going down Pelham Street—I was then a midshipman—and I met a new officer coming up on the opposite side. I knew him to be Lieutenant Sampson, just arrived. He was at that time of the mature age of twenty-two; sufficiently old from my period of view, and naturally of interest as a new 'instructor.' But what most impressed me, and what has always remained in mind, was his extraordinary beauty of face and color, which I have always thought was the finest I ever saw in a young man. Later on, I came to recognize another quality of like enviable kind: a remarkably clear, musical, and resonant voice, low in talking, but one that could be heard with ease anywhere on a ship—a gift the value of which in those days of canvas can hardly now be appreciated.

"Along with this unusual personal beauty (I use the word advisedly, and I mention it only because it was so marked), there was a great absence of self-consciousness. I am sure Sampson never gave a thought to his personal appearance beyond what ordinary personal care demanded. Posing is as far from him as it was from Abraham Lincoln; he has always been the simplest of men; of a simplicity which is the highest type of manners."

At this time the country was in the midst

of the Civil War, and Sampson was anxious to go to the front and put in practice some of the precepts of the Naval Academy. His opportunity finally came in 1864, when he was assigned to the ironclad "Patapsco," then doing duty with the blockading squadron off Charleston. It was dreary, nerve-wearing work, but it fitted the young officer, perhaps, for another and more notable blockade thirty-four years later. Just at the close of the war, the "Patapsco" met with a most dramatic and terrible fate; and Sampson's conduct was what one would expect it to be from later knowledge of the man: cool, self-possessed, and perfectly courageous. The ship had been sent one night, in accordance with the usual custom, to cover the patrol-boats. It crept in toward Charleston under cover of dense darkness. Sampson was in the pilot-house with the captain; the other officers were forward in the ward-room. Of a sudden there came a violent shock; the bow of the iron vessel was lifted bodily from the dark water, and upward through the decks came a crushing burst of water, steam, and fire. At first, Sampson thought the ship had been struck by a heavy shot; but a sharp lurch forward and a swift settling in the water told the story of a torpedo. Every officer in the forward ward-room had been instantly killed; the ladder leading up from the berth-deck had been thrown down by the shock, so that most of the seamen died struggling below. The captain stepped from the turret into one of the boats, which floated from its cradle as the ship settled. But Sampson, springing to a boarding-netting near by, caught one of his feet in the meshes, and was drawn down with the sinking ship, the waters rushing in above him. Most men under similar circumstances would have struggled desperately, only to become more hopelessly tangled in the ropes. But Sampson's cool, methodic mind served him well; he took his time to it, waiting until the terrific downward strain was somewhat diminished; then, twisting his foot carefully, slipped it from the mesh, and shot to the surface of the water, and was rescued.

Succeeding the Civil War came several long cruises, interspersed with the shore duty of a long peace. Sampson was with the flag-ship "Colorado" on the European station from 1865 to 1867, and on the "Congress" in 1871-1873. He commanded the "Swatara" on the Asiatic station from 1879 to 1882, and the "San Francisco" in the Pacific from 1890 to 1892.

Sampson's discipline on shipboard is as

rigid and faultless as his own self-control. He never raises his voice, nor storms; he rarely praises; and yet he is obeyed and respected as few men ever were. This is no doubt partly due to his absolute courage. "You can't frighten him; you can't even startle him," a gunner said of him.

Sampson has always taken a keen interest in the boat races and other sports of his men, and at one time, while he was on the "San Francisco," so Coxswain Fraser told me, he released a prisoner from the brig to help win a famous race against a boat crew from one of Her Majesty's ships. And when he finally left the "San Francisco," the board of inspection not only complimented the ship in unusual terms, but the seamen manned the rigging and gave him three cheers—a mark of honor only accorded to a well-beloved officer.

Sampson's shore service has been largely that of the trained scientist, a department of work to which his methodical and penetrative mind turned with great avidity. He was twice connected with the Naval Academy as instructor—five years in all—before he became its superintendent, in 1886. His work dealt chiefly with physics, chemistry, metallurgy, and astronomy, in all of which he was singularly proficient. His scientific attainments were so well known that, as far back as 1878, he was sent to Creston, Ia., to observe a total eclipse of the sun. Nor was he ever content with a mere superficial knowledge. A naval officer who knows him well told me that, when he served at the Naval Observatory (1882-1885), he spent night after night, weeks at a time, making personal telescopic observations and familiarizing himself with the intimate details of the work. Many men in the same position have been content to at-

tend exclusively to the executive work of the institution and permit the government astronomer to make all of the observations. Later, his work at the Newport torpedo station (1885-1886), of which he was superintendent, dealt largely with the difficult technical and scientific aspects of making and testing ammunition, powder combinations, and a hundred and one other intricate, but vastly important, details in the great machine of the navy. His high attainments in the technical side of war were recognized in his appointment as a member of the Board

of Fortifications and Defences and as the delegate of the United States to the International Maritime Conference. Indeed, between November 1, 1884, and June 1, 1885, he was assigned to important special duties no fewer than twenty-one times. He was selected for all of these positions because he had the rare ability of going straight to the heart of a subject and of drawing his conclusions with

eminent clearness and common sense.

"He is one of the clearest-headed men I ever knew," said Ex-Secretary of the Navy Hilary A. Herbert; "he has a remarkable facility in stating a proposition lucidly and in the fewest possible words. In this respect I never knew any one to equal him."

Sampson's shore duties have also included the executive direction of some of the Government's greatest business institutions. Few even of the wealthiest corporations in the country spend \$6,000,000 a year, and yet Sampson directed the expenditure of more than that amount annually during his four years' (1893-1897) service as Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance—one of the most distinguished positions in the gift of the Government. Here, and at the Naval Gun Factory, of which he was superintendent



SCHOOL-HOUSE AT PALMYRA, NEW YORK, IN WHICH ADMIRAL SAMPSON ATTENDED SCHOOL AS A BOY.

Drawn from a photograph.

in 1892, Sampson's scientific attainments found their greatest scope and purpose. He had supreme charge of providing the armor plate for the vessels of the navy, and of buying and testing projectiles, ammunition, and small arms, and, at the gun factory, of building the great guns. And thus he was instrumental in building and arming many of the ships which he fought so successfully at Santiago. He knew, perhaps better than any other man with the fleet on that July morning, just what his ships would do, just how perfect they were as war engines, how much they would stand in defense, how much they could offer in offense. What better man could have been chosen to the supreme command?

While at the head of the Bureau of Ordnance Sampson also made many important innovations and improvements. During his term of office he developed the plans for the superposed turrets in the two new ships "Kearsarge" and "Kentucky," and upheld his belief in their efficiency against many opponents. He devised many new and valuable tests for armor plate and ammunition, even going so far as to construct a section of a battle-ship in model with the framework arranged exactly as in a full-sized ship. He had become convinced of the resisting power of armor plate, but he did not feel altogether sure that the interior construction would bear the terrific impact of great shells; this question was settled by the model. He tested and adopted the new small arms now used in the navy, and to him more than to any one else was due the successful exposure of the celebrated armor-plate frauds at the Carnegie steel works, which saved the Government many thousands of dollars. "I do not think the Bureau of Ordnance ever had a more efficient and more able chief," Ex-Secretary Herbert said of him.

During these years of service in the Bureau of Ordnance, Sampson was constantly called upon for consultation by the Secretary of the Navy and even by the President. He never offered advice unless it was asked, and what he said always carried great weight. He had so evidently eliminated the personal element, had so subordinated the worker to the work, that there was never a taint of prejudice or even of preference in his recommendations. Says Professor Philip R. Alger, who worked with him four years in the Bureau of Ordnance: "He was especially characterized by fairness and openness of mind. He was entirely without prejudices, and, unlike most men, he always considered

a proposition on its merits alone. Another characteristic was his trust in his subordinates. When he assigned a certain duty to any one of them, he always seemed to have perfect confidence that it would be done, and well done—a sure method of encouraging zeal in any one worthy of encouragement."

Sampson carried his trait of personal disinterestedness to its utmost limits. It is the privilege of officers assigned to the command of a vessel to make selection of the junior officers who are to compose their staff. Sampson never in his career exercised this privilege but once, in the case of a single flag lieutenant. When he was ordered to the "Iowa," an officer of high rank in the navy came to him at his office in the Bureau of Ordnance to request a position for a friend. Sampson heard him through quietly; then said: "I never make a practice of selecting my officers, and those I do get have to do their duty."

This element of stern fairness, that asks nothing, but demands its rights to the uttermost, has given Sampson the reputation of being cold, but it has also placed him on an unapproachable plane of respect and admiration. If an officer or a seaman does his duty, he knows that Sampson is a steady and a powerful friend; if he is derelict, he knows exactly what to expect and that no influence from any source can save him. "If Sampson had only made a few mistakes and failures," a naval officer said to me, "we should love him as much as we respect him."

I repeated this remark to another officer, and he responded: "If he could tell a good funny story——"

And yet, in the very inner circle of his friends, and in his family, Admiral Sampson is as genuinely loved as by those outside he is respected; and he even tells the "funny story," although it partakes rather of the nature of wit, often rapier-like in its keenness, than of humor.

Early in 1897, Sampson was ordered to the command of the "Iowa," with the construction of which he had been so closely identified. The events of February, 1898—the destruction of the "Maine" and the imminence of war with Spain—found him next in rank to the commander-in-chief of the North Atlantic Squadron. Admiral Sicard's health was such, at this critical period, that he found it necessary to give up the command, and Sampson was at once appointed to fill his place.

"No one was more surprised at this than Sampson himself," said Captain Chadwick;

"this I know to be a fact. The captains of the squadron were unanimously wishing that he might be selected, hoping—rather against hope—that the few months intervening until his promotion to the rank of commodore might not stand in the way. Whatever was said in favor of the appointment was not said by Sampson or with Sampson's knowledge. The navy knows its own, and whatever urging was necessary in the Department (and I do not know that any was necessary) was done by naval officers only, two of whom, I was much later informed, mentioned the hope to the Secretary. But the selection was the Secretary's own. He told me after the war that no influence of any kind whatever was even mentioned; that the appointment was wholly due to what he knew of Sampson's character in the short intercourse he had with him before he left the Bureau of Ordnance to command the "Iowa." To Sampson himself, the idea of reaching out for an appointment would never occur; it is simply that self-seeking is entirely absent from his nature; it could not come to him. He came to the command with the thorough confidence and affection of every captain in the fleet, a step toward victory in itself, and it was a confidence and affection which never wavered."

There were four great stratagems in the campaign against Cervera, and they all originated with the commander-in-chief—Sampson. The first was the sinking of the "Merrimac," a plan devised by Sampson long before he reached Santiago. The second involved the close blockade of Santiago, in which the ships were stationed in a semi-circle six miles from the harbor mouth by day and four by night, and later closer, instead of ten or twenty miles out, the usual disposition of the fleet prior to Sampson's arrival. The third, and possibly the most important, was the continued use of a search-light covering the harbor mouth during the night. Cervera himself has said that this prevented him from making a night sortie. And fourth, the plan of the battle itself was Sampson's. He had provided for every possible contingency. If the Spanish ships came straight out and offered battle in deep water, every American captain knew just what to do; similarly, if the Spaniards went east, or went west, or divided, every captain had his orders, so that he could fight the battle, as it was fought, without signals.

It is not the naval battle of Santiago itself which awakens the admiration of the men who know, so much as the blockade that preceded it. There are few outside the ser-

vice who can appreciate the terrible strain and responsibility which a commanding officer on blockade duty must bear. A fleet is not like a slow-moving army; its strides are three hundred or more miles a day. For nearly ten days, it now appears, Cervera was perfectly free to leave Santiago; and to know whether he had done so, and if he had done so, where he had gone, was a serious problem. Moreover, a whole nation was watching Sampson intently, and waiting to pass judgment. He knew not at what moment to expect an attack, for there were alarms at every hour of night and day. Through those long, hot weeks before Santiago, he never wavered, never lost his temper, and bore with magnificent restraint and steadiness the clamors of his impatient country and the alarms incident to the blockade. He brought to bear the self-discipline of a lifetime. Neither by word nor look did he show that the responsibility was unusual. But he came back, Mrs. Sampson told me, looking older and grayer by ten years than when he went away. Sampson came to Washington only twice during the entire summer following the battle; and then quietly, on strictly official business. He did not go to any of the clubs, nor to the Capitol; and of the hundreds of social invitations with which he was flooded he accepted few.

It was not that Sampson did not feel as keenly as any American the wonder of the great victory; but he would not be lionized for it. He had done his duty; every other man in the fleet had done as much; why, then, should he be praised above the others? That was his way of looking at it. And yet there never was a man more keenly gratified than he in winning the admiration of those who really appreciate the strategical perfection of his campaign. One should no sooner expect to see Sampson accepting an honor he had not earned than to find him clapping a senator on the shoulder and asking him for his influence with the Secretary of the Navy. At one time, while he was Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, a visitor addressed him as commodore, a designation to which he was entitled by virtue of his position, but he said: "Do not call me commodore; I am a captain." That is the spirit of the man.

Sampson was much worn after the Santiago campaign, but he did not ask a leave of absence; instead, he returned to Havana almost immediately, to take part in the trying labors of the Evacuation Committee. Following that, he made an extended cruise



with his ships in the West Indies, and up to the time of the writing of this article he has not had a moment's respite from service.

Sampson's home life has been as unpretentious and as devoted as his naval service. His first wife died in 1878, and in 1882 he was again married—to Miss Elizabeth Burling. He has four grown daughters, two of whom have married naval officers; and two sons, aged eleven and nine. During the Santiago campaign, Mrs. Sampson lived in a beautiful home at Glen Ridge, New Jersey. The Admiral's relations with his children are more those of a kindly older brother than of a father. Indeed, the real man is best seen in his home. He is full of quips of speech at table, bits of story and information, his keen mind playing upon and sharpening the minds of his boys. Cheap wit has always disgusted him, but he enjoys good humor as much as any one, although he rarely smiles, except with his eyes; and he detests vulgarity and profanity. His wife told me she never saw him excited nor out of temper; and only once, when he happened to see a torpedo-boat blown up within plain view of the window at which he was sitting, did she see him hurry. His habits of studiousness, acquired as a boy, still cling to him, and he reads many books of substance and information. Of late years he reads more novels; "David Harum" pleased him greatly. He cares for music, but not greatly for the drama; he never makes a speech when he can avoid it. He never voted but once—for Lincoln at his second election. He is a man of deeply religious instincts, although in this respect, as in all others, he is thoroughly unostentatious. He attends the Presbyterian church as regularly as his sea duties will permit, and is always present at services aboard ship. His religion is a matter of character rather than of form, and yet in his account of the bombardment of Santiago, he says: "Captain Philip having called my attention to the fact that it was Sunday, I decided, as it was not necessary to bombard on that day, to postpone operations until the same hour on Monday."

Although methodical of manner, Sampson is a man of much physical agility and strength. For years he has been a good tennis player, never neglecting an opportunity for a game even in a foreign port—and he plays with remarkable activity. He is also a bicycle rider, but more for exercise

than for enjoyment. In person he is a man somewhat above medium height, rather slender and straight and well knit. He is always dressed with scrupulous neatness, down to the last detail. He never wears a uniform when away from his ship, if he can avoid it. At first sight, one might take him to be a college professor, and yet he wears the unmistakable distinction of command. His forehead is broad and full at the temples; his hair is iron gray and rather thin; his beard is short and always recently trimmed; his nose is sharply cut and perfectly molded. His eyes are remarkably brilliant and expressive. They are large and dark and clear, and while the remainder of his face is somewhat immobile, they tell every changing emotion.

Even in its sea phases, Sampson's life has not been marked by the startling and heroic incidents that seize so readily upon the popular fancy. Yet the faithfulness to every routine of duty, the close attention to discipline and order, the constant striving for greater efficiency, that have peculiarly distinguished him during all his career, were the best possible preparation for such work as the country required of him in the spring of 1898. It was the same with Farragut. Barring Farragut's presence as a very youthful midshipman in the famous fight made by the "Essex" against the "Phoebe" and the "Cherub," there is no "event" in his career until he came to the great command which made him famous. But there was the same steady hold on the appreciation of his fellows, the same hard application to work, that are found in Sampson's career. When you come to think of it, Sampson spent about forty-two years in winning the battle of Santiago. During all of that time he worked in almost total obscurity, so far as the American people at large were concerned. His name was not as well known, except in a limited circle, as that of many a boy politician. I was shown a scrap-book in which Mrs. Sampson has kept the notices of her husband for years past. There were perhaps a score of them, all short, and dry with the dates and duties of a naval man's "record." I think his picture was printed twice in the newspapers before the Spanish War. In a single July day he became famous the world over. But it was not a change in the man; Sampson was as great in January, 1898, as he was in July: only the people did not know it.



"BEHIND WHOOPED THE JOYOUS SEVEN, AND THE CRACKLING OF PISTOLS WAS A DELIGHT TO THE EAR."



## THE SAVING GRACE.

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

ONCE upon a time there was an editor of a magazine who had certain ideas concerning short stories. This is not wonderful, for editors have such ideas; and when they find a short story which corresponds, they accept it with joy and pay good sums for it. This particular editor believed that a short story should be realistic. "Let us have things as they are!" he was accustomed to cry to his best friend, or the printer's devil, or the office cat, whichever happened to be handiest. "Life is great enough to say things for itself, without having to be helped out by the mawkish sentimentality of an idiot! Permit us to see actual people, living actual lives, in actual houses, and I should hope we have common sense enough to draw our own morals!" He usually made these chaotic exclamations after reading through several pages of very neat manuscript in which the sentences were long and involved, and in which were employed polysyllabic adjectives of a poetic connotation. This editor liked short, crisp sen-

tences. He wanted his adjectives served hot. He despised poetic connotation. Being only an editor, his name was Brown. If he had been a writer, he would have had three names, beginning with successive letters of the alphabet.

Now, one day, it happened that there appeared before this editor, Brown, a young man bearing a roll of manuscript. How he had gotten by the office boy Brown could not conceive, and rolled manuscript usually gave him spasms. The youth, however, presented a letter of introduction from Brown's best friend. He said he had a story to submit, and he said it with a certain appearance of breathlessness at the end of the sentence, which showed Brown that it was his first story. Brown frowned inwardly, and smiled outwardly. He begged the youth to take a seat. As all the seats were filled with unopened papers and unbound books, the youth said he preferred to stand.

Brown asked the youth questions, in a perfunctory manner, not because he cared to know anything about him, but because he liked the man who had written the letter. The youth's name proved to be Severne, and he was the most serious-minded youth who had ever stepped from college into writing. He spoke of ideals. Brown concluded that the youth's story probably dealt with the time of the Chaldean astronomers, and contained a deep symbolical truth, couched in language of the school of Bulwer Lytton or Marie Corelli. So, after the youth had gone, he seized the roll of manuscript, for the purpose of glancing through it. If he had imagined the story of any merit, he would not have been in such haste; but as his best friend had introduced the writer, he thought he would like to get a disagreeable task over at once.

He glanced the story through. Then he read it carefully. Then he slammed it down hard on his desk—to the vast confusion of some hundreds of loose memoranda, which didn't matter much anyway—and uttered a big bad word. The sentences in the story were short and crisp. The adjectives were served very hot indeed. There was not a single bit of poetic connotation. It described life as it really was.

Brown, the editor, published the story, and paid a good price for it. Severne, the author, wrote more stories, and sold them to Brown. The two men got to be very good friends, and Severne heard exactly how Brown liked short stories and why, and how his, Severne's, stories were just that kind.

All this would have been quite an ideal condition of affairs, and an object-lesson to a harsh world and other editors, were it not that Severne was serious-minded. He had absolutely no sense of humor. Perspectives there were none for him, and due proportions did not exist. He took life hard. He looked upon himself gravely as a serious proposition, like the Nebular Hypothesis or Phonetic Reform. The immediate consequence was that, having achieved his success through realism, he placed realism on a pedestal and worshipped it as the only true (literary) god. Severne became a realist of realists. He ran it into the ground. He would not describe a single incident that he had not viewed from start to finish with his own eyes. He did not have much to do with feelings *direct*, but such as were necessary to his story he insisted on experiencing in his own person; otherwise the story remained unwritten. And as for emotions—such as anger, or religion, or fear—he would attempt none whose savor he had not tasted for himself. Unkind and envious rivals—not realists—insisted that once Severne had deliberately gotten very drunk on Bowery whisky in order that he might describe the sensations of one of his minor characters in such a condition. Certain it is, he soon gained the reputation among the unintelligent of being a crazy individual, who paid people remarkably well to do strange and meaningless things for him. He was always experimenting on himself and others.

This was ridiculous enough, but it would hardly have affected any one but crusty old cranks who delight in talking about "young fools," were it not for the fact that Severne was in love. And that brings us to the point of our story.

Of course he was in love in a most serious-minded fashion. He did not get much fun out of it. He brooded most of the time over lovers' duties to each other and mankind. He had likewise an exalted conception of the sacred, holy, and lofty character of love itself. This is commendable, but handicaps a man seriously. Girls do not care for that kind of love as a steady thing. Far be it from me to insinuate that those quite angelic creatures ever actually want to be kissed; but if, by any purely *accidental* chance, circumstances bring it about that, without their consent or suspicion, a brute of a man *might* surprise them awfully—well, said brute does not gain much by not springing the surprise. Being adored on a pedestal is nice—in public. So you must see that Severne's status

under ordinary circumstances would be precarious. Conceive his fearful despair at finding his heart irrevocably committed to a young lady as serious-minded as himself, equally lacking in humor, and devoted mind and soul to the romantic or idealistic school of fiction! They often discussed the point seriously and heatedly. Each tried conscientiously to convert the other. As usual, the attempt, after a dozen protracted interviews, ended in the girl's losing her temper. This made Severne angry. Girls are so unreasonable!

"What do you suppose I care how your foolish imaginary people brush their teeth and button their suspenders and black their boots? I know how old man Smith opposite does, and that is more than enough for me!" she cried.

"The insight into human nature expresses itself thus," he argued gloomily.

"Rubbish!" she rejoined. "The idea of a man's wasting the talents heaven has given him in describing as minutely and accurately as he can all the nasty, little, petty occurrences of every-day life! It is sordid!"

"The beautiful shines through the dreariness, as it does in the real life people live," he objected stubbornly.

"The beautiful is in the imagination," she cried with some heat; "and the imagination is God-given; it is the only direct manifestation of the divine on earth. Without imagination no writing can have life."

As this bordered on sentiment, abhorred of realism, Severne muttered something that sounded like "fiddlesticks." They discussed the relation of imagination to literature on this latter basis. At the conclusion of the discussion, Miss Melville, for that was her name, delivered the following ultimatum:

"Well, I tell you right now, Robert Severne, that I'll never marry a man who has not more soul in him than that. I am very much disappointed in you. I had thought you possessed of more nobility of character!"

"Don't say that, Lucy," he begged, in genuine alarm. Serious-minded youths never know enough not to believe what a girl says.

"I will say that, and I mean it! I never want to see you again!"

"Does that mean that our engagement is broken?" he stammered, not daring to believe his ears.

"I should think, sir, that a stronger hint would be unnecessary."

He bowed his head miserably. "Isn't there anything I can do, Lucy? I don't

want to be sent off like this. I *do* love you!"

She considered. "Yes, there is," she said after a moment. "You can write a romantic story and publish it in a magazine. Then, and not until then, will I forgive you."

She turned coldly, and began to examine a photograph on the mantelpiece. After an apparently interminable period, receiving no reply, she turned sharply.

"Well!" she demanded.

Now, in the interval, Severne had been engaged in building a hasty but interesting mental pose. He had recalled to mind numerous historical and fictitious instances in which the man has been tempted by the woman to depart from his heaven-born principles. In some of these instances, when the woman had tempted successfully, the man had dwelt thenceforth in misery and died in torment, amid the execrations of mankind. In others, having resisted the siren, he had glowed with a high and exalted happiness, and finally had ascended to upper regions between applauding ranks of angels—which was not realism in the least. Art, said Severne to himself, is an enduring truth. Human passions are misleading. Self-sacrifice is noble. He resolved on the spot to become a martyr to his art.

"I will never do it!" he answered, and stalked majestically from the room.

Severne took his trouble henceforward in a becomingly serious-minded manner. For many years he was about to live shrouded in gloom—a gloom in whose twilight could he dimly discerned the shattered wreck of his life. After a long period, from the debris of said wreck, he would build the structure of a great literary work of art, which all mankind would look upon with awe, but which he, standing apart, would eye with indifference, all joy being stricken dead by his memories of the past. But that was in the future. Just now he was in the gloom business. So, being a wealthy youth, he decided to go far, far away. This was necessary in order that he might bury his grief.

He rather fancied battlefields and carnage, but there were no wars. It would add to the picture if he could return bronzed and battle-scarred, but as that was impossible, he resolved to return bronzed, at any rate. So he bought a ticket to a small town in Wyoming. There he and his steamer trunk boarded Thompson's stage, and journeyed to Placer Creek, where the two of them, he and the trunk, took up their quarters in a little boarded-ceiled room in the Prairie Dog Hotel.

The place was admirably adapted for glooming. It was a little ramshackle affair of four streets and sixteen saloons. Some of the houses, and all of the saloons, had once been painted. In front were hitching-rails. To the hitching-rails, at all times of the day, were tied ponies patiently turning their tails to the Wyoming breezes. Wyoming breezes are always going somewhere at the rate of from thirty to sixty miles an hour. Beyond the town, in one direction, were some low mountains, well supplied with dark gorges, narrow cañons, murmuring waterfalls, dashing brooks, and precipitous descents. Beyond the town, in the other direction, lay a broad, rolling country, on which cattle and cowboys dwelt amid profanity and dust. Severne arose in a cold room, washed his face in hard water, and descended to breakfast. The breakfast could not have been better adapted to beginning a day of gloom. It started out with sticky oatmeal, and ended with clammy cakes, between which was much horror. After breakfast, he wandered in the dark gorges, narrow cañons, *et cetera*, and contemplated with melancholy but approving interest his noble sacrifice and the wreck of his life. Thence he returned to town.

In town, various incomprehensible individuals with a misguided sense of humor did things to him the reason of which he could not understand in the least, mainly because he had himself no sense of humor, misguided or otherwise. The things they did frightened and bewildered him. But he examined them gravely through his short-sighted spectacles, noting just how they were done, just

how their perpetrators looked and acted, and just how he felt.

After some days his literary instincts perforce awoke. In spite of his gloom, he caught himself sifting and assorting and placing things in their relative values. In fine, he began to conceive a Western story. Shortly after he cleaned his fountain pen, by inserting a thin card between the gold and the rubber feeder, and sat down to write. As he wrote he grew more and more pleased with

the result. The sentences became crisper and crisper. The adjectives fairly sizzled. Poetic connotation faded as a mountain mist. And he remembered and described just how Alkali Ike spit through his mustache—which was disgusting, but real. It was his masterpiece. He wrote on excitedly. Never was such a short story!

But then there came a pause. He had successfully mounted his hero, and started him in full flight down the dark gorge or narrow cañon—I forget which—pursued by the avenging band. There interposed here a

frightful difficulty. He did not know how a man felt when pursued by an avenging band. He had never been pursued by an avenging band himself. What was he to do? To be sure, he could imagine with tolerable distinctness the sensations to be experienced in such a crisis. He could have put them on paper with every appearance of realism. But he had no touchstone by which to test their truth. He might be unconsciously false to his art, to which he had vowed allegiance at such cost! It would never do.

So, naturally, he did the obvious thing—



"'WELL!' SHE DEMANDED."

that is to say, the obvious thing to a serious-minded writer with no sense of humor. He went forth and sought an acquaintance named Colorado Jim, and made to him a proposition. It took Severne just two hours and six drinks to persuade Colorado Jim. At the end of that time Colorado Jim, in his turn, went north, shaking his head doubtfully, and emitting from time to time cavernous chuckles which bubbled up from his interior after the well-known manner of the "Old Faithful" geyser. He hunted out six partners of his own—"pards," he called them—to whom he spoke at length. The six pards stared at Colorado Jim in gasping silence for some time. Then the seven went into a committee of the whole. The decision of the committee was that the tenderfoot was undoubtedly crazy, harmless, and to be humored—at a price. Besides, the humoring would be fun. After a number of drinks, Colorado Jim and the pards concluded that it would be *lots* of fun!

Early the next morning, they rode out of town in the direction of the hills. At the entrance to the dark gorge—or deep cañon—they met Severne, also mounted. After greetings, the latter distributed certain small articles.

"Now," said he most gravely, "I will ride ahead about as far as that rock there, and when I get ready to start, I will wave my hand. You're to chase me just as you'd chase a real horse-thief, and I'll try to keep ahead of you. You keep shooting with the blank cartridges as fast as you can. Understand?"

They said they did. They did not. But it was fun.

Severne rode to the boulder in the dark gorge—I am sure it was the dark gorge—and turned. The pards were lined up in eagerness for the start. They had made side bets as to who would get there first. He waved his hand, and struck spurs to his horse. The pursuit began.

The horse on which Severne was mounted was a good one. The way he climbed up through that dark gorge was a caution to thoroughbreds. Behind whooped the joyous seven, and the crackling of pistols was a delight to the ear. The outfit swept up the gulch like a whirlwind.

Severne became quite excited. The swift motion was exhilarating. He mentally noted at least a hundred and ten most realistic minor details. He felt that his money had not been wasted. And then he noticed that he was gradually drawing ahead of his pur-

suit. Better and better! He would not only experience pursuit, but he would achieve in his own person a genuine escape, for he knew that, whatever the mythical character of the bullets, the Westerners had a real enough intention of racing each other and him to the top of the ridge. He plied his quirt, and looked back. The pursuers were actually dropping behind. Even to his inexperienced eye their animals showed signs of distress.

At this place the narrow gulch divided. Severne turned to the left, as being more nearly level. Down from the right-hand bisection came the boys of the Triangle X outfit.

To the boys of the Triangle X outfit but one course was open. Here were Colorado Jim and the pards on foundered horses, pursuing a rapid individual who was escaping only too easily. Never desert a comrade. The Triangle X boys uttered whoops, and joined the game at speed. Not gaining as rapidly as they wished, they produced long revolvers—and began to shoot. It is a little difficult to hit anything from a running horse. Severne heard the reports, and congratulated himself on the realistic qualities of his little drama. Then suddenly his hat went spinning from his head. At the same instant a bullet plowed through the leather on his pommel. Zip! zip! zip! went other bullets past his ears. The boys of the Triangle X outfit were beginning to get the range.

He looked back. To his horror he discovered that Colorado Jim and the pards had disappeared, and that their places had been taken by a number of maniacs on jumping little ponies. The maniacs were yelling "Yip! Yip! Yip!" and shooting at him. He could not understand it in the least; but the bullets were mighty convincing. He used his quirt and spurs.

If Severne really wished to experience the feelings of a man pursued, he attained his desire. It is not pleasant to be shot at. Severne entertained sensations of varied coherence, but one and all of a vividness which was of the greatest literary value. Only he was not in a mood to appreciate literary values. He attended strictly to business, which was to lift the excellent animal on which he was mounted as rapidly as possible over the ground. In this he attained a moderate success. Venturing a backward glance, after a few moments, he noted with pleasure that the distance between himself and the maniacs had sensibly increased. Then one of those zipping bullets passed between his



"THEY LISTENED TO HIM, AND LAUGHED DELIGHTEDLY."

body and his arm, cut off three heavy locks of the horse's mane, and entered the base of the poor animal's skull. Severne suddenly found himself in the road. The maniacs swept up at speed, reining in suddenly at the distance of three feet, in such a manner as

to scatter much gravel over him. Severne sat up.

The maniacs, with commendable promptness, jerked Severne to his feet. Several more bent over his horse.

"Jess's I thought!" shouted one of these.



"Jess's I thought! He's stole this cayuse. This is Hank Smith's bronc. I'd know him anywhar!"

"That's right! Bar O brand!" cried several.

The men who held him yanked Severne here and there. "End of yore rope this trip! Steal hosses, will ye!" said they.

"I didn't steal the horse!" cried poor Severne; "I hired him from Smith."

A roar of laughter greeted this statement.

"Hired Colorado and the boys to chase you too, didn't ye!" suggested one, with heavy sarcasm.

"Yes, I did," answered Severne sincerely.

They laughed again. "Nerve!" said they.

Near the fallen horse several began discussing the affair. "I tell you I *know* I done it!" argued one. "I ketched him between the sights, jest's fair as could be!"

"G'wan, he flummuxed jest's I cut loose!"

"Well, boys," called the leader impatiently, "get along!"

A man came forward, and silently threw a loop about

Severne's neck. In Wyoming they hang horse-thieves. Severne realized this, and told them all about everything. They listened to him, and laughed delightedly. Never had they hung such a funny horse-thief. They appreciated his efforts to amuse them, and assured him often that he was a peach. When he paused, they encouraged him to say some more. At every new disclosure they chuckled with admiration, as though at a tremendous but splendid lie. Severne was getting more realistic experience in ten minutes than he had had in all his previous

life; but realistic experience does not do one much good at the end of a rope on top of a Wyoming mountain. Then, after a little, they deftly threw the coil of rope over the limb of a tree, and hung him up, and left him. They did not shoot him full of holes, as is the usual custom. He had been a funny horse-thief, so in return they were lenient. Severne kicked. "Dancin' good," they observed, as they turned the corner.

Around the corner they met the frantic

James. They cut Severne down, and worked over him for some time. Then they carried him down to Placer Creek, and worked over him a lot more. The Triangle X boys were distinctly aggrieved. They had applauded those splendid lies, and now they turned out not to be lies at all, but merely an extremely crazy sort of truth. They relieved their feelings by getting very drunk and shooting out the lights.

It took Severne a week to get over it. Ten days after that he returned East. He had finished a masterpiece. The flight down the cañon was



"SHE PUT HER HANDS ON HIS SHOULDERS."

pictured so vividly that you could almost hear the crack of the pistols, and the hero's sentiments were so well described that in reading about them you became excited yourself. Severne read it three times, and he thought it as good the third time as the first. Then he copied it all out on the typewriter. This is the severest test a writer can give his work. The most sparkling tale loses its freshness when run through the machine, especially if the unfortunate author cannot make the thing go very fast. It seemed as good even after this ordeal.

"Behold," said he, congratulating himself, "this is the best story I ever wrote! Blame it if it isn't one of the best stories I ever read! Your romanticists claim that the realistic story has no charm, nor excitement, nor psychical thrill. This'll show them!"

So he hurried to deliver it to Brown. Then he posed industriously to himself, and tried hard to do some more glooming, but it was difficult work. Someway he felt his cause not hopeless. This masterpiece would go far to convince her that he was right after all.

Three days later he received a note from Brown asking him to call. He did so. The editor handed him back his story, more in sorrow than in anger, and spoke reprovingly about deserting one's principles. Brown was conscientious. He believed that the past counted nothing in face of the present. Severne pressed for an explanation. Then said Brown:

"Severne, I have used much of your stuff, and I have liked it. The sentences have been crisp. The adjectives have been served hot. You have eschewed poetic connotation. And, above all, you have shown men and life as they are. I am sorry to see that you have departed from that noble ideal."

"But," cried Severne in expostulation, "do not these qualities appear in my story?"

"At first they do," responded Brown, "but later—ah!" He sighed.

"What do you mean?"

"The ride down the cañon," he explained. "The sentences are crisp and the adjectives hot. But, alas! there is much poetic connotation, and, so far from representing real life, it seems to me to mean only the perfervid lucubrations of a disordered imagination."

"Why, that part is the most realistic in the whole thing!" cried the unhappy author in distress.

"No," replied the editor firmly, "it is not. It is not realism at all. Even if there were nothing objectionable about the incident, the man's feelings are frightfully overdrawn. No man ever *was* such an everlasting coward as you make out your hero! I should be glad to see something else of yours—but that, no!"

Scowling somewhat, Severne took his manuscript home with him. There he re-read it. All his old enthusiasm returned. It was exactly true. Realism could have had no more accurate exposition of its principles. He cursed Brown, and enclosed stamps to the "Decade." After a time he received a

check and a flattering letter. Realism stood vindicated!

In due course the story appeared. During the interim Severne had found that his glooming was becoming altogether too realistic for his peace of mind. As time went on and he saw nothing of Lucy Melville, he began to realize that perhaps, after all, he was making a mistake somewhere. At certain recklessly immoral moments he even thought a very little of proving false to art. To such depths can the human soul descend!

The evening after the appearance of his story in the "Decade," he was sitting in front of his open fire in very much that mood. The lamps had not been lighted. To him came Mortimer, his man. "A leddy to see you, sir; no name," he announced solemnly.

Severne arose in some surprise. "Light the lamp, and show her up," he commanded, wondering who she could be.

At the sound of his voice, the visitor pushed into the room past Mortimer.

"Never mind the lamp," cried Lucy Melville. The faithful Mortimer left the room, and—officially—heard no more.

"Why, Lucy!" cried Severne.

In the dim light he could see that her cheeks were glowing with excitement. She crossed the room swiftly, and put her hands on his shoulders. "Bob," she said gravely, with tears in her eyes, "I know I ought not to be here, but I just couldn't help it! After you were so noble! And it won't matter, for I'm going in just a minute."

Severne cast his mind back in review of his noble acts. "What is it, Lucy?" he inquired.

"As if you could ask!" she cried. "I never knew of a man's doing so tactful and graceful and *beautiful* a thing in my life! And I don't care a bit, and I believe you were right, after all."

"Right about what?" he begged, getting more and more bewildered.

"About the realism, of course."

She looked up at him again, pointing out her chin in the most adorable fashion. Even serious-minded men have moments of lucidity. Severne had one now.

"Oh, no, you mustn't, Bob—dear!" she cried, blushing.

"But really, Bob," she went on after a moment, "even if realism is all right, you must admit that your last story is the best thing you ever wrote."

"Why, yes, I do think so," he agreed, wondering what that had to do with it.



"I'm so glad you do. Do you know, Bob," she continued happily, "I read it all through before I noticed whose it was. And I kept saying to myself, 'I do wish Bob could see this story. I'm sure it would convince him that imagination is better than realism;' for really, Bob," she cried, with enthusiasm, "it is the best imaginative story I ever read. And when I got to the end, and saw the signature, and realized that you had deserted your literary principles just for my sake, and had actually gone to work and written such a *splendid* imaginative story after all you had

said; and then, too, when I realized what a delicate way you had taken to let me know—because, of course, I never read that magazine of Brown's—oh, Bob!" she concluded, quite out of breath.

Severne hesitated for almost a minute. He saw his duty plainly; he was serious-minded; he had no sense of humor. Then she looked up at him as before, pointing her chin out in the most adorable fashion.

"Oh, Bob! Again! I really don't think you ought to!"

And Art; oh, where was it?

## DENNIS HOGAN.

### HOW HE SAVED THE 29TH.—A TRUE STORY OF A MILITARY TELEGRAPHER.

BY CAPTAIN JASPER EWING BRADY, JR., U. S. ARMY.



ON Thanksgiving Day, 187-, Private Dennis Hogan, Company B, Twenty-ninth United States Infantry, the telegraph operator at Fort Flint, Montana, sat in his dingy little office in the headquarters building, communing with himself and cursing the force of circumstances that had made him a soldier. The instruments were quiet, a good thanksgiving dinner had been enjoyed, and now the smoke from Dennis's old T D pipe curled in graceful rings around his red head. He was an extraordinarily good operator. But, some eighteen months before, he had arrived at St. Louis "dead broke;" and finding all the telegraph positions taken, and promising, apparently, to remain so eternally, he had desperately enlisted in the army. The three months of recruit training well nigh wore him out, but he stuck to it, and two months later he was detailed as telegraph operator, *vice* Adams of G Company, discharged.

At four o'clock on the afternoon in question, he was aroused from his reverie by the foundry calling "F N" vigorously. He answered, and this is the message he took:

DEPARTMENT HEADQUARTERS,  
ST. PAUL, MINN., November 26, 187-.  
COMMANDING OFFICER,  
FORT FLINT, MONTANA:

Sioux Indians out. Prepare your command for instant field service—thirty days' rations, two hundred rounds of ammunition per man. Wire when ready.

By command of Major-General Wherry.

SMITH,  
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Dennis was messenger boy as well as operator, and without waiting to make an impression copy, he grabbed his hat and flew down the line to the Colonel's quarters. That worthy was entertaining a party at dinner, and was about to lecture Hogan for delivering the message to him instead of to the post adjutant, but a glance at the contents changed things, and in a moment all was bustle and confusion.

At eight o'clock that night, Colonel Clarke telegraphed to his chief that his command was ready, and at midnight he received orders to proceed the next morning at daylight, by forced marches, up to the junction of the forks of the Red Bud, take position there, and intercept the Indians should they attempt to cross. Two regiments from the northern posts were to reach there about the same time, and the combined strength of the three commands was supposed to be sufficient to drive back any body of Indians.

Now, Hogan wasn't of much note as a garrison soldier, but when an opportunity for a real fight presented itself, all the Irish blood in his nature came to the surface; and after much pleading and begging, he was allowed to join his company. He was in great glee, and soon had his kit all packed. Two weeks before, he had been out repairing the line, and when he returned to the post, he had left a small pocket instrument and a few feet of wire in his haversack. He saw these things now, and was about to remove them, but something impelled him to take them along.

The next morning, as the first dim shadows



" . . . DENNIS, LYING UNDER THE TELEGRAPH LINE. HIS LEFT HAND STILL GRASPED THE INSTRUMENT."

of dawn stole over the snow-clad earth, the gallant Twenty-ninth, 500 strong, swung out on its long tramp. From out half-closed blinds on the officers' line gazed many a tear-stained face, and on "Soapsuds Row" many an honest-hearted laundress bemoaned the fate that parted her from her "auld min."

The weather turned bitter cold, and after seven days of the hardest kind of marching, the Twenty-ninth reached and crossed the Red Bud just below the junction of the forks. A strong position was taken, and every disposition made to prevent surprise. The expected reinforcement would surely come soon, and then all would be safe. But the next day passed with no sign of the reinforcement. That night queer-looking red glows were seen at intervals on the horizon—north, west, and east on the north side of the river, and to the south on the other side. Colonel Clarke was old and tried in the business of Indian warfare, and well did he know what these fires meant—Indians, and many of them, all around his command. His hope was that the two regiments still to arrive would strike them in rear while he attacked them in front.

The next morning first one, then two, three, four, a hundred, a thousand figures, mounted on fleet-footed ponies, appeared silhouetted against the clear sky, and it was not long before the little command found themselves completely hemmed in by a much superior force. Slowly they drew their lines closer, and by eleven o'clock a battle had begun.

"Husband your fire, men. Don't shoot until you have taken deliberate aim and can see the object aimed at," was the word passed along the line by Colonel Clarke.

From behind hastily constructed shelter trenches the soldiers fought off the encircling band. As the firing of the Indians continued it became more and more evident that every avenue of retreat was shut off. And where was the reinforcement? Why didn't it come? Was this to be another Little Big Horn, and were these brave men to be slaughtered like the gallant Seventh Cavalry under Custer? As long as his ammunition held out Clarke knew he could keep the Indians off, but after three days of hard fighting, resulting in the loss of many men, the situation began to be desperate. Fires could not be lighted, and more than one brave fellow was killed while filling the canteens at the river's bank. Most of the animals had been shot, and many of them were being used for breastworks.

Colonel Clarke, early in the evening of the

third day, made up his mind to ask for a volunteer to try and get beyond the Indian lines, make his way to Fort Scott, sixty miles distant, and seek reinforcements there. Six troops of the Eleventh Cavalry were stationed there, and if all went well, in three days' time they could be at hand. The word was passed along the line, and met with many responses.

As the Colonel was about to choose First Lieutenant Jarvis, Hogan appeared before him, saluting with military precision, and said:

"Beggin' your pardon, Colonel, I think I can tell ye a better way. The telegraph line from Scott to Kearney runs just twenty-five miles beyant here to the south'ards. Up at the end of our line, on the other soide of the river, is a deep ravine. If I can get across with a good horse, and slip through the Indian lines on that soide, I can, by hard riding, reach this line in two or three hours. I have a pocket instrument with me, and can cut in and ask for reinforcements from Fort Scott. If the line is down, I can continue on to the post. Please let me try it, Colonel. Lieutenant Jarvis has a wife and two children, and his loss would be felt, while I—I haven't any one, sir; and besides I'm an Irishman, and, you know, Colonel, an Irishman is a fool for luck." This last was said with a broad grin.

Colonel Clarke knitted his brows for a minute, and then said: "All right, Hogan, I'll let you try it. Take my horse, and start at three o'clock in the morning. Do your best, my man. The lives of this command depend on your efforts. God be with you!"

"If I fail, Colonel, it will be because I'm dead, sir."

Shortly before three o'clock the next morning Dennis made ready for his perilous ride. The horse's hoofs were carefully padded; ammunition and revolver were looked after; and he fastened the pocket instrument around his neck by the wire, so that if any accident happened to the horse he would not be unnecessarily delayed. When all was ready, he gave his "bunkie" a silent farewell shake of the hand, and started.

The horse was a magnificent Kentuckian, and seemed to know what was required of him. Carefully and slowly Hogan pushed his way to a point opposite the ravine, and then giving his mount a light touch with his spurs, he took to the water. The stream was only about fifty yards wide, and in a few minutes he was safely over and climbing up the other bank. Riding up through the ravine, he finally reached the end of it and stopped on high ground. Here he rested a minute, to

see if all was well. Apparently it was; he had got safely beyond the Indian lines. He was just congratulating himself on the fact when, directly in front of him, he saw the dim outlines of a mounted Indian. Quick as a flash he pulled his revolver, and another Indian had gone to the happy hunting-ground. The noise of the shot raised a general alarm. Hogan drove the spurs deep in his horse's flanks, and was away with the speed of the wind. But a perfect swarm of Indians followed, yelling and shooting. On, on he sped, bullets pattering all about him. Whenever the opportunity offered, his own revolver spoke, and more than one saddle was thereby emptied. Then, suddenly, he felt a sharp, stinging pain in his right shoulder, and but for a convulsive grasp of the pommel with his left hand, he would have pitched headlong to the ground. But no, he told himself, he must not give up now! The lives of his comrades depended on his succeeding. An hour and a half more, and he would have sent the message, and then the Indians might do with him what they could.

There now came a lull in the firing. He drew rein and listened. Not a sound could be heard. It had begun to snow, and rays of light on the eastern horizon heralded the approach of day. He had outridden his pursuers! Giving his faithful horse a grateful pat on the neck, he started on, again riding swiftly. He had come within a few miles of the line when, chancing to glance back, he saw that one Indian still followed him. It was a simple case of man against man. But, unfortunately, Dennis had now fired away all his ammunition save one cartridge. He determined not to use this one until it was absolutely necessary, and putting spurs anew to his horse, now grown pretty tired, he galloped on.

Slowly the Indian gained on him, and he saw the need of resorting to his last cartridge press nearer and nearer. He was now not more than half a mile from the line; he could see the poles. If when the moment came, as it soon must now, the God of Battles would guide his bullet in the right direction, his message could be sent, and his comrades rescued. But if the bullet went wrong? His wounded right arm was numb from pain, and his left not of the steadiest. He pushed on resolutely, getting still nearer to his goal. Then crack went a rifle, and a bullet whizzed by his head. "Not this time, ye red devil!" shouted Dennis defiantly; and there whizzed by a second. Dennis dropped off his horse, and wheeling quickly about,

flung himself on his stomach, and taking a careful aim over his wounded right arm, fired. The shot apparently went true; the Indian pitched headlong off his horse.

With an exultant shout, Hogan jumped up and started for the line. Nothing could thwart him now. Loss of blood and the intense cold had weakened him, so that his legs were shaky; the earth seemed going around, dark spots were dancing before his eyes; but with a superhuman effort he staggered on, and was soon at the line.

The wire was strung on light lances, and if Dennis had been in full strength he could have pulled one down. He threw his weight against a lance with all his force, but to no avail. What was he to do? But sixteen feet intervened between him and the wire. The horse, when Dennis jumped off, had run a little ways and then stopped, only too glad to rest. He was now standing near Dennis, as if waiting to be of further use. Dennis's eyes lighted on the horse-hair lariat attached to the saddle. Quickly undoing it, he tied one end with difficulty to the pommel and the other to the lance. Then he gave the horse a sharp blow. The horse pulled away, and down came the lance. Making the connections to the pocket instrument as best he could with one hand, he placed the wire across a sharp rock, and a few blows with the butt of his revolver cut it.

Private Dunn, the operator at Fort Scott, opened up his office bright and early one cold morning, and marveled to find the wire working clear to Kearney. After having a talk with the man at Kearney about the Indian trouble, he was sitting around like Mr. Micawber, when he heard the sounder weakly calling "F S." Quickly adjusting down, he answered, and this is what he took:

COMMANDING OFFICER,

FORT SCOTT, MONTANA:

Twenty-ninth Infantry surrounded by large body hostile Sioux, just north of junction of the forks of the Red Bud. Colonel Clarke asks for immediate reinforcements. Ammunition almost gone. Situation desperate. I left the command at three this morning

DENNIS HO—

Then blank—the sounder was still, and the line remained open! The sending had been weak and shaky, as if the sender had been out all night. Dunn didn't wait to pick up his hat, but fairly flew to the commanding officer's quarters. The Colonel was not up yet, but the sound of animated voices in the hallway caused him to appear at the head of

the stairs in his dressing-gown. "What is it, Dunn?" he asked.

"A message, sir, from the Twenty-ninth Infantry, saying they are surrounded by the Sioux and want help."

Colonel Foster read the message, and then said to Dunn: "Have the trumpeter sound Boots and Saddles. Present my compliments to the Adjutant, and say I desire him to report to me at once. Kraus"—this to his Dutch striker—"saddle my horse, and get my field kit ready. Be quick about it!"

A few men had seen Dunn rushing to the Colonel's quarters, and suspected that something was up, so they were not surprised to hear Boots and Saddles ring out a few minutes later on the clear morning air. The command had been in readiness for field service for days, and but a few moments elapsed before six sturdy troops were standing in line on the snow-covered parade. A hurried inspection, and then Colonel Foster commanded, "Fours right! Trot! March!" and away they went on their sixty-mile ride of rescue. A few halts were made during the day to tighten girths, and at six o'clock a short rest was made for coffee.

The sound of the firing across the river, shortly after Hogan left the Twenty-ninth, was plainly heard by his comrades, and many a man exclaimed, "It's all up with Denny." But the firing grew more distant, and Colonel Clarke began to hope that Hogan had eluded his pursuers, and determined to hold on as long as he could. A hard and trying day followed. The Indians never for a moment relaxed their vigilance, and missed no opportunity to deal a blow. Toward two o'clock of the afternoon Colonel Clarke, chancing to expose himself, got a Winchester bullet through his thigh. Brave old chap! Never for an instant did he give up; but after having his wound dressed as best it could be done, he insisted on remaining near the line. Lieutenant Jarvis received a shot in the arm. Captain Belknap, of E Company, was killed, and scores of other brave men were sent to their last reckoning. As the shades of the winter evening crept silently over the earth the firing died away, and the command settled down to another night of the tensest anxiety and watching. When would it end? Why did those northern regiments not come? Had Hogan succeeded in his perilous mission? Such were the anxious questions that the men asked themselves.

About nine o'clock Lieutenant Tracy, the Adjutant, was sitting by his chief, who was

apparently asleep. Suddenly Colonel Clarke sat up, and catching Tracy by the arm, said: "Hark! What's that noise?"

"Nothing, sir, nothing," replied Tracy. "Lie down and try to rest; you need it, sir." And then aside: "Poor old chap, his mind wanders."

"No, no, Tracy. Listen, man, don't you hear it? It sounds like the beat of many horses' hoofs. Reinforcements are coming!"

There was heard the snap of muskets; then a clear voice rang out: "Right front into line! Gallop! March! Charge!" Those sturdy chaps of the Eleventh Cavalry, true to their regimental traditions, had arrived, and, plunging in among the Indians, were now scattering them like so much chaff. The Twenty-ninth, all that was left of it, was saved.

When a little later Colonel Foster leaned over his old friend Colonel Clarke, the latter feebly asked, "Where is Hogan?"

"Hogan? Who is Hogan?" asked Foster.

"Why, Hogan was the man who got beyond the Indian lines and rode to inform you of our plight. Didn't you see him?"

"No, I didn't see him;" and Foster related how the information reached him.

A rescuing party was started out, and in the pale moonlight they came upon the body of poor Dennis, lying under the telegraph line. His left hand still grasped the instrument, and the key was still open. A bullet hole in his head told plainly enough how he had met his death. Beside him lay the Indian, dead also, one hand grasping Hogan's scalp-lock, the other clasping a scalping-knife. Hogan's shot had mortally wounded him in the left breast, but with all the vengeful determination of his race, he had still crawled forward on his hands and knees, and while Hogan was intent on sending his precious message, had shot him through the head, but not until the warning had been given. Then his own death overtook him, before he could execute his last cruel design of taking Hogan's scalp. Hogan's faithful horse was standing near, as if keeping watch over his late friend.

They buried Dennis where he lay, and the traveler passing over that trail will observe a solitary grave marked by a stone, on which is inscribed:

DENNIS HOGAN  
PRIVATE COMPANY B,  
29TH U. S. INFANTRY.

He died that others might live.

# THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA.

## A NOVEL.

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON.

### SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

John Harkless, coming to the town of Plattville an unknown "young man from the East," has brought the "Carlow County Herald" from bankruptcy to prosperity, and made it a decided moral force in the community. He has compelled an unsavory politician, Rodney McCune, to retire to private life; has sent eight members of a gang of marauders, known as "White Caps," to the penitentiary; and has retrieved from drunkenness a broken-down schoolmaster, Flabee, and given him employment on the paper. By these achievements he has secured the gratitude of all concerned except the White Caps, who threaten vengeance. A fair visitor now arrives in the town—Helen Sherwood, related, apparently, in some wise to Flabee. Harkless goes one night to call on her, and is fired at by the White Caps. She exposes herself to the fire by running to his assistance. So far as he recalls, he has never seen her before; but he finds in her the realization of many a fond dream. Next day he discovers that his dreams have been in part memories, for he had known Helen, slightly, some years earlier; and she has kept trace of him ever since.

This day, during a circus parade which Helen and he are viewing together, Harkless breaks up the game of a pair of confidence men; and in the crowd and excitement, he is again secretly assailed by the White Caps, but without injury. In the evening, when they are alone in the garden of Helen's host, Judge Briscoe, she discloses to Harkless that she has been suddenly summoned home. This impels him, in spite of himself, to confess the love he is already feeling for her. Then, under the rejection he infers rather than receives, he leaves her desperately, to be caught soon after in a terrific storm. In the midst of the storm, he is set upon and spirited away—whether dead or alive, is uncertain.

The White Caps are suspected, and a mob of Harkless's fellow-townsmen proceeds to make an attack on them in their village of Six-Cross-Roads. The mob is stopped in the midst of its work by news that Harkless's assailants were not White Caps, but the two confidence men whose game he had broken up, and that both have been arrested at the neighboring city of Rouen, one of them, when taken, being unconscious and all but dead of injuries supposed to have been received in the encounter with Harkless.

### CHAPTER X.

#### JERRY THE TELLER.



At the city hospital in Rouen, that night, a stout young man introduced himself to Barrett, Superintendent of Police, Warren Smith, and Horner, Sheriff of Carlow. He spoke in a low voice. "My name is Meredith," he said. "Mr. Harkless was an old and—and—" he paused for a moment. The Plattville men nodded solemnly. "An old and dear friend of mine," he went on, with some difficulty; and Warren Smith took him silently by the hand.

"You can come in and see this man, the Teller, with us, if you like, Mr. Meredith," said the Superintendent. "Your friend made it mighty hot for him before the two of 'em got away with him. He's so shot and hacked up his mother wouldn't know him if she wanted to; at least that's what they say out here. We haven't seen him. He's called Jerry the Teller, and one of my sergeants found him in the freight-yard. Knew it was the Teller, because he was stowed away in one of the empty cars that came from Plattville last night; and Slattery—that's his running mate, the one we caught with the coat and hat—owned up that they beat their way

on that freight. Looks like Slattery—let the Teller do all the fighting. He ain't scratched. We've been at Slattery pretty hard, but he won't open his head, and we hope to get something out of this one. He's delirious, but they say he'll come to before he dies. Do you want to go in with us?"

"Yes," said Meredith simply, and a young surgeon presently appeared, and led them down a wide corridor and up a narrow hall, and they entered a small, quiet ward.

There was a pungent smell of chemicals in the room. The light was low, and the dimness was imbued with a thick, confused murmur, incoherent whisperings that came from a cot in the corner. It was the only cot in use in the ward, and Meredith was conscious of a terror that made him dread to look at it, to go near it. Beside it a nurse sat silent, and upon it feebly tossed the racked body of him whom Barrett had called Jerry the Teller.

The head was a shapeless bundle, so swathed it was with bandages and cloths, and what part of the face was visible was discolored and pigmented with drugs. Stretched under the white sheet the man looked immensely tall—as Horner saw with vague misgiving—and he lay in an odd, inhuman fashion, as though he had been all broken to pieces. His attempts to move were constantly soothed by the nurse, and he as constantly continued such attempts; and one hand, though torn and bandaged, was not to be restrained from

a wandering, restless movement that Meredith felt to be pathetic. He had entered the room with a flare of hate for the thug whom he had come to see die, and who had struck down the old friend whose nearness he had never known until it was too late. But at first sight of the broken figure he felt all animosity fall away from him; only awe remained, and a growing traitorous pity as he watched the long, white fingers of the Teller pick at the coverlet. The man was muttering rapid fragments of words and syllables.

"Somehow I feel a sense of wrong, Gay," Meredith whispered to the surgeon, whom he knew. "I feel as if I had done the fellow to death myself, as if it were all out of gear. I know now how Henry felt over the great Guisard. How tall he looks! That doesn't seem to me like a thug's hand."

The surgeon nodded. "Of course if there's a mistake to be made, you can count on Barrett and his sergeants to make it. I doubt if this is their man. When they found him, what clothes he wore were torn and stained; but they had been good once, especially the linen."

Barrett bent over the recumbent figure. "See here, Jerry," he said, "I want to talk to you a little. Rouse up, will you? I want to talk to you as a friend."

The incoherent muttering continued.

"See here, Jerry!" repeated Barrett, more sharply. "Jerry! Rouse up, will you? We don't want any fooling, understand that, Jerry!" He dropped his hand on the man's shoulder, and shook him slightly.

The Teller uttered a short, gasping cry.

"Let me," said Gay, and swiftly interposed. Bending over the cot, he said in a pleasant, soft voice: "It's all right, old man; it's all right. Slattery wants to know what you did with that man down at Plattville, when you got through with him. He can't remember, and he thinks there was money left on him. Slattery's head was hurt—he can't remember. He'll go shares with you, when he gets it. Slattery's going to stand by you if he can get the money."

The Teller only tried to move his free hand to the shoulder Barrett had shaken.

"Slattery wants to know," repeated the young surgeon, gently moving the hand back upon the sheet. "He'll divvy up, when he gets it. He'll stand by you, old man."

"Would you please not mind," whispered the Teller faintly—"would you please not mind if you took care not to brush against my shoulder again?"

The surgeon drew back with an exclamation; but the Teller's whisper gathered strength, and they heard him murmuring oddly to himself. Meredith moved forward with a startled gesture. "What's that?" he said.

"Seems to be trying to sing, or something," said Barrett, bending over to listen.

The Teller swung his arm heavily over the side of the cot, the fingers never ceasing their painful twitching. The surgeon leaned down, and gently moved the cloths so that the white, scarred lips were free. They moved steadily. They seemed to be framing the semblance of an old ballad that Meredith knew. The whisper grew more distinct; it became a rich, but broken voice, and they heard it singing, like the sound of some far, halting minstrelsy:

"Wave willows—murmur waters—golden sunbeams smile,

Earthly music—cannot waken—lovely—Annie Lisle."

Meredith gave an exclamation.

The bandaged hand waved jauntily over the Teller's head. "Ah, men," he said, almost clearly, and tried to lift himself on his arm, "I tell you it's a grand eleven we have this year! There will be little left of anything that stands against them—it's our championship. Did you see Jim Romley ride over his man this afternoon?"

As the voice grew clearer the sheriff stepped forward; but Tom Meredith, with a loud cry of grief, threw himself on his knees beside the cot, and seized the wandering fingers in his own. "John!" he cried. "John! Is it you?"

The voice went on rapidly, not heeding him. "Ah, you needn't howl! Well, laugh away, you Indians! If it hadn't been for this ankle—but it seems to be my chest that's hurt—and side—not that it matters, you know. The sophomore's just as good, or better. It's only my egotism. Yes, it must be the side—and chest—and head—all over, I believe. I'll try again next year—next year I'll make it a daily. Helen said, not that I should call you Helen—I mean Miss—Miss—Fisbee—no, Sherwood—but I've always thought Helen was the prettiest name in the world—you'll forgive me?—and please tell Parker there's no more copy, and won't be—I wouldn't grind out another stick to save his immortal—she said—ah, I never made a good trade—no—w—less—they can't come seven miles—but I'll finish you, Skillett, first; I know you! I know nearly all of you. Now let's sing 'Annie Lisle'—"



He lifted his hand as if to beat the time for a chorus.

"Oh, John, John!" cried Tom Meredith, and sobbed outright. "My boy—my boy—old friend!" The cry of the classmate was like that of a mother, for it was his old idol and hero who lay helpless and broken before him.

Two pairs of carriage lamps sparkled in front of the hospital in the earliest of the small hours—these subjoined to two deep-hooded phaetons, from each of which quickly descended a gentleman with a beard, an air of eminence, and a small, ominous black box; and the air of eminence was justified by the haste with which Meredith had sent for them and by their wide repute. They arrived almost simultaneously, and hastily shook hands as they made their way to the ward down the long hall and up the narrow corridor. They had a short conversation with the surgeon and a word with the nurse, then turned the others out of the room by a practiced innuendo of manner. They stayed a long time in the room without opening the door.

Meredith went out on the steps, and breathed the cool night air. A slender taint of drugs hung everywhere about the building, and the almost imperceptible permeation sickened him. It was deadly, he thought. To him it was imbued with a hideous portent of suffering. The lights in the little ward were turned up, and they seemed to shine from a chamber of horrors, while he waited as a brother might have waited outside the Inquisition; if, indeed, a brother would have been allowed to wait outside the Inquisition.

Alas, he had found John Harkless. He had lost track of him as men sometimes do lose track of their best beloved; but it had always been a comfort to know that Harkless *was* somewhere—a comfort without which he could hardly have got along. Like others, he had been waiting for John to turn up—on top, of course, he had such ability, ability for anything, and people would always care for him and believe in him so, that he would be shoved ahead no matter how much he hung back himself—but Meredith had not expected him to turn up in Indiana.

He remembered now hearing a man who had spent a day in Plattville on business speak of him: "They've got a young fellow down there who'll be governor in a few years. He's a sort of dictator; runs the party all over that part of the State to suit his own sweet will, just by sheer personality.

And there isn't a man in that district who wouldn't cheerfully lie down in the mud to let him pass over dry. It's that young Harkless, you know; owns the 'Herald,' the paper that downed McCune and smashed those imitation 'White Caps' in Carlow County." He had been struck by the coincidence of the name, but he had not dreamed that the Carlow Harkless was his friend until Helen's telegram had reached him that evening.

He shivered; his name was spoken from within, and Horner came out on the steps with the two eminent surgeons, and the latter favored him with a few words which he did not understand. He did understand, however, what Horner told him. Somehow the look of the sheriff's Sunday coat, wrinkling forlornly from his broad, bent shoulders, was both touching and solemn. He said simply: "He's conscious and not out of his head. They're gone in to git his ante-mortem statement;" and they reentered the ward.

Harkless's eyes were bandaged. The lawyer was speaking to him, and as Horner went awkwardly toward the cot, Warren said something indicative of the sheriff's presence, and the hand on the sheet made a formless motion which Horner understood, and he took the pale fingers in his own, very gently, and then set them back. Smith turned toward Meredith, but the latter made a gesture which forbade the attorney to speak of him, and went to a corner, and sat down with his head in his hands.

A sleepy young man had been brought in, and he opened a note-book, and shook a stylographic pen so that the ink might flow freely. The lawyer, briefly and with unlegal agitation, administered an oath, to which Harkless responded feebly, and then there was silence.

"Now, Mr. Harkless, if you please," said Barrett insinuatingly; "if you feel like telling us as much as you can about it."

He answered in a low, rather indistinct voice, very deliberately, pausing before almost every word. It was easy work for the sleepy stenographer.

"I understand. I don't want to go off my head again before I finish. If it were only for myself, I should tell you nothing, because, if I am to leave, I should like it better if no one were punished. But that's a bad community over there; they are everlastingly worrying our people; they've always been a bother to us, and it's time it was stopped for good. I don't believe very much in punishment, but you can't do a great deal of reforming with the Cross-Roaders unless



you catch them young, before they're weaned. They wean them on whisky, you know. I realize you needn't have sworn me for me to tell you this."

Horner and Smith had started at the mention of the Cross-Roads, but they subdued their ejaculations, while Mr. Barrett looked as if he had known it, of course. The room was still, save for the dim voice and the soft transcriptions of the stylographic pen.

"I left Judge Briscoe's, and went west on the pike, to a big tree. It rained, and I stepped under the tree for shelter. There was a man on the other side of the fence—Bob Skillett. He was carrying his gown and hood—I suppose it was that—on his arm. Then I saw two others, a little further east, in the middle of the road. I think they had followed me from the Briscoes', or near there. They had their foolish regalia on—as all the others had. There was plenty of lightning to see. The two in the road were simply standing there in the rain, looking at me through the eye-holes in their masks. I knew there were others—plenty—but I thought they were coming from behind me—the west.

"I wanted to get home—the court-house yard was good enough for me—so I started east, toward town. I passed the two gentlemen, and one fell down as I went by him, but the other fired a shot as a signal, and I got his hood off his face for it. I stopped long enough—and it was Force Johnson. I know him well. Then I ran, and they followed. A little ahead of me I saw six or eight of them spread across the road. I knew I'd have a time getting through, so I jumped the fence, to cut across the fields. I lit in a swarm of them—it had rained them just where I jumped. I set my back to the fence, but one of the fellows in the road leaned over and smashed my head in, rather—with the butt of a gun, I believe. I came out from the fence, and they made a little circle around me. No one said anything. I saw they had ropes and saplings, and I didn't want that exactly, so I went in to them. I got a good many masks off before it was over, and I can swear to quite a number besides those I told you."

He named the men slowly and carefully. Then he went on: "I think they gave up the notion of whipping. We all got into a bunch, and they couldn't get clear to shoot without hitting some of their own; and there was a lot of gouging and kicking. One fellow nearly got my left eye, and I tried to tear him apart, and he screamed a good

deal. Once or twice I thought I might get away, but somebody hampered me over the head and face again, and I got dizzy, and then they all jumped away from me suddenly, and Bob Skillett stepped up—and—and shot me. He waited for a flurry of lightning, and I was slow tumbling down. Some one else fired a shot-gun, I think—I can't be sure—about the same time, from the side. I tried to get up, but I couldn't, and then they got together for a consultation. The man I had hurt—I didn't recognize him—came and looked at me. He was nursing himself all over, and groaned; and I laughed, I think—at any rate my arm was lying stretched out on the grass, and he stamped his heel into my hand, and after a little of that I quit feeling.

"I'm not quite clear about what happened afterward. They went away—not far, I think. There's an old shed, a cattle-shelter, near there, and I think the storm drove them under it, to wait for a slack. It seemed a long time. Sometimes I was conscious, sometimes I wasn't. I thought I might be drowned, but I suppose the rain was good for me. Then I remember being in motion, being dragged and carried a long way. They carried me up a steep, short slope, and set me down near the top. I knew that was the railroad embankment, and I thought they meant to lay me across the track; but it didn't occur to them—they are not familiar with melodrama—and a long time after that I felt and heard a great banging and rattling under me and all about me, and it came to me that they had disposed of me by hoisting me into an empty freight car. The odd part of it was that the car wasn't empty, for there were two men already in it, and I knew them by what they said to me.

"They were the two shell-men that cheated Hartley Boulder, and they weren't vindictive; they even seemed to be trying to help me a little, though perhaps they were only stealing my clothes, and maybe they thought for them to do anything unpleasant would be superfluous. I could see that they thought I was done for, and that they had been hiding in the car when I was put there. I asked them to try to call the trainmen for me, but they wouldn't listen, or else I couldn't make myself understood. That's all. The rest is a blur. I haven't known anything more until those surgeons were here. Please tell me how long: it I shall not die, I think. I am a good many things I want to talk about." He moved restlessly, and the nurse soothed him.

Meredith rose and left the room with a noiseless step. He went out to the stars again, and looked to them to check the storm of rage and sorrow that buffeted his bosom. He understood lynching, now the thing was home to him, and his feeling was no inspiration of a fear lest the law miscarry; it was the itch to get his own hand on the rope. Horner came out presently, and whispered a long, broad, profound curse upon the men of the Cross-Roads, and Meredith's gratitude to him was keen. Barrett went away soon after, and Meredith had a strange, unreasonable desire to kick Barrett, possibly for his sergeant's sake. Warren Smith sat in the ward with the nurse and Gay, and the room was very quiet. It was a long vigil. They were only waiting.

At five o'clock he was still alive—just that, Smith came out to say. Meredith sent a telegram to Helen which would give Plattville the news that Harkless was found and was not yet gone from them. Horner left for the station, to catch a train; there were things for him to do in Carlow. At noon Meredith sent a second telegram to Helen, as barren of detail as the first; he was alive, was a little improved. But this telegram did not reach her, for she was on the way to Rouen, and half of the population of Carlow—at least, so it seemed to the unhappy conductor of the Accommodation—was with her.

They seemed to feel that they could camp in the hospital halls and corridors, and they were an incalculable worry to the authorities. More came on every train, and nearly all brought flowers, and jelly, and chickens for preparing broth, and they insisted that the two latter delicacies be fed to the patient at once. They were still in ignorance of the truth about the Cross-Roads, and spent the day (it was Sunday) partly in getting in the way of the attendants and partly in planning an assault upon the Rouen jail for the purpose of lynching Slaterry, in case Harkless's condition did not improve at once. Those who had heard his statement kept close mouths until the story appeared in full in the Rouen papers on Monday morning; but by that time every member of the Cross-Roads White Caps was lodged in the Rouen jail with Slaterry. Horner and a heavily armed posse rode over to the muddy corners on Sunday night, and the sheriff discovered that he might have taken the Skillets and Johnsons single-handed and unarmed. Their nerve was gone; they were shaken and afraid; and, to employ a figure somewhat inappro-

priate to their sullen, glad surrender, they fell upon his neck in their relief at finding the law touching them. They had no wish to hear "John Brown's Body" again. They wanted to get inside of a strong jail, and to throw themselves on the mercy of the court as soon as possible. And those whom Harkless had not recognized made no delay in giving themselves up; they did not wish to remain in Six-Cross-Roads. Bob Skillett, Force Johnson, and one or two others needed the care of a physician badly, and one man was suffering from a severely wrenched back. Horner had a train stopped at a crossing, so that his prisoners need not be taken through Plattville, and he brought them all safely to Rouen.

It took nearly a week to persuade the people from Plattville that it was better for them to go home, and it was only the confidence inspired by the manner of the two eminent surgeons (they lay in wait, at all hours, to interview these gentlemen) that did persuade them to return—this and the promise of two daily bulletins.

As many of them said on their return, Plattville didn't "feel like the same place," and a strange thing had happened: for the first time in five years, the "Carlow County Herald" missed fire altogether. Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday passed. Mr. Fisbee only sat staring out of the dingy office windows with Parker, in a demented silence. There was no "Herald"; there was no one to get it out.

In the Rouen hospital John Harkless feebly moved on his bed of pain. His constant delusion was that the universe was a vast, white-heated brass bell, and he a point at the center of it, listening, listening for years, to the brazen hum it gave off, and burning in hot waves of sound.

Finally he came to what he would have considered a lucid interval, had it not appeared that Helen Sherwood was whispering to Tom Meredith at the foot of his bed. This he knew to be a fictitious presentation of his fever, for was she not by this time away and away for foreign lands? And, also, Tom Meredith was a slim young thing, and not a middle-aged youth with an undeniable stomach and a baldish head, who, by the preposterous necromancy of fever, assumed a grotesque likeness of his old friend. He waved his hand to the figures, and they vanished like figments of a dream; but, all the same, the vision had been realistic enough for the lady to look exquisitely pretty. No one could help wishing to stay in a world

which contained as charming a picture as that.

But the next night Meredith waited near his bedside, haggard and disheveled. Harkless had been lying in a long stupor; suddenly he spoke, quite loudly, and the young surgeon, Gay, who leaned over him, remembered the words and the tone all his life.

"Away—and away—across the waters," said John Harkless. "She was here—once—in June."

"What is it, John?" whispered Meredith huskily. "You're feeling easier, aren't you?"

And John smiled a little, as if, for the moment, he saw and knew his old friend again.

That same night a friend of Rodney McCune's sent a telegram from Rouen: "He is dying. His paper is dead. Your name goes before convention in September."

## CHAPTER XI.

### A RESCUE.

MR. ROSS SCHOFIELD was engaged in decorating the battered chairs in the "Herald" editorial room with blue satin ribbon, the purchase of which at the Dry Goods Emporium had been directed by a sudden inspiration of his superior, Mr. Parker, of the composing force. It was Ross's intention to garnish each chair with an elaborately tied bow; but as he was no sailor and understood only the intricacies of a hard knot, he confined himself to that species of ornamentation, leaving, however, very long ends of ribbon hanging down after the manner of the pendants of rosettes. Mr. Schofield was alone at his labor, his two *confères* having betaken themselves to the station to meet the train from Rouen.

It was a wet, gray day: the wide country lay dripping under formless wraps of thin mist, and the warm, drizzling rain blackened the weather-beaten shingles of the station, made clear-reflecting puddles on the unevenly worn planks of the platform, and dampened the packing-cases too thoroughly for occupation by the station lounge. The 'bus-driver, Mr. Bennett, and the proprietors of two attendant "cut-unders," and three or four other worthies whom business, or the lack of it, called to that locality, availed themselves of the shelter of the waiting-room; but the gentlemen of the "Herald"

were too agitated to be confined save by the limits of the horizon.

They had reached the station half an hour before train time, and commenced the interval in pacing the platform under a big cotton umbrella, addressing each other only in monosyllables. Those in the waiting-room gossiped eagerly, and for the thousandth time, about the late events, and particularly about the tremendous news of Fisbee. Judd Bennett looked out through the rainy doorway at the latter with reverence and a fine pride of townsmanship: he declared it to be his belief that Fisbee and Parker were waiting for her now.

For all Carlow knew why Fisbee had gone to meet the strange lady at the station when she had come to visit the Briscoes, why he had come with her to the lecture, why he had taken supper at the Briscoes' three times and dinner twice when she was there. Fisbee had told the story to Parker, on a melancholy afternoon, as they sat together in the "Herald" office, and Parker had told the town. It was simple enough indeed, and Fisbee's past was a mystery no longer. It might have been revealed years before had there been anything in particular to reveal, and if it had ever occurred to Fisbee to talk of himself and his affairs. Things had a habit of not occurring to Fisbee.

Mr. Parker, very nervous himself, felt his companion's elbow trembling against his own as the great engine, reeking in the mist, and sending great clouds of white vapor up to the sky, swooped down the track, rushed by them, and came to a standstill beyond the platform. Fisbee and the foreman made haste to the nearest vestibule, and were gazing blankly at its barred approaches, when they heard a silvery laugh behind them and an exclamation.

"Upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber! Just behind you, dear."

Turning quickly, the foreman beheld a blushing and smiling little vision, a vision with light-brown hair, a vision enveloped in a light-brown rain-cloak and with brown gloves from which the handles of a big brown traveling-bag were let fall as the vision disappeared under the cotton umbrella, while the smitten Judd Bennett reeled gasping against the station.

"Dearest," the girl cried to the old man. "you should have been looking for me between the devil and the sea, the parlor given up cigars, and I've begun to study economy, so I didn't come on either."

The drizzle and mist blew in under the top of the "cut-under," as they drove rapidly into town, and bright little drops sparkled on the fair hair above the new editor's forehead and on the long lashes above the new editor's cheeks. She shook these transient gems off lightly as she paused in the doorway of the office, at the top of the rickety stairway.

Mr. Schofield had just added the last touch to his decorations and managed to slide into his coat as the party came up the stairs; and now, perspiring, proud, embarrassed, he assumed an attitude at once deprecatory of his endeavors and pointedly expectant of commendations for the results. (He was a modest youth and a conscious: after his first sight of her, as she stood in the doorway, it was several days before he could lift his distressed eyes under the new editor's glance, or, indeed, dare to avail himself of more than a hasty and fluttering stare at her when her back was turned.) As she entered the room, he sidled along the wall and laughed sheepishly at nothing.

Every chair in the room was ornamented with one of his blue rosettes, tied carefully (and firmly) to the middle slat of each chair-back. There had been several yards of ribbon left over, and there was a hard knot of glossy satin on each of the ink-stands and on the door-knobs; a blue band passing around the stove-pipe lent it an antique rakishness suggestive of the charioteer; and a number of streamers suspended from a hook in the ceiling encouraged a supposition that the employés of the "Herald" were contemplating the intricate festivities of May Day. It needed no ghost to infer that these garnitures had not embellished the editorial chamber during Mr. Harkless's activity, but, on the contrary, had been put in place that very morning. Mr. Fisbee had not known of the decorations, and as his eye fell upon them a faint look of pain passed over his brow; but the girl examined the room with a dancing eye, and there were both tears and laughter in her heart.

"How beautiful!" she cried. "How beautiful!" She crossed the room and gave her hand to Ross. "It is Mr. Schofield, isn't it? The ribbons are delightful. I didn't know Mr. Harkless's room was so pretty."

Ross looked out of the window and laughed as he took her hand (which he shook with a long up and down motion), but he was set at better ease by her apparent unconsciousness of the fact that the decorations were for

her. "Oh, it ain't much, I reckon," he replied, and continued to look out of the window and laugh.

She went to the desk and removed her gloves, and laid her rain-cloak over a chair near by. "Is this Mr. Harkless's chair?" she asked, and Fisbee answering that it was, she looked gravely at it for a moment, passed her hand gently over the back of it, and then, throwing the rain-cloak over another chair, said cheerily:

"Do you know, I think the first thing for us to do will be to dust everything very carefully?"

"You remember, I was confident she would know precisely where to begin," was Fisbee's earnest whisper in the willing ear of the long foreman. "Not an instant's indecision, was there?"

"No, siree," replied the other, and as he went down to the press-room to hunt for a feather-duster which he thought might be found there, he collared Bud Tipworthy, the devil, who, not admitted to the conclave of his superiors, was whistling on the rainy stairway.

"You hustle and find that dustbrush we used to have, Bud," said Parker. And presently, as they rummaged in the nooks and crannies about the machinery, he melted to his small assistant. "The paper is saved, Buddie—saved by an angel in light brown. You can tell it by the look of her."

"Gee!" said Bud.

Mr. Schofield had come, blushing, to join them. "Say, Cale, did you notice the color of her eyes?"

"Yes; they're gray."

"I thought so, too, show-day, and at Kedge Halloway's lecture; but say, Cale, they're kind of changeable. When she come in upstairs with you and Fisbee, they were jest as blue!—near matched the color of our ribbons."

"Gee!" repeated Mr. Tipworthy.

When the editorial chamber had been made so neat that it almost glowed—though it could never be expected to shine as did Fisbee and Caleb Parker and Ross Schofield that morning—the lady took her seat at the desk and looked over the few items the gentlemen had already compiled for her perusal. Mr. Parker explained many technicalities peculiar to the "Carlow Herald," translated some phrases of the printing-room, and enabled her to grasp the amount of matter needed to fill an issue.

When Parker finished, the three incompe-

tents sat watching the little figure with the expression of hopeful and trusting terriers. She knit her brow for a second, but she did not betray an instant's indecision.

"I think we should have regular market reports," she announced earnestly. "I am sure Mr. Harkless would approve. Don't you think he would?" She turned to Parker.

"Market reports!" Mr. Fisbee exclaimed. "I should never have thought of market reports, nor do I imagine would either of my—my associates. A woman to conceive the idea of market reports!"

The editor blushed. "Why, who would, dear, if not a woman, or a speculator, and I'm not a speculator; and neither are you, and that's the reason you didn't think of them. So, Mr. Parker, as there is so much pressure, and if you don't mind continuing to act as reporter as well as compositor until after to-morrow, and if it isn't too wet—you must have an umbrella—would it be too much bother if you went around to all the shops—stores, I mean—to all the grocers, and the butchers, and the leather place we passed, the tannery, and if there's one of those places where they bring cattle, would it be too much to ask you to stop there—and at the flour-mill, if it isn't too far, and at the dry-goods store—and you must take a blank-book and a sharpened pencil; and will you price everything, please, and jot down how much things are?"

Orders received, the impetuous Parker was departing on the instant, when she stopped him with a little cry, "But you haven't any umbrella!" And she forced her own, a slender wand, upon him; it bore a cunningly wrought handle, and its fabric was of glistening silk. The foreman, unable to decline it, thanked her awkwardly, and, as she turned to speak to Fisbee, he bolted out of the door and ran down the steps without unfolding the umbrella, and then as he made for Mr. Martin's Emporium he buttoned it securely under his long Prince Albert, determined that not a drop of water should touch and ruin so delicate a thing. Thus he carried it, triumphantly dry, through the course of his reportings of that day.

When he had gone, the editor laid her hand on Fisbee's arm. "Dear," she said, "do you think you'd take cold if you went over to the hotel and made a note of all the arrivals for the last week and the departures too? I noticed that Mr. Harkless always filled two or three—sticks, isn't it?—with them and things about them, and somehow it 'read' very nicely. You must ask the

landlord all about them, and if there aren't any, we can take up the same amount of space lamenting the dull times, just as he used to. You see I've read the 'Herald' faithfully. Isn't it a good thing I always subscribed for it?" She patted Fisbee's cheek with her soft hand, and laughed gayly into his mild, vague old eyes. "It won't be this scramble to 'fill up' much longer; I have plans, gentlemen, and before long we will print News. I had a talk with the Associated Press people in Rouen, but that's for after-while. And I went to the hospital this morning, before I left. They wouldn't let me see him again, but they told me all about him, and he's better; and I got Tom to go to the jail, and he saw some of those beasts, and I can do a column of description, besides an editorial, about them; and I will be fierce enough to suit Carlow, you may believe that. And I've been talking to Senator Burns—that is, listening to Senator Burns, which is much stupider, and I think I can do an article on national politics. I'm not very well up on local issues yet, and I—" She broke off suddenly. "There, I think we can get out to-morrow's number without any trouble. By the time you get back from the hotel, father, I'll have half my—my stuff written—'written up,' I mean. Take your big umbrella and go, dear, and please ask at the express office if a type-writer has come for me?"

She laughed again with sheer delight, like a child, and ran to a corner and got the cotton umbrella and placed it in the old man's hand. As he reached the door, she called after him, "Wait!" and went to him and knelt before him, and, with the humblest, proudest grace in the world, turned up his trousers to keep them from the mud. Ross Schofield had never considered Mr. Fisbee a particularly sacred sort of person, but he did from that moment. The old man made some timid protest at the girl's action, but she answered: "The great ladies used to buckle the Chevalier Bayard's spurs for him, and you're a great deal nicer than the Chev—You haven't any rubbers! I don't believe any of you have any rubbers!" And not until both Fisbee and Mr. Schofield had promised to purchase overshoes at once and in the meantime not to step in any puddles would she let the former depart upon his errand. He crossed the Square with the strangest, jauntiest step ever seen in Plattville. Solomon Tibbs had a warm argument with Miss Selina as to his identity, and Selina maintaining that the figure in the big umbrella

—only the legs and coat-tails were visible to them—was that of a stranger, probably an Englishman.

In the "Herald" office the editor turned, smiling, to the paper's remaining vassal. "Mr. Schofield, I heard some talk in Rouen of an oil company that had been formed to prospect for kerosene in Carlow County. Do you know anything about it?"

Ross, surfeited with honor, terror, and possessed by a sweet distress at finding himself *tête-à-tête* with the lady, looked at the wall and replied: "Oh, it's that Eph Watts's foolishness."

"Do you know if they have begun to dig for it yet?"

"Ma'am?" said Ross.

"Have they begun the diggings yet?"

"No, ma'am, I think not. They've got a contrapshun fixed up about three mile south. I don't reckon they've begun yet, hardly; they're gittin' the machinery in place. I heard Eph say they'd begin to bore—*dig*, I mean, ma'am, I meant to say dig—"

He stopped, utterly confused and unhappy, and she understood his manly purpose and knew him for a gentleman whom she liked.

"You mustn't be too much surprised," she said; "but in spite of my ignorance about such things, I mean to devote a good deal of space to the oil company; it may come to be of great importance to Carlow. We won't go into it in to-morrow's paper beyond an item or so, but do you think you could possibly find Mr. Watts, and ask him for some information as to their progress and if it would be too much trouble for him to call here to-morrow afternoon or the day after? I want him to give me an interview, if he will. Tell him, please, he will very greatly oblige us."

"Oh, he'll come all right," answered her companion quickly. "I'll take Tibbs's buggy, and go down there right off. Eph won't lose no time gittin' *here*!" And with this encouraging assurance he was flying forth when he, like the others, was detained by her solicitous care. She was a born mother. He protested that in the buggy he would be perfectly sheltered; besides, there wasn't another umbrella about the place; he *liked* to get wet, anyway; had always loved rain. The end of it was that he went away in a sort of tremor wearing her rain-cloak over his shoulders, which garment (as it covered its owner completely when she wore it) hung almost to his knees. He darted around a corner, and there, breathing deeply, tenderly removed it, then borrowing paper and cord at a neigh-

boring store wrapped it neatly and stole back to the printing office, on the ground floor of the "Herald" building, and left the package in the hands of Bud Tipworthy, charging him to care for it as for his own life, and not to open it, but if the lady so much as set one foot out of doors before his return, to hand it to her with the message, "He borrowed another off J. Hankins."

Left alone, the lady went to the desk and stood for a time looking gravely at Harkless's chair. She touched it gently, as she had touched it once before that morning, and then she spoke to it as if he were sitting there, and as she would not have spoken had he been sitting there.

"You didn't want gratitude, did you?" she whispered with sad lips.

Soon she smiled at the blue ribbon, patted the chair gaily on the back, and, seizing upon pencil and pad, dashed into her work with rare energy. She bent low over the desk, her pencil moving rapidly; she seemed loath to pause for breath. She had covered many sheets when Fisbee returned, and as he came in softly, in order not to disturb her, she was so deeply engrossed that she did not hear him; nor did she look up when Parker entered, but pursued the formulation of her fast-flying ideas with the same single purpose and abandon; so the two men sat and waited while their chieftainess wrote absorbedly. At last she glanced up and made a little startled exclamation at seeing them there, and then gave them cheery greeting. Each placed several scribbled sheets before her, and she, having first assured herself that Fisbee had bought his overshoes, and having expressed a fear that Mr. Parker had found her umbrella too small, as he looked damp (and, indeed, he *was* damp), cried praises on their notes and offered the reporters great applause.

"It is all so splendid," she cried. "How could you do it so quickly? And in the rain, too! It is just what we need. I've done most of the things I mentioned, I think, and made a draft of some plans for hereafter. Doesn't it seem to you that it would be a good notion to have a woman's page—'For Feminine Readers' or 'Of Interest to Women'—once a week?"

"A woman's page!" exclaimed Fisbee. "I could never have thought of that—could you, Mr. Parker?"

Before that day was over system had been introduced, and the "Herald" was running on it, and all that warm rainy afternoon the editor and Fisbee worked in the editorial



rooms. Parker and Bud and Mr. Schofield (after his return with the items and a courteous message from Ephraim Watts) bent over the forms downstairs, and Uncle Xenophon was cleaning the store-room and scrubbing the floor. An extraordinary number of errands took the various members of the printing force up to see the editor-in-chief, literally to see the editor-in-chief. It was hard to believe that the presence had not flown, hard to keep believing, without the repeated testimony of sight, that the dingy room upstairs was actually the setting for their jewel; and a jewel they swore she was. The printers came down chuckling and gurgling after each interview; it was partly the thought that she belonged to the "Herald," their paper. Once Ross, chuckling, looked up and caught the foreman giggling to himself.

"What in the name of common sense you laughin' at, Cale?" he asked.

"What are you laughing at?" rejoined the other.

"I dunno!"

The day wore on, wet and dreary outside, but all within the "Herald's" bosom was snug and busy and murmurous with the healthy thrum of life and prosperity renewed. Toward six o'clock, system accomplished, the new guiding spirit was deliberating on a policy, as Harkless would conceive a policy were he there, when Minnie Briscoe ran joyously up the stairs, plunged into the room, water-proofed and radiant, and caught her friend in her eager arms, and put an end to policy for that day.

But policy and labor did not end at twilight every day. There were evenings, as in the time of Harkless, when lamps shone from the upper windows of the "Herald" building. For the little editor worked hard, and sometimes she worked late; she always worked early. She made some mistakes at first, and one or two blunders which she took much more seriously than any one else did. But she found a remedy for all such results of her inexperience; and she developed experience. She set at her task with the energy of her youthfulness and no limit to her ambition, and she felt that Harkless had prepared the way for a wide expansion of the paper's interests; wider than he knew. She brought a fresh point of view to operate in a situation where he had fallen, perhaps, too much in the rut, and she watched every chance with a keen eye, and looked ahead of her with clear foresight. What she waited and yearned for and dreaded was the time

when a copy of the new "Herald" should be placed in the trembling hands of the man who lay in the Rouen hospital. Then, she felt, if he, unaware of her identity—as he was, and as he was to be kept—should place everything in her hands unreservedly, that would be a tribute to her work—and how hard she would labor to deserve it!

After a time she began to see that as his representative and editor of the "Herald" she had become a factor in district politics. It took her breath—but with a gasp of delight, for there was something she wanted to do.

Rodney McCune had lifted his head, and the friends of his stricken enemy felt that they and the cause that Harkless had labored for were lost without the leader. For the old ring that the "Herald" had beaten rallied around McCune; "the boys were in line again." Every one knew that Halloway, a dull but honest man, the most available material that Harkless had been able to find, was already beaten. If John Harkless had been "on the ground to work for him," as was said, Halloway could have received the nomination again; but as matters stood, he was beaten, and beaten badly, and Rodney McCune would sit in Congress, for nomination meant election.

But one afternoon the Harkless forces, demoralized, broken, hopeless, woke up to find that they had a leader. There was a political conference at Judge Briscoe's. The politicians descended sadly at the gate from the omnibus that had met the afternoon train: Boswell and Keating, two gentlemen of Amo, and Bence and Shannon, two others of Gaines County, to confer with Warren Smith, Tom Martin, Briscoe, and Harkless's representatives, Fisbee and the editor of the "Herald." They entered the house gloomily, and the conference began in dejected monosyllables. But presently Minnie Briscoe, sitting on the porch pretending to sew, heard Helen's voice, clear, soft, and trembling a little with excitement; she talked for only two or three minutes, but what she said seemed to stir up great commotion amongst the others. All the voices burst forth at once in exclamations—almost shouts. Then Minnie saw her father, seated near the window, rise and strike the table a great blow with his clenched fist. "Will I make the nominating speech?" he cried. "I'd walk from here to Rouen and back again to do it!"

"We'll swim out," exclaimed Mr. Keating of Amo. "The real thing is that

nobody thought of this before. There are just two difficulties : Halloway and our man himself—he wouldn't let his name be used against Kedge. Therefore, we've got to work it quietly and keep it from him."

"It's not too difficult," said the speaker's colleague, Mr. Boswell. "All we've got to do is to spring it as a surprise on the convention ; some of the old crowd themselves will be swept along with us when we make our nomination—and you want to stuff your ears with cotton. You see, all we need to do is to pass the word quietly amongst the Halloway people and the shaky McCune people. Rod may get wind of it, but you can't fix men in this district against us when they know what we mean to do *now*. On the first ballot we'll give Halloway every vote he'd have got if he'd run against McCune alone ; it will help him to understand how things were, afterward. On the second ballot—why, we nominate ! Of course, it can't be helped that Halloway has to be kept in the dark, too ; but he's got to be."

"There's one danger," said Warren Smith, "Kedge Halloway is honest, but I believe he's selfish enough to disturb his best friend's death-bed for his own ends. It's not unlikely that he will get nervous toward the last and be telegraphing Harkless to have himself carried on a cot to the convention to save him. That wouldn't do at all, of course ; and Miss Sherwood thinks maybe there'd be less danger if we set the convention a little ahead of the day appointed. It's dangerous, because it shortens our time ; but we can fix it for three days before the day we'd settled on, and that will bring it to September 7th."

"It's a great plan," said Mr. Bence, who was an oratorical gentleman. He thrust one hand in his breast, raised the other toward heaven, and continued, "For the name of Harkless shall——"

"Wait a minute," said Keating. "I'd like to hear from the 'Herald' about its policy, if Miss Sherwood will tell us."

"Yes, indeed," she answered. "It will be very simple. Don't you think there is only one course to pursue ? We will advocate no one very energetically, but we will print as much of the truth about Mr. McCune as we can, with delicacy and honor, in this case ; but as I understand it, the work is almost all to be done amongst the delegates. We shall not mention our plan at all, and we will contrive that Mr. Harkless shall not receive his copy of the paper containing the notice of the change of date, and I think

the chance of his seeing it in any Rouen paper may be avoided. That is all, I think."

"Thank you," said Keating. "That is certainly the course to follow."

Every one nodded or acquiesced in words ; and Keating and Bence came over to Helen and engaged her in conversation. The others began to look about for their hats, vaguely preparing to leave.

"Wait a minute," said the Judge ; "there's no train due just now." And Minnie appeared in the doorway with a big pitcher of crab-apple cider, rich and amber-hued, sparkling, cold, and redolent of the sweet-smelling orchard where it was born. Behind Miss Briscoe came Mildy Upton with glasses and a fat, shaking, four-storied jelly-cake on a second tray. The Judge passed his cigars around, and the gentlemen took them blithely, then hesitatingly held them in their fingers and glanced at the ladies, uncertain of permission.

"Let me get you some matches," Helen said quickly, and found a box on the table and handed them to Keating. Every one sat beaming, and fragrant veils of smoke soon draped the room.

"Why do you call her 'Miss Sherwood' ?" Boswell whispered in Keating's ear.

"That's her name."

"Ain't she the daughter of that old fellow over there by the window ? Ain't her name Fisbee ?"

"No ; she's his daughter, but her legal name's Sherwood. She's an adop——"

"Great Scott ! I know all about that ; I'd like to know if there's a man, woman, or child in this part of the country that doesn't. I guess it won't be Fisbee, or Sherwood either, very long ; she can easy get a new name, *that* lady ! And if she took a fancy to Boswell, why, I'm a bach——"

"I expect she won't take a fancy to Boswell very early," said Keating.

"Go 'way," returned Mr. Boswell. "What do you want to say that for ? Can't you bear for anybody to be happy a minute or two now and then ?"

Warren Smith approached Helen, and inquired if it would be asking too much if they petitioned her for some music ; and she went to the piano and sang some darky songs for them, with a quaint suggestion of the dialect ; two or three old-fashioned negro melodies of Foster's, followed by some rollicking modern imitations, with the movement and spirit of a tin-shop falling down a flight of stairs. Her audience listened in delight from the first ; but the latter songs quite over-



came them with pleasure and admiration, and, before she finished, every head in the room was jogging from side to side and forward and back in time to the music, while every foot shuffled the measures on the carpet.

When the gentlemen from out of town discovered that it was time to leave if they meant to catch their train, Helen called to them to wait, and they gathered around her.

"Just one second," she said, and she poured all the glasses full to the brim; then, as she stood in the center of the circle they made around her, she said:

"Before you go, sha'n't we pledge each other to our success in this good home-grown Indiana cider that leaves our heads clear and our arms strong? If you will—then—" She began to blush furiously and her voice trembled, but she lifted the glass high over her head and cried, bravely: "Here's to Our Candidate!"

The big men, towering over her, threw back their heads and quaffed the gentle liquor to the last drop. Then they sent up the first shout of the campaign, and cheered till the rafters rang.

"My friends," said Mr. Keating, as he and Boswell and the men from Gaines drove away from the brick house, "my friends, here is where I begin the warmest hustling I ever did. Now, I guess we all think this is a great plan——"

"It is a glorious idea," said Mr. Bence. "The name of Harkless——"

Keating drowned the oratory: "But that isn't all. That little girl wants it to succeed, and that settles it. He goes."

That night Mr. Parker, at work in the printing office, perceived the figure of Mr. Tipworthy beckoning him mysteriously from the pavement.

"What's the matter, Buddie?"

"Listen. She's singin' over her work."

Parker stepped outside. On the pavement people had stopped to listen; they stood in the shadow, looking up with parted lips at the open, lighted windows whence came a clear, soft, reaching voice, lifted ineffably in song. Now it swelled louder, unconsciously; now its volume was more slender, and it melted liquidly into the night; again it trembled and rose and dwelt in the ear, strong and pure, and hearing it you sighed with unknown longings. It was the "Angels' Serenade."

Bud Tipworthy's sister, Cynthia, was with him, and Parker saw that she turned from the window and that she was crying, quietly. She put her hand on the boy's shoulder and

patted it with a forlorn gesture which, in the foreman's eye, was as graceful as it was sad. He moved closer to Bud, and his hand fell on Cynthia's brother's other shoulder as he realized that red hair could be pretty sometimes; and he wondered why the editor's singing made Cynthia cry; and the same time he decided to be mighty good to Bud henceforth. The spell of night's song was on him; that, and something more for it is a strange, inexplicable fact that the most practical chief ever known to the "Herald" had a singularly sentimental influence over her subordinates from the moment of her arrival. Under Harkless's domination there had been no more steadfast backer in Carlow than Ross Schofield and Cal Parker; and, like timorous youths in a graveyard, daring and mocking the ghosts in order to assuage their own fears, they had so often talked of urging the minister to preach them; but now let it be recorded that at that moment Caleb laid his hand on Bud's other shoulder, his associate, Mr. Schofield, was enjoying a walk in the far end of town with a widow, and it is not to be doubted that in Tipworthy's heart, also, was no longer in his possession; though, as it was after eight o'clock, the damsel of his desire had probably long since retired to her couch.

For a faint light on the cause of the spells we must turn to a comment made by the invaluable Mr. Martin, some time afterward. Referring to the lady to whose voice he was now listening in silence (which showed how great the enthralling of her voice was), he said: "When you saw her or heard her or managed to be around anywhere she was, why, if you couldn't git up no hope of marryin' her, you wanted to marry somebody!"

Mr. Lige Willetts, riding idly by, drew rein in front of the lighted windows, and listened with the others. Presently he leaned from his horse and whispered to a man near him: "I know that song."

"Do you?" whispered the other.

"Yes; he and I heard her sing it the night he was shot. We stood outside her door and listened."

"So!"

"It's a seraphic song," he said, continued Lige.

"No!" exclaimed his friend; then, shaking his head, he sighed: "Well, it's mighty sweet."

The song was suddenly woven into laughter in the unseen chamber; and the lights in the windows went out, and a small lady and a

lady and a thin old man, all three laughing and talking happily, came down and drove off in the Briscoe buckboard. William Todd took his courage between his teeth, and, the song ringing in his ears, made a desperate resolve to call upon Miss Bardlock that evening in spite of its being a week-day; and Caleb Parker gently and stammeringly asked Cynthia if she would wait till he shut up the shop and let him walk home with her and Bud.

Soon the Square was quiet as before, and there was naught but peace under the big stars of July.

That day the news had come that Harkless, after weeks of alternate improvement and relapse, hazardingly lingering in the borderland of shadows, had passed the crucial point and was convalescent. His recovery was assured. But from their first word of him, from the message that he was found and was alive, none of the people of Carlow had really doubted. They are simple country people, and they know that God is good.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE TREACHERY OF H. FISBEE.

AN Indiana town may lie asleep a long while, but it always wakes up *some* time; and Plattville woke up in August, when the "Herald" became a daily. It was then that history began to be made. The "Herald" printed News; it had made a connection with the Associated Press, and it was sold every morning at stands in every town in that section of the State. Its circulation tripled. Two new men were brought from Rouen for the editorial and reportorial staff, and Parker talked of new presses. During the first week of the daily venture, Eph Watts struck oil, and the "Herald" boomed the field. People swarmed into town; the hotel was crowded; strangers became no sensation whatever. A capitalist bought the whole north side of the Square to erect new stores, and the Carlow Bank began the construction of a new bank building of Bedford stone, on the corner opposite the "Herald." Then it was whispered, next affirmed, that Main Street was to be asphalted. That was the end of the "old days" of Plattville.

But the man who had laid the foundation upon which the new Plattville was to be built, he who through the quiet labor of years had stamped his spirit on the people, lay sick in his friend's house, and did not care.

Tom Meredith had taken him from the hospital to his own home on a quiet street in Rouen; and John was well enough of his hurts to be taken abroad, sometimes, in a victoria, where he reclined, gray and thin, seemingly no more than a long afternoon shadow. But for days he would lie in a lethargy that made Tom despair. The soul of the country editor was sick inside of him; he was weary and worn; and pain had left him dulled, except when he thought of returning to Plattville—then he felt physical horror. The place did not need him, nor he the place. Fisbee had found a young relative to run the "Herald," who signed his type-written business letters "H. Fisbee," in a strapping hand that suggested six feet of muscle spattering ink on its shirt-sleeves. John wondered idly where old Fisbee had raked up a relative, and he thought it probable that H. Fisbee was a Yankee cousin of the old man's; but he did not care much for that, or for anything, except to keep away from Carlow for the rest of his life—since he was to live. And there was no longer need to go there—he was glad to know that; H. Fisbee had written him before the oil bubbled in Eph's wells that to buy stock in Mr. Watts's company might be profitable, especially as the stock was then so low that it was almost imperceptible and Harkless had a little money he had saved. He let Meredith arrange it for him, and a few days later the stock leaped cloudward.

However, his modest riches interested him as little as did everything else; he left his bed less and less, took no more drives, and his lethargy deepened.

The only thing in which he showed interest was the Congressional campaign of the district. It was far advanced before the "Herald" spoke of it at all, and Harkless saw that McCune had lifted his head.

One day Tom came in and found him writing on a pad on his knee.

ROUEN, September 2, —.

Dear Mr. Fisbee:—Yours of the 1st to hand. I entirely approve all arrangements you have made. I think you understand that I wish you to regard *everything* as in your own hands. You are the editor of the "Herald," and have the sole responsibility for everything, including policy, until, after proper warning, I relieve you in person, if that ever happens; but until that time, regard me as a mere spectator. I do not fear that you will make any mistakes; you have done very much better in all matters than I could have done myself. At present I have only one suggestion: I observe that your editorials concerning Halloway's renomination are something lukewarm. It is very important that he be renominated, not so much on account of assuring his return to Washington (for he is no Madison,

I fear), but the fellow McCune must be beaten, if we have to send him to the penitentiary on an old issue to do it. The man is corrupt to the bone; he has been bought and sold, and I am glad the proofs of it are in your hands, as you tell me you found them, as directed, in my desk. The papers you hold drove him out of politics once by the mere threat of publication; you should have printed them last week, as I suggested. Do so at once; the time is short. The "Herald" is a little paper (not so little nowadays, after all, thanks to you), but it is an honest one, and it isn't afraid of Rod McCune and his friends. Please let me see as hearty a word as you can say for Halloway also. You can write with ginger; please let us have some in this matter.

I am, very truly yours,

JOHN HARKLESS.

When the letter was concluded, he handed it to Meredith. "Please address that, put a 'special' on it, and send it, Tom. It should go at once, so as to reach him to-night."

"H. Fisbee?"

"Yes; H. Fisbee."

"I believe it does you good to write, boy," said the other as he bent over him. "You look more chirrupy than you have for several days."

"It's that beast McCune. This young Fisbee is rather queer about it. I felt stirred up as I went along." But even before the sentence was finished the favor of age and utter weariness returned, and the dark lids closed over his eyes. They opened again slowly, and he took the other's hand, and looked up at him mournfully; but, as it were, his soul shone forth in dumb and eloquent thanks.

"I—I'm giving you a jolly summer, Tom," he said, with a quivering effort to smile. "Don't you think I am? I don't—I don't know what I should have—done—"

"You old Indian!" said Meredith, tenderly.

Three days later Tom was rejoiced by symptoms of invigoration in his patient. A telegram came from Harkless, and Meredith, bringing it into the sick-room, was surprised to find the occupant sitting straight up on his couch without the prop of pillows. He was reading the day's copy of the "Herald," and his face was flushed and his brow stern.

"What's the matter, boy?"

"Mismanagement, I hope," said the other in a strong voice; "worse, perhaps. It's this young Fisbee; I can't think what's come over the fellow. I thought he was a treasure beyond dreams, and he's turning out bad. I'll swear it looks like they'd been—well, I won't say that yet. But he hasn't printed that McCune business I told you of, and he's had two days. There is less than a week be-

fore the convention, and—" He broke off, seeing the yellow envelope in Meredith's hand. "Is that a telegram for me?" His companion gave it to him. He tore it open, and read the contents. They were brief and unhappy.

Can't you do something? Can't you ~~do~~ <sup>do</sup> it? It begins to look the other way.

K. H.

"Tom, give me that pad and pencil," said the sick man. He rapidly dashed off a note to H. Fisbee.

September 5, —.

H. FISBEE,

Editor "Carlow Herald."

Dear Sir:—You have not acknowledged my letter of the 2d September by a note (which should have reached me the following morning), or by the alteration in the tenor of my columns which I requested, or by the publication of the McCune papers which I directed. In this I hold you grossly at fault. If you have a conscientious reason for refusing to carry out my request, it should have been communicated to me at once, as should the fact—if such be the case—that you are a personal (or impersonal, if you like) friend of Mr. Rodney McCune's. Whatever the motive which prevents you from operating my paper as I direct, I should have been informed of it. This is a matter vital to the interests of our community, and you have ~~shown~~ <sup>shown</sup> yourself too alert in accepting my slightest suggestion for me to construe this failure as negligence.

You will receive this letter by seven this evening by special delivery. You will print the facts concerning McCune in to-morrow morning's paper.

I am well aware of the obligations under which your extreme efficiency and your thoughtfulness in many matters have placed me. It is to you I owe my ~~earned~~ <sup>earned</sup> profits from the transaction in oil, and it is to you I owe the "Herald's" extraordinary ~~present~~ <sup>present</sup> circulation, growth of power, and influence. That power is still under my direction, and is an added responsibility which shall not be misapplied.

Are you sorry for McCune? I warned him long ago that the papers you hold would be published if he ever tried to return to political life, and he is deliberately counting on my physical weakness and absence. Let him rely upon it; I am not so weak as he thinks. I am sorry for him from the bottom of my heart; but the "Herald" is not.

You need not reply by letter. To-morrow's issue answers for you. Until I have received a copy, I withhold my judgment.

JOHN HARKLESS.

The morrow's issue—that fateful print at which depended John Harkless's opinion of H. Fisbee's integrity—contained an editorial addressed to the delegates of the convention, warning them to act for the vital interest of the community, and declaring that the opportunity to be given them in the present convention was a rare one, a singular piece of good fortune, indeed; they were to have the chance to vote for a man who had won the love and respect of every person in the district—one who had suffered for his cham-

pionship of righteousness—one whom even his few political enemies confessed they held in personal affection and esteem—one who had been the inspiration of a new era—one whose life had been helpfulness, whose hand had reached out to every struggler and unfortunate—a man who had met and faced danger for the sake of others—one who lived under a threat for years, and who had been almost overborne in the fulfilment of that threat, but who would live to see the sun shine on his triumph, the tribute the convention would bring him as a gift from a community that loved him. His name needed not to be told; it was on every lip that morning and in every heart.

Tom was eagerly watching his companion as he read. Harkless fell back on the pillows with a drawn face, and for a moment he laid his thin hand over his eyes in a gesture of intense pain.

"What is it?" Meredith said quickly.

"Give me the pad, please."

"What is it, boy?"

The other's teeth snapped together.

"What is it?" he cried. "What is it? It's treachery, and the worst I ever knew. Not a word of the accusation I demanded—lying *praises* instead! Read that editorial—there, *there!*" He struck the page with the back of his hand, and threw the paper to Meredith. "Read that miserable lie. 'One who has won the love and respect of every person in the district!' 'One who has suffered for his championship of righteousness!' *Righteousness!* Save the mark!"

(To be concluded next month.)

"What does it mean?"

"Mean! It means McCune, Rod McCune, 'who has lived under a threat for years'—*my* threat; I swore I would print him out of Indiana if he ever raised his head again, and he knew I could. 'Almost overborne in the fulfilment of that threat'—*almost!* It's a black scheme, and I see it now; this man came to Plattville and went on the 'Herald' for nothing in the world but this. It's McCune's hand all along. He daren't name him even now, the coward! The trick lies between McCune and young Fisbee—the old man is innocent. Give me the pad. Not *almost* overborne; there are three good days to work in—and if Rod McCune sees Congress it will be in his next incarnation!"

He rapidly scribbled a few lines on the pad, and threw the sheets to Meredith. "Get those telegrams to the Western Union office in a rush, please. Read them first."

With wide eyes Tom read them. One was to Warren Smith:

Take possession "Herald." This is your authority. Publish McCune papers, so labeled, which H. Fisbee will hand you. Beat McCune.

JOHN HARKLESS.

The second was addressed to H. Fisbee:

You are relieved from the cares of editorship. You will turn over the management of the "Herald" to Warren Smith. You will give him the McCune papers. If you do not, or if you destroy them, you cannot hide where I shall not find you.

JOHN HARKLESS.

## THE RECHRISTENING OF DIABLO.

BY W. A. FRASER,

Author of "The Ballygunge Cup," "The Luck of the Babe," and other stories.



HE Maharaja of Darwaza was tired of crocks. He said so himself, and when the Raja spoke it was law; also if any one contradicted him it was—the deuce. By "crocks" he didn't mean pickle-jars; he meant broken-down race-horses. He had been a fair mark for every racing officer in the land. When a high-priced nag threw a splint, split a hoof, or went wrong in his wind, he was sold to Dar-

waza as a special favor at a generous price. The result was that he had a rare collection of antiquities in horse-flesh. Yearly he gave a cup at the big meet in Calcutta, and yearly he failed to win any sort of a cup himself. He was a Maharaja with a string on. The British really ran his Raj through the resident Political Agent. So, relieved of most of the executive drudgery of a boss monarch, he had nothing to do but play at being king. "Racing is the sport of kings," so naturally the Raja played the game after an expensive

fashion. He had considerable fun at it; but, as I have said, had little loot, for he won nothing.

Of course he had a high-priced trainer—a man resembling a cocktail in his genealogical make-up. Irish, Scotch, and English had contributed their quota, and the result was Drake—"Dumpy" Drake, as he was called. The only distinctive national trait that had survived the evolution of Drake was an elliptical English form of speech. Each year, when the Maharaja said they must win the Cooch Behar Cup, or the Durbungha, the Ballygunge, or some other cup, Dumpy would look through the equine bric-à-brac, and report on the possibilities. Why the report should come as a surprise to the Raja was not understandable, for it was monotonous in its annual sameness. The Kicker couldn't be trained—his feet wouldn't stand it; Ring was only fit for the stud; Diablo's temper was worse than ever—the stable-boy had to feed him through a hole in the wall now; Silver King had liver; and so on through the whole list, running into the hundreds, there was a black mark against every name.

The Raja had been educated at Eton. He had also attained to various bits of learning in other quarters, so he could give expression to his astonishment and indignation in very aristocratic Hindoo-English. Dumpy, who was more or less of a linguist on occasion himself, used to retire from this annual cyclonic interview with a perilous regard for the higher forms of education.

That was pretty much the state of things the year Darwaza set his heart on winning the Pattialla Cup. Raja Pattialla, who had only been racing a short time, had won two of his cups; so why, in the name of all the Hindoo pantheon, should he not annex one of Pattialla's mugs to grace his Darwaza palace? He asked Dumpy about it. Drake ran his fingers meditatively through his hair, as he stood before the Raja cap in hand, as if he might, by some peculiar physical method, quicken the thought germ into life and bring forth a goodly idea. "It's no good buyin' a 'orse from hany the hofficers, Yer 'Ighness," he said.

"No," replied Darwaza, his impenetrable Indian face showing nothing of the strong things that were working in him over Dumpy's remark; "we must always buy horses from them, but not to win races, eh?"

Dumpy passed over this observation judiciously, for sometimes, when these same horses were sold, a commission dropped from the clouds, and was found on his dining-table

in the shape of 'Ighness might see 'orse."

"We tried that twice," answered the Raja. "One year the man we sent blew in the 'oof' on the Melbourne Cup, and we never saw man, horse, or money again. The other time, we got two horses, and between them they couldn't furnish four sound legs."

The Raja saw that Dumpy was thinking. This was usually a laborious operation, eating up much time; but Darwaza had the patience pertaining to the Orient, so he waited. At last spoke the trainer: "If Diablo would gallop, Yer 'Ighness, there's nothin' in the land would stand afore 'im."

"Which nag is that, Trainer? Can't remember to have seen him. Didn't know we had a fast horse in the stables."

"Don't think Yer 'Ighness never saw 'im. We bought 'im from Major Gooch. 'E's never run much."

"Well, I don't want to see him if he's like that. I hate the sight of the whole imperial lot. But can't you do anything with him?"

"No, Yer 'Ighness. There never was but one man could ride 'im—Captain Frank Johnson. He rode 'im for Major Gooch."

"Then he'll never gallop for me if he waits for Captain Frank," said the Raja, with fine English decisiveness.

Dumpy knew that; he knew that Johnson's caustic-tipped tongue had laid into Raja Darwaza at the Rawal Pindi durbar over some fancied racing grievance. "Diablo's turned reg'lar cannibal, too, Yer 'Ighness; 'e'd rather heat a man nor gallop hunder 'im."

"What has he been doing now, Trainer Drake?"

"Heaten the harm ov the ridin' boy, Yer 'Ighness. Pulled 'im hout o' the saddle this mornin', hand shook 'im like Nipper would a rat."

"That's bad," remarked the Raja. "I don't want the people eaten up by my horses. It's bad enough for them to get mauled when we're out after tiger."

"What'll I do with 'im, Yer 'Ighness?" asked Dumpy.

"What do we do with an elephant when he gets bad, Drake?"

"Tie 'im by the 'ind leg to a tree, Yer 'Ighness, hand leave 'im to think hit hover. But that won't do Diablo no good. We've tried starvin' 'im, an' think else."

"What happens the when he's real bad?"

"You shoot 'im, Yer 'Ighness."

rupees. "Yer Australia for a cup



"IT'S NO GOOD BUYIN' A 'ORSE FROM HANY THE HOFFICERS, YER 'IGHNESS."

"Well, you now know what to do with this son of Lucifer; you can arrange the details."

When Dumpy left His Highness, he had every intention of carrying out the king's order about Diablo; but he got thinking about Captain Johnson, and the longer his mind plodded along on that road, the clearer he saw his way to doing a stroke of business. Also he would be a humanitarian. It would be a sin to shoot a fine, up-standing English horse, whose grandsire had won a Derby. Why not sell him to Captain Frank?—that was the goal his mind arrived at. It stood like a huge, whitewashed fence at the end of this lane of thought; he could see nothing else. There was no need of bothering the Raja any more about it.

Now Captain Frank was down at Lucknow, two hundred miles away; but that didn't matter—in fact, it was all the better; if he could make the sale, Diablo would be that much farther off. That night Drake took

the train for Lucknow, to bury a cousin of his wife's. Dumpy had not had native servants for years without learning something of Eastern diplomacy.

Of course they made a deal. One doesn't want a fancy price for a horse that's got to be shot. And Captain Frank's mouth had long watered for Diablo, for he knew just how good a horse he was and could get that good out of him.

"I want you to change his name," the trainer said to Captain Frank.

"What for?" queried the Captain.

"Family reasons," answered Drake. "My grandmother objects to 'is name."

"Dumpy, you're fat, and your brain lies deep," remarked Johnson, pleasantly; "and to relieve the sensitiveness of your maternal ancestor, I'll call him 'The Dove.' Do you think that will please the old lady?"

"Hi'm sure she'll be satisfied," said the trainer, shoving Captain Frank's check in his pocket.

"I'll change it in the right way, though," continued the Captain. "It'll cost me twenty-five rupees to give the Calcutta stewards notice of the change. I'll have to run him at some small meeting as

'The Dove,' late 'Diablo,' and after that your ancestress will sleep easier."

Drake went back to Darwaza with a thousand rupees in his pocket, and the feeling that he had saved the life of a good horse—good as far as speed went, but very bad as regards temper. On his return he found the Raja bubbling over with a scheme to get a good horse. The plan was simple—simple for a king, who had the means to carry it out. He would give the Darwaza Ruby as a prize for a race to be run at the Calcutta meeting. The race would be a very swell affair, and also it would test the staying powers of the horses entered. A mile and three-quarters on the flat was the thing, the Raja declared; no sprint for him. There would be no entrance fees, absolutely nothing. The winner would take the ruby, worth at least 20,000 rupees; and all Darwaza claimed was the right to buy the first or any other horse in the race at an outside limit of 20,000.



"AND SO HE GALLOPED, . . . ALMOST BUCKING FRANK OUT OF THE SADDLE WITH HIS VICIOUS, SHORT, PONY-JUMPS."

"It will bring out a big field," he said to the trainer; "and the horses dicky on their pins will never stay the distance, for the ground will be as hard as a bone then. It'll be a straight-run race—they'll go for the ruby. And even if I think the best horse hasn't won, I can claim him, you see."

It was a unique way of getting a good horse; quite Napoleonic in its subtle strategy, and it looked all right. Certainly the horses in Darwaza's stable at that time had

cost him the price of twenty rubies, and he hadn't a beast fit to start at a "sky meeting."

That was in October. The Raja would have his race, the Darwaza Ruby Trials, run at the Calcutta first meeting in December. All the good horses would be there, and the ruby would bring out a large field. The Pattialla Cup would be run for at the second Calcutta meeting, the 20th January; so if he got a good horse by means of this



plan, he could certainly win the coveted cup.

The Raja's secretary corresponded with the Calcutta stewards, and the announcement of the new race was published broadcast—on the notice boards, in "The Asian," the racing calendar—in fact, everywhere. It opened up a pleasing vista to the eyes of racing men on the *qui vive* for that charmingly illusive thing known as a "soft snap."

The scale of weight was very simple. A handicap would give a poor horse the same chance of winning as a good one; so Darwaza would none of that. "Catch weights over 8st. 7," was what he said, and let the best horse win.

When Captain Frank heard of it, he whistled softly to himself, and went and winked at Diablo. The horse laid his ears back on his neck, and put both hind feet through the side of his stall, in an ineffectual effort to brush the captain to one side. "You're feeling good enough to run a mile and three-quarters, my buck," said Johnson, looking admiringly at the great glossy quarters of the horse. Then he went in beside Diablo, and twisted his ear good and hard. "That's for kicking, my beauty," he said; "now behave."

The horse curled his lip, and turned his head away in disdain, but he didn't kick any more. That was why Frank could ride him. The horse knew Johnson wasn't afraid of him, and when a horse knows that, you can do anything with him.

Other owners went and looked at their horses, too, when they heard of Darwaza's good thing. They looked, and their souls watered in sweetened anticipation of the big ruby and the 20,000 that might be won in the matter of about three minutes, ten seconds of hard galloping. Darwaza was after a good horse, while the owners were after that ruby and purse.

Lord Dick really had a great chance. In his string was an English horse, Badger, strong of limb and good of wind. He would carry this tidy weight, 8st. 7, and gallop from start to finish of the mile and three-quarters. Lord Dick was a man to whom people told things, also people's trainers; so he knew about as well as the many owners themselves what they could turn out. In this he had a slight percentage the best of it. So he rounded up all the knowledge, and said to himself, "I'll *pakaroa* [catch] that ruby, and get 20,000 for Badger."

Captain Frank looked at Diablo meditatively. "I must hurry up and get your

name changed, old man; not that it makes any *great* difference, for it's a free for all." So Diablo went through his little rechristening race, and henceforth was known as "The Dove."

From October to the 20th December were months of peace. Darwaza solicited aid from all the divinities, Christian and Hindoo, to enable him to do up Pattialla. Dumpy put on ten pounds of fat through the soul-cheering thought of the immediate prospect of getting the best horse in India in his hands. Captain Frank went the length of securing a passage home in a P. & O. sailing for England in January. "If I pull off that 40,000," he thought, "I'll go home and see what they're doing on the turf there." Lord Dick wrote to England arranging for a horse to replace Badger at £500. So, you see, everybody was going to do well out of the Darwaza Ruby. It was really a good thing.

One day Dumpy Drake's share of the peace carnival was destroyed; he lost seven pounds weight that day. It was Captain Frank's entrance of The Dove for the Darwaza Ruby that caused this disaster. "With Johnson hup 'e'll win, an' Hi shall be ruined," whispered Dumpy to himself. "Is 'Ighness'll fire me sure." And indeed for days he was very unhappy. Then something came his way. By the purest fluke in the world, he learned that Captain Frank had backed a note for a friend. An avaricious Hindoo money-lender held the note, and Cashmere held the friend. He was there shooting. Dumpy was not exactly a quick thinker, but, as Johnson had remarked in banter, he was deep. So he went to the money-lender and toasted him on his tender side, his fear of losing the amount of the note for ever and ever.

"This sahib who's gone to Cashmere," said Dumpy, "'asn't a bloomin' rupee to 'is name. 'E howes a *lackh* of debt; besides 'e's in Cashmere, where the law can't touch 'im. Captain Johnson's in Calcutta, an' 'e's booked a passage for 'ome," and Drake showed the money-lender Johnson's name in the newspaper's list of engaged passages.

"*Huzoor*," cried the Hindoo, "these sahibs of evil descent, who scatter rupees as a *bheesti* throws water, will ruin me."

"Hof course they will," affirmed Dumpy.

"Tell me," begged the money-lender, "you who are my friend, tell me what I shall do."

"*Puckerow* Johnson sahib afore 'e gets hof 'ome," said Drake, decisively; "an' keep 'im in jail till 'e pays hup. You can



do that heasy. Hall you've got to do is swear 'e's leavin' the country."

"That'll stop 'im," thought the trainer to himself, as he left the Hindoo. "If they coop Captain Frank hup, nobody else can ride The Dove. Hi 'ate to do it, for it's clear dirty, but Hi can't 'ave 'im ruinin' me. There's nobody down Calcutta way knows 'im well enough to pay 5,000 to keep 'im hout the *thanna*."

This was why Captain Frank got a pleasant surprise the day before the race for the Darwaza Ruby. He had been riding The Dove in all his work, and felt sure that the same gem was all but in his pocket. He was having his bath at his hotel when his bearer came and said, "Sahib wanting to see master."

"Give him my salaams and a drink," answered the Captain; "and tell him to sit down for a minute."

When Frank came back to his room, he was greeted by a gentleman who was most effusively polite. He was awfully sorry—painful duty, sir. No doubt the Captain would arrange it satisfactorily—

"What are you driving at?" asked Captain Frank blandly.

Well—well, the truth, the unpleasant truth, was that he had a warrant for the gallant Captain's arrest, on account of that note he had backed in Lucknow.

The Captain's argument was somewhat erratic. The Hindoo was a blood-sucking Jew. His friend was an officer and a gentleman, and would pay the note as soon as he returned from his hunting expedition in Cashmere. It was an outrage, and the Hindoo money-lender was the unregenerate offspring of low-caste animals.

The bailiff admitted that this was probably all quite true; in fact, speaking from his own varied experience, he was almost certain it was. But, at the same time, the little informality of his friend's not having paid the note before he left had placed Captain Frank in this awkward predicament. The law did not look much at the antecedents of the contracting parties in a case of this kind.

"Oh, bother the law!" said Captain Frank, irritably; "it's a blundering, bull-headed thing anyway."

"I quite agree with you," rejoined the patient, polite bailiff; "but you can arrange this matter easily by paying the amount, or depositing it; and when your friend comes back, you can settle the matter between you."

It was very simple, according to the bailiff;

but to Frank it appeared to be no end of a mess. He'd have to pay the other man's bill or lose the Darwaza Ruby. The Calcutta law firm issuing the writ had attached a polite note asking the Captain to call at their office to arrange the matter—pay or deposit the amount.

Now Captain Johnson banked at Lucknow. This he explained to the bailiff.

"That's nothing," remarked the latter. "Come over to Bang and Cox's, and through them wire to your banker."

Everything was so simple—with the bailiff. Together they went to Bang and Cox's; in fact, from that moment forth, until the money-lender was paid off, Frank and the bailiff would be together, the latter explained politely.

Through the solicitors the arranged-for telegram was sent. But Dumpy's depth of wisdom had extended even to this eventuality; and because of divers reasons, for which he was responsible, the telegram brought forth nothing, not even a reply. While they were waiting for the answer, Frank entertained the bailiff. He was really a good fellow, and it wasn't his fault, but he stuck to his man as closely as Victor Hugo's policeman did to Jean Valjean. They drank together, and they smoked together. Captain Frank had visionary ideas of putting the bailiff under the table by generous hospitality, but he gave it up just in time to save himself utter annihilation. The bailiff was a strong-headed man.

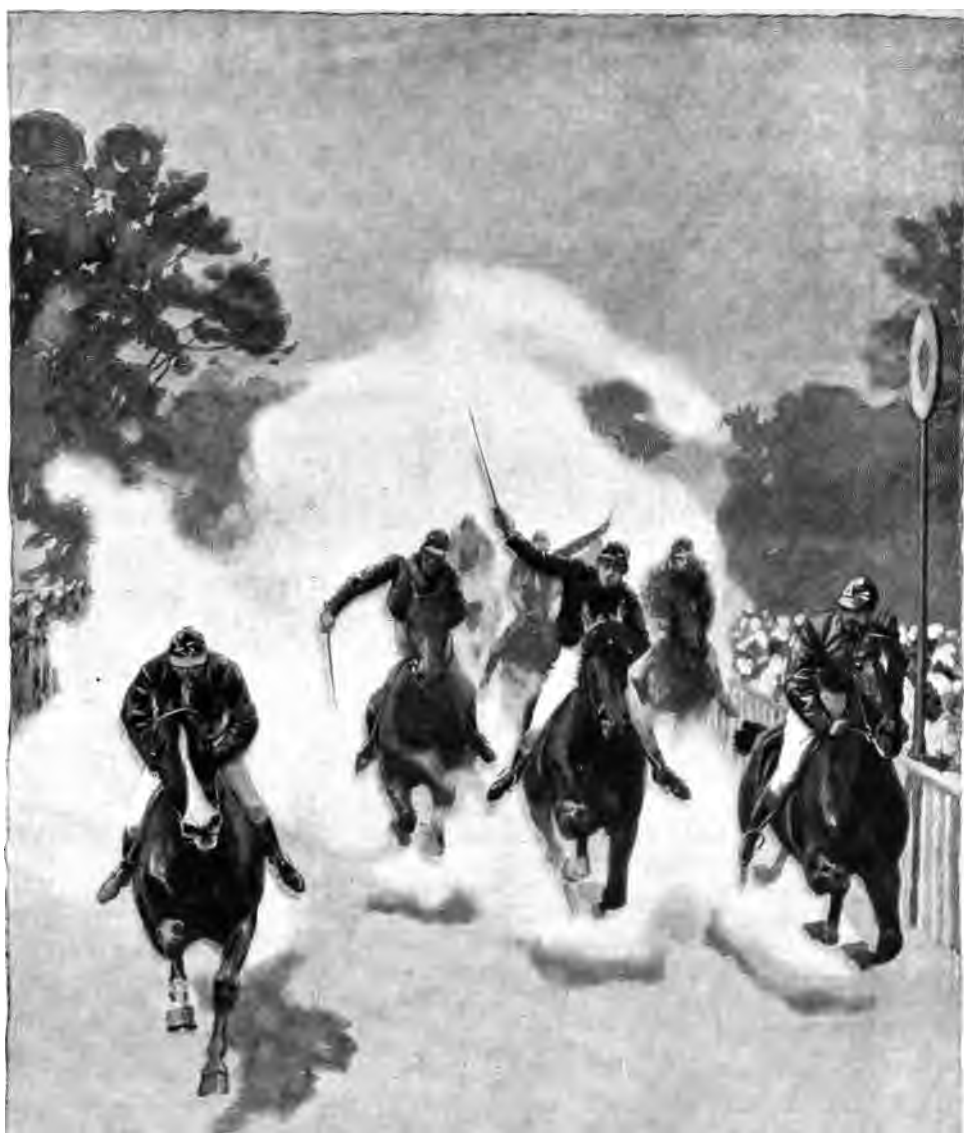
Frank had to give The Dove a gallop that afternoon, as a final preparation for his struggle on the morrow. "Most certainly, it was quite in order," only the bailiff would accompany him, that was all. When they returned, no doubt the matter would have been all arranged.

Of course the bailiff couldn't stick close to Johnson when he got on The Dove's back. He was thinking over this point while Frank was preparing to mount. As soon as the captain was in the saddle, and The Dove commenced to pick holes in the atmosphere with his feet, it became a certainty with him.

"I'll take your word not to clear out," he said, and sat down where he wouldn't interfere with the horse.

When they got back to Bang and Cox's office, they found things just as they had left them. It was depressing, this ominous silence of the wires. "What if we don't hear from there at all?" asked Johnson, apprehensively.

"I'm afraid you'll have to accompany our



Max F. Klepp

"SOMETHING DARK SWEEPED BY HIM LIKE A CLOUD, ON THE OUTSIDE, AND WON."

friend here to the Queen's hotel [jail], Captain," answered Mr. Bang. "But why not get somebody to go security for the amount?" continued the lawyer, inquiringly. "That's simple."

"Yes, everything's infernally simple, according to you fellows," drawled Captain Frank; "but it seems to me I'm the only simple thing in it. You see," he continued, thoughtfully, "I hardly know a soul here that's good enough—unless it's Lord Dick."

"The very man!" ejaculated Bang, brightening up. "Just step over to Government House with your friend here, and get him to endorse your check for 5,000."

Now Lord Dick was one of the best little men ever put together—muscles, head, heart, and all; so as soon as Captain Frank told him his trouble, Lord Dick said blithely, "Cert, my boy! I'll soon straighten that out." And he did. "Barrackdale" written across the check settled the whole business.

Johnson didn't say anything about The Dove to Lord Dick, which was diplomatic. Neither did Lord Dick mention the horse, which was unfortunate—for him. But then The Dove had never shown any form Badger couldn't give pounds to.

Next day the Darwaza Ruby Trials was the event. There had been many entries for it, and quite a dozen starters went to the post. Lord Dick rode his own horse, Badger, and of course Captain Frank piloted the diabolical son of Lucifer. Frank knew that it wasn't a question of speed at all; it was only a matter of temper on the part of The Dove. If he ran kindly, there was nothing else in it; if the horse sulked, Johnson would have a good view of the race from the rear.

Darwaza was as much interested as any native prince ever becomes in anything. It's not consistent with the ancient traditions of their lineage to appear to care two straws what happens, so he sat in considerable state up in the grand stand, and watched the twelve more or less good horses cotillion up and down the course in front of the stand in the "preliminary canter." A dozen good racing men and true had assured him that Badger would win; so the slight interest he evinced was directed toward Lord Dick's handsome bay. Dumpy was watching, with a beating heart, Captain Frank on the Raja's cast-off. If he should win—it was too horrible to think of. He piously invoked heavenly help to avert that disaster.

They were soon away to a good start. Even when the shout went up, "They're

off!" Darwaza paid little attention. It wasn't kingly to do so, you know. But, all the same, no movement of the many-colored silk jackets escaped his full, dark eyes—he saw it all.

The Dove had been shaking his head viciously from side to side at the start, throwing flecks of foam over his glossy dark skin and the black jacket of his rider. "Steady!" commanded Captain Frank, giving him a full pressure with his knees in the ribs, by way of authority. And so he galloped, stubbornly sticking his toes in the hard earth like a proper pig, and almost bucking Frank out of the saddle with his vicious, short pony-jumps. Johnson had all the qualifications of a good rider, of which common sense is the greatest; so he didn't bustle the horse, but let him think that he liked it, that it was just what he had expected of him. "He'll get lonesome," he muttered, "when the others begin to leave him." It was that way all round the back of the course.

Badger, moving like a beautiful piece of mechanism, was well up with the leaders, lying handy for a rush to the front when the proper time should come. The Dove was last; there could be no doubt about that, for a good three lengths of daylight shone between him and the nearest horse. Still Johnson made no effort. There was plenty of time yet, he knew, before they had covered the mile and three-quarters, so be it The Dove took it in his head to gallop. But it looked as though the horse meant to cut it for the whole length of the race. Half a mile from home he was still last, but his rider sat quiet, and nursed the iron mouth of the sulky brute with a gentle bit.

As they passed the old race stand, three furlongs from the finish, something happened. It occurred to The Dove that his master wanted him back there, and he set the bit hard against his bridle teeth, and, straightening his neck rigid as an iron bar, laid his ears back and galloped as though a thousand bees were bustling his hind quarters. Captain Frank braced his face to the cutting wind, and laid his body close down over the working withers of the mad animal. He carried the horse wide on the outside at the corner; it wouldn't do to get pocketed near the rail with a sour-tempered brute like The Dove; he would give up running, and take to savaging the others. He was going at a terrific pace. One by one they commenced to drop by him, as he tore around the turn and into the straight. Then three dropped back in a bunch, looking as though



"YOU, JOHNSON! NIPPED ME ON THE POST! I WISH I HAD LET YOU GO TO JAIL."

they were standing still. Ahead of him still were Badger and two others. As Johnson overhauled them rapidly, a mighty shout went up from the stand. A babel of voices were shouting: "What's that dark horse coming?" "It's The Dove! He'll win in a walk! Look at him gallop!"

Frank was muttering to himself: "If he'll only stick it to the end." The Dove was thinking: "I'm running away. He wants to keep me back there with the others, but I'll show them. Bur-r-r!" That was the clamping of the bit against the hard white of his ivory teeth.

And he *did* show them. Never had such a gallop been seen on the Calcutta course. He won by a clear length from Badger. Lord Dick thought he had the race well in hand toward the finish, and was trying to remember just what they had said the ruby was worth, when the thunder of vicious pounding hoofs struck on his ear. Before he could pull Badger together for a supreme effort, something dark swept by him like a cloud, on the outside, and won. The horse ran a quarter of a mile before Frank could pull him up. When he rode back to the scales to weigh in, Lord Dick was there. He saw

Johnson as he dismounted, and a look of blank, utter amazement came into his placid, blue eyes. "You, Johnson! Nipped me on the post! I wish I had let you go to jail, then I'd have got this infernal Darwaza Ruby."

It had taken a kingly effort on the part of Darwaza to keep from shouting when the gallant brown flashed past the judges' stand. Never had he seen such a horse in his life—never! "Secure him at once," he said to his secretary. And turning to the trainer, added: "Eh, Drake, we want that fellow in our stable."

Dumpy was paralyzed, he could say nothing. He kept feeling his neck to see if it were not already broken; they would hang him sure.

Now it had happened that the Raja had not recognized The Dove as Diablo, neither had he heard any man say that The Dove had ever been known as Diablo; so when the secretary came back and told him that Captain Johnson didn't want to sell the horse, as he thought he might not suit His Highness, Darwaza himself went down to see about it. He settled the matter in his own imperious way. "Examine that horse," he said to a veterinary surgeon.

When the latter reported the horse sound as a bell, he said: "That settles it; I claim him for 20,000 rupees."

Dumpy was quaking in his shoes. Then, when he saw that the Maharaja did not recognize the horse, hope rose in his breast, and it occurred to him that with Frank's help they might yet win that Pattialla Cup that Darwaza wanted so much. To the Maharaja he spoke thus: "Your 'Ighness, this 'orse we've got is halso ov an evil temper, but if

Yer 'Ighness will consent to request Captain Johnson to ride 'im, yer sure ov the Pattialla Cup."

To be a good enemy to a man he didn't like was a pleasant thing with the Raja—a proper thing; but to win the Pattialla Cup was also a great thing—a greater; for there he played against a king, you see—Raja Pattialla. So it was all arranged that way. Captain Frank rode The Dove for Darwaza, and won the Pattialla Cup in grand style.



## GUARDING THE HIGHWAYS OF THE SEA.

BY THEODORE WATERS.

### THE WORK, RECORDS, AND ROMANCES OF THE HYDROGRAPHIC OFFICE.



THE "trackless deep," as it was known to Magellan, Balboa, Da Gama, and other great navigators of the olden time, no longer exists. Instead, the ocean has become as minutely surveyed, and in its elements as closely tabulated, as the land. Constantly in its more traveled parts, and frequently in other parts, it is systematically observed and noted in all its winds, currents, temperatures, depths, and obstructions, transient or permanent; and from the records thus obtained the shipmaster is able to lay out his course with a knowledge and precision that could hardly be greater if he were projecting a journey through the most familiar region on land. The comprehensiveness and exactitude of the observation are nothing less than marvelous. Scarcely a swerve from wonted di-

rection in winds or currents; scarcely one dangerous rock; scarcely a derelict, or even an iceberg, escapes detection and advertisement to all whom the knowledge of it may concern. And the appliances, organization, and methods by which these priceless results are obtained are scarcely less marvelous than the results themselves.

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siently in chalk. At the end of each of these lines is stuck a pin, from which is hung by a string a little green tag.

At frequent intervals during the day an official of the office removes one of these tags and pins, continues the corresponding line further across the chart, and then places the tag and the pin at the new termination of the line. Several extensions like this may be made in most of the lines in the course of a day, until finally they come to straggle and zigzag and curve in all directions. On each tag is the name of a derelict vessel that is known to be floating free in the ocean, and the lines represent the course which the derelict has been pursuing, the tag marking the point at which she is reported to the office as having been last seen.

On another wall hangs another blank chart, covered with lines reaching in long stretches from the Gulf of Mexico to the North Irish coast, or turning short of that and curving down past the Spanish headlands and back again above the Equator, until lost in the swirl of the Sargasso Sea. Others, in the South Atlantic, endeavor, like the "Flying Dutchman," to weather the Cape of Good Hope, and lose themselves in the Indian Ocean, or to round the Horn and enter the Pacific. These are the tracks of bottles designedly cast overboard and allowed to drift

as they may, for the purpose of showing the trend of ocean currents. On this chart, too, the lines are extended or amended from time to time, according to information received by telegram or letter. Some one, perhaps, has found a bottle thousands of miles out at sea, and at the first opportunity has telegraphed the news to Washington.

Other charts show, with gradually growing detail, the progress of cyclones, the position and drift of icebergs, the position of water-spouts, the temperature of surface water, the movements of the Gulf Stream, the peculiar aberrations in the audibility of fog signals, the growth of fog banks, the peculiar formation of clouds, and so on through a list which comprehends almost every item in the condition and movement of the sea.

The very nature of the tidings set forth in these charts gives them an exceptional interest; but more interesting than their contents is the fact that the charts are really made by thousands of shipmasters scattered over the whole earth. The shipmasters themselves make all of the observations which are collated in the charts and so published for the shipmaster's special guidance. The officials in Washington are intelligent overseers who direct the business, but the real work is done by plain, weather-beaten skippers, who perhaps at the time of making their most



A WRECK OF THE STORM OF NOVEMBER 26, 1898, AT SANDHILLS, MASSACHUSETTS.

From a photograph by A. H. Newcomb. The schooner was driven ashore, dragging her anchors (the chains are seen in the picture, hanging from the bow). The sea was so high that an inmate of the house, in trying to escape, was drowned.

I fear), but the fellow McCune must be beaten, if we have to send him to the penitentiary on an old issue to do it. The man is corrupt to the bone; he has been bought and sold, and I am glad the proofs of it are in your hands, as you tell me you found them, as directed, in my desk. The papers you hold drove him out of politics once by the mere threat of publication; you should have printed them last week, as I suggested. Do so at once; the time is short. The "Herald" is a little paper (not so little nowadays, after all, thanks to you), but it is an honest one, and it isn't afraid of Rod McCune and his friends. Please let me see as hearty a word as you can say for Holloway also. You can write with ginger; please let us have some in this matter.

I am, very truly yours,

JOHN HARKLESS.

When the letter was concluded, he handed it to Meredith. "Please address that, put a 'special' on it, and send it, Tom. It should go at once, so as to reach him to-night."

"H. Fisbee?"

"Yes; H. Fisbee."

"I believe it does you good to write, boy," said the other as he bent over him. "You look more chirrupy than you have for several days."

"It's that beast McCune. This young Fisbee is rather queer about it. I felt stirred up as I went along." But even before the sentence was finished the favor of age and utter weariness returned, and the dark lids closed over his eyes. They opened again slowly, and he took the other's hand, and looked up at him mournfully; but, as it were, his soul shone forth in dumb and eloquent thanks.

"I—I'm giving you a jolly summer, Tom," he said, with a quivering effort to smile. "Don't you think I am? I don't—I don't know what I should have—done—"

"You old Indian!" said Meredith, tenderly.

Three days later Tom was rejoiced by symptoms of invigoration in his patient. A telegram came for Harkless, and Meredith, bringing it into the sick-room, was surprised to find the occupant sitting straight up on his couch without the prop of pillows. He was reading the day's copy of the "Herald," and his face was flushed and his brow stern.

"What's the matter, boy?"

"Mismanagement, I hope," said the other in a strong voice; "worse, perhaps. It's this young Fisbee; I can't think what's come over the fellow. I thought he was a treasure beyond dreams, and he's turning out bad. I'll swear it looks like they'd been—well, I won't say that yet. But he hasn't printed that McCune business I told you of, and he's had two days. There is less than a week be-

fore the convention, and—" He broke off, seeing the yellow envelope in Meredith's hand. "Is that a telegram for me?" His companion gave it to him. He tore it open, and read the contents. They were brief and unhappy.

Can't you do something? Can't you ~~come~~ <sup>come</sup> down? It begins to look the other way.

K. H.

"Tom, give me that pad and pencil," said the sick man. He rapidly dashed off a note to H. Fisbee.

September 5, —.

H. FISBEE,

Editor "Carlow Herald."

Dear Sir:—You have not acknowledged my letter of the 2d September by a note (which should have reached me the following morning), or by the alteration in the tenor of my columns which I requested, or by the publication of the McCune papers which I directed. In this I hold you grossly at fault. If you have a conscientious reason for refusing to carry out my request, it should have been communicated to me at once, as should the fact—if such be the case—that you are a personal (or impersonal, if you like) friend of Mr. Rodney McCune's. Whatever the motive which prevents you from operating my paper as I direct, I should have been informed of it. This is a matter vital to the interests of our community, and you have hitherto shown yourself too alert in accepting my slightest suggestion for me to construe this failure as negligence.

You will receive this letter by seven this evening by special delivery. You will print the facts concerning McCune in to-morrow morning's paper.

I am well aware of the obligations under which your extreme efficiency and your thoughtfulness in many matters have placed me. It is to you I owe my unearned profits from the transaction in oil, and it is to you I owe the "Herald's" extraordinary present circulation, growth of power, and influence. That power is still under my direction, and is an added responsibility which shall not be misapplied.

Are you sorry for McCune? I warned him long ago that the papers you hold would be published if he ever tried to return to political life, and he is deliberately counting on my physical weakness and absence. Let him rely upon it; I am not so weak as he thinks. I am sorry for him from the bottom of my heart; but the "Herald" is not.

You need not reply by letter. To-morrow's issue answers for you. Until I have received a copy, I withhold my judgment.

JOHN HARKLESS.

The morrow's issue—that fateful print on which depended John Harkless's opinion of H. Fisbee's integrity—contained an editorial addressed to the delegates of the convention, warning them to act for the vital interest of the community, and declaring that the opportunity to be given them in the present convention was a rare one, a singular piece of good fortune, indeed; they were to have the chance to vote for a man who had won the love and respect of every person in the district—one who had suffered

pionship of righteousness—one whom even his few political enemies confessed they held in personal affection and esteem—one who had been the inspiration of a new era—one whose life had been helpfulness, whose hand had reached out to every struggler and unfortunate—a man who had met and faced danger for the sake of others—one who lived under a threat for years, and who had been almost overborne in the fulfilment of that threat, but who would live to see the sun shine on his triumph, the tribute the convention would bring him as a gift from a community that loved him. His name needed not to be told; it was on every lip that morning and in every heart.

Tom was eagerly watching his companion as he read. Harkless fell back on the pillows with a drawn face, and for a moment he laid his thin hand over his eyes in a gesture of intense pain.

"What is it?" Meredith said quickly.

"Give me the pad, please."

"What is it, boy?"

The other's teeth snapped together.

"What is it?" he cried. "What is it? It's treachery, and the worst I ever knew. Not a word of the accusation I demanded—lying *praises* instead! Read that editorial—there, *there!*" He struck the page with the back of his hand, and threw the paper to Meredith. "Read that miserable lie. 'One who has won the love and respect of every person in the district!' 'One who has suffered for his championship of righteousness!' *Righteousness!* Save the mark!"

(To be concluded next month.)

"What does it mean?"

"Mean! It means McCune, Rod McCune, 'who has lived under a threat for years'—*my* threat; I swore I would print him out of Indiana if he ever raised his head again, and he knew I could. 'Almost overborne in the fulfilment of that threat'—*almost!* It's a black scheme, and I see it now; this man came to Plattville and went on the 'Herald' for nothing in the world but this. It's McCune's hand all along. He daren't name him even now, the coward! The trick lies between McCune and young Fisbee—the old man is innocent. Give me the pad. Not *almost* overborne; there are three good days to work in—and if Rod McCune sees Congress it will be in his next incarnation!"

He rapidly scribbled a few lines on the pad, and threw the sheets to Meredith. "Get those telegrams to the Western Union office in a rush, please. Read them first."

With wide eyes Tom read them. One was to Warren Smith:

Take possession "Herald." This is your authority. Publish McCune papers, so labeled, which H. Fisbee will hand you. Beat McCune.

JOHN HARKLESS.

The second was addressed to H. Fisbee:

You are relieved from the cares of editorship. You will turn over the management of the "Herald" to Warren Smith. You will give him the McCune papers. If you do not, or if you destroy them, you cannot hide where I shall not find you.

JOHN HARKLESS.

## THE RECHRISTENING OF DIABLO.

BY W. A. FRASER,

Author of "The Ballygunge Cup," "The Luck of the Babe," and other stories.



HE Maharaja of Darwaza was tired of crocks. He said so himself, and when the Raja spoke it was law; also if any one contradicted him it was—the deuce. By "crocks" he didn't mean pickle-jars; he meant broken-down race-horses. He had been a fair mark for every racing officer in the land. When a high-priced nag threw a splint, split a hoof, or went wrong in his wind, he was sold to Dar-

waza as a special favor at a generous price. The result was that he had a rare collection of antiquities in horse-flesh. Yearly he gave a cup at the big meet in Calcutta, and yearly he failed to win any sort of a cup himself. He was a Maharaja with a string on. The British really ran his Raj through the resident Political Agent. So, relieved of most of the executive drudgery of a boss monarch, he had nothing to do but play at being king. "Racing is the sport of kings," so naturally the Raja played the game after an expensive



friend here to the Queen's hotel [jail], Captain," answered Mr. Bang. "But why not getsomebody to go security for the amount?" continued the lawyer, inquiringly. "That's simple."

"Yes, everything's infernally simple, according to you fellows," drawled Captain Frank; "but it seems to me I'm the only simple thing in it. You see," he continued, thoughtfully, "I hardly know a soul here that's good enough—unless it's Lord Dick."

"The very man!" ejaculated Bang, brightening up. "Just step over to Government House with your friend here, and get him to endorse your check for 5,000."

Now Lord Dick was one of the best little men ever put together—muscles, head, heart, and all; so as soon as Captain Frank told him his trouble, Lord Dick said blithely, "Cert, my boy! I'll soon straighten that out." And he did. "Barrackdale" written across the check settled the whole business.

Johnson didn't say anything about The Dove to Lord Dick, which was diplomatic. Neither did Lord Dick mention the horse, which was unfortunate—for him. But then The Dove had never shown any form Badger couldn't give pounds to.

Next day the Darwaza Ruby Trials was the event. There had been many entries for it, and quite a dozen starters went to the post. Lord Dick rode his own horse, Badger, and of course Captain Frank piloted the diabolical son of Lucifer. Frank knew that it wasn't a question of speed at all; it was only a matter of temper on the part of The Dove. If he ran kindly, there was nothing else in it; if the horse sulked, Johnson would have a good view of the race from the rear.

Darwaza was as much interested as any native prince ever becomes in anything. It's not consistent with the ancient traditions of their lineage to appear to care two straws what happens, so he sat in considerable state up in the grand stand, and watched the twelve more or less good horses cotillion up and down the course in front of the stand in the "preliminary canter." A dozen good racing men and true had assured him that Badger would win; so the slight interest he evinced was directed toward Lord Dick's handsome bay. Dumpy was watching, with a beating heart, Captain Frank on the Raja's cast-off. If he should win—it was too horrible to think of. He piously invoked heavenly help to avert that disaster.

They were soon away to a good start. Even when the shout went up, "They're

off!" Darwaza paid little attention. It wasn't kingly to do so, you know. But, all the same, no movement of the many-colored silk jackets escaped his full, dark eyes—he saw it all.

The Dove had been shaking his head viciously from side to side at the start, throwing flecks of foam over his glossy dark skin and the black jacket of his rider. "Steady!" commanded Captain Frank, giving him a full pressure with his knees in the ribs, by way of authority. And so he galloped, stubbornly sticking his toes in the hard earth like a proper pig, and almost bucking Frank out of the saddle with his vicious, short pony-jumps. Johnson had all the qualifications of a good rider, of which common sense is the greatest; so he didn't bustle the horse, but let him think that he liked it, that it was just what he had expected of him. "He'll get lonesome," he muttered, "when the others begin to leave him." It was that way all round the back of the course.

Badger, moving like a beautiful piece of mechanism, was well up with the leaders, lying handy for a rush to the front when the proper time should come. The Dove was last; there could be no doubt about that, for a good three lengths of daylight shone between him and the nearest horse. Still Johnson made no effort. There was plenty of time yet, he knew, before they had covered the mile and three-quarters, so he let The Dove take it in his head to gallop. But it looked as though the horse meant to cut it for the whole length of the race. Half a mile from home he was still last, but his rider sat quiet, and nursed the iron mouth of the sulky brute with a gentle bit.

As they passed the old race stand, three furlongs from the finish, something happened. It occurred to The Dove that his master wanted him back there, and he set the bit hard against his bridle teeth, and, straightening his neck rigid as an iron bar, laid his ears back and galloped as though a thousand bees were bustling his hind quarters. Captain Frank braced his face to the cutting wind, and laid his body close down over the working withers of the mad animal. He carried the horse wide on the outside at the corner; it wouldn't do to get pocketed near the rail with a sour-tempered brute like The Dove; he would give up running, and take to savaging the others. He was going at a terrific pace. One by one they commenced to drop by him, as he tore around the turn and into the straight. Then three dropped back in a bunch, looking as though



"YOU, JOHNSON! NIPPED ME ON THE POST! I WISH I HAD LET YOU GO TO JAIL."

they were standing still. Ahead of him still were Badger and two others. As Johnson overhauled them rapidly, a mighty shout went up from the stand. A babel of voices were shouting: "What's that dark horse coming?" "It's The Dove! He'll win in a walk! Look at him gallop!"

Frank was muttering to himself: "If he'll only stick it to the end." The Dove was thinking: "I'm running away. He wants to keep me back there with the others, but I'll show them. Bur-r-r!" That was the clamping of the bit against the hard white of his ivory teeth.

And he *did* show them. Never had such a gallop been seen on the Calcutta course. He won by a clear length from Badger. Lord Dick thought he had the race well in hand toward the finish, and was trying to remember just what they had said the ruby was worth, when the thunder of vicious pounding hoofs struck on his ear. Before he could pull Badger together for a supreme effort, something dark swept by him like a cloud, on the outside, and won. The horse ran a quarter of a mile before Frank could pull him up. When he rode back to the scales to weigh in, Lord Dick was there. He saw

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From a photograph by A. H. Newcomb. The schooner was driven ashore, dragging her anchors (the chains are seen in the picture, hanging from the bow). The sea was so high that an inmate of the house, in trying to escape, was drowned.

be impressed with the force of the old saying that "the longest way around is the shortest way home," for on it the seas are dotted all over with designations, in red ink, of stationary wrecks, floating derelicts, rafts, logs, runaway buoys, waterspouts, icebergs, whales, and objects and points of danger without number. All of these are shown in red because they have been reported. Printed in blue are the predictions for the month, and for these the past accuracy of the Hydrographic Office has engendered the greatest respect among sailors. Within each rectangle formed by the lines of latitude and longitude are set four small circles with small arrows projecting from them. Within each circle is a numeral. The arrows point the probable direction of the wind, and by their length and character indicate for what time and with what force it may be expected to blow from a given quarter. The numeral within the circle denotes the number of chances in one hundred for calms in that locality.

Next, the pilot chart sets forth for the captain the latest important changes in the direction and strength of currents, as these have been indicated by the recovered sealed bottles; and it marks, in accordance with the latest information, the "region of frequent fog." It shows exactly the tracks of the storms of the past month, and gives such forecasts as are possible of the course and time of those of the coming month. It traces the lanes newly made by transatlantic steamers; it shows the best Equator crossings; and it tells where to expect a succession of tropical rains, where the northeast trade winds cease to blow, where the southeast trades begin, the yearly average set of drift currents, the lines of magnetic variation, the northern and southern ice limit, and so on, until all the recent occurrences and most of the near possibilities in ocean mutation and movement are exhausted.

As the daily synoptic chart is averaged and compiled into the pilot chart, so the pilot chart is averaged and compiled, and, with the addition of governmental surveys, made into a series of general charts and sailing directions. The sailing directions are pamphlets containing minute information regarding harbors, islands, bays, straits, and the like, all over the world. They are based on the best and latest information obtainable by the Hydrographic Office, and they are to the sea captain what Baedeker is to the tourist. Then the Hydrographic Office periodically issues information sheets that give special

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esting.

Of all the features of the ocean, none appeals more strongly to the fancy and none offers greater and more secret danger to the navigator than derelicts. Under no human guidance, at the mercy of winds which often drive them with great speed, and drifting oftenest in those very currents that form the most frequented ocean highways, these abandoned vessels offer a menace which was at no recent time to be disregarded, but which is daily increasing with the daily growth of navigation. For the most part, the destruction of these conscienceless rovers is left to nature and chance; all organized effort to destroy them has failed. The United States and other governments endeavor to blow up with torpedoes such as come within their observation and reach; but these are comparatively few. Merchantmen, to which they offer the largest and most constant danger, rarely pause in their course, much less turn out of it, to destroy one. The possibility of salvage does not attract the captains of merchant vessels to tow a derelict into port, because usually vessels of this class are insured to carry passengers and freight between prescribed ports, and if a vessel should turn out of her path to tow a derelict, and suffer an accident while thus out of her prescribed course, the insurance policy would not cover it, and the full loss would fall on the ship-owners.

A computation made by the Hydrographic Office shows that 1,628 derelicts were sighted upon the North Atlantic Ocean within a period of seven years. Of this number only 482 were identified; the others were too weather-beaten or too much broken up to be recognized by the captains of passing ships. The average number sighted is 232 a year, or nearly twenty a month. One year (1893) 418 were sighted, an average of thirty-five a month. Inasmuch as the average term of survival for a derelict is one month, it is estimated that at least nineteen must be constantly floating over the North Atlantic Ocean. There are more derelicts sighted during September, October, and November than during other months of the year. The pilot charts show that most of the derelicts have been sighted in the Gulf Stream, off the coast of the United States, north of 30° north latitude and west or southwest longitude. The number gradually increases toward the

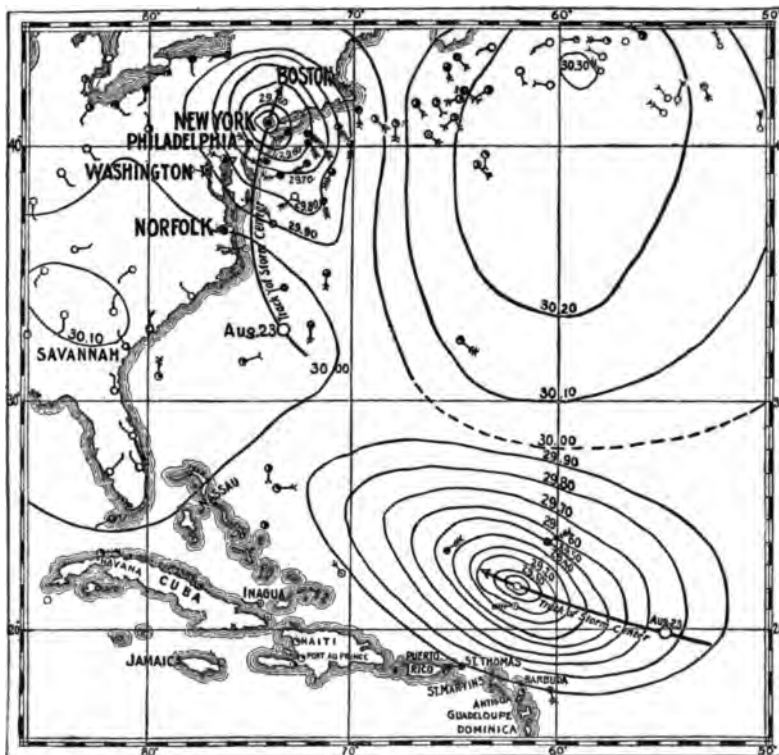
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eastward, along the routes of transatlantic steamers. About fifty ocean-going vessels are known to have collided with derelicts in the North Atlantic within a period of seven years; but this cannot be the whole number of such collisions, for doubtless of the many vessels destroyed in a manner never made known some are destroyed through running into derelicts. Of these fifty, nearly one-fourth proved fatal to the manned vessel; and

known to have floated three years and six days, and to have drifted over 10,000 miles. She was abandoned off Cape Hatteras, and floated in a northeasterly direction with the Gulf Stream until she passed the sixtieth meridian. She then wandered off toward the southeast, and circled around in the track of steamers westbound from Gibraltar. Next she wandered south, until she reached the northern limit of the northeast trade winds.

She followed the general direction of the sailing route from the Equator, approaching the United States coast until she encountered the Gulf Stream, which carried her northward again three degrees north of where she was wrecked, and there she was last sighted. She was reported by various vessels, and in all about forty-five times.

Another famous derelict was the schooner "W. L. White," wrecked off the Delaware Capes during the great blizzard of 1888. She was probably the most to be feared of all the derelicts, as she was constantly in the track of the transatlantic liners. Her course was remarkable, and



SPECIMEN OF THE SYNOPTIC WEATHER CHARTS ISSUED BY THE HYDROGRAPHIC OFFICE.  
THIS ONE MARKS THE COURSE OF TWO STORMS.

The arrows are placed in the positions of vessels from which the Hydrographic Office derives its reports. They point in the direction in which the wind was blowing, and by the varying number of their barbs indicate its force. The disks in which the arrows end mark the state of the sky, being white when the sky is clear, and partly or wholly black as the sky is little or much clouded. The circular lines mark the areas of given barometric pressures, the figures beside them telling what the several pressures are. Charts of this kind are published daily.

in some cases new derelicts have been made in this way. Probably not more than 100 derelicts have been destroyed by human means and design. Nearly all of these were set on fire; but setting fire to them has not always proved efficacious. After drifting a long time the vessel often becomes too water-logged to burn.

It is not known precisely what derelict has had the longest life, but the "Fannie E. Wolston," a schooner abandoned in 1891, is

her floating rate was very fast. Instead of foundering, as her crew thought that she would when left to herself, she sailed straight away. The Gulf Stream carried her in a northeasterly direction until she reached the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. She then circled around and around for months, within an area of ten degrees of latitude and longitude, maintaining a position not only in the track of the ocean steamers, but also in the region of almost constant fog. Suddenly



she started off again to the northeast, and finally grounded on one of the Hebrides. In her cruise of ten months she drifted 6,800 miles, and was reported forty-five times. During part of her drift she accomplished an average rate of thirty-two miles a day. She is blamed for several ocean catastrophes.

But the most curious of all derelicts was the "Fred B. Taylor." She collided with the steamer "Trave," and was literally cut in two. But she did not sink; the two parts, bow and stern, each started out upon an independent voyage for itself. The stern went north; the bow went south. The stern brought up on Wells Beach; the bow drifted down opposite to the Carolinas, and was ultimately destroyed. This instance illustrates how almost impossible it is to predict anything of the course of derelicts, and how useless would be even an organized search for them. In this case, it is probable that the stern part of the ship was influenced more by the wind and less by the current than was the bow part; that the latter sank lower in the water, and thus was carried away by the cold southerly current which flows between our coast and the Gulf Stream.

Next to derelicts, icebergs are probably the greatest peril of the sea. As with the derelict, the greatest danger to be feared from them is a collision at night. The tremendous inertia of an iceberg, however small the iceberg may be, renders collision with it nearly always fatal. If its extent be great, it adds all the perils of a lee shore, and a moving shore at that. According to observations made by the Hydrographic Office, great accessions of icebergs come in cycles. There are years during which few or no icebergs are sighted, followed by a period of years when the number is too great to be accurately counted. From 1891 to 1895 was a period of numerous icebergs. The year 1898 was especially fruitful in them.

The motion of an iceberg is apt to be a composite of the motion of wind, surface current, and undercurrent. It may be almost directly with the wind, or it may be as directly against it. The specific gravity of the iceberg allows only one-ninth of it to stand above the water. Hence the greater portion of it may be subject to currents far beneath the surface of the ocean, and its direction may be quite the contrary to that taken by surface currents, and, for the same reason, to that taken by the wind.

About the only means of discovering the proximity of an iceberg in fog or darkness is

by : it is most un- in, for we are frequent in- stances of v comi e to an iceberg and finding both t... an water tempera- ture unaffected. Even a very slight change, however, can always be ascertained by means of the electric thermostat. This is an automatic appliance which, responding with the greatest nicety to variations of temperature, opens an electric current, which in turn rings an alarm. Sometimes simply "the wash of the sea" gives warning of the presence of an iceberg, as in the case of the ship "Durango," already mentioned.

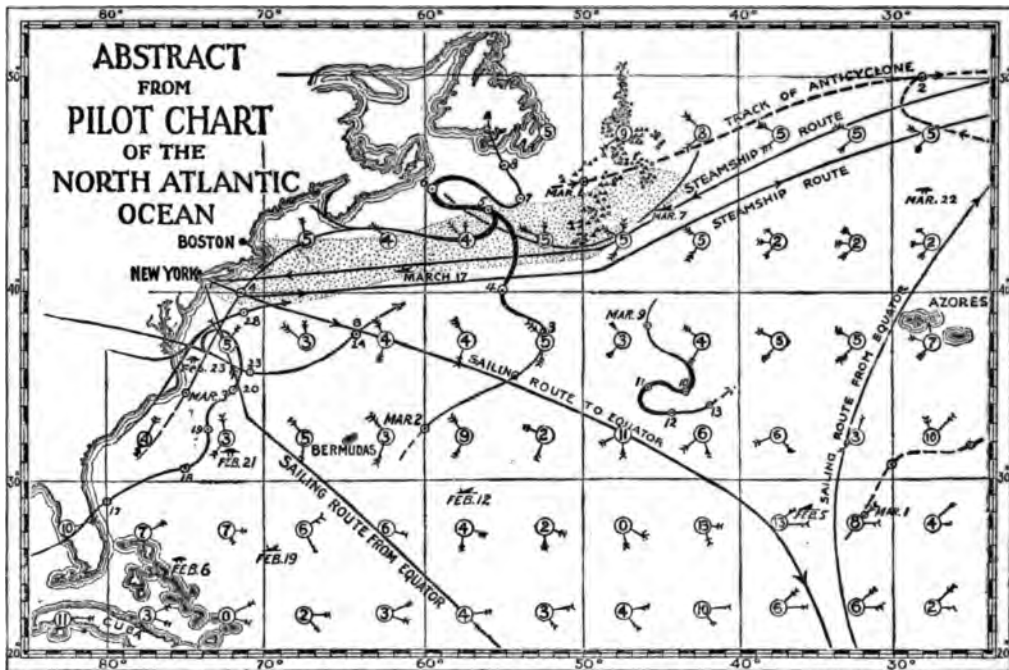
The last really great iceberg encountered was sighted in 1893; it is probably now floating somewhere in the Antarctic Ocean. The following account of it is from the log of the American ship "Francis," on file in the Hydrographic Office:

February 16, 1893, at noon, latitude 51° 01' S, longitude 49° 15' W., we passed between two large icebergs, about fifteen miles apart, and saw to the S.E. of us another very large berg, several hundred feet high and a mile or more in length. Put the ship under easy sail for the night. At 1 A.M., 2.30 A.M., and 4 A.M., passed large bergs. Weather cloudy and misty. Wind hauling to N.W. Soon after 4 A.M., it began to get daylight, when we saw before us an immense barrier of ice, extending from N.W. to S.E., as far as we could see from aloft. Some of the floating glaciers were miles in length, and from 300 to 500 feet high. Stood to within a mile of the track, but seeing no safe passage through the barrier, we wore ship to southwestward at 5 A.M. We now saw icebergs all about us. Temperature of air and water from forty-seven degrees to fifty degrees.

At noon, wore ship to northward, passing a number of large and small bergs. At 3 P.M., saw the barrier again, to leeward, still continuing its line from N.W. to S.E., and as impenetrable as before. Stood on till 5.30 P.M., and as the ice was visible to N.W. (two points off weather bow) as far as we could see from aloft, we again put the ship on the southern tack. Wind hauling to S.W. and steadily increasing to a moderate gale. Now, having the ice fields for a lee shore, was anything but pleasant to contemplate during the long night watches. February 18th, midnight, wore ship to W.N.W. Reefed upper fore topsail, furled upper mizzen. Rough sea.

At daylight we saw a berg ahead about one mile long and 300 or 400 feet high. It was perfectly level on top, and its sides and ends were as perpendicular and clean cut as the blocks of ice taken from our lakes and rivers at home. It is also apparent that these immense pieces of ice are in the same condition as when first broken from the main glaciers, as the irregular angles of the smaller bergs indicated that they have turned over occasionally.

At 11 A.M., saw the dreaded barrier again, still extending to N.W. At noon our position was latitude 50° 29', longitude 47° 12' W. From we had a very strong N.E. current setting us to... at ice ling another factor to the manifold dangers by which we were surrounded. At 1 P.M., judged we could see the end of the barrier to the N.W., or about one and a... points off our bow



SPECIMEN OF THE PILOT CHARTS—THE MOST IMPORTANT CHARTS ISSUED BY THE HYDROGRAPHIC OFFICE.

Here, as in the weather charts, the arrows, by their direction and the number of their barbs, mark the direction and the force of the wind. By their varying lengths they mark also its frequency. The numbers in the circles mark the chances in 100 of finding calms. Thus shows that the prevailing winds are west, force three, and northeast, force two, with the former more frequent (longer arrow); and that there are seven chances in one hundred of finding calms at this point.

Cyclone track—heavy lines indicate storms of great severity.

Icebergs and field ice.

Probable region of frequent fog.

Probable limit of ice.

Wrecks and derelicts—the dates given are those on which the object was sighted.

The sailing and steamship routes shown are those that the Hydrographic Office recommends as best for the given month.

bow. Gave the good ship all the sail she could bear, and pushed her through a very large and turbulent sea, caused partly by the deflection of the strong N.E. current against the large mass of ice under water, the pack being from two to four miles to leeward. We now had the satisfaction of seeing the ship steadily draw past the last fearful piece of this gigantic ice field, which we found by careful measurement by the patent log was just six miles long, and, as near as we could judge, it was three or four miles wide. This would give an unbroken area of eighteen or twenty square miles between 300 and 400 feet above the sea.

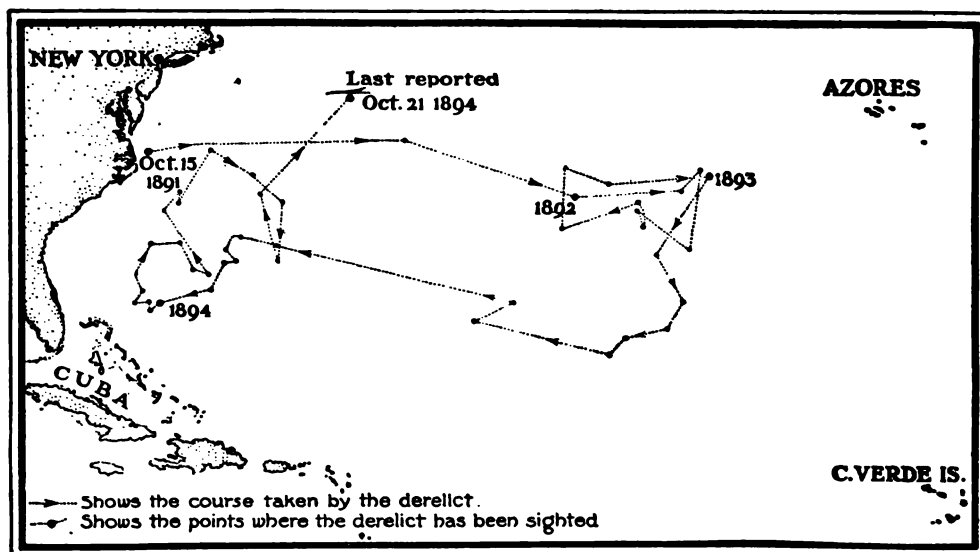
Too much notice cannot be given to our mercantile marine of this great danger that lies directly in the fair way of vessels bound eastward around Cape Horn, as it will doubtless be years before such a mountain of ice as I have described will be destroyed.

Waterspouts may well be numbered among the perils of the sea, although they seem not to be greatly feared by captains of very large

vessels. Old prints show us vessels drawn up into the very clouds by these ocean whirlwinds; but while small craft undoubtedly would be swamped if caught in the middle of one, the general opinion is that an ocean liner, proceeding at a good rate of speed, would not suffer much from one. They are sufficiently dangerous, however, to call forth much warning comment from the Hydrographic Office. The conditions just off the coast of the United States are such as to make them especially frequent in the region between the fortieth parallel and Cuba and as far out as the Bermudas.

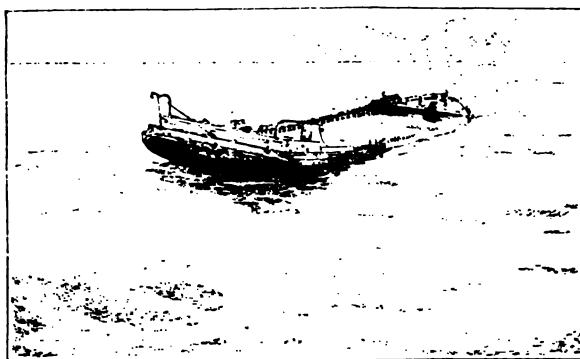
Some very remarkable waterspouts have been reported to the Hydrographic Office. Captain Cleary, of the British steamship





A CHART SHOWING THE WANDERINGS OF THE DERELICT SCHOONER "FANNIE E. WOLSTON" IN THE ATLANTIC.

"River Avon," states that he saw what he thought was a heavy squall to the southeast, but upon looking at it through his glass, he discovered that it was a whirlwind, raising the water to a great height. It must have been over a mile in diameter, but he hesitates to even estimate the height to which the water was



THE DERELICT "FANNIE E. WOLSTON."

Drawn from a photograph. The "Fannie E. Wolston," a three-masted schooner, was abandoned October 15, 1891, off the coast of Virginia, and was last seen October 21, 1894, having been a derelict three years and six days. She drifted half way to the coast of Spain and back again, covering a total course of 8,995 sea miles, equal to 10,357 land, or statute, miles.

raised or the size of the spout, although it must have had terrific power. A severe waterspout passed over the American bark "Reindeer" when she was under full sail. It completely dismasted her below the heads of the three lower masts. No previous warning was received; the weather was apparently clear at the time, and the whole affair was over in a few minutes. But the most striking story is from the log of the schooner "Ethel A. Merritt." She was in the Gulf Stream, off Key West. "There was a light breeze from the northeast at the time, and the sky was about half covered

with nimbus clouds, moving slowly. Just after a light squall had passed by, the first appearance of a waterspout was indicated by the formation of a whirlwind, gradually increasing in size. It was cylindrical in shape below, spreading out above, and rotating in the direction of the hand-movement of a watch.

When within about 100 yards of the vessel its angular altitude was about  $35^\circ$ , which would indicate a height of 250 feet or less. It was moving at the rate of eight miles an hour. At the base it was transparent, and descending currents seemed to be plainly visible, causing the water at the surface to fly in all directions. A heavy shower accompanied the phenomenon."

A cyclonic storm is a waterspout on a greatly extended scale; and, keeping in view its vortex-like character, and knowing the laws which govern its motion, the Hydrographic Office is able to issue instructions to

sailors regarding the character and behavior of a cyclonic storm that will enable them to keep out of the storm center. In order to be as practical as possible, these instructions are printed on a "storm-card," which may be hung up in the cabin of a vessel for general inspection. The laws of storms are apparently so absolute, that if a vessel is conducted according to the suggestions laid down on the card, she will almost certainly be able to weather the gale. The contrary result is the exception. In fact, so plain and so minute are these instructions, that by them the captain of a vessel can determine not only the direction in which the storm center is moving, but also its location within an eighth of a mile; and it is safe to say that a considerable per cent. of the wrecks wrought by storms in mid-ocean are due to neglect of the Hydrographic Office's instructions.

Against the dangers of darkness and fog at sea there is still far from any perfect protection. For guarding against the latter, the main dependence is still the fog-horn or steam-whistle. Various electrical devices for notifying one vessel of the approach of another have been tried, and we are told that the time is near when, by means of wireless telegraphy, every vessel will be able to calculate exactly the approach of other vessels at night or during a fog. To warn vessels from rocky coasts, our shore line is bordered with lighthouses carrying enormous refracting lenses. One which will soon be in operation at Barnegat will be capable, by means of electric currents, of flashing its rays thirty miles out to sea. In cloudy weather, the reflection of these rays upon low-lying clouds will be visible over sixty miles from the Jersey coast. All appliances for signaling or warning by sound have this disadvantage, that their audibility varies greatly in response to the varying conditions of the atmosphere. Sometimes a fog-horn will be audible everywhere within a given area; at other times, the same horn will be inaudible near at hand, and audible farther off. Again, there will be successive belts of audibility and inaudibility. What the Hydrographic Office aims especially to do, with reference to fogs, is to keep close watch on the fog belts and warn sea captains where these belts are, which way they seem to be moving, and by what courses they are likeliest to be avoided.

Another subject of constant study in the Hydrographic Office is means of subduing the waves. They have full faith there in the power of oil to quiet troubled waters, and

constantly recommend its use to seamen. Special instructions are issued as to the manner of applying it so that it will be of most service. The position of the vessel, the direction of the wind, and the set of the waves all need to be considered. Sometimes the oil should be thrown from the bow of the vessel, sometimes from the sides, and sometimes from the stern. It has been found that oil of turpentine possesses the best spreading qualities; but even simple soap-suds have proved of good service in laying the waves.

Yet another matter in which the Hydrographic Office gives instruction is cloud forms. It is most important that seamen should be familiar with the aspects of clouds, and know what their several shapes portend. A most useful book, showing all varieties of clouds, with plates printed in colors, is issued by the Office; and its colored cloud plates, by the way, are one of the special distinctions of the United States office.

Thus the Hydrographic Office is interested in everything that can impart greater accuracy and security to the navigation of the seas. If a wreck occurs along shore, the Secretary of the Navy is at once notified, and the first man-of-war passing that way receives orders to destroy it. If a new shoal is discovered, a channel deepened, a new buoy placed in position, a new range-light established, a new light-ship stationed somewhere—or if, in short, anything takes places that may in the slightest manner influence the conditions of seafaring, the fact is at once published in bulletins and sent free of cost to all seamen. It is the sailor's own fault if he fails to note the event. All the United States consuls assist the Office, and forward every report or notice of importance. Within the United States, all mail matter for the Office is transmitted free of postage. The Western Union Telegraph lines are always open for hydrographic messages, either to or from the Office; and the establishment of branch offices in prominent sea and lake port towns is a further promoter of despatch. Nothing, in fact, has been omitted that would forward or perfect the work. The bureau has not come to its present extent and efficiency in a day; it has been, indeed, the growth of years; and with the natural extension of scientific knowledge and the natural impulse to give such knowledge practical application, it is bound to grow still further, until by the accuracy of its information it has made almost literally true the old sailors' contention that the sea is the safest place in the world.

# LINCOLN'S FUNERAL.

BY IDA M. TARBELL,

Author of "The Early Life of Lincoln."



THE first edition of the morning papers in all the cities and towns of the North told their readers on Saturday, April 15, 1865, that Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, lay mortally wounded in Washington. The extras within the next two hours told them he was dead. The first impulse of men everywhere seems to have been to doubt. It could not be. They realized only too quickly that it was true! There was no discrediting the circumstantial accounts of the later telegrams. There was no escape from the horror and uncertainty which filled the air, driving out the joy and exultation which for days had inundated the country.

In the great cities like New York a death-like silence followed the spreading of the news—a silence made the more terrible by the presence of hundreds of men and women walking in the streets with bent heads, white faces, and knit brows. Automatically, without thought of what their neighbors were doing, men went to their shops only to send away their clerks and close their doors for the day. Stock exchanges met only to adjourn. By ten o'clock business had ceased. It was not only in the cities, where the tension of feeling is always greatest, that this was true. It was the same in the small towns.

"I was a compositor then, working in a printing-office at Danville, Illinois," says Professor Amos Draper, of Washington, D. C. "The editor came into the room early in the forenoon with a telegram in his hand; he was regarding it intently, with a pale face. Without saying a word he passed it to one and another of the compositors. I noticed that as the men read it they laid down their sticks, and without a word went, one after another, took their coats and hats off the nails where they were hanging, put them on, and went into the street. Finally the telegram was passed to me. It was the announcement that Lincoln had been shot the night before and had died that morning. Automatically I laid down my stick, took my hat and coat, and

went into the street. It seemed to me as if every man in town had dropped his business just where it was and come out. There was no sound; but the people, with pale faces and tense looks, regarded one another as if questioning what would happen next."\*

Just as the first universal impulse seems to have been to cease all business, so the next was to drag down the banners of victory which hung everywhere and replace them by crape. New York City before noon of Saturday was hung in black from the Battery to Harlem. It was not only Broadway and Washington Square and Fifth Avenue which mourned. The soiled windows of Five Points tenements and saloons were draped, and from the doors of the poor hovels of upper Manhattan west of Central Park bits of black weed were strung; and so it was in all the cities and towns of the North.

"About nine o'clock on Saturday the intelligence reached us of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln and the attempt upon Mr. Seward's life," wrote Senator Grimes from Burlington, Iowa. "Immediately the people began to assemble about the 'Hawkeye' office, and soon Third Street became packed with people. And such expressions of horror, indignation, sorrow, and wonder were never heard before. Shortly, some one began to decorate his house with the habiliments of mourning; and soon all the business parts of the town, even the vilest liquor dens, were crowded with the outward signs of sorrow. All business was at once suspended, and not resumed during the day; but every one waited for further intelligence from Washington."

! this was true: not only of the towns; it was true of the distant farms. There the news was slower in coming. A traveler journeying from the town stopped to tell it at a farm-house. The farmer, leaving his plow, walked or rode across lots to repeat it to a neighbor. Everywhere they dropped their work, and everywhere they brought out a tin of black and tied it to the door-knob.

\* From an interview with Professor Draper by McClure's Magazine.

The awful quiet of the North through the first few hours after the tragedy covered not grief alone; below it was a righteous anger, which, as the hours passed, began to break out. It showed itself first against those of Southern sympathy who were bold enough to say they were "glad of it." In New York a man was heard to remark that "it served old Abe right." Cries of "Lynch him, lynch him!" were raised. He was set upon by the crowd, and escaped narrowly. All day the police were busy hustling suspected Copperheads away from the mobs which seemed to rise from the ground at the first word of treason.

"I was kept busy last night," further wrote Senator Grimes from Burlington, "trying to prevent the destruction of the store of a foolish woman who, it was said, expressed her joy at Mr. Lincoln's murder. Had she been a man, so much was the old Adam aroused in me, I would not have uttered a word to save her."

In Cincinnati, which had spent the day and night before in the most elaborate jubilation, the rage against treason broke out at the least provocation. "Some individuals of the 'butternut' inclination," says a former citizen, in recalling the scenes, "were knocked into the gutters and kicked, because they would make no expression of sorrow, or because of their well-known past sympathy with the rebellion. Others as loyal as any suffered also, through mistaken ideas of meanness on the part of personal enemies. Junius Brutus Booth, a brother of the assassin, was closing a two-weeks' engagement at Pike's Opera House. He was stopping at the Burnet House. While there was no violent public demonstration against him, it was well known that his life would not be worth a farthing should he be seen on the streets or in public. Of course the bills were taken down, and there was no performance that night. Mr. Booth was well pleased to quietly escape from the Burnet and disappear."

In one New Hampshire town, where a company of volunteers from the country had gathered to drill, only to be met by the news, it was rumored that a man in a factory near by had been heard to say, "The old abolitionist ought to have been killed long ago." The volunteers marched in a body to the factory, entered, and dragged the offender out into the road. There they held a crude court-martial. "The company surrounded him," says one of the men, "in such military order as raw recruits could get into, and questioned

him as to his utterances. He was willing to do or say anything. 'Duck him!' was the cry raised on every hand. The canal was close at hand, but there were voices heard saying: 'He's an old man. Don't duck him. Send him out of town.' And so it was done. He was compelled to give three cheers for the Stars and Stripes. I shall never forget his pitiful little 'Hooray!' He was made to kneel down and repeat something in praise of Abraham Lincoln that one of the officers dictated to him, and then he was marched to his boarding-place, given certain minutes to pack up his effects, and escorted to the railroad station, where he was sent off on the next train. This was a very mild example of the feeling there was. Had the man been a real American Copperhead, he would scarcely have escaped a ducking, and perhaps a drubbing also; but many said: 'He's only an Englishman, and doesn't know any better.'"

The most important expression of the feeling was that at a great noon meeting held at the Custom House in New York. Among the speakers were General Butler, E. L. Chittenden, Daniel S. Dickinson, William P. Fessenden, and General Garfield. The awful, righteous indignation of the meeting is indicated in the following citations from the speeches:

"If rebellion can do this to the wise, the kind, the benevolent Abraham Lincoln," said Butler, "what ought we to do to those who from high places incited the assassin's mind and guided the assassin's knife? [Applause, and cries of 'Hang them!'] Shall we content ourselves with simply crushing out the strength, the power, the material resources of the rebellion? ['Never, never.'] Shall we leave it yet unsubdued to light the torch of conflagration in our cities? Are we to have peace in fact or peace only in name? ['Cries of 'In fact' and applause.] Is this nation hereafter to live in peace, or are men to go about in fear and in dread, as in some of the countries of the Old World, in times past, when every man feared his neighbor, and no man went about except he was armed to the teeth or was clad in panoply of steel? This question is to be decided this day, and at this hour, by the American people. It may be that this is a dispensation of God, through His providence, to teach us that the spirit of rebellion has not been broken with the surrender of its arms." [Applause.]

"Fellow-citizens," said Garfield, "they have slain the noblest and most generous spirit that ever put down a rebellion on this earth. [Applause.] It may be almost impious to say it; but it does seem to me that his death almost parallels that of the Son of God, Who cried out, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' But in taking away that life they have left the iron hand of the people to fall upon them. [Great applause.] Peace, forgiveness, and mercy are the attributes of this government, but Justice and Judgment with inexorable tread follow behind, and when they have slain love, when they have despised mercy, when they have rejected those that would be their best friends, then comes justice with hoodwinked eyes and the sword."

The tense despair and rage of the people on Saturday had not broken when they gathered on Sunday for worship. Never, perhaps, in any sorrow, any disaster that this nation has suffered, was there so spontaneous a turning to the church for consolation as on this Sabbath day. Never, perhaps, did the clergy of a country rise more universally to console the grief of the people than on this day. Everywhere, from East to West, the death of the President was the theme of the sermons, and men who never before in their lives had said anything but commonplaces rose this day to eloquence. One of the most touching of the Sunday gatherings was at Bloomington, Illinois. Elsewhere it was only a President, a national leader, who had been lost; here it was a personal friend, and people refused to be comforted. On Sunday morning there were sermons in all the churches, but they seemed in no way to relieve the tension. Later in the day word was circulated that a general out-of-door meeting would be held at the courthouse, and people gathered from far and near, townspeople and country people, in the yard about the court-house, where for years they had been accustomed to see Lincoln coming and going; and the ministers of the town, all of them his friends, talked one after another, until finally, comforted and resigned, the people separated silently and went home.

On Monday a slight distraction came in the announcement of the plan for the funeral ceremonies. After much discussion, it had been decided that a public funeral should be held in Washington, and that the body should then lie in state for brief periods at each of the larger cities on the way to Springfield, whither it was to be taken for burial. The necessity of at once beginning preparations for the reception of the funeral party furnished the first real relief to the universal grief which had paralyzed the country.

The dead President had lain in an upper chamber of the White House from the time of his removal there on Saturday morning until Tuesday morning, when he was laid under a magnificent catafalque in the center of the great East Room. Although there were in Washington many citizens who sympathized with the South, although the plot for assassination had been developed there, yet no sign appeared of any feeling but grief and indignation. It is said that there were not fifty houses in the city that were not draped in black, and it seemed as if every man, woman, and child were seeking some son-

venir of the tragedy. A child was found at the Tenth Street house staining bits of soft paper with the half-dried blood on the steps. Fragments of the stained linen from the bed on which the President died were passed from hand to hand; locks of the hair cut away by the surgeons were begged; his latest photograph, the papers of the day, programmes of the funeral, a hundred trivial relics were gathered together, and are treasured to-day by the original owners or their children. They

"dip their napkins in his sacred blood;  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,  
Unto their issue."

On Tuesday morning, when the White House was opened, it was practically the whole population, augmented by hundreds from the North, who waited at the gates. All day long they surged steadily through the East Room, and at night, when the gates were closed, Lafayette Park and the adjoining streets were still packed with people waiting for admission. In this great company of mourners two classes were conspicuous, the soldiers and the negroes. One had come from camp and hospital, the other from country and hovel, and both wept unrestrainedly as they looked on the dead face of the man who had been to one a father, to the other a liberator.

Wednesday had been chosen for the funeral, and every device was employed by the Government to make the ceremony fitting in pomp and solemnity. The greatest of the nation—members of the cabinet, senators, Congressmen, diplomats; representatives of the churches, of the courts, of commerce, of all that was distinguished and powerful in the North, were present in the East Room. Mr. Lincoln's friend, Bishop Simpson, and his pastor, Dr. Gurley, conducted the services. More than one spectator noted that in the great assembly there was but one person bearing the name of Lincoln and related to the President—his son Robert. Mrs. Lincoln was not able to endure the emotion of the scene, and little Tad could not be induced to be present.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, the booming of cannon and the tolling of bells announced that the services were ended. A few moments later, the coffin was borne from the White House and placed in a magnificent funeral car, and under the conduct of a splendid military and civilian escort, conveyed

slowly to the Capitol, attended by thousands upon thousands of men and women. At the east front of the Capitol the procession halted, and the body of Abraham Lincoln was borne across the portico, from which six weeks before, in assuming for the second time the Presidency, he had explained to the country his views upon reconstruction: "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

The rotunda of the Capitol, into which the coffin was now carried, was draped in black, and under the dome was a great catafalque. On this the coffin was placed, and after a simple service there left alone, save for the soldiers who paced back and forth at the head and foot.

But it was not in Washington alone that funeral services were held that day. All over the North, in Canada, in the Army of the Potomac, even in Richmond, business was suspended, and at noon people gathered to listen to eulogies of the dead. Twenty-five million people literally participated in the funeral rites of that Wednesday.

On Thursday the Capitol was opened, and here again, in spite of a steady rain, were repeated the scenes of Tuesday at the White House, thousands of persons slowly mounting the long flight of steps leading to the east entrance and passing through the rotunda.

#### FROM WASHINGTON TO SPRINGFIELD.

At six o'clock on the morning of April 21st, there gathered in the rotunda the members of the cabinet, Lieutenant-General Grant and his staff, many senators, army and navy officers, and other dignitaries. After a prayer by Dr. Gurley, the party followed the coffin to the railway station, where the funeral train which was to convey the remains of Abraham Lincoln from Washington to Springfield now stood. A great company of people had gathered for the last scene of the tragedy, and they waited in absolute silence and with uncovered heads while the coffin was placed in the car. At its foot was placed a smaller coffin, that of Willie Lincoln, the President's beloved son, who had died in February, 1862. At Mrs. Lincoln's request,

father and son were to make together this last earthly journey.

Following the remains of the President came the party which was to serve as an escort to Springfield. It included several of Lincoln's old-time friends, among them Judge David Davis and Ward Lamon; a Guard of Honor, composed of prominent army officers; a large Congressional committee, several governors of States, a special delegation from Illinois, and a Body-guard. From time to time on the journey this party was joined for brief periods by other eminent men, though it remained practically the same throughout. Three of its members—Judge Davis, General Hunter, and Marshal Lamon—had been with Mr. Lincoln when he came on to Washington for his first inauguration.

Precisely at eight o'clock, the train of nine cars pulled out from the station. It moved slowly, almost noiselessly, not a bell ringing nor a whistle sounding, through a mourning throng that lined the way to the borders of the town.

The line of the journey begun on this Friday morning was practically the same that Mr. Lincoln had followed four years before when he came to Washington for his first inauguration. It led through Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis, and Chicago, to Springfield. The entire programme of the journey, including the hours when the train would pass certain towns where it could not stop, had been published long enough beforehand to enable the people along the way to arrange, if they wished, to pay a tribute to the dead President. The result was a demonstration which in sincerity and unanimity has never been equalled in the world's history. The journey began at six o'clock on the morning of April 21st, and lasted until nine o'clock of the morning of May 3d; and it might almost be said that during the whole time there was not an hour of the night or day, whether the coffin lay in state in some heavily draped public building or was being whirled across the country, when mourning crowds were not regarding it with wet eyes and bowed heads. Night and darkness in no way lessened the number of the mourners. Thus it was not until eight o'clock on Saturday evening (April 22d) that the coffin was placed in Independence Hall, at Philadelphia. The building was at once opened to the public, and through the whole night thousands filed in to look on the dead man's face. It was at one o'clock in the morning, on Monday, that the coffin was car-

ried from Independence Hall to the train, but thousands of men, women, and children stood in the streets while the procession passed, as if it were day. In New York, on the following Tuesday, City Hall, where the coffin had been placed in the afternoon, remained open the whole night. The crowd was even greater than during the day, filling the side streets around the square in every direction. It was more impressive, too, for the men and women who were willing to watch out the night in the flare of torches and gaslights were laborers who could not secure release in daytime. Many of them had come great distances, and hundreds were obliged, after leaving the hall, to find a bed in a doorway, so overfilled was the town. The crowd was at its greatest at midnight, when, as the bells were tolling the hour, a German chorus of some seventy voices commenced suddenly to sing the *Inter vitz*. The thrilling sweetness of the music coming unexpectedly upon the mourners produced an effect never to be forgotten.

Nor did rain make any more difference with the crowd than the darkness. Several times during the journey there arose heavy storms; but the people, in utter indifference, stood in the streets, often uncovered, to see the catafalque and its guard go by, or waiting their turn to be admitted to view the coffin.

The great demonstrations were, of course, in the cities where the remains lay in state for a few hours. These demonstrations were perforce much alike. The funeral train was met at the station by the distinguished men of the city and representatives of organizations. The coffin was transferred to a stately hearse, draped in velvet and crape, surmounted by heavy plumes, ornamented in silver, and drawn by six, eight, ten, or more horses. Then, to the tolling of the bells and the regular firing of minute guns, followed by a vast concourse of people, it was carried to the place appointed for the lying in state. Here a crowd which seemed unending filed by until the time came to close the coffin, when the procession reformed to attend the hearse to the funeral train.

The first of these demonstrations was in Baltimore, the city which a little over four years before it had been thought unsafe for the President to pass through openly, the city in which the first troops called out for the defense of the Union had been mobbed. Now no offering was sufficient to express the feeling of sorrow. All buildings draped in

black, all business suspended, the people poured out in a driving rain to follow the catafalque to the Exchange, where for two hours, on April 21st, the public was admitted.

As was to be expected, the most elaborate of the series of funeral ceremonies was in New York. There, when the funeral train arrived on Tuesday, April 25th, the whole city was swathed in crape, and vast crowds filled the streets. The climax of the obsequies was the procession which, on Wednesday, followed the hearse up Broadway and Fifth Avenue to Thirty-fourth Street and thence to the Hudson River station. For a week this procession had been preparing, until finally it included representatives of almost every organization of every nature in the city and vicinity. The military was represented by detachments from scores of different regiments, and by many distinguished officers of the army and navy, among them General Scott and Admiral Farragut. Companies of the Seventh Regiment were on each side of the funeral car. The city sent its officials—educational, judicial, protective. The foreign consuls marched in full uniform. There were scores of societies and clubs, including all the organizations of Irish, Germans, and Hebrews. The whole life of the city was, in fact, represented in the solid column of men which marched that day through the streets of New York in such numbers that it took four hours to pass a single point. Deepest in significance of all the long rank was the rear body in the last division: 200 colored men bearing a banner inscribed with the words, "Abraham Lincoln—Our Emancipator." A platoon of police preceded, another followed the delegation, for the presence of these freedmen would, it was believed by many, cause disorder, and permission for them to march had only been obtained by an appeal to the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton. Several white men walked with them, and at many points sympathizers took pains to applaud. With this single exception, the procession passed through a silent multitude, the only sound being from the steady tramp of feet and the music of the funeral dirges.

At four o'clock the funeral car reached the station, and the journey was continued toward Albany. But the obsequies in New York did not end then. A meeting was held that night in Union Square, at which George Bancroft delivered an oration that will remain as one of the great expressions of the day upon Lincoln and the ideas for which he

worked. It was for this gathering that Bryant wrote his "Ode for the Burial of Abraham Lincoln," beginning:

"Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,  
Gentle and merciful and just;  
Who in the fear of God did'st bear  
The sword of power, a Nation's trust."

Imposing, solemn, and sincere as was this series of municipal demonstrations over the bier of Lincoln, there was another feature of the funeral march which showed more vividly the affectionate reverence in which the whole people held the President. This was the outpouring at villages, country cross-roads, and farms to salute, as it passed, the train bearing his remains. From Washington to Springfield the train entered scarcely a town that the bells were not tolling, the minute guns firing, the stations draped, and all the spaces beside the track crowded with people with uncovered heads. At many points arches were erected over the track; at others the bridges were wreathed from end to end in crape and evergreens and flags. And this was not in the towns alone; every farm-house by which the train passed became for the time a funeral house; the plow was left in the furrow, crape was on the door, the neighbors were gathered, and those who watched from the train as it flew by could see groups of weeping women, of men with uncovered heads, sometimes a minister among them, his arms raised in prayer. Night did not hinder them. Great bonfires were built in lonely country-sides, around which the farmers waited patiently to salute their dead. At the towns the length of the train was lit by blazing torches. Storm as well as darkness was unheeded. Much of the journey was made through the rain, in fact, but the people seemed to have forgotten all things but that Abraham Lincoln, the man they loved and trusted, was passing by for the last time.

#### IN ILLINOIS.

At eleven o'clock on the morning of Monday, May 1st, the funeral train reached Chicago, and here the mourning began to take on a character distinctly different from what had marked it through the East. The people who now met the coffin, who followed it to the court-house, who passed in endless streams by it to look on Lincoln's face, dated their trust in him many years earlier than 1861. Man after man of them had come to pay their last tribute, not to the late President of the United States, but to the genial

lawyer; the resourceful, witty political debater who had educated Illinois to believe that a country could not endure half slave and half free, and who, after defeat, had kept her faithful to the "durable struggle" by his counsel. The tears these men shed were the tears of long-time friends and personal followers.

As the train advanced from Chicago toward Springfield the personal and intimate character of the mourning grew. The journey was made at night, but the whole population of the country lined the route. Nearly every one of the towns passed—indeed, one might almost say every one of the farms passed—had been visited personally by Lincoln on legal or political errands, and a vast number of those who thus in the dead of night watched the flying train he had at some time in his life taken by the hand.

It was nine o'clock on the morning of May 3d that the funeral train stopped at the station where, four years and two months before, Abraham Lincoln had bidden his friends farewell, as he left them to go to Washington. Nearly all of those who on that dreary February morning had listened to his solemn farewell words were present in the May sunshine to receive him. Their hearts had been heavy as he departed; they were broken now, for he was more than a great leader, an honored martyr, to the men of Springfield. He was their neighbor and friend and helper, and as they bore his coffin to the State House, in the center of the city, their minds were busy, not with the greatness and honor that had come to him and to them through him, but with the scenes of more than a quarter of a century in which he had always been a conspicuous figure. Every corner of the street suggested that past. Here was the office in which he had first studied law; here, draped in mourning, the one before which his name still hung. Here was the house where he had lived, the church he had attended, the store in which he had been accustomed to tell stories and to discuss politics. His name was written everywhere, even on the walls of the Hall of Representatives in the State House, where they placed his coffin, for here he had spoken again and again.

During the time that the body lay in state—from the noon of May 3d until the noon of May 4th—the place Lincoln held in Springfield and the surrounding country was shown as never before. The men and women who came to look on his face were many of them the plain farmers of Sangamon and adjacent counties, and they wept as over the coffin



of a father. Their grief at finding him so changed was inconsolable. In the days after leaving Washington the face changed greatly, and by the time Springfield was reached it was black and shrunken almost beyond recognition. To many the last look at their friend was so painful that the remembrance has never left them. The writer has seen men weep as they recalled the scene, and heard them say repeatedly, "If I had not seen him dead; if I could only remember him alive!"

It was on May 4th, fifteen days after the funeral in Washington, that Abraham Lincoln's remains finally rested in Oakland Cemetery, a shaded and beautiful spot, two miles from Springfield. Here, at the foot of a woody knoll, a vault had been prepared; and thither, attended by a great concourse of military and civic dignitaries, by governors of States, members of Congress, officers of the army and navy, delegations from orders, from cities, from churches, by the friends of his youth, his young manhood, his maturer years, was Lincoln carried and laid, by his side his little son. The solemn rite was followed by dirge and prayer, by the reading of his last inaugural address, and by a noble funeral oration by Bishop Simpson. Then, as the beautiful day drew toward evening, the vault was closed, and the great multitudes slowly returned to their duties.

The funeral pageant was at an end, but the mourning was not silenced. From every corner of the earth there came to the family and to the Government tributes to the greatness of the character and the life of the murdered man. Medals were cast, tablets engraved, parchments engrossed. At the end of the year, when the State Department came to publish the diplomatic correspondence of 1865, there was a volume of over 700 pages, containing nothing but expressions of condolence and sympathy on Lincoln's death. Nor did the mourning and the honor end there. From the day of his death until now, the world has gone on rearing monuments to Abraham Lincoln.

The first and inevitable result of the emotion which swept over the earth at Lincoln's death was to enroll him among martyrs and heroes. Men forgot that they had despised him, jeered at him, doubted him. They forgot his mistakes, forgot his plodding caution, forgot his homely ways. They saw now, with the vision which an awful and sudden disaster so often gives, the simple, noble outlines on which he had worked. They realized how completely he had sunk every partisan and personal consideration, every non-essential,

in the tasks which he had set for himself—to prevent the extension of slavery, to save the Union. They realized how, while they had forgotten everything in disputes over this man, this measure, this event, he had seen only the two great objects of the struggle. They saw how slowly, but surely, he had educated them to feel the vital importance of these objects, had resolved their partisan warfare into a moral struggle. The wisdom of his words, the sincerity of his acts, the steadfastness of his life were clear to them at last. With this realization came a feeling that he was more than a man. He was a prophet, they said, a man raised up by God for a special work, and they laid then the foundation of the Lincoln myth which still enthalls so many minds.

The real Lincoln, the great Lincoln, is not, however, this prophet and martyr. He is the simple, steady, resolute, unselfish man whose supreme ambition was to find out the truth of the questions which confronted him in life, and whose highest satisfaction was in following the truth he discovered. He was not endowed by nature with the vision of a seer. His power of getting at the truth of things he had won by incessant mental effort. From his boyhood he would *understand*, though he must walk the floor all night with his problem. Nor had nature made him a saint. His lofty moral courage in the Civil War was the logical result of life-long fidelity to his own conscience. From his boyhood he would keep faith with that which his mind told him was true, though he lost friend and place by it. When he entered public life these qualities at first won him position; but they cost him a position more than once. They sent him to Congress; but, in 1849, they forced him out of public life. They brought him face to face with Douglas from 1854 to 1858, and enabled him to shape the moral sentiment of the Northwest; but later they defeated him. They made him Illinois's candidate for the Presidency in 1860; but they brought upon him as President the distrust and hatred of even his own party. It took four years of dogged struggle, of constant repetitions of the few truths which he believed to be essential, to teach the people of the United States that they could trust him; it took a murderer's bullet to make them realize the surpassing greatness of his simplicity, his common sense, and his resolution. It is this man who never rested until he had found what he believed to be the right, and who, having found it, could never be turned from it, who is the Real Lincoln.



AND so you don't think that Clayton is a very promising place for a poor young lawyer to start life in?"

"Well, no, stranger; I shouldn't say it was," came the answer, in that slow, easy voice which just misses being a drawl and is so characteristic of the South.

"You see there are five lawyers here already, and they don't have more than half a dozen good cases among them during the year. There's old Squire Burney, he's rich—staked out a big claim when immigration set this way ten years ago—so he can afford the luxury of a small practice. Lawyer Steel teaches Latin and mathematics in the town academy between cases—and his time is mostly that way—to help make buckle and tongue meet. As for Smith and Carruthers, they formed a partnership, as you see by that sign up there; but the biggest part of their practice is on their potato crops, and they lay down more law to two old mules and a couple of plow p'inters than to any judge or jury."

The stranger laughed. "And how about the fifth fellow?"

"Nathan Hide? Oh, he turned up here with a bran'-new license about eighteen months ago," replied the loquacious townsman, carving a fresh watermelon on top of a dry-goods box, and motioning those who sat about him, under the shade of the elm tree at the street corner, to help themselves. When the pink meat was all gone from his slice, he went on with his story. "Nathan rented an office, and furnished it with two chairs and a table, and then sat down to wait for clients. But the clients never came, and folks do say that, if Nathan hadn't married

Squire Burney's oldest daughter and gone to live with the old man, the

sheriff would have been under the painful necessity of selling those two chairs and the table to pay his board bill."

Again the stranger showed his handsome white teeth in a good-tempered smile. "It's a wise lawyer who feathers his own nest so well," he remarked. "How long is it since you had a murder hereabouts?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Ain't been but two murders in this dees-trick sence the redskins was run out," put in the groceryman, who, up to this point, had been a silent member of the party sitting in front of his door.

"Many robberies?"

"Not unless you count those committed on the hen-roosts and melon-patches," answered the first townsman. "You can travel the States over, and you won't find a safer district or a more honest people than this. There's an illustration of the fact," he continued, pointing to a man just about to mount a horse across the street from them. "That's Sim Holeman, paymaster for this new railroad they are building through the country. To-morrow is pay-day, and he is going up to Redville, the section station, this evening, with the money for the surveyors and hands. Reckon he's got near to \$1,000 in his saddle-bags."

"Of course he takes a guard along?"

"Yes," with a significant touch to the belt; "a pair of loaded pistols. Nobody's going to monkey with Sim when he has his shooting-irons on—he's got such a reputation for a cool head and a steady aim. He's

got a ten-mile ride ahead of him; that is why he starts so early in the afternoon. Are you stopping in the village overnight?"

"No, I only stopped to rest my horse during the heat of the day, for you have a tropical sun here in Tennessee. I shall ride as far as Boon to-night; I believe I catch the north-bound stage at that point?"

"Yes; about twelve miles to the north; you can get there by bed-time and never blow your horse, and, the moon being full, you will have no difficulty."

"That is how I put it up to myself," said the stranger. "I confess I felt a little uneasy about the night ride through a strange country, but you have put my fears to rest with your description of the law and order that reign hereabouts. Perhaps you will give me some directions as to my road?"

"Oh, it's a straight enough way. You turn to the right where you see that barber-pole yonder, and just follow the big road straight to the north. About six miles out you'll come to where it forks; your way lies still to the right—you can't make a mistake, for the other fork is scarcely more than a bridle-path. It cuts across country to the Redville road, two miles away."

After another melon had been disposed of, the stranger got up, shook hands with his informer, nodded pleasantly to the other loungers, and went away to the village inn. Half an hour later he rode down the street, and curbed his horse in front of the group. Leaning toward the man with whom he had been conversing, he extended a bit of pasteboard.

"I have taken a fancy to this Tennessee Eden," he laughed. "Here is my card. When the serpent has found an entrance here and made men of my profession a necessity, let me know, will you?"

"All right," was the hearty answer. "My name is Stephen Hill William and Mary man of the class of '10. I'll apprise you of the coming of his Satanic majesty. Safe trip to you. Keep to the right at the fork of the road."

The stranger looked back and waved his hand in a final adieu as he rounded the corner by the barber shop; then let his horse fall into an easy trot down the wide village street.

"An Eden surely. What a peaceful life one might lead here!" he mused, glancing from side to side at the home-like residences embowered in trees or shrubs. Men and women sat on the piazzas, children romped on the lawns, and girls and boys of a larger

growth sauntered along the sidewalks drinking in the coolness of the hour. Now and then a high-swung carriage passed him, showing that mature gentility was out for an airing; or prancing horses ridden by happy lovers swept by, leaving in their wake an indefinable impression of blushes and tender eyes.

Near the end of the street stood the most pretentious residence he had yet passed, a roomy house, set back somewhat from the road, in a grove of maples. By the small gate which flanked the more imposing carriage entrance stood a slender girl, scarcely more than child, a scarlet geranium at her throat, the radiance of the flaming west on her up-turned face.

"Eyes that hold the shadowed gray  
Of the storm-cloud's prisened strife."

Something seemed to catch at the man's heart as he quoted the couplet under his breath, and he struck his horse sharply, and rode on.

Outside of the village the road lay up a long hill, not very steep and devoid of trees. At the top of this eminence he drew rein and looked back. Under the drifting glory of the sunset clouds crouched the drowsy pioneer village, which needed but the quickening pulse of the coming railroad to make it a thriving town. Peace and beauty seemed the twin guardians of the clustered homes and color-flecked gardens. With a half-whimsical, half-expectant glance, his eyes went to the limits of the town, as though he thought to see there the angel with the flaming sword keeping guard over this new Paradise. The cross upon a church spire, bathed in the red radiance of the dying day, became a startling symbol of that greater cross when crimsoned with the blood of immortality. Lesser spires were also touched with the hue, and the statue of Justice on the court-house turret stood out in mammoth proportions against the beaten gold of a flying cloud. Was it fancy, or did a ray from that pale statue, blending with a ray from the encrimsoned cross, flash lightning-like downward to a gate where fluttered the white dress of a dreaming girl? With an impatient gesture the man drew his hand across his eyes. What ailed him this afternoon? Then he smiled cynically, and shook his rein. "Yes, an Eden," he said. "Who will be the serpent to enter it?"

As he rode on through the gathering shadows he fell to dreaming of his life, its past triumphs and its new trials. His pam-

pered boyhood, his successful college career, his gay life in the national capital, where for two years he had drunk ceaselessly at the bubbling spring of pleasure—all these rose before him with a vivid clearness. Then that quarrel over a game of cards, the flash of pistols, and a white face turned toward him beseechingly! For all the quarrel, the man was his friend, and he would not leave him there to be caught by the officers already pounding at the door. The others had fled. There was an open window, and he had sprung to the roof with the wounded man in his arms. Half of that freezing night they two had lain on the tiles, keeping the cold out of their veins by hugging the chimney pots. Finally relief came, and they parted with the former friendship cemented. But the disgrace of the affair clung to him. Then had come the hasty summons home, and the double tragedy of his father's financial ruin and death. He was wonderfully shaken by the sorrow of it all, for he was more pleasure-loving than vicious, and possessed that ready quality of repentance which belongs to impressionable natures. A new scheme of life had been planned, and he had set himself to save what was possible out of the wreck of his father's fortune. It was now a year since the old man's death, and though his industry had provided for his mother's comfort, it had not raised the necessary funds—\$800—to liquidate some debts standing against him—debts called debts of honor because rooted deep in dishonor. Until those obligations were satisfied, it would be impossible for him to return to the life he loved best in the far capital. He could not meet the haughty coldness such a forfeiture of his word would draw upon him. It was in the hope of raising this money on some lands

his father had purchased in primitive days that he had made this journey into Tennessee. But the acres lay still in the wilderness, and there was no sale for them; so he was going home empty-handed and bitterly disappointed. Why was money so easy to spend, so hard to get? He had always held such a high head among his comrades; he would have bartered five years of his life to meet those notes when they fell due next month.

"But Mephistopheles makes no bargains with the present-day Faust," he said to himself, with a touch of the humor which was one of his chief charms and characteristics.

So profound had been his meditations that he had not noticed the final going of the day and the fall of the shadowy night. He did not realize how long he had been in the saddle until high weeds rapping against his feet drew his attention to the road he traveled. It was not the wide, worn highway on which he had started, but a narrow lane, flanked on one side by a tangle of briars and vines, and on the other by a rail fence. Where was he? How had he missed the way?

Should he turn back and seek another track? At that moment a bend in the lane gave to sight a long stretch of road ahead over which the moonlight fell in a white splendor. And, plainly visible in the moonlight, not fifty yards away, there went a man and horse, a man with square shoulders and a wide hat, and a raw-boned white horse, now limping painfully.

"Sim Holeman, the paymaster," he said with a sigh of relief, realizing that at the fork of the road he had taken the wrong turn. It would be easy to follow the trail back and rectify the mistake; and he opened his lips to call after the man and ask what had befallen his horse that it was so lame.



"BY THE . . . GATE . . . STOOD A SLENDER GIRL,  
. . . A SCARLET GERANIUM AT HER THROAT."



"THERE WAS . . . A COLLISION, . . . A SWINGING BLOW, . . . AND THEN A WHITE HORSE WENT RIDERLESS OUT OF THE SHADOW INTO THE MOONLIGHT."

tion anywhere; not a moving figure in all the landscape except that horseman ahead, walking his beast leisurely along the grass-grown path. The shiny leather of the saddle-bags glistened in the moonlight.

With a quick instinct of self-concealment, the man whipped out his handkerchief and tied it over the lower part of his face and turned down his hat brim. Cautiously he began to follow. Just where that tree threw its shadow over the path was the place for the attack.

Then suddenly into his heart there came a pricking thought, just as a hell-snake turns hissing in its egg. His clenched teeth shut back the call and crushed the thought; but it struck him again with its venomous fang. In the saddle-bags across that limping horse was the money that would lift him out of debt and give him his old place in the esteem of his comrades. Again he fought back the thought, and pulled his horse resolutely about. Should he forswear his better nature, go back on the teachings of a Christian mother? No, a thousand times no!

But the tempter was still beside him. (Does Mephistopheles make no bargains with the modern Faust?) Nay, that money would do more than pay his debt; the surplus, staked on the right-colored card, might put him once more on the high road to luxury and pleasure. One of these days he could quietly return this borrowed stake. Again the horse's head was turned about, this time more slowly.

Railroads are grasping corporations, and this one will never miss this paltry sum, went on the wheedling voice of the tempter; the man who carries it need not be hurt. Then over his faint-heartedness there came a sudden evil decision. He held his rein steady for a moment, and took a long, searching look around. Not the sign of a habita-

All unconscious of any danger, the rider ahead jogged on across the moonlit stretch and entered the shadow. Then the chestnut mare behind felt the spurs prick deep into her flanks and the taut rein hold her to her course. There was a streaking shadow across the moonlight, the sound of a collision, a hoarse cry, a swinging blow from a hand grasping the butt end of a pistol—and then a white horse went riderless out of the shadow into the moonlight beyond, and stopped to look back in animal fear for its erstwhile rider. But that rider was on the ground, face upward, white as the wan starlight, his eyes stark and staring.

"He is but stunned," said his assailant, shuddering; and went hastily to the white horse, and unstrapped the saddle-bags. To cut them open was the work of a moment, and the coveted money was in his grasp. But as he rammed it into his pockets, the sharp snapping of a twig caught his ear, and looking up, he saw above the rail fence the head and shoulders of a man. Even in the peril of the moment he noted the unkempt hair and the ragged shirt. For one brief second the two stared into each other's faces, standing not ten steps apart. Then the stranger reached for his pistol, but with a yell that echoed fiendishly through the dark recesses of the night the other man

threw up his hands and fled into the underbrush of the field beyond. The stranger started in pursuit, but wiser thoughts prevailed. The man would give the alarm, or Sim Holeman himself might recover consciousness, and then escape would be impossible. As he turned back from the fence, something attracted his attention in the grass—a worn felt hat which the late intruder had dropped in his fright. With a harsh laugh the man kicked it close to the prostrate form in the shadow, and springing into his saddle, drove the white horse before him at a rapid gait down the lane whence he had come. Where there were some bars in the fence he dismounted, and turning the driven horse in, he closed the gap, and rode on faster than before.

"That gives me a chance, for when Sim Holeman recovers from that blow on the head he cannot follow me afoot," he said to himself.

At the fork of the road he turned to the right, and went steadily and rapidly onward. He knew the horse he rode, the scion of a famous Kentucky racer, and he felt sure that if nothing else happened he could make up the lost hour and reach Boon in time to avert suspicion. He asked himself no questions, he dared not even think as he pressed onward; but at his heart was a sickening sense of loneliness, a nausea of life and of self which he could not shake off. On the outskirts of Boon he dismounted, and with a cloth from his knapsack rubbed off his horse, so that the animal had no appearance of being jaded when he turned him over to the hostler at the inn.

"What time is it? Quarter to ten, sir. Yes, the stage goes by at daylight. All right, sir; I'll get you up in time," were the answers to his questions.

Then he lay down and counted every hour that struck until the thin gray dawn crept into his window and the warning knock at his door told him it was time to be up. Mechanically he ate the breakfast spread before him, and shortly afterward found himself on top of the stage, straining his eyes through the mist to catch a glimpse of the road they traveled. Sleep seemed to have deserted him; his throat was parched, and his eyes burned

in their sockets. He did not notice that the road was muddy until the driver said something of the heavy rain that had fallen after midnight.

Eight days later, he sat in a Louisville club-room, and read the morning paper. There were no telegraphs in those days, and news traveled slowly. Under a glaring headline he found the following item:

The pioneer town of Clayton, Tennessee, has had its first sensation since the days of the Indian raids. On Friday, the 15th, Sim Holeman, paymaster for the A. and Z. road now building through that district, went out as usual with the funds to pay off the hands and some other expenses of the week, amounting in all to \$1,000. He started alone on horseback from Clayton to go to Redville, leaving the former place at 4 P.M. The next morning about eight o'clock his body was found in a lonely part of the road. His rifled saddlebags and three pistols lay beside him, and his horse, which must have been hurt in the fracas, since it was lame, was at graze in a near-by field. A heavy rain which fell late in the night had wiped out all traces and tracks of the murderer. As Holeman's horse was a good one, he must have reached this point in the road about dark, and there been waylaid. There was a stranger in Clayton that afternoon, but he did not leave the town for an hour after Holeman's departure, and



"HE WENT FORWARD TO MEET HER,"

inquiries show that this man reached Beem, his destination, before ten o'clock; so it would have been impossible for him to have gone so far out of his way as this point on the Redville road where the murder and robbery were committed.

Below followed a paragraph entitled:

LATER NEWS FROM CLAYTON'S MURDER.

It now develops that near the body of the dead man there was found a tattered brown felt hat which has been amply identified as the property of Ben Rule, a white laborer whose house is not more than five hundred yards from the fatal spot. It seems that on his last trip Sim was accosted by this man about the money he carried, but as he was only about half-witted, Holcman took no notice of it. If further proof of the man's guilt were needed, it would be found in the fact that Rule is missing. It seems that, on going home, he told his wife a bungling story of a fight he had witnessed on the public road and of his having to run for his own life. The next morning he disappeared, and the woman pretends to know nothing of his whereabouts. It is a clear case against him, and justice will claim her own when he is caught and returned to the district. Not only Clayton, but the whole county, is incensed over the crime.

By sheer will power the man held the paper in front of his face as though still absorbed in its contents. Some instinct bade him hide his tell-tale pallor. Dead? That swinging blow had then done more than stun his victim. A murderer! He who loved life so had taken a fellow-being's life; his hands were red with blood! He could not tear his eyes from the fatal lines; they careened, then steadied themselves to burn again into his brain. A cold sweat of horror broke out on his brow. A murderer—what would they do with him?

Then he read again how the stranger was held blameless and the blood-stain laid on the fugitive laborer. The twisting heat in his throat relaxed. "Waiter," he called sharply, "bring me a brandy and soda, and be quick about it."

Ten years went by. The railroad had done for Clayton what the prophets had foretold. The town had crept far up the valley, and the new houses crowded so close upon each other that flower gardens were out of the question. Among the signs that glittered in the sun or swung in the wind were many that bore the explanatory words, "Attorney at Law," for under the rose of progress the serpent had entered the new Eden.

There had recently been held an election for judge of the criminal court, and Stephen Hill, meeting the successful candidate on the street one afternoon, shook him warmly by the hand. "Great victory for you, old fel-

low; and you deserved it. I was just now telling Carruthers that you know more law than the rest of the bar combined could scrape together on their shingles. Strange how things happen, isn't it? Remember that little joke about the coming of his Satanic majesty to our village, that day you passed through on your way to Boon?"

"I shall never forget it."

"Little we thought then that one day you would really come back here to live and become our criminal judge. At that time you doubted if you could make your salt in so exemplary a neighborhood; now lawing is about the best-paying business among us. Queer commentary on the morals of progress, hey?—On your way to the Squire's as usual, I suppose? Well, to win there were better than fifty judgeships. She's an angel, no doubt of it—that's why she would not have me, though I wanted her as a man wants air and sunshine. But I wasn't good enough for her. Now, you are different; you neither smoke nor swear nor gamble nor drink, while I do a little of each."

"I lost all taste for such things years ago."

"Good thing for you; wish I could get rid of mine, too; but there are some things some fellows cannot lose."

"Memory, for instance." There was a strange wistfulness in the tone which struck the other oddly.

"Oh, well," he laughed, "I don't think either one of us wants to forget his identity. But to go back to Dolores Burney: I used to think I'd kill the man she favored above me; but you are worthy of her, and the greatest proof of my friendship is that I can say 'good luck' to you."

He did not notice that the hand he grasped gave back none of his pressure, nor that on the face opposite him had gathered a sorrow that was as a passion of self-reproach. He lounged away, and the new judge stood looking after him a moment with the shadow still in his eyes. Then he resumed his walk, stepping resolutely, as though resolved not even to think. Looking at him carefully, one would have said that his habitual self-control had come only after a long struggle with his will. The storm that often raged in his soul never came to the surface in public. Alone he might break down, as though some strange grief gnawed at his heart; but the world knew him only as a man of iron will.

His walk ended at a side gate that flanked the carriage entrance to maple-shaded





"THEN WITH AN ANSWERING CRY SUCH AS A LOST SOUL GIVES . . . HE TOSSED UP HIS ARMS."

grounds; for here there stood a young woman in a white dress, a scarlet blossom at her throat, and the sunset clouds flying like victorious banners above her. He stopped abruptly, with a sudden catch at his heart, as if the picture were the restoration of some old memory.

"Eyes where tears shall drown the smiles,  
Eyes that hold the pain of life,"

he said softly to himself, as though completing some unfinished quotation. Then he went forward to meet her.

"I have come for my answer, Dolores," he said, when they had reached the house among the maples. And the gray eyes, holding now only the light of love, looked steadily into his as she answered: "It is 'yes.'"

Later, as they sat in the starlight, a knowledge of his own unworthiness, coupled with a lurking dread lest his happiness be not real, betrayed itself in the words: "Strange that you should care for me; I am so worldly, so much older than you."

"Older only in years. I have always been sober in tastes beyond any age. Nurse says

the shadow of my mother's coffin fell on my cradle and made me serious-minded. You know it was once my thought to go into the Sisterhood, but you broke that up." In her tone was only a sweet gravity. Presently she added: "But, after all, there are only fourteen years between us in spite of your gray hair. How came it so white at thirty-six?"

He started slightly, then answered with a forced smile: "They say the head of youth turns white but for two causes, piety and—remorse."

"Then you must have been very good all of your life." And he let her have her way uncontradicted.

A new glory dwelt upon the earth for this man who, for long years, had looked at life as through a smoked glass. Now the glass had suddenly cleared, so that the prismatic beauties beyond were unobscured. Dolores said it was but the frost touch on the forests that made them so beautiful, but he knew that some subtler spell lay over the face of nature. He had made a supreme effort against this passion which had besieged his heart. Success in all other lines



came to him almost unbidden, but he set his face against love. He never intended to marry; his profession was to be sweetheart, wife, and child to him; and so for six months he had even absented himself from the city of his adoption, that absence might do for him what will power could not accomplish. But the very day of his return the joy of again beholding her swept away all his austere resolutions, and betrayed him into a confession he had never meant to make. After that, there was no going backward, and he gave himself up to the joys of love. In her deep piety, her calm-eyed purity, he found a new baptism for his own spirit; and life, which for so many years had been all disappointment and repression, suddenly held in it a note of redemption.

But all dreams have an hour of awakening. One day Stephen Hill came hastily into his private office, without waiting for an answer to his summons, and said: "I have news for you this morning. Whom think you the authorities nabbed last night?"

"Rooker, the horse thief?"

"Horse thief? Bigger game than that! You'll have a murder case that will test your legal abilities. Why, they caught Ben Rule last night, while he was trying to get to his wife's house. A couple of officers stumbled on him in the swamp by the merest accident. 'Sdeth, man, what makes you look like that?"

"I—I was trying to recall who Ben Rule is and what he did." The Judge's voice was slow and even, but the hand on his desk was clammy and nerveless. He threw the long white hair from his forehead with a backward shake of the head, and blew a cloud of smoke from his pipe. It was a magnificent bit of acting, only the spectator did not know it.

"Do?" Hill repeated. "Why, it was he who robbed and murdered Sim Holeman, the paymaster. Did you ever see the pistol he used on that occasion? It is in the sheriff's office—but no, I believe Duncan the detective begged it out of the clerk. I always did wonder where Rule got it—beautiful weapon, quaintly carved; just the thing for a gentlemanly killing. How things work around. Ten years Rule has dodged the officers, but we've got him now. He was the serpent who entered our modern Eden, don't you recollect?"

"Was he?" The fine shade of doubt in the question was lost on the excited listener, who launched out with a history of the celebrated murder. Through it all the man sit-

ting before his desk smoked passively. What need had he to listen? But when the visitor was gone, he bolted his door, and dropped his pipe on the hearth, and over his features crept a grayness as of despair.

Caught at last, this man whom he had sought unsuccessfully for five years, and then given up for dead—caught and brought back to Clayton for trial. And then came the sickening realization that he himself was the judge before whom the case would come. He could not—he could not! Men who had voted for him because he seemed ever so calm, so unswayed by passion, would have been aghast to see the storm-swept face ere he buried it in his arm.

Ben Rule's wife had dwelt in her house during all these years, awaiting her husband's return. But she had not waited in penury; no wolf had ever howled at her humble door, for every quarter there came to her a mysterious envelope containing a fifty-dollar bill folded in a blank sheet of paper. Always it came from a different place, first from one city and then from another, which seemed to prove that the sender was ever on the move; never any word or message, only the money. It was Ben who sent it, for her and the babies, people said; and wild rumors were afloat as to the fortune he had made with that filched \$1,000 as the corner-stone. Men said to each other that he could not have been so stupid after all; and the public disapprobation of him began to be lessened by that indefinable regard which success, even in a bad cause, engenders. But none the less the deserted woman's condition was pitiful, and the years that had turned her babies into half-grown girls had marked her face with the unmistakable evidences of sorrow.

"Tain't like she was a for-sure widow," said a neighbor commiseratingly, "for then she could take another man. Ben always was duncy about her, for all his simple ways, and I believe he just sends that money often enough to keep her from getting married again; and I don't know but what I think it's sorter low down in him."

It was this woman who went to tell the lonely wife of her husband's capture, one October morning, and saw the reflux of the tragedy enacted all over again in the humble cabin.

"And he's come back in rags and tatters like he was done busted all to pieces; and I'd just make him tell what he's done with the fortune he's been making and spending, if I were you, Sally Rule," she said, as they bent their steps toward the spired town.

But a merciful jailer shut the door of the cell when the wife had entered, and the gaping crowd without never knew the details of that meeting.

It was to be one of the most noteworthy cases the district had ever known, this murder case. The old interest was rekindled tenfold from the remarkable circumstances that surrounded it, and also because it was to be the first murder case the popular new judge had sat upon. Speculation ran riot as to the fugitive's life during those absent years, his supposed affluence, his present destitute appearance, and what defense his lawyers would make. People could talk of nothing else.

And yet not one of all the chattering gossip thought of it half so much as one man to whom it was necessarily a sealed subject of conversation. In his office, on the street, alone or in a crowd, by day and by night, it pursued him; haunting even the hours he spent with his love, and shriveling into nothingness the new glory of earth and sky. His first determination was to ask a brother judge to exchange benches with him when the case came to trial. Such an ordeal was out of all reason, all humanity; neither body nor mind could stand such a strain. But the judge to whom he wrote could not oblige him, having already an important engagement for that time. Another to whom he applied was desperately ill, and so he found the whole thing forced back upon himself. Then followed a season of feverish satisfaction: after all, the rulings of the presiding judge go far in the matter of final decisions, and who would so favor the prisoner as himself? With this thought there came a conviction that it was his duty to sit on the bench, and so far as in him lay to turn the scales of justice toward the unfortunate culprit. It became a part of his punishment, and he nerved himself to meet it; but as the days went by, he aged even to the casual observer.

The morning of the trial dawned clear and fine. The first snow of the season glistened on the housetops, but the far sky above was full of turquoise light. The court-room was crowded from aisles to walls, and a tremor of expectation pulsed and throbbed through the room. The last stroke of nine rang out, but the Judge's door remained closed. Out in the crowded room one man, leaning against a post, took out his watch as if to time the delinquent; but the next moment snapped it to, for the sheriff's voice announced shrilly that court was open, and the door to the

right swung open. The Judge took his place on the bench, turned over some papers for a moment while the assembly composed itself; then, without raising his eyes, he called the first case: "The State of Tennessee, — County, *vs.* Benjamin Rule. Murder."

And as the lawyers made answer that they were ready, every eye went to a table on the left, where, between his two attorneys, sat a slight, stoop-shouldered, shabbily dressed man, with a shock of faded sandy hair about his brows, and in his eyes an animal terror that carried its own appeal.

"Ain't much changed," was a whispered comment; "always did have a skeered-up look."

There were only two people in the room who were not observing the prisoner as his attorneys made his plea of not guilty—the man by the post and the judge on the bench. The eyes of the latter were straight ahead of him, as though on the opposite wall was some rare picture painted by a master hand. Was it a panel of rail fence, with the moonlight quivering over it and lighting up a man's head and shoulders?

The proceedings went forward quietly; but so widespread had been the original notoriety of the murder that the closing of court for the day found only the jury impaneled. Then for two more days the case dragged on. The young attorneys made a gallant fight, and cautiously the Judge backed them up. But the prosecution had things their own way, and broke down the frail defenses set up by the opposition. Then the prisoner was allowed to speak for himself. It was a jumbled and pitiful story he told, of having witnessed a fight between two men on the Redville road, finding himself discovered by the victor, and having fled away to keep from being shot. Later on he had crept back to get his hat, which he had dropped, but could not find it in the dark. Next day, when he learned that it had been found by the authorities and, being identified, was held as evidence against him, he had become frightened, and hid in the swamp. For weeks he had lived there, hoping things would be cleared up. But learning through his wife, who came sometimes to his hiding-place, that the feeling against him was unabated, he had gone away to the far South out of the teeth of the bitter winter, and ever since had lived the weary, wandering life of a tramp. Broken in health and longing to see his family once again before he died, he had ventured back, and had been taken by the officers.



"HE OPENED HIS EYES AND CRIED ALOUD: 'SERVE THE WARRANT, MR. SHERIFF.'"

"A tramp's life? Where, then, did you get so much money to send your wife each year?" asked the cross-examiner.

On the stupid, sallow face there gathered a look of wondering perplexity. "I ain't never sent Sally any money."

"Four times a year, for the past ten years, she has received through the mails a fifty-dollar bill. Did you not send it to her?"

A light almost derisive came into the watery eyes. "Why, Mr. Carruthers, I ain't never seed a whole fifty-dollar bill in my life."

Carruthers looked disconcerted. Out in

the crowd the man leaning against the post gave utterance to a long, sibilant "Ah!" and the Judge bent out of his chair to recover a dropped paper. That was all; and then the proceedings went on. Yes, it was a lame story, the lawyers agreed; but one man in the room besides the speaker knew that every word was true.

At last, on the third day, the evidence was all in, the orators on either side had spent their logic and their rhetoric, and the Judge rose up to charge the jury. Those who heard him never forgot the light in his eyes, the ring in his voice. By a phenomenal effort he held himself within the bounds of his judicial prerogative, but through the whole charge there ran a subtle appeal to the sympathies of the jurors which hearts of steel could not have resisted. The prosecution squirmed in their chairs; and yet so ingenious was his presentation that they knew not where to pick the flaw. When

at last he had finished and sat down, and, under cover of wiping his brow, had hidden his face in his handkerchief, they looked helplessly at each other, while the patient wife sobbed aloud, and the man by the post muttered "Magnificent!" below his breath.

It was sun-down when the jury went out. On the lounge of his retiring-room the Judge lay all of that long night, with no eyes save those of the blinking stars to witness his agony. A note from Dolores lay unanswered, unread at his hand. No sleep came to him, no morsel of food passed his lips; he asked himself but one question: What if he had

failed and the verdict should be "Guilty"? Asked it over and over again, and never answered it.

A breathless silence reigned in the courtroom the next morning when the clock began to toll off nine. Every seat was filled, and through the open doors a crowd gaped in from the hall. The prisoner was in his place, and close behind sat his wife and daughters. The man by the middle post thought what a pathetic picture they made. At the last stroke of the clock, the Judge's door opened, and he entered slowly. He held to the knob a moment, as though to steady himself, and he was so deathly pale that an old lawyer said to his colleagues: "It is of course a lost case, and being the first time he has had to pronounce the death sentence, he is naturally a good deal shaken; but he'll get used to it."

The comment was whispered about, and kindly glances of sympathy followed him to the bench, while up in the gallery a young woman hurriedly removed her veil and leaned forward, a world of tender encouragement in her gray eyes.

When the jury were seated, the Judge opened his mouth to speak, but the contracted muscles gave forth no sound. The man by the post leaned forward, intently alert; the crowd heaved and rustled. Was he going to break down? But the next moment his voice rang out clear and distinct:

"Mr. Foreman, are you agreed?"

"We are, your Honor."

"Guilty or not—guilty?"

"Not guilty."

Was it a woman's or a man's cry of relief that startled the stillness? Commotion and question followed so close upon it that it was hard to say whence it came; but involuntarily people's glances turned toward the bench rather than the chair behind the prisoner. The Judge sank back into his seat, and with his characteristic movement put up his handkerchief to his face. It seemed as if a century of care had rolled from his heart; the blood came back to his cheek, the energy to his arm. Once more the faces before him were something more than a moving blot; once more life was love and love was divine. In the blessed relief that had come to him, in the sweet renewal of a hope that was dead, he forgot that he was there to rule, and so made no motion to quiet the tumult of the room. "Dolores, Dolores, Dolores!" he was saying over to himself, with a passion of joy that would not be repressed.

And then there followed one of the strangest scenes ever enacted in a courtroom. Suddenly, above the comment and criticism and hubbub of movement, a voice blew like a trumpet that imposes silence: "Mr. Sheriff, the man Rule has been proved innocent, and innocent he is; but the real murderer is here—the man who for ten long years has made yonder prisoner a homeless wanderer and his wife a lonely widow—I say that man is here!"

Every eye went to the man by the post, forgetful even of the Judge, who at the first words of the unusual interruption had risen to his feet, gavel in hand.

"Most of you know me," went on the speaker, unabashed by the rap upon the desk. "My name is Duncan, and I have a story to tell you. There were three pistols found by Holeman's body; two of them were known to be his, the third had never been in Clayton but a few hours. It was one of a brace which two friends had divided between them as pledges of faith after a difficulty over a game of cards. Accidentally, I found the mate to this curiously carved weapon while doing some detective work in a distant city last summer, and from the owner I learned the name of the man who had carried this one that played so fatal a part in our neighborhood. It was a name we have all known and honored. A month ago, in the city of Frankfort, Kentucky, I saw the man who bore this name post a letter. It caught in the slot of the box, and my quick eye read the address—it was to that little woman sitting yonder behind the prisoner. My friends, Sally Rule has had but one letter in all these weeks, and that one carried the Frankfort postmark, and contained a fifty-dollar bill! Do you not read the mystery for yourselves? Thus was this man, prosperous through theft and murder, striving to atone to the heart-broken wife for the guilt thrust wrongfully upon her husband. I say again the man is in this room. I have here a warrant for his arrest; and, Mr. Sheriff, I call upon you to serve it."

With the last words, the speaker strode down the aisle and thrust a paper into the sheriff's hands. The crowd stood up *en masse*, eager, breathless, dominant. The officer, mumbling something about "when the court closed," glanced helplessly from the paper toward the Judge, who towered above them all, rigid, motionless, pallid as a carven statue. Involuntarily the eyes of the assembly followed those of the officer in fascinated doubt and horror.

"Serve the warrant, Mr. Sheriff." His white lips formed the words, seemingly without his volition.

"Then, your Honor," answered the officer, stepping forward, "you are my prisoner."

For a moment no one moved, no one even breathed; then a woman's agonized scream tore the silence apart, and the spell was broken. He recognized the voice, and turning toward the gallery whence it came, met the gray eyes with a look that was confession. Then with an answering cry, such as a lost soul gives when, with Paradise in sight, it sinks into Purgatory, he tossed up his arms and swayed forward.

They picked him up from where he had fallen prone on the steps of the high tribunal of justice, and carried him away to the privacy of his retiring-room, while the crowd, with muffled footsteps, emptied itself into the street. Then the excitement broke over the town like a tidal wave.

Some there were ready to demand of him the full price of his crime; while others,

more merciful, gaged from the sad eyes and white hair the penalty of penitence he had paid. Execration and commiseration were alike heaped on his name. But none of it reached him lying white and still on the narrow lounge upstairs.

"No medicine can cure him; he will never be conscious again," the physician said. "Brain nerves are like harp strings—stretch them too far, and they snap; and nature has no repair-shop for such accidents.

"To move him would be instant death," he added to the sheriff waiting outside. "You can leave your deputy here at the door if you like, but he will be tried in other courts than ours."

And the man of medicine was right. With avenging justice waiting outside and with death at his pillow, he lay for a week on his narrow bed and knew no face of friend or foe. Then suddenly one day he opened his eyes and cried aloud:

"Serve the warrant, Mr. Sheriff."

And Death obeyed the order.

AFTER A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY PAUL BUFFET.



**H**ERE is Menelik of Ethiopia, victor over Italian regiments with Gatling guns and smokeless powder—a homely, pock-marked man, whose skin is black; whose hair is turning white, for he has passed the fifty-year point; massive in chest, strong in tread (though of a clumsy gait), with keen, restless eyes under threatening brows a warrior in mien and build, as in fact. There is much of contradiction in Menelik, for tradition makes him a Hebrew by descent, from Solomon and Sheba's Queen, and yet he shows no sign of the Jew; straight nose and thick lips, sternness of glance, with kindness in the smile, a

fighter and a patriarch, a Christian king in Africa.

Let no one think of this man as a ruler of negroes; say rather a ruler of dark-skinned Romans, some many shades lighter than himself, with classic cut of features, high brows, thin lips, straight hair, a purer type by far than Menelik himself, who shows a mingling of races, wherefrom, it may be, comes his strength. These Ethiopians wear the garment worn in Cæsar's time, their *chemma* being quite the Roman toga in form and way of draping. They go bareheaded for the most part, though some bind their brows with a white turban, and barefooted; that is, all

save Menelik, who alone in the realm has taken to European shoes and European hat—symbols, one may believe, of his friendliness to Western innovations.

A country of lions and rugged men this Ethiopia, as the people call it, not Abyssinia, which is a disparaging word in use among the Arabs. An Ethiopian worthy to wear in battle the lion's skin that Menelik gives to the bravest must be one who can go three days without food, fighting the while or journeying over deserts and mountains; one who cares nothing for pain or death. It is a custom among these men, after battle or war-like maneuvers, to squat down on the ground in long line and fire their rifles in the air, barrels up, butts between the knees; no blank cartridges here, but balls that wound or kill whomever they strike in the descent. A cannon shot gives signal, and forthwith the firing starts far down the line, rolling nearer and nearer, until it swells into a roar of musketry about the Emperor himself; then dies away at the farther side. And the bullets come down upon soldiers or citizens as may be; for this firing, like as not, takes place in a crowded city.

"Would it not be wise, your Majesty," asked a French traveler, aghast at this reckless procedure, "to use blank cartridges?"

"Why so?" asked Menelik.

"It would economize rifle balls and save life."

"I do not mind losing a few rifle balls, if it makes my people despise them."

The Italians found at Adowa what these Menelik soldiers think of rifle balls; saw them come bounding on in the charge, pierced through and through with Mauser bullets, and go on fighting; saw the Emperor himself toward the close rush in waving his sword, and kill with his own hands. The Abyssinians (to use the accepted word) go into battle with modern rifles, and know how to use them; but in the heat of action, their spirit is to throw these down and come at the enemy man to man with saber and shield. Each one carries on his left arm a convex buckler made of hippopotamus hide, so thick and tough that often a swift-flying projectile is deflected by it. Of 21,000 men, blacks and whites, who fought in this battle on the Italian side, about 1,000 escaped, about 3,000

were made prisoners, and the rest were killed.

And at Amba alagui, which preceded their final disaster, the Italians found out what it means to fight an army that knows not shoes, but comes at you in your fortified place with perfect feet, with toes that can grip and cling. The Italians were on a hill rising from a plateau, impregnable, as they supposed, on three sides, and guarded on the fourth by strong artillery. Against these cannon the black men would hurl themselves, and that would be the end of them; so reasoned the Europeans, but counted without black feet; for what the Abyssinians did was to take the hill from the rear, straight up the precipice, doing this stealthily, so as to give no alarm. And when enough of them had gained the vantage ground behind, they swept down like a wave upon the Italians, and the day was won.

Again, at the siege of Makelle, the Italians were able to judge what kind of a Christianity it is the Abyssinians practise. The Europeans were hemmed in by the Ras Makonnen and 15,000 soldiers. The situation was desperate, for water had been cut off and they were perishing of thirst. So the Italians sent forth their natives, 3,000 blacks, to propitiate, it might be, the Ras Makonnen, a famous Abyssinian general and cousin of Menelik. And the Ras Makonnen gave the natives drink and food, and let them go their way. Then the whites, seeing their own case hopeless and that many were dying, came out



MAP OF ABYSSINIA AND THE ADJACENT COUNTRIES.

to beg for terms, and were received by Menelik himself. "You have not been kind to me or mine," said he; "you have broken your pledged word, and drawn the sword against us. Nevertheless, I do not wish it said that Christians died here like dogs, so you may go." And he gave orders that the Italians should be cared for and supplied with mules for their journey, and he let them depart in peace.

Menelik is at once emperor and high-priest. He bears the title of King of Kings, and at times of state wears around his head a lion's mane bound fast with green, and on this rests a crown of gold. The Christianity of the Abyssinians, which came to them about the fourth century, is no very different thing from that of some Western nations. They have priests to read the Scriptures and interpret the law; and they have many fast days, no less than 192 in the year, and observe them scrupulously. They have churches in all their cities, with mass on Sundays and

services on saints' days, but attendance at these is not very general among the masses, although Menelik and his chief men attend regularly. On the other hand, the Golden Rule receives such practical and daily enforcement as is scarcely to be met with elsewhere. Let a quarrel arise between two neighbors, and the first passer-by is called upon to decide between them, his judgment being accepted as final. And time and again, in dealing with his enemies, Menelik has shown how justice should be tempered with mercy. Thieves and criminals are punished, with the approval of all, by the cutting off of a hand or foot, which is deemed wiser and more humane than casting them into prison. And not only do those condemned to this punishment bear the saber stroke without flinching, but they hold themselves like graven images while the bleeding stumps are afterwards thrust into boiling oil for perfect cauterization.

To reach Menelik's capital, the city of



THE SALUTE TO MENELIK.

Squatting on the ground, the Ethiopian soldiers fire with ball cartridges on signal from a cannon. If people are wounded by the falling bullets, Menelik considers that they are learning not to fear rifle balls. Drawn by George Varian.





MENELIK.

From the study from life painted by Paul Buffet at Addis Abeba, the capital of Abyssinia.

Addis Abeba (which means "new flower"), the traveler from the eastern coast must journey hundreds of miles across the desert, then far back among rugged mountains. In theory, all this region belongs to Menelik; but practically the desert is left to independent tribes, often hostile, for the Ethiopians proper are mountaineers, and are seldom met with at low altitudes—indeed, they succumb to the fevers of the coast more easily than Europeans do.

"I came across the desert with ten soldiers

to guard me," said the French artist, Paul Buffet, "with camels for beasts of burden and mules for my men and myself to ride on. Horses would have died on the way, but mules will go several days without eating. If a carcass dropped, we would see the vultures swarm as by magic out of a clear sky, first black dots on the horizon, then coming nearer and nearer, and finally sweeping down from overhead in narrowing circles with an uncanny whistling of wings. And at night we would have the jackals and hyenas weeping



and howling about our camp, and more than once we had trouble with the desert people at the springs."

M. Buffet spent about eighteen months in Menelik's kingdom, going in pursuance of the idea that there was the one place in the world where an artist might see with his own eyes how the ancient Romans used to drape their garments about them and what manner of garments these were. It is to him that I am indebted for much of the matter of this article, for he passed through Abyssinia not only with an eye to see, but with a mind to appreciate. I asked him about the lions in Abyssinia and the hunting of them.

"The country abounds in lions," he said, "both in the desert and on the mountains; but the people dislike to have Europeans hunt them, partly because a lion, when its mate is killed, becomes fierce and thirsts for human blood, partly because the Abyssinians have a superstitious reverence for the lion that amounts almost to worship. When a native makes his way through a region where lions are known to be, he goes forward talking to the invisible animals, assuring them of his profound respect, of his desire to serve them, of his admiration for their courage, for their beauty, and so forth, and humbly begging for safe conduct on his journey. A story is told of a post-carrier who was trotting along across the desert beside his laden camel, when suddenly an immense lion appeared before him. The man prostrated himself in fear, and then, rising timidly again, explained to the lion that he meant no harm, but was only a poor servant carrying letters down to the coast. 'See, your honor,' he went on, opening one of the mail bags, 'there is nothing here that you want; I have no meat at all, nothing but papers.' And the lion, so it is said, having heard the man's story, lifted his nose with an approving sniff and walked off."

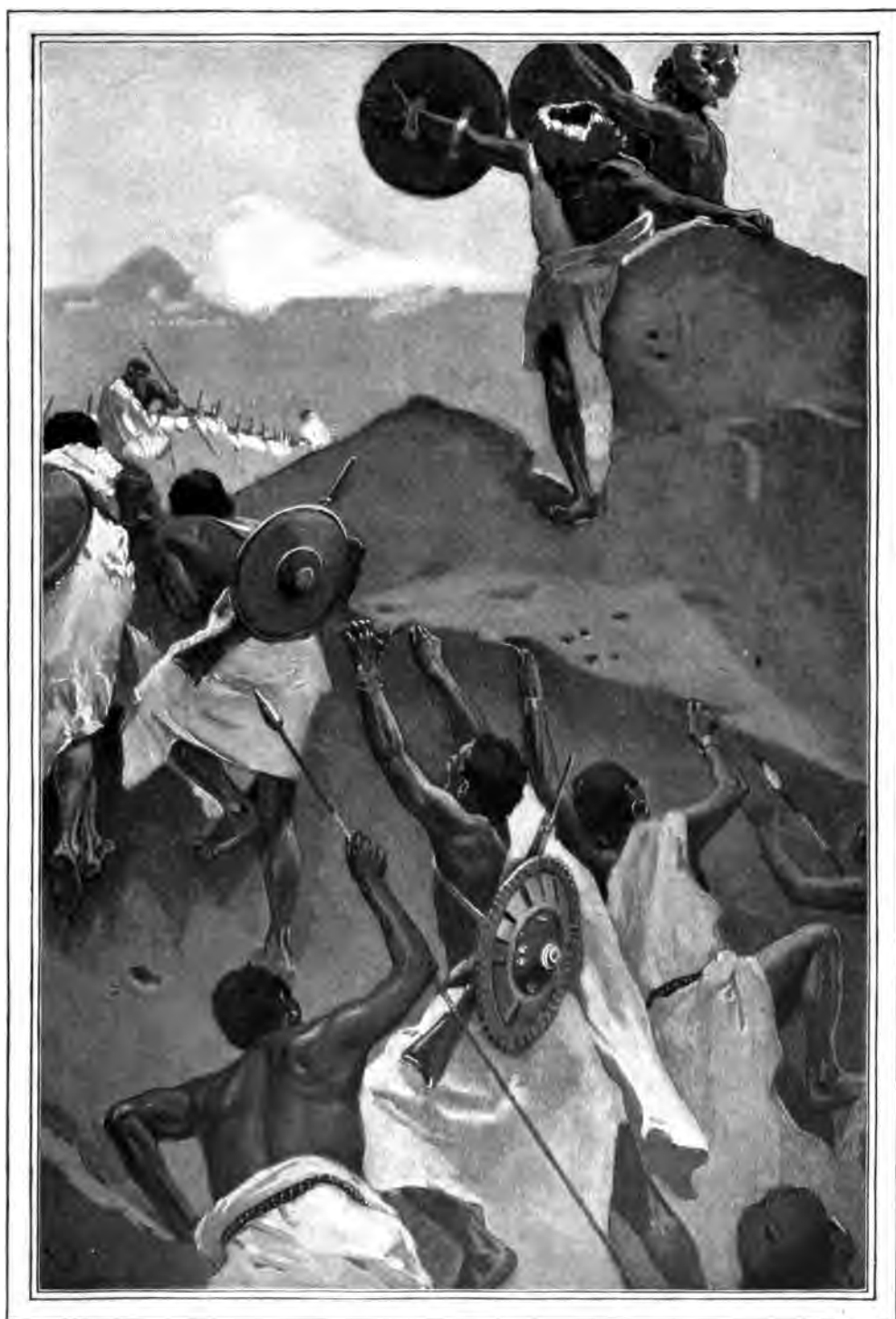
There are many Abyssinians, however, who have not this awe of the lion, but will go against him willingly, attacking him with only the spear and often even so coming off victorious. They delight also in elephant hunting, and go into the forest in bands, pursuing the great beasts fearlessly with only their spears and ordinary rifles. And although they slay many elephants in these hunts, it must be said that the elephants also slay many of them, and of ten who go in after ivory perhaps only five come out.

Full of original ways is Menelik. If a chief has displeased him in some slight manner, he calls him to the palace, and settles

the score at once with a heavy cane. He does not rebuke the offender, nor put him to public shame; but, in a truly fatherly way, gives him a sound beating with his own strong hands, and the chief departs the better for it. Again, instead of getting reports about happenings in the city from his policemen or other subordinates, he finds out what is going on himself with the help of a powerful pair of field-glasses. With these in hand, he spends many hours in a tower built for the purpose, from which he can sweep the principal streets and open places. And as the people never know when the Emperor may be watching them, they are careful what they do.

Then he is constantly supervising all that goes on in the palace, making his tour of inspection at all times of the day or night through the narrow streets and among the countless little straw-covered buildings that compose the palace—for this is really only an agglomeration of separate structures, a small city within itself, with a population of three or four thousand. Now he stops at the kitchen, which is a building by itself, and sees what the cooks are doing. Now he looks in at the treasure-house, where the gold and precious things of the kingdom are guarded; now at the saddler's and blacksmith's; now he watches the women making hydromel, and now the children chanting their reading lessons in dull sing-song. Or again he walks through the gardens, where acres of fruit trees are growing, many of them specially imported from Europe. He loves every detail of gardening, and is particularly interested in experiments in irrigation, fertilizing, and the like. If a Gatling gun arrives from abroad, he must set it up with his own hands, and understand every detail of its working. If his watch gets out of order, he must take it apart himself, and find out what the trouble is and how to remedy it. When he first saw a pair of European shoes, he insisted upon having them taken apart piece by piece, so that he might have another pair made like them. When a visitor once suggested to him that these were details which he might safely leave to the care of others, Menelik replied: "If I did not look after these things myself, the waste would be enormous. The time will come, I hope, when I shall be able to leave less important things to those about me, but now nothing is unimportant."

One result of this untiring interest and activity is that Menelik sleeps only three or four hours a day—he has no time to sleep



**THE ATTACK OF THE ETHIOPIAN WARRIORS ON THE REAR OF THE ITALIAN ARMY AT AMBA ALAGUL. DRAWN BY E. L. BLUMENSCHN.**



AN ABYSSINIAN CAVALRYMAN ON THE WAR-PATH. PAINTED FROM LIFE BY PAUL BUFFET.

that he could not bear to feed wild beasts while his people were dying of hunger.

When Monsieur Buffet was in Abyssinia, the Emperor had a young pet elephant that was allowed to wander about the city and pick up food as it pleased. This habit of the elephant's gave Monsieur Buffet a fine surprise one evening, and nearly frightened his cook into convulsions, for just as they were about to begin their evening meal, a black form appeared in the door-way of the cabin, and before any one knew what was happening, everything eatable on the table had disappeared, including a dish of potatoes, an omelet, and an excellent chicken. Having thus satis-

more. He is exceedingly fond of games, especially those calling for bodily skill, and he often joins himself in the dangerous sport of javelin-throwing, in which horsemen going at full speed hurl lances at one another, often at the risk of life or limb. He is fond of rifle-shooting also; and formerly he used to amuse himself by playing with three full-grown lions which were allowed to roam free about the palace grounds, to the great disquietude of visitors. "Do they never kill any one?" asked a European.

"Yes," answered Menelik, "they do occasionally; but whenever one of the lions kills a man, we kill the lion." He spoke of it as a matter of trivial moment. At the time of the great famine, about eight years ago, however, Menelik had them all killed, saying

fied his appetite, the elephant started to withdraw, but could not get through the door for the height of his head, and in his struggles to get out he all but carried off the fragile structure like a big straw hat resting on his shoulders. When Menelik heard of this adventure, he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. The elephant has since been sent as a gift to the President of France, and is now kept in the Paris Jardin des Plantes.

One visitor, observing that Menelik was exceedingly fond of playing draughts, told him about the game of billiards, and suggested that he have a table brought to the palace.

"No," said Menelik; "if it is as fascinating a game as you say, I will not have it



THE RAS MAKONNEN, A FAMOUS ABYSSINIAN GENERAL AND COUSIN OF MENELIK. PAINTED FROM LIFE BY PAUL BUFFET.

here, because I should waste too much time playing it."

Another traveler presented the Emperor with a phonograph, which Menelik studied with the greatest interest. "This brings Europe into Africa," he said, much pleased; "this is a new way of writing, so that you read with your ears instead of with your eyes."

The traveler went on to speak of the Röntgen rays, and said that he would have brought an apparatus for producing them had he not been warned that the Abyssinian priests would object to it. "That is not true," said Menelik. "I should be glad to have such an apparatus; we are no longer where we were twenty years ago."

Menelik's broad-mindedness and apprecia-

tion of the value to his country of knowledge from without is shown by the welcome accorded to Europeans visiting his country and by the fact that several Europeans have filled posts of importance in his service.

One of the best times for seeing Menelik and his chief men is at the weekly gathering at the palace, the Sunday feasting, when the Emperor literally feeds his people. At ten o'clock in the morning, after the religious service, the great pillared dining-room is crowded with men (no women are received). They come in two hundred at a time, and seat themselves in groups, cross-legged, on the floor, heads bare, feet bare, some wearing a silken tunic under the *chemma*—these the richer ones—others wearing the *chemma* alone, and each showing more or less of his body as his social standing allows, for in Abyssinia in proportion as a man is accounted proud and great he covers up his body; and so it is that Menelik alone, in all the gathering, wears over his *chemma* a black burnoose (a hooded cape reaching to the ankles), and shoes upon his feet (made in France), and a ribbon around his head, and lifts a fold of his *chemma* so as to hide the lower part of his face. Not that Menelik attaches great importance to pomps and ceremonies; indeed, he often laughs at them; but this is a custom of the country.

And on this occasion custom requires the Emperor to sit alone on an *alga*, a curtained and cushioned divan spread with Persian tapestries. In a circle on the floor, guarding this divan, sit the generals, but rise to their feet whenever the Emperor makes sign that he will put food into his mouth, it being a matter of strict etiquette that no one shall look upon his superior when he is in the act of eating. Having risen, the generals hold up their *chemmas* with zealous care before

their faces, thus forming from hand to hand a screen of white and red (the colors of the *chemmas*) that hides the Emperor both from the generals themselves and from the mass of the company, sitting outside their circle, while the Emperor takes bread or meat.

Meanwhile attendants are moving about from group to group distributing hydromel (honey wine) and bread. The latter is served in long flat oval vessels with a hollow at the center filled with a sort of pepper sauce. One vessel of bread serves for each group, each man cutting away a chunk from the loaf and dipping it into the common well of sauce. Then great pieces of beef are brought around, quite raw, and each man cuts off a piece to his liking, and stripping it into shreds swallows it thus with the bread. The quantity of raw beef that an Abyssinian can dispose of on such an occasion is surprising. If need be, he can live for days without meat, getting on quite well with a handful of flour, some dried peas, and a bit of pepper for his day's rations. But when the chance offers, he can eat as much meat in a day as a European would eat in ten.

The Sunday feasting occupies a great part of the day, the Emperor remaining seated on his *alga* until all who care to come have been fed, often five or six hours. While he waits he talks freely with those sitting about him, especially with any Europeans who may be present, discussing with keenest interest the latest news from the distant civilized world, and asking endless questions as to recent discoveries and inventions. Most charming in his manner at such times, his voice is sweet and insinuating, his eye full of intelligence, and altogether he impresses the visitor as a man of unusual force and understanding.



PAUL BUFFET'S CARAVAN CROSSING THE KASAM RIVER ON THE WAY FROM THE COAST TO ADDIS ABEBA. DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN AFTER A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY BUFFET.

## THE FIGHTING MANAGER.

BY CY WARMAN,

Author of "Tales of an Engineer," "Snow on the Headlight," etc.

WE had been discussing the late war and the heroes of the hour. "The most heroic man I ever knew was Stone," said the General Manager, placing one foot upon the box that covered the machinery of the speed-recorder at the rear of his private car.

"Stone of the Q strike?"

"Yes, Henry B. Stone. Ask Brown of the Burlington, Ripley and Morton of the Santa Fé, Robert Lincoln, and dozens of others who fought under him in the great strike of 1888, or who knew him intimately after he had left the road, and who still mourn his tragic death, and they will say, every one of them, that they are braver and better men because of their acquaintance with him and his influence upon their lives. Stone could not so much as think crooked. He had, perhaps, an exaggerated idea of honor and loyalty and of his duty to the company that employed him. During the freight-handlers' strike his little boy fell ill. All day this faithful manager remained in his office, and then sat all night at the bedside of his dying boy. One morning his chief clerk, Wyllie, saw him standing on the platform of the freight sheds, surrounded by sullen strikers, smiling and talking with the General Superintendent. The secretary was pleased, for he guessed that the boy must be better. But when, after receiving some instructions about matters of business, he ventured to ask, Mr. Stone's answer was: 'Oh, the boy's dead. Yes, he died last night, just after I got home.'

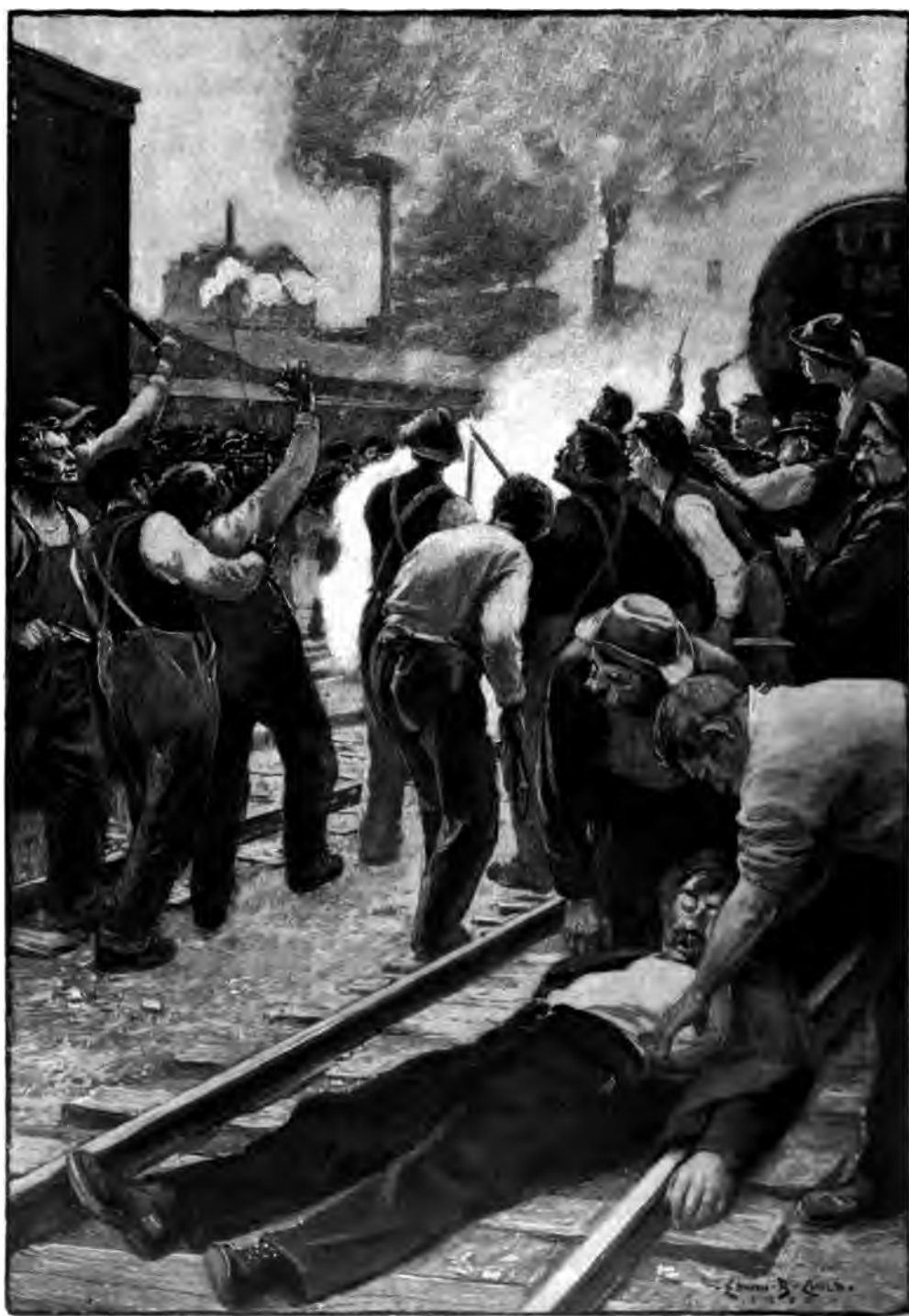
"The secretary tried to stammer some word of condolence, but the General Manager waved him aside, swallowing hard. 'Yes, Wyllie,' he said; 'just so. I say, Wyllie, if any one calls at the office, just say that the boy is dead, that the end was painless, and that—that's all, Wyllie,' he jerked. 'I sha'n't be at the office to-day.'

"The chief clerk thought, of course, that he would go home, but he did not. He remained all day long at the freight sheds, fighting burly freight wrestlers and doing his best to take care of the property and the

business of the company. When night came, he went home, and he sat and watched and wept by the side of the small casket.—But that is not the story I started to tell. It was at East St. Louis, at the time of the Martin Irons riots, that he showed the greatest heroism I have ever seen displayed. Every day for nearly two weeks the mob had marched through the freight yards, clubbing every one who seemed not to sympathize with them, and terrorizing those who wanted to work. Finally, Mr. Stone, who was then General Manager of the Burlington, came down to St. Louis to try and start the wheels of commerce that had been stopped by the strikers. Not a pound of freight had left St. Louis or East St. Louis for ten days. Mr. Stone sent word to the shippers to send over their teams, and the company would undertake to protect them and the men.

"About 10 o'clock a boat-load of transfer teams left the Missouri shore, and steamed across to the freight yards of the Q and the Alton. The moment the mob caught sight of the boat, they raised the war-whoop, and bore down upon the shore. As they approached the landing and began to stone the boat, McChesney, a deputy sheriff, Mr. Stone, and his superintendent, Mr. Brown (now General Manager of the Burlington), each grabbed a rioter, and I followed the good example. And we each held a six-shooter to our prisoner's ear. Stone seemed to have singled out the biggest and toughest-looking man in the mob. The fellow showed fight, and I saw Stone's face go pale, saw his hand grip the self-acting revolver until the hammer raised from the cartridge. My man stood quiet—much quieter than I was, for I was watching the hammer of Stone's revolver and the little space that was narrowing between that rough and eternity.

"The mob, seeing the four men held with revolvers to their heads, turned and swept back up the bank, bent on rescuing the prisoners. There were at least four hundred men to do the rescuing, and I confess that I saw nothing for us but a brief fight and



"THE DEPUTIES BEGAN TO PUMP LEAD INTO THE DESPERATE STRIKERS."



death. Holding his man at arm's length, Stone leveled his revolver at the mob, and called upon them to stand back, at the same time displaying the big badge that proclaimed him an officer of the law. But the badge had the same effect upon them that a red flag would have on a barn-lot full of bulls. With a horrible, blood-chilling yell, they came on. Again I saw Stone's hand grip the pistol-stock, and saw the hammer draw back like a deadly serpent about to strike. Just at that moment we heard a voice close behind us cry, 'Lie down, Stone! Drop to the ground!' It was the voice of the Burlington's superintendent of bridges. We all released our prisoners, and fell upon our knees, and instantly the bridgeman and twenty-nine other men pointed thirty glistening rifles over our heads and at the mob. The effect was wonderful. Those savages fell back, tumbling over one another and rolling almost down to the water's edge.

"After that we held the field for two hours. About noon, Mr. Stone said that the mob had become altogether too quiet; they were plotting mischief. He sent Superintendent Brown down the river with instructions to get into a telegraph office near the east end of the bridge and report the situation. I stood under the bridge, and saw Brown walk past and out into a little open space. Here he stopped to watch the manœuvres of a mob who were rapidly forming near the Louisville and Nashville

yards. At the same time a number of deputy sheriffs were forming to hold them back. A little way beyond Brown, a detective and a Burlington yard-master were also watching them. Suddenly, from the ranks of the rioters, a pistol was fired. Instantly I saw the rifles of the guard go up, and to my amazement and the horror of the mob, the deputies began to pump lead into the desperate strikers and their still more desperate followers. I saw men drop; saw others throw up their hands, stagger, and fall. At the front of the rioters, I had seen a wild creature in the garb of a woman, waving a long stocking with a stone in the toe, her loosened hair flying, while she shouted to the



"A WILD CREATURE IN THE GARB OF A WOMAN, WAVING A LONG STOCKING, . . . SHOUTED TO THE MEN TO COME ON."





"HE . . . LEVELED A PISTOL AT MY HEAD, AND ALMOST BURST THE DRUM OF MY EAR, SO CLOSE DID HE FIRE."

men to come on. Now I saw her put up her hands, stiffen, and pitch forward. It was horrible. The mob shrank back at first, and then charged furiously—hundreds, thousands of men armed with guns, clubs, iron bars, axes, pitchforks, and stones. I was so fascinated that I could not stir, though they were advancing steadily in my direction. Presently the detective and the yard-master came running toward the bridge. As they passed Superintendent Brown, they yelled to him to fly for his life. His first impulse was to stand his ground and fight, but as the howling mob advanced he saw the folly of such a course, and, turning, followed the yard-master and the detective. As soon as the three fugitives had passed, I made the number up to four.

"A perfect shower of bullets followed

get how peaceful that little home looked to me as I raced up to it in a heavy shower of lead and no umbrella. Suddenly I determined to seek asylum there; to throw myself upon the neck and mercy of that blessed man. But as I drew near, he put down his paper and ran into the house. I guessed he had gone to get out of the draught. But as I dashed by, he came out again, leveled a pistol at my head, and almost burst the drum of my ear, so close did he fire. Now I began to understand. The people were against us. Men would stop work to take a shot at us as we raced along.

"The yard-master had drawn up to second place, near the superintendent. The detective, by this time, began to fag. Suddenly I saw him pitch forward. I knew it would be folly for me to stop, but a little

us. I saw them skipping along the pavement, chipping pieces from posts in front of wooden storehouses, and heard them spit and spatter in the muddy road. The firing line somehow seemed to lie parallel to the very street along which we were taking our flight. I saw a man on a delivery wagon pull a revolver and fire at Brown. A man bareheaded and in shirt-sleeves sat in front of his cottage, quietly reading his morning paper. I had been expecting to drop dead at any moment, and the sight of this happy man, sitting under his vine, reading his paper, filled me with a deep longing to live, to be absolutely out of range and contented once more. I shall never for-

further along, I knew, there was a posse of deputy sheriffs; and leaping in among the cars, I got within hearing, and shouted to them to go back and rescue the detective. In a few moments they had stayed the advance of the mob and brought the detective into the yards, with a nasty, though not fatal, wound in his neck.

"If the rioters had been dangerous before, they were desperate now. A sheriff's badge was their target. Everybody and

everything that stood for law and order was looked upon as the enemy of anarchy, and treated accordingly. In the middle of the afternoon, General Manager Harrahan of the Louisville and Nashville (now Vice-President of the Illinois Central) telephoned Mr. Stone that a lot of his employees, many of them women, were imprisoned in the L. and N. freight depot. The building was surrounded by a mob who threatened to fire the place and stood ready to kill the helpless em-



"THE STRIKERS BEGAN TO GIVE WAY AS THE COLD POINT OF THE LEADER'S PISTOL CAME CLOSE TO THEIR HEADS."

ployees as soon as they put their heads outside the building. He begged Stone to go to the relief of his people, and to hold the mob back if possible until he could arrive upon the scene with a force to aid in the rescue. When Mr. Stone had read the message, he called for ten men to go with him. About fifty men stepped out, and among the first I saw Brown, the Superintendent of the Q. If he knew how to retreat, he knew also how to fight. The General Manager, however, requested him to remain to defend the Burlington, and with a dozen men marched off to the Nashville yards.

"As the little company came in sight, the rioters set up a wild cheer, for they were out for blood now. Stone gave no heed to their threats and jeers, but boldly marched on to the edge of the ring of rioters that begirt the freight house. As he approached, he drew his revolver, and his followers did likewise. The men who had threatened him, however, appeared not to notice the weapons, but stared at the calm face and flashing eyes of the leader. On they marched in the form of a V, Stone at the point. Now the strikers began to give way as the cold point of the leader's pistol came close to their heads. Steadily, right through the mob, the little regiment made its way, and not a hand was raised against it. When it reached the building, the doors were thrown open, and the prisoners escorted away.

"In the meantime we had asked the Governor to send the State troops to suppress the rioters. Early in the evening they began to arrive by special trains over the various roads. The Governor had asked Mr.

Stone to aid in the distribution of the troops, which he did, assisted by the other railway officials. About 9 o'clock, we began to smell pine burning. At 9.30 the glare of fire lit up the bottoms almost to the bluffs at Collinsville. In the yards of the Cairo Short Line, two hundred freight cars and forty coaches were burning at one time. The Vandalia, the Louisville and Nashville, everything south of the bridge seemed to be ablaze. Whistles were screaming, bells were ringing, men were shouting, women crying, and above it all we could hear the wild shouts of the lawless thousands cheering while the hungry flames licked the paint from Pullman cars and consumed the homes of hundreds of innocent people who had no part in the quarrel and who could gain nothing by the riots beyond a little innocent rifle practice as the deputy sheriffs passed their quiet homes. Now a new sound came to us from the Missouri side, the sound of roughshod horses galloping over the big bridge. It was the fire brigade coming to the rescue. But as fast as they made connection the mob rushed in with knives and axes, and slit or hacked the hose to pieces. For nearly an hour the firemen worked like beavers, but to no purpose. Once in a while a stream of water would shoot into the flames for a moment, then slacken, and fail. Finally the Chief said, 'Let the town go! If the State can't protect the people and their property, let her blaze;' and with that he reeled up his wounded hose and jogged back to Missouri.

"Yes," concluded the General Manager, as we slowed down for orders at a junction point, "Henry B. Stone was a hero."



ADMIRAL DEWEY ATTESTED BY  
UNIV. OF MICH. Governor Roosevelt

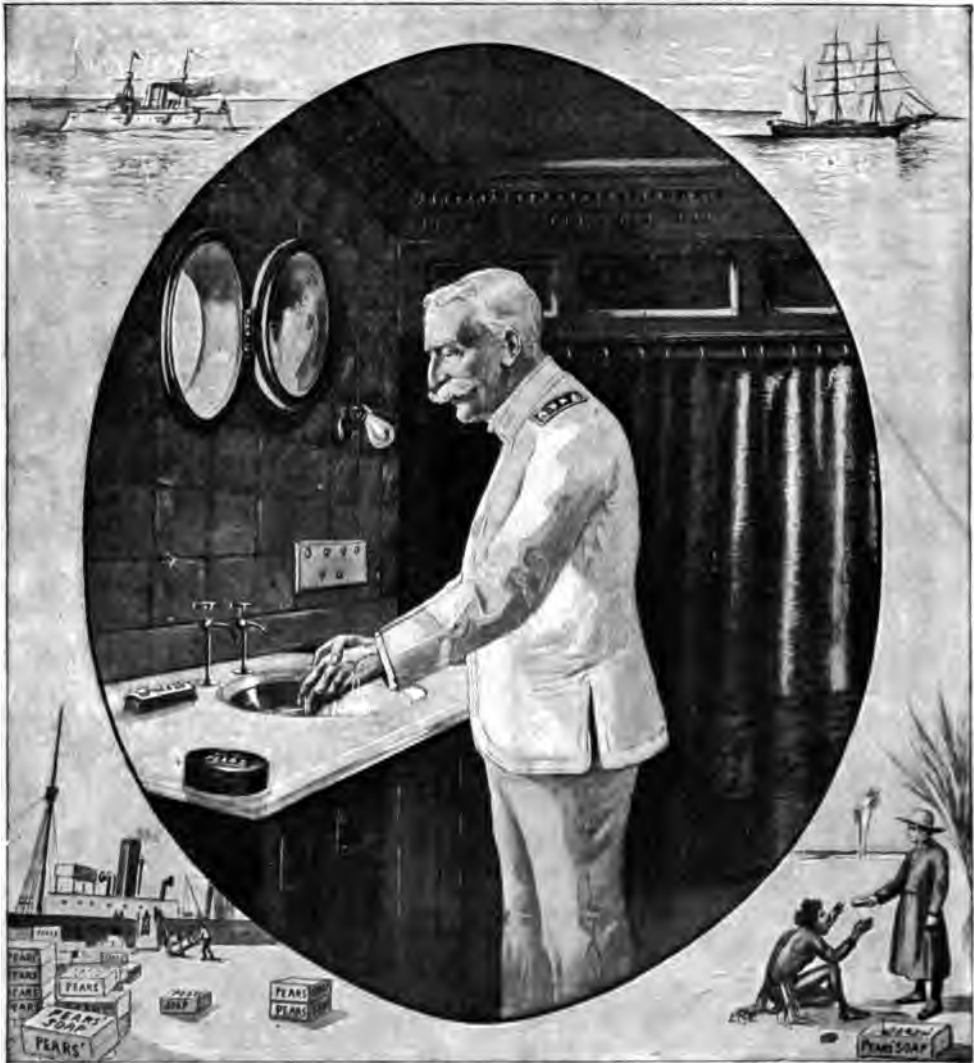
# MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FOR OCTOBER

SEP 27 1899



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**The White Man's Burden**  
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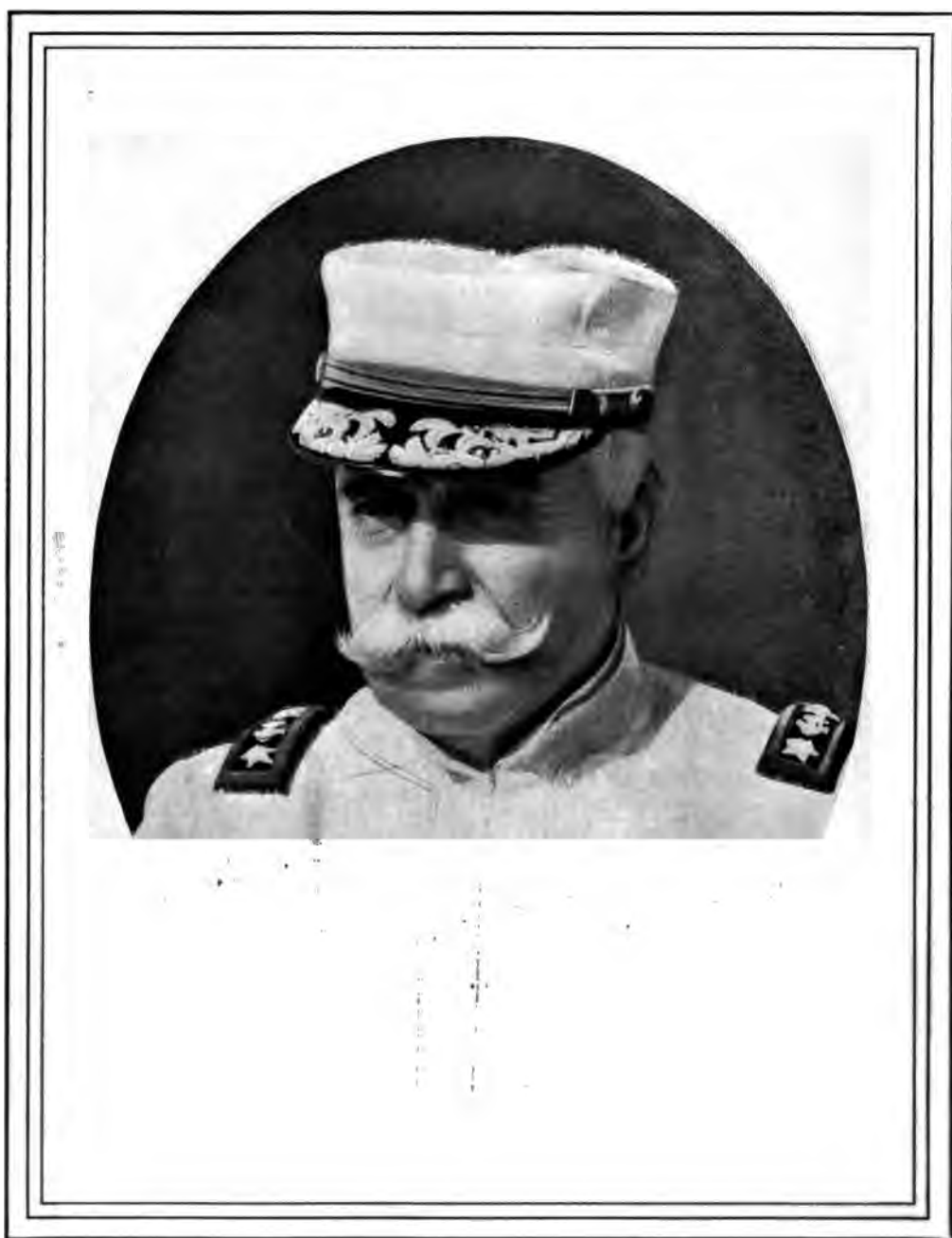
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is a potent factor in brightening the dark corners of the earth as civilization advances, while amongst the cultured of all nations it holds the highest place—it is the ideal toilet soap.

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ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY, U. S. N.

From a photograph taken on board the "Olympia" shortly before the Admiral's departure from Manila. Copyright, 1909, by Harper and Brothers.

# McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 6.

## ADMIRAL DEWEY.

BY GOVERNOR THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—This appreciation of Admiral Dewey and his service at Manila derives a special interest and value from the fact that Governor Roosevelt was himself Assistant Secretary of the Navy at the time Admiral Dewey was chosen for command of the Asiatic Squadron and during the period of preparation for the movement against Manila.



ADMIRAL DEWEY has done more than add a glorious page to our history; more even than do a deed the memory of which will always be an inspiration to his countrymen, and especially his countrymen of his own profession. He has also taught us a lesson which should have profound practical effects, if only we are willing to learn it aright.

In the first place, he partly grasped and partly made his opportunity. Of course, in a certain sense, no man can absolutely make an opportunity. There were a number of admirals who during the dozen years preceding the Spanish war were retired without the opportunity of ever coming where it was possible to distinguish themselves; and it may be that some of these lacked nothing but the chance. Nevertheless, when the chance does come, only the great man can see it instantly and use it aright. In the second place, it must always be remembered that the power of using the chance aright comes only to the man who has faithfully and for long years made ready himself and his weapons for the possible need. Finally, and most important of all, it should ever be kept in mind that the man who does a great work must almost invariably owe the possibility of doing it to the faithful work of other men, either at the time or long before. Without his brilliancy their labor might be wasted, but without their labor his brilliancy would be of no avail.

It has been said that it was a mere accident that Dewey happened to be in command of the Asiatic Squadron when the war with Spain broke out. This is not the fact. He was sent to command it in the fall of 1897, because, to use the very language employed at the time, it was deemed wise to have there a man "who could go into Manila if necessary." He owed the appointment to the high professional reputation he enjoyed, and to the character he had established for willingness to accept responsibility, for sound judgment, and for entire fearlessness.

Probably the best way (although no way is infallible) to tell the worth of a naval commander as yet untried in war is to get at the estimate in which he is held by the best fighting men who would have to serve under him. In the summer of 1897, there were in Washington captains and commanders who later won honor for themselves and their country in the war with Spain, and who were already known for the dash and skill with which they handled their ships, the excellence of their gun practice, the good discipline of their crews, and their eager desire to win honorable renown. All these men were a unit in their faith in the then Commodore Dewey; in their desire to serve under him, should the chance arise, and in their unquestioning belief that he was the man to meet an emergency in a way that would do credit to the flag.

An excellent test is afforded by the readiness which the man has shown to take responsibility in any emergency in the past. One factor in Admiral Dewey's appointment





ADMIRAL DEWEY STANDING BY THE FIVE-INCH GUN WHICH IS OPERATED FROM HIS OWN CABIN ON THE "OLYMPIA."

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. C. Hemment.

(of which he is very possibly ignorant) was the way in which he had taken responsibility in purchasing coal for the squadron that was to have been used against Chili, if war with Chili had broken out, at the time General Harrison was President. A service will do well or ill at the outbreak of war very much in proportion to the way it has been prepared to meet the outbreak during the preceding months. Now, it is often impossible to say whether the symptoms that seem to forebode war will or will not be followed by war. At one time, under President Harrison, we seemed as near war with Chili as ever we seemed to war with Spain under President McKinley. Therefore, when war threatens, preparations must be made in any event; for the evil of what proves to be the needless expenditure of money in one instance is not to be weighed for a moment against the failure to prepare in the other. But only a limited number of men have the

moral courage to make these preparations, because there is always risk to the individual making them. Laws and regulations must be stretched when an emergency arises, and yet there is always some danger to the person who stretches them; and, moreover, in time of sudden need, some indispensable article can very possibly only be obtained at an altogether exorbitant price. If war comes, and the article, whether it be a cargo of coal, or a collier, or an auxiliary naval vessel, proves its usefulness, no complaint is ever made. But if the war does not come, then some small demagogue, some cheap economist, or some undersized superior who is afraid of taking the responsibility himself, may blame the man who bought the article and say that he exceeded his authority; that he showed more zeal than discretion in not waiting for a few days, etc. These are the risks which



ADMIRAL DEWEY AND HIS DOG BOB.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. C. Hemment.

must be taken, and the men who take them should be singled out for reward and for duty. Admiral Dewey's whole action in connection with the question of coal supply for doing nothing but keep out of trouble; for, if only he could avoid a court-martial, his promotions would take care of themselves, so that from the selfish standpoint no possi-



ADMIRAL DEWEY ON THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE "OLYMPIA" IN THE HARBOR OF NAPLES.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. C. Hemment.

our fleet during the Chilian scare marked him as one of these men.

No one who has not some knowledge of the army and navy will appreciate how much this means. It is necessary to have a complete system of checks upon the actions, and especially upon the expenditures, of the army and navy; but the present system is at times altogether too complete, especially in war. The efficiency of the quartermasters and commissary officers of the army in the war with Spain was very seriously marred by their perfectly justifiable fear that the slightest departure from the requirements of the red-tape regulations of peace would result in the docking of their own pay by men more concerned in enforcing the letter of the law than in seeing the army clothed and fed. In the navy, before the passage of the Personnel Bill, a positive premium was put on a man's

ble good could come to him from taking risks, while they might cause him very great harm. The best officers in the service recognized the menace that this state of affairs meant to the service, and strove to counterbalance it in every way. No small part of the good done by the admirable War College under Captains Mahan, Taylor, and Goodrich lay in their insistence upon the need of the naval officer in any crisis instantly accepting responsibility and doing what was best for the flag, even though it was probable the action might be disavowed by his immediate superiors, and though it might result to his own personal inconvenience and detriment. This was taught not merely as an abstract theory, but with direct reference to concrete cases; for instance, with reference to taking possession of Hawaii, if a revolution should by chance break out there during the presence



CHIEF QUARTERMASTER MEHRTENS, WHO STEERED THE "OLYMPIA" DURING THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. C. Hemment.



MITCHELL, BUGLER OF THE "OLYMPIA," BLOWING A HORN THAT WAS CAPTURED IN THE TRENCHES AT MALOLOS.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. C. Hemment.

portfolio could not successfully direct operations on the other side of the world. All that he could do was to choose a good man, give him the largest possible liberty of action, and back him up in every way; and this Secretary Long did. But if the man chosen had been timid about taking risks, nothing that could be done for him would have availed. Such a man would not have disobeyed orders. The danger would have been of precisely the contrary character. He would scrupulously have done just whatever he was told to do, and then would have sat down and waited for fur-

ther instructions, so as to protect himself if something happened to go wrong. An infinity of excuses can always be found for non-action.

For the work which Dewey had to do willingness to accept responsibility was a prime requisite. A man afraid to vary in times of emergency from the regulations laid down in time of peace would never even have got the coal with which to steam to Manila from Hong Kong the instant the crisis came. We were peculiarly fortunate in our Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Long; but the best Secretary that ever held the navy

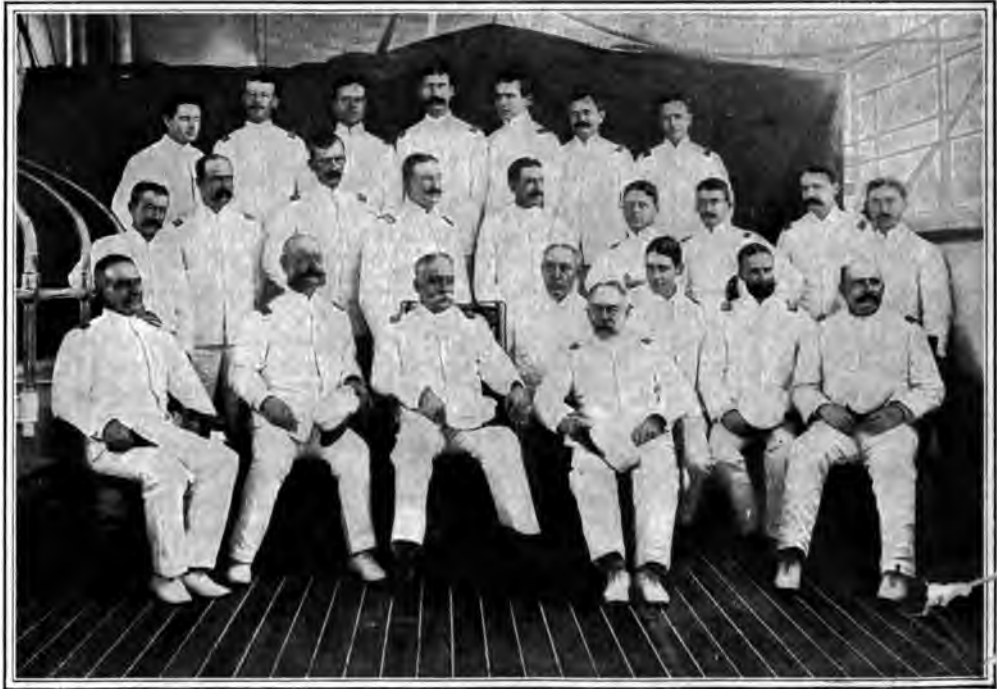


THE GUN CREW THAT FIRED THE FIRST SHOT IN THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY. THE SHOT WAS FIRED FROM THE "OLYMPIA."

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. C. Hemment.

Admiral Dewey was sent to command the fleet on the Asiatic Station primarily because he had such a record in the past that the best officers in the navy believed him to be peculiarly a man of the fighting temperament and fit to meet emergencies, and because he had shown his willingness to assume heavy responsibilities. How amply he justified his choice it is not necessary to say. On our roll of naval heroes his name will stand second to that of Farragut alone, and no man since the Civil War, whether soldier or civ-

lacked were energy, training, forethought. They fought their vessels until they burned or sank; but their gunnery was so poor that they did not kill a man in the American fleet. Even Dewey's splendid capacity would not have enabled him to win the battle of Manila Bay had it not been for the traditional energy and seamanship of our naval service, so well illustrated in his captains, and the excellent gun practice of the crews, the result of years of steady training. Furthermore, even this excellence in the personnel would



Mr. Colvocoresses, Executive Officer.    Capt. Lamberton.    Admiral Dewey.    Paymaster Smith.

ADMIRAL DEWEY AND THE OFFICERS OF THE "OLYMPIA" ON THE DECK OF THE "OLYMPIA."

From a recent photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. C. Hemment.

ilian, has added so much to the honorable renown of the nation or has deserved so well of it. For our own sakes, and in particular for the sake of any naval officer who in the future may be called upon to do such a piece of work as Dewey did, let us keep in mind the further fact that he could not have accomplished his feat if he had not had first-class vessels and excellently trained men; if his warships had not been so good, and his captains and crews such thorough masters of their art. A man of less daring courage than Dewey would never have done what he did; but the courage itself was not enough. The Spaniards, too, had courage. What they

not have availed if under a succession of secretaries of the navy, and through the wisdom of a succession of Congresses, the material of the navy had not been built up as it actually was.

If war with Spain had broken out fifteen years before it did—that is, in the year 1883, before our new navy was built—it would have been physically impossible to get the results we actually did get. At that time our navy consisted of a collection of rusty monitors and antiquated wooden ships left over from the Civil War, which could not possibly have been opposed even to the navy of Spain. Every proposal to increase the navy was then violently

opposed with exactly the same arguments used nowadays by the men who oppose building up our army. The Congressmen who last year rallied to the support of Senator Gorman in his refusal to furnish an adequate army to take care of the Philippines and meet the new national needs, or who defeated the proposition to buy armor plate for the new ships, assumed precisely the ground that was taken by the men who, prior to 1883, had succeeded in preventing the rebuilding of the navy. Both alike did all they could to prevent the upholding of the national honor in times of emergency. There were the usual arguments: that we were a great peaceful people, and would never have to go to war; that if we had a navy or army we should be tempted to use it, and therefore embark on a career of military conquest; that there was no need of regulars anyhow, because we could always raise volunteers to do anything; that war was a barbarous method of settling disputes and too expensive to undertake even to avoid national disgrace, etc.

But fortunately the men of sturdy common sense and sound patriotism proved victors, and the new navy was begun. Its upbuilding was not a party matter. The first ships were laid down under Secretary Chandler; Secretary Whitney continued the work; Secretary Tracy carried it still further; so did Secretary Herbert, and now Secretary Long. Congress after Congress voted the necessary money. We have never had as many ships as a nation of such size and such vast interests really needs; but still by degrees we have acquired a small fleet of battle-ships, cruisers, gunboats, and torpedo-boats, all excellent of their class. The squadron with which Dewey entered Manila Bay included ships laid down or launched under Secretaries Chandler, Whitney, Tracy, and Herbert; and all four of these secretaries, their naval architects, the chiefs of bureaus, the young engineers and constructors, the outside contractors, the shipyard men like Roach, Cramp, and Scott, and, finally and emphatically, the Congressmen who during these fifteen years voted the supplies, are entitled to take a just pride in their share of the glory of the achievement. Every man in Congress whose vote made possible the building of the "Atlanta," the "Olympia," the "Detroit," or the putting aboard them and their sister ships the modern eight-inch or rapid-fire five-inch guns, or the giving them the best engines and the means wherewith to practise their crews at the targets—every such man

has the right to tell his children that he did his part in securing Dewey's victory, and that, save for the action of him and his fellows, it could not have been won. This is no less true of the man who planned the ships and of the other men, whether in the Government service or in private employment, who built them, from the head of the great business concern which put up an armor-plate factory down to the iron-worker who conscientiously and skilfully did his part on gun-shield or gun.

So much for the men who furnished the material and the means for assembling and practising the personnel. The same praise must be given the men who actually drilled the personnel, part of which Dewey used. If our ships had merely been built and then laid up, if officers and crews had not been exercised season after season in all weathers on the high seas in handling their ships both separately and in squadron, and in practising with the guns, all the excellent material would have availed us little. Exactly as it is of no use to give an army the best arms and equipment if it is not also given the chance to practise with its arms and equipment, so the finest ships and the best natural sailors and fighters are useless to a navy if the most ample opportunity for training is not allowed. Only incessant practice will make a good gunner; though inasmuch as there are natural marksmen as well as men who never can become good marksmen, there should always be the widest intelligence displayed in the choice of gunners. Not only is it impossible for a man to learn how to handle a ship or do his duty aboard her save by long cruises at sea, but it is also impossible for a good single-ship captain to be an efficient unit in a fleet unless he is accustomed to manœuvre as part of a fleet.

It is particularly true of the naval service that the excellence of any portion of it in a given crisis will depend mainly upon the excellence of the whole body, and so the triumph of any part is legitimately felt to reflect honor upon the whole and to have been participated in by every one. Dewey's captains could not have followed him with the precision they displayed, could not have shown the excellent gun practice they did show—in short, the victory would not have been possible, had it not been for the unwearied training and practice given the navy during the dozen years previous by the admirals, the captains, and the crews who incessantly and in all weathers kept their vessels exercised, singly and in squadrons, until the men on the



THE MARINE GUARD OF THE "OLYMPIA."

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. L. Stickney.

bridge, the men in the gun-turrets, and the men in the engine-rooms knew how to do their work perfectly, alone or together. Every officer and man, from the highest to the lowest, who did his full duty in raising the navy to the standard of efficiency it had reached on May 1, 1898, is entitled to feel some personal share in the glory won by Dewey and Dewey's men. It would have been absolutely impossible not merely to improvise either the material or the personnel with which Dewey fought, but to have produced them in any limited number of years. A thoroughly good navy takes a long time to build up, and the best officer embodies always the traditions of a first-class service. Ships take years to build, crews take years before they become thoroughly expert, while the officers not only have to pass their early youth

in a course of special training, but cannot possibly rise to supreme excellence in their profession unless they make it their life-work.

We should therefore keep in mind that



THE BOYS WHO DID THE SIGNALING ON THE "OLYMPIA" DURING THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. C. Hemment.

the hero cannot win save for the forethought, energy, courage, and capacity of countless other men. Yet we must keep in mind also that all this forethought, energy, courage, and capacity will be wasted unless at the supreme moment some man of the heroic type arises capable of using to the best advantage the powers lying ready to hand. Whether it is Nelson at Aboukir, Copenhagen, or Trafalgar, Farragut at New Orleans or Mobile, or Dewey at Manila, the great occasion must meet with the great man or the result will be at worst a failure, at best an indecisive success. The nation must make ready the tools and train the men to use them, but at the crisis a great triumph can be achieved only should some heroic man appear. Therefore it is right and seemly to pay homage of deep respect and admiration to the man when he does appear.

Admiral Dewey performed one of the great feats of all time. At the very outset of the Spanish war he struck one of the two decisive blows which brought the war to a conclusion, and as his was the first fight, his success exercised an incalculable effect upon the whole conflict. He set the note of the war. He had carefully prepared for action during the months he was on the Asiatic coast. He had his plans thoroughly matured, and he struck the instant that war was declared. There was no delay, no hesitation. As soon as news came that he was to move, his war steamers turned their bows toward Manila Bay. There was nothing to show whether or not Spanish mines and forts would be efficient; but Dewey, cautious as he was at

the right time, had not a particle of fear of taking risks when the need arose. In the tropic night he steamed past the forts, and then on over the mines to where the Spanish vessels lay. In number of guns and weight of metal thrown at a single discharge, and in the number and aggregate tonnage of the ships, the Spanish squadron about equaled his, and what material inferiority there was on the Spanish side was more than made up by the forts and mines. The overwhelming difference was moral, not material. It was the difference in the two commanders, in the officers and crews of the two fleets, and in the naval service, afloat and ashore, of the two nations. On the one side there had been thorough preparation; on the other, none that was adequate. It would be idle to recapitulate the results. Steaming in with cool steadiness, Dewey's fleet cut the Spaniards to pieces, while the Americans were practically unhurt. Then Dewey drew off to breakfast, satisfied himself that he had enough ammunition, and returned to stamp out what embers of resistance were still feebly smouldering.

The victory insured the fall of the Philippines, for Manila surrendered as soon as our land forces arrived and were in position to press their attack home. The work, however, was by no means done, and Dewey's diplomacy and firmness were given full scope for the year he remained in Manila waters; not only in dealing with Spaniards and insurgents, but in making it evident that we would tolerate no interference from any hostile European power. It is not yet the time



ADMIRAL DEWEY ASHORE AT MANILA.

From photographs taken by Frederick Palmer.



to show how much he did in this last respect. Suffice it to say that by his firmness he effectually frustrated any attempt to interfere with our rights, while by his tact he avoided giving needless offense, and he acted in hearty accord with our cordial well-wishers, the English naval and diplomatic representatives in the islands.

Admiral Dewey comes back to his native land having won the right to a greeting such as has been given to no other man since the Civil War.



THE "OLYMPIA" LEAVING MANILA.

From a photograph by Frederick Palmer.

## WITH DEWEY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

BY JOSEPH L. STICKNEY,

Staff Correspondent of the Chicago "Record."

HAVING had the privilege of accompanying Admiral Dewey during that part of his homeward-bound voyage that began at Port Said, Egypt, I have felt that the personality of this strong and many-sided man was one that could not fail to attract the interest of the world. The light that I can cast upon his character may not be—probably is not—free from the element of grateful affection natural to one who has known him in the circumstances under which I was associated with him; but I shall give my impressions for what they are worth, coupled with such sketches drawn by his own free stroke as will, of course, give a better idea of him than could any words of mine.

Looking back upon the events connected with the Admiral's return from Manila, beginning with my personal experience thereof,

after he passed out of the Suez Canal into the harbor of Port Said, I cannot help recalling and comparing the scenes that attended the visit of Admiral Farragut to the Mediterranean when I had the good fortune to serve under him more than thirty years ago. Farragut came abroad expressly to give Europe an opportunity to make the acquaintance of the American seamen who had manned the guns at New Orleans, Mobile, and Fort Fisher, and he expected to entertain and to be entertained wherever he might go. Dewey was looking for a salubrious climate for his officers and men and harbors of restful quiet for himself. The motives being so radically different, it was inevitable that there should be a marked difference in the scenes connected with the progress of the two admirals from one end of the Mediterranean to the other.

Yet, even under the altered conditions, Admiral Dewey had difficulty in escaping the



honors of almost royal character that had been pressed upon his predecessor. Without going into particulars, which might require

nearly every country bordering on the Mediterranean had declared an embargo against vessels coming from Egypt. In consequence,



THE CREW OF THE BRITISH SHIP "POWERFUL" CHEERING THE "OLYMPIA" AS SHE LEFT MANILA BAY.

After a photograph taken by Frederick Palmer.

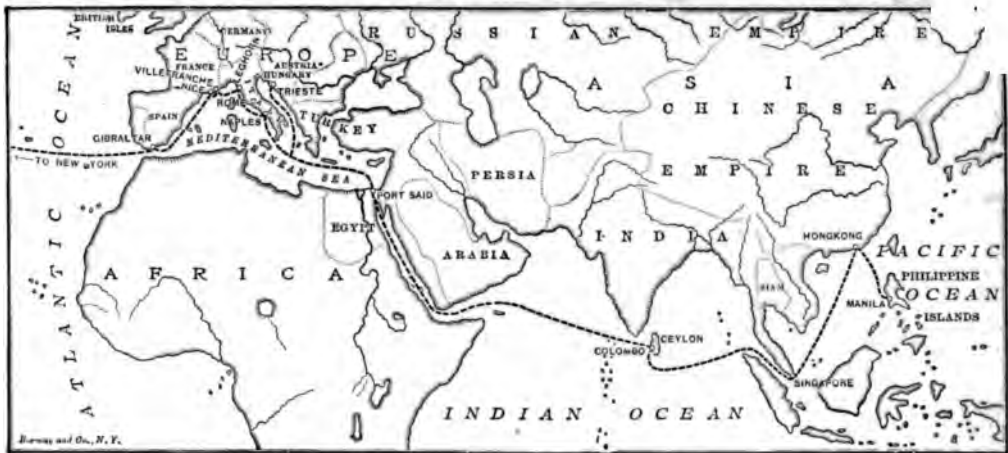
me to tell facts that came to my knowledge in confidence, I may say that the Admiral had only to give the word to have been entertained magnificently in every country he visited.

Having learned, on my arrival at Port Said, on Wednesday, July 12th last, that the flagship "Olympia" had entered the canal at Suez, I calculated that the probable time of her arrival at Port Said would be just about sunset next day. The length of the trip was due to the fact that the ship was coming through in quarantine. Owing to the outbreak of bubonic plague in Alexandria,

Admiral Dewey was obliged to refrain from touching at an Egyptian port. Otherwise, he would have been kept in quarantine at least ten days in any other Mediterranean port except Marseilles. Coming through the canal the "Olympia" had no pilot aboard, but was conned by a pilot in a steam launch running ahead of the ship. This method of piloting was unsafe at night, and so the flagship was forced to stop from sunset until sunrise, instead of going right along by the aid of her electric search-lights, as she would have done if the pilot had been aboard. It was a toss-up whether she would be able to clear the canal before dark on Thursday evening; and it was with great satisfaction that, standing on top of the United States consulate in Port Said, I saw loom up across the sands a white apparition, from which weird spirals of dense smoke rose to a height that was magnified threefold by the mirage of the desert. The telegraph had informed us that no other vessel was in that part of the canal, and we knew, therefore, that the "Olympia" was now "on the home stretch."

From my elevated post I could command a view down the canal for more than fifteen miles, and I saw that the flagship would have a close call to escape being tied up for the night at a point within sight of the exit. Soon I could distinguish the Admiral's flag flying at the mainmast head, and a few minutes later, as the ship made a slight change of course, my strong glasses brought into sight the stars and stripes standing out against the copper-like sky. It was manifest that no time was going to be wasted in getting the flagship through the canal that afternoon, and as, at last, I was able to make out a very considerable crest of foam under her forefoot, I felt sure that she must be making the run under special conditions of speed, for the rate in the canal is usually

## GREETING DEWEY AT PORT SAID.



A MAP SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE "OLYMPIA" FROM MANILA TO NEW YORK.

not more than five knots an hour. The fact that the 14th of July, France's national *fête*, was to be celebrated with great enthusiasm at Port Said next day, and that the canal officers wanted to be free from bother on that anniversary, may have had something to do with the speed she was permitted to make.

Just before night fell the "Olympia" swung around the bend south of the harbor, and straightened out for a fair run to the usual quarantine anchorage. But here again the sports of "Bastille day" interfered with the usual arrangements, and presently I saw the cruiser's bow swing off to port far up the harbor, opposite the British naval headquarters.

A rapid pull in the fast gig of Acting Consular Agent Broadbent, who took on board a large quantity of mail matter, brought me alongside the historic flagship; but it was not until nine o'clock that she was properly moored in the narrow bight assigned to her as an anchorage. I learned that two of the blades of the starboard propeller had been bent by striking the bank of the canal, owing to the carelessness of the pilot, and this injury so interfered with the backing power of that screw that it was a difficult matter to turn the long ship in the space allotted to her. No lines could be run to the shore to assist in swinging her, for the bubonic plague is

transmitted from place to place by rats as frequently as by any other agency; and, as rats are known to have a strong desire to board ships by the hawsers that attach them to the shore, it was imperative that this route on board the "Olympia" should not



ADMIRAL DEWEY AND BOB ON THE PIER AT HONG KONG.

From a photograph by Frederick Palmer.

be permitted to them. At a late hour the seamen of the ship were still engaged in working about the decks, and, of course, the Admiral was not to be seen. But Captain Lamberton and Flag Lieutenant Brumby kindly came down the side ladder, and gave me the news of the cruise since leaving Hong Kong.

Soon after the hoisting of the colors next morning, the 14th of July, I went again alongside the "Olympia." The Admiral was taking his usual morning walk on the after deck, and he sent me a friendly hail long before I supposed he could have recognized me. I had identified him at a long distance by his erect bearing and his quick, nervous walk, and I felt sure that the stories of his ill health and exhausted condition were erroneous.

He came down the side ladder, and said that he was sorry the health officers would not let me go aboard.

"I can take a thousand tons of coal, and

and paused an instant to look up to the Admiral for leave to enter my boat.

"Don't you go into that boat, sir," said the Admiral with mock severity. "I know you would like a run on shore, and so should I, Bob; but you can't have it here. Isn't that a fine dog? He is one of the waifs of Manila. He belonged to an officer of the refrigerating ship 'Culgoa,' and when his master found that he would have to pay about ten pounds sterling to take the animal into England, he turned him loose on the beach. Some of our men picked him up, and brought him to me. He had a collar bearing the name 'Chuckles,' but that was too long to suit me, and so I just called him 'Bob,' for short. He is simply devoted to me now; he has the traditional characteristic of his breed, which is to love no one but his master. Occasionally he has a skylark with some of the men, when he needs exercise; but usually he will have nothing to do with them. See how intelligent he is. He is dying to jump into

your boat, for it is a long time since he had a run ashore; but he will obey my order to the letter."

Meantime Bob was inspecting me with a very judicial manner, as though he doubted the propriety of holding intercourse with people who were not permitted to come aboard the ship. Finally he threw his nose up in the air and made a sort of dash, as

though he intended to board my boat, in spite of the Admiral's prohibition. The Admiral caught him by the neck, and held him until his orderly came to take the culprit on deck in semi-disgrace.

After asking for the latest news from Manila, the Admiral said:

"I am glad to hear that they are going to send more troops to the Philippines. They will be needed there. Otis is trying to do too much, just as I did when I first got out there. One man can't look after everything, and it will kill him if he keeps on trying to do so."



THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE "OLYMPIA," SHOWING THE ADMIRAL'S FAVORITE CORNER.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. C. Hemment.

it will be put aboard by a lot of these dirty Arabs," he said, pointing to a swarm of black creatures who were carrying coal aboard a merchant steamer near by; "but if I so much as shake hands with you, the quarantine officers will refuse to give me a clean bill of health and I shall be quarantined at Trieste for eleven days. Quarantine regulations, you know, are the queerest things in the world; but we have to be governed by them, and so you may look at me and talk to me, but you can't touch me."

Just then an intelligent dog, whose color was a bright brown, shot down the ladder,



ADMIRAL DEWEY LANDING AT SINGAPORE. HE IS IN THE ACT OF SHAKING HANDS WITH CAPTAIN CRAWFORD, CAPTAIN OF THE PORT. JUST BEHIND THE ADMIRAL IS CAPTAIN LAMBERTON, COMMANDER OF THE "OLYMPIA."

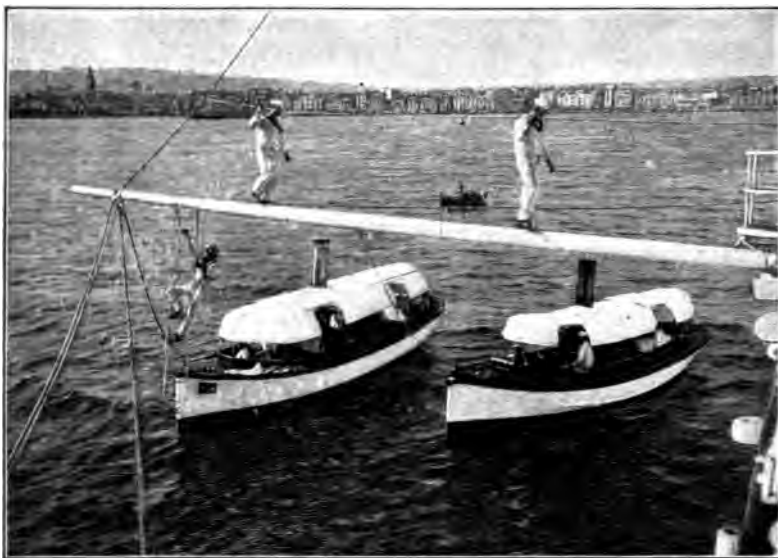
Drawn from a photograph taken by Frederick Palmer.

Later in the day I returned to the "Olympia," accompanied by Acting Consular Agent Broadbent and his sister and two daughters. The presence of ladies brought the Admiral down to the bottom of the side ladder again, for he is never so busy that he cannot be gallant, with a delicacy that is as natural to him as it is attractive to those who are its objects. Following the Admiral came Ah Ling, his Chinese servant, dressed in spotless white, bringing champagne for the party. The Admiral drank the health of his visitors, the first American ladies to greet him in Western waters, and they in return toasted the hero of Manila, and wished him a pleasant voyage and a happy home-coming.

Since dawn the Arab coal-passers had been running a steady stream of fuel into the "Olympia," and the once snowy sides of the vessel were now soiled with the dust of Welsh coal. This all-pervading plague can be understood only by those who have suffered from it, and as the clouds of grimy particles swept over the ship and penetrated to every nook and cranny of her interior, we felt that the Admiral was showing a fine

courtesy in facing it for even a few moments.

When Admiral Dewey decided to return to New York about the first day of October, he saw that he would have a considerable amount of time to spend *en route* beyond that required for the actual steaming, and naturally he arranged to spend this time in European ports. Knowing that his men and officers had had a hard experience in the East, he felt sure that they would need a gradual transition from the exhausting climate of Manila to the bracing airs of a New York autumn. Consequently he selected as his first port of call after leaving Port Said the harbor of Trieste, Austria, where he hoped to find a much cooler temperature than would be attainable anywhere else in the Mediterranean, while at the same time it would be a center from which it would be possible to reach some of the interesting cities of Europe in a comparatively short time and at little expense. Trieste was also a city where the men would have a more enjoyable time while on liberty than in many less hygienic cities on the Mediterranean



THE ADMIRAL'S BARGE MAKING FAST TO THE "OLYMPIA" AFTER HAVING BROUGHT THE ADMIRAL ABOARD.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. C. Hemment.

coast. For that city, therefore, the "Olympia" sailed about nine o'clock on Saturday morning, July 15th, making a speed of eleven knots and arriving off the Adriatic seaport early Thursday morning, July 20th. The run was uneventful. The effect of the bent screw blades was visible in the large increase in the amount of coal consumed in order to secure an eleven-knot speed.

When I boarded the "Olympia" at Trieste—having been obliged to go by way of Marseilles, the only Mediterranean port that did not impose quarantine upon travelers coming from Egypt—one of the heartiest welcomes I received was from the Admiral's dog Bob.

"Well, didn't I tell you that that was as intelligent a dog as you ever saw?" asked the Admiral. "Bob never has seen you except during those few minutes at the gangway at Port Said, but he remembers you perfectly, and really shows you more attention than I have seen him manifest to any one except Lamberton and myself."

"Oh, he heard you tell Mr. Broadbent that I was a member of your staff at Manila," I replied, jokingly, "and that is sufficient to secure for me an unusual amount of his consideration."

"Yes, that accounts for it," replied the Admiral, and it was impossible to tell from his manner whether he was speaking seriously or merely pretending to think that I had been in earnest.

The Admiral is not a joker. He has a sufficient sense of the humorous, and he enjoys a good joke. But he rarely goes farther himself in the way of joking than to make a pretense of taking seriously a joke attempted by some other person.

Trieste was all alive to receive the American Admiral, and his stay there was marked by amiable cordiality on the part of the authorities, and by exceptional

friendliness and hospitality at the hands of the people. When one of the crew died in the hospital on shore, the number of persons who attended his funeral was a surprise to every one, some estimates placing it at 50,000. There were no entertainments of note, except one given to the Admiral and his staff by the United States ambassador to Austria-Hungary. The only incident of this evening, and of the return dinner given aboard the flagship two days afterward, was Dewey's declaration that he hoped McKinley would be reelected to the Chief Magistracy. While Admiral Dewey is a notably impulsive man, it seems probable that he expressed this wish at the time and in the place that he chose for so doing: not on the spur of the moment, but with a definite determination to put an end to the attempts that had been made to drag him into politics and to induce him to run for the Presidency. One who was a guest at both of the banquets told me that on each occasion the Admiral used nearly the same language when drinking the health of the President of the United States. It is generally the habit of navy officers to speak of the President by his official title—the President—instead of mentioning the name of the incumbent of the place. But at the Ambassador's banquet, after the toast to the President had been proposed, Admiral Dewey raised his glass and said:

"Yes, here's to the President—President

McKinley. I hope he will be reëlected."

At the dinner in his own cabin he said: "There will be only one toast to-night, gentlemen. Here's to the President—President McKinley. I hope he will be our next President."

Admiral Dewey's visit to Trieste waked up that town in a way that will be long remembered there. It is a port that rarely sees a United States warship. The British Mediterranean fleet goes there about once in three years, and the French squadron puts in an occasional appearance; but it is nearly a decade since the stars and stripes received a salute from the guns of Trieste. The older people smiled delightedly when I asked them if they remembered the arrival there of Admiral Farragut, in 1868, in the steam frigate "Franklin;" but they could not recall the name of any American man-of-war since that time, though one or two have been there.

I was particularly interested in the behavior and appearance of our seamen who were given shore liberty there. One of the time-honored traditions of the navy used to be that Jack was not living up to his opportunities if he failed to get drunk as soon as possible after he was allowed to go ashore. Particularly was this the case when he had been kept aboard ship for several months; and when he had had a victorious fight with an enemy, he was guilty of genuine disloy-

alty to his flag if he permitted the sun of his first day of liberty to go down upon him sober.

But now we have changed all that. About 150 of the "Olympia's" crew were allowed to go ashore in Trieste on forty-eight hours' liberty. I never expect to see anywhere a finer set of muscular and intelligent seamen than the Jackies who came along the harbor front of Trieste from the liberty boat that forenoon. They were dressed in blue, new caps and cap ribbons taking the places of those that they had thrown overboard as the "Olympia" steamed out of Manila Bay, on starting upon her return voyage; and they had white lanyards about their necks, ingen-



ADMIRAL DEWEY, LIEUTENANT BRUMBY, AND BOB ON THE SIDE LADDER OF THE "OLYMPIA" AT PORT SAID, JULY, 1899.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. L. Stickney.

iously plaited and knotted. The men carried themselves with an ease and dignity such as only the intelligent and self-respecting can assume. I went about in all quarters of the town, and saw them frequently. I know that they were welcomed by the people of Trieste with almost as great hospitality as though they had been Austrians, instead of Americans. They had all the temptations that are common to men in their position. They had had fifteen months of hard service in hot and sickly climates, seldom putting a foot on shore, except for the purpose of fighting or for arduous and distasteful work, and they had, during that time, fought one of the most brilliant sea-battles in the history of the world. But, in spite of all the conditions that would seem to excuse them for any lapse of self-restraint, I did not see one American seaman drunk. Occasionally one might be found who had taken enough liquor to make his navigation a trifle unsteady, but even that much over-indulgence was rare. It must be remembered—to paraphrase Kipling—that “single men in warships don’t grow to plaster saints.” But our men in Trieste, so far as I could learn from observation and inquiry, behaved with a dignity and a self-control such as I believe no other navy in the world could have equalled. As the favorite method of locomotion for the “Olympia’s” liberty men was astride of bicycles, it will be seen that intoxication must, necessarily, have been at a discount.

At times during the Admiral’s stay in the ports of Europe homeward-bound he talked of incidents in his career. His conversations were necessarily brief, for his time was well occupied with his duties and with other visitors, but these interviews covered a wide range of topics.

He recalled to me in Naples that, immediately after leaving Hong Kong for Manila in April, 1898, he had told me that a victory in those waters would awaken an unusual amount of interest in the United States.

“If we have the first fight of the war,” he had said, “it will have a remarkable effect upon our people. There is a certain glamour of romance over this Eastern Hemisphere that appeals more to imagination and sentiment than do the cold practicalities of the West. The very name of the Philippines recalls memories of the old Spanish galleons, with their cargoes of new and precious spices, their tales of uncounted wealth awaiting the adventurer and the buccaneer, and all the mystery of the Far East. I confidently expect that our victory, if the Spaniards keep

their ships together and fight us as a fleet, will have a stronger and a deeper influence upon the war—at least, in its early days—than any affair that is likely to take place in the West Indies for some time.”

Thus, long before the event, the shrewd intuition of the man of imagination kept pace with the prevision of the natural sea-fighter. Of course, he could not have foreseen the exceptional features of the battle of Manila Bay, which gave it such a remarkably dramatic place among the events that make up history—the run past the forts and over the mines at night; the surprise of the enemy; the instant annihilation of their ships; and then—silence! Through the black curtain of Spanish official misrepresentation came only occasional rays of truth, and the world waited a week to learn the particulars of the tragedy that had put an end to centuries of misrule and transferred the title to an empire.

“There was a Power taking care of us,” said Admiral Dewey one day, when speaking of the marvelous escape from death experienced by himself and his men at the battle of Manila. He was sitting on the after deck of the “Olympia” in the harbor of Naples, where the exquisite blue of sea and sky, the warmth of color on shore, and the refreshing breeze that came in past Capri to temper the heat of the August sun, made the afternoon one of almost fairyland impressions to the men who had sweltered through the Philippine dog-days during war time.

“We can’t account for these things by any known laws or reasons,” continued the Admiral, speaking with a determined look in his face, as though recalling the line of solid shot and bursting shells that had hurtled over the deck of the “Olympia” off Cavité; “but the fact remains that not a life was lost on our side, in spite of the enormous odds in favor of our enemy’s hitting us. Why, there we were about as far from the Spanish ships and batteries as that shore is from us now.” The memory of those anxious hours brought him to his feet, and he unconsciously grasped the hand of a young American lady sitting next to him, and pointed to a castle less than a mile and a half away. “Every minute there would come great flashes of flame and smoke from all along the Spanish line, and it seemed impossible, as we waited for the shells, that not one would burst in our ships; but in a few seconds we would see the water thrown up inshore of us, or else we would hear the whistle and the roar of the projectiles as they passed over our heads. But why did they all miss us, or hit





ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY, U. S. N.

From a photograph taken at Naples in August, 1899, by Chevalier Mauri, photographer to the King of Italy. Copyright, 1899, by J. L. Stickney.



us in only an unimportant and not dangerous manner? I can't account for it by any law of chance or any reasonable hypothesis of conditions. It seemed to me," he added solemnly, "as though we were being used as instruments to punish those people for their long centuries of crime against humanity, and the lesson was made the more marked by the fact that not one American life was lost. The hand of God was in it, not only at Manila, but at Santiago, where the navy lost only one man."

This is the only time I have ever heard the Admiral say anything bearing upon religion. That he has a strong and well-defined religious belief, I am sure, because he is too earnest and too thoughtful to be uncertain or indifferent; but I am unable to recall any conversation, during several years of acquaintance with him, from which I could derive an opinion concerning the exact form of his faith.

Being a member of the Philippine Commission, the Admiral does not speak to any one for publication concerning his opinions about the situation in and near Manila. It is probable that no one who has been closely associated with him during the cruise of the "Olympia" has any doubt as to the general bent of his mind; but it is certain that no one is going to bring upon himself the contempt the Admiral would have for him if he

tried to make public the Admiral's opinions upon so important an official subject as that. In his own time he will make a report to the President, leaving it to the latter to decide whether—and, if so, when and how—the Admiral's ideas shall be made known to the public.

And, speaking of the President, I am reminded that it was to him, and not to the Navy Department nor to any one connected therewith, that the country is indebted for the appointment of Admiral (then Commodore) Dewey to the command of the Asiatic station in the latter part of 1897. I was long under the impression that the command had rather gone begging, for I knew that one flag officer had declined it and had had some trouble in getting the Navy Department to offer it to some one else; and I therefore assumed that Dewey had accepted it simply because it was his turn for sea duty, and he would not try to be let off when it was offered to him. I have, however, unimpeachable authority for saying that the Admiral wanted that command, and had hard enough work to get it. It wasn't so much that another officer wanted the command as that there were one or two people who didn't want him to have it.

"Did you expect a war with Spain, Admiral?" I asked him.



ADMIRAL DEWEY, ENSIGN CALDWELL, AND BOB AT MIRAMAR, THE CASTLE OF THE MEXICAN EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN, NEAR TRIESTE.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by the Comptoir Général de Photographie, Trieste.



THE "OLYMPIA" OFF NAPLES.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. L. Stickney.

"Perhaps it would be too much to say that I expected it at once; but I wanted to have a chance, if it should come while I was still on the active list. Yes, I felt sure we should have that war, and I knew that if I ever sailed for Manila on a war errand I should do what I did do, and do it in a day. As a matter of fact, it was all done in five hours. There were some people who said we could never do it at all; but now, I find, all those people are saying that they knew I could do it all the time."

During this conversation the Admiral showed me two or three photographs of Aguinaldo that he had received from the Tagalo leader, and also a very finely woven cigarette case that had accompanied the portraits.

"The Filipinos like me," he said. "One day, after hostilities had begun, I ran close in toward the army lines north of Manila near Malolos, and then came out to the 'Helena,' which was anchored as far in as her draft would permit her to go. When I came over the side, I found Captain Swinburne, who commanded the 'Helena,' as white as a sheet. All his men were at their guns, and they all showed signs of great excitement. When I asked him what was the matter, he told me I had steamed along the front of about a thousand Filipino troops in an entrenchment. They were armed with Mauser rifles, and I had been within point-blank range for a considerable length of time. He had held his bat-

tery ready to revenge me, he said, in case they fired at my barge, but he knew he couldn't have saved me if they had fired. I told him it was all right; the Filipinos wouldn't fire at me. As I said before, they like me."

It is not surprising that the Filipinos should have liked the Admiral, not only because of his uniform courtesy and kindness to them, but because there is an extraordinary charm in his speech and manners. No one could be more thoughtful and considerate than he toward those about him. One afternoon he was listening to the music of a band of Neapolitans who had come alongside the flagship in a shore boat, and he was particularly interested in the singing of a little girl, eleven years old, who was the star performer of the troupe. They were so overjoyed to find that they had attracted the notice of the American Admiral that they would, doubtless, have undergone almost any discomfort merely for the opportunity to play for him, especially as they were sure of receiving a handsome pecuniary recompense. But the Admiral noticed that in the place that they had taken the sun fell full in the face of the little girl, and at once he changed his own position at the ship's side, so that the musicians' boat could be in the shade of the "Olympia." I did not wonder, a day or two afterward, to see the little singer slip past the sentry at the gangway and kiss the Admiral's hand. He patted her on the head, and gave her leave



Admiral Dewey. The Governor of Naples.

AT THE DINNER GIVEN IN HONOR OF ADMIRAL DEWEY AT NAPLES BY MR. EDENIS, CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES AT ROME.

From a photograph copyrighted by J. C. H. H. Co.

to bring her party of musicians aboard during the men's supper hour to entertain them.

"She looks like a Greek, more than an Italian," he said, as she went forward: "but she is more agreeable at a distance than near by. Good heavens!" he added, with considerable emphasis, "why will all these people eat so much garlic!"

Among the visitors who boarded the "Olympia" in Naples was a very beautiful woman who was evidently of Jewish descent, and the Admiral, after they had left the ship, commented upon her fine complexion and her liquid black eyes.

"I don't understand," he continued, "why there is such a prejudice against the Jews. There are disagreeable Jews, of course, but then every race has its objectionable types. As I look at the history of the world - of individual historical characters as well as of nations - it seems to me that hardly any one who has ever amounted to anything has been without a trace of Jewish blood somewhere in his descent. The Jews are a wonderful people."

Admiral Dewey in time of peace is a very different man from what he was in time of war. He has lost none of the characteristics that made him the foremost sea-fighter of the day in the early months of 1898, but

his personal bent has been diverted toward such kindly and amiable feelings for the rest of mankind that it is difficult to recognize in the genial officer of the present the rigid disciplinarian of the past.

Speaking of the attention shown him after his arrival in the Mediterranean, he said one day at Naples:

"Oh! they are spoiling me," meaning that the official and social interest taken in him tended to raise his self-appreciation to a point beyond his just deserts.

Of course, as every one who has an intimate acquaintance with the Admiral knows, there was no possibility of flattery or adulation having any such a result; but that the world-wide expressions of friendly regard and even affectionate devotion were having a noticeable effect upon him was evident to those who had been associated with him in years gone by. This effect took the form of making him too amiable to people who obtrude themselves upon him for their own ends. His kindness of heart is so great that he can be - and often is - imposed upon by men who hover around him merely to grind their own axes. He is unsuspecting. When a man comes to him under circumstances that make it natural to suppose him to be honorable and trustworthy, the Admiral does

not stand on his guard against him. This is due partly to the class of men he has had to deal with in the navy, and partly to the fact that he does not expect to meet schemers among the people with whom he associates.

I do not mean to imply that the Admiral is an easy mark for any adventurer who may try to make use of him. No man knows better how to protect himself against the tricks and turns by which one-half of poor humanity tries to get an advantage over the other half; but among those who, apparently, belong to the same general walk of life as himself he is not on the lookout to escape trickery. And the worst of it is that, when he has been deceived, if he does not act instantly in the punishment of the offender, the latter goes scot free; for, if the Admiral's indignation has time to cool, he will often be unwilling to

act with the severity that the case properly deserves.

"The newspaper men who came to Manila," he said in Trieste, just after his confidence had been very shamefully abused by



ADMIRAL DEWEY'S CABIN ON THE "OLYMPIA."

From a photograph taken by Mr. Delle Grazie exclusively for *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE*.

a dilettante correspondent, "have spoiled me for dealing with the rest of the world. I could say what was in my mind without

choosing my words or picking my phrases, because I knew that, when I was not speaking for publication, they would not report me. The exceptions were so few as to prove the rule. I shall never be able to get along with any newspaper man who has no higher sense of honor than to sacrifice everything to the desire to make a sensation."

Yet he would not deny the untruthful report



ADMIRAL DEWEY'S LIBRARY ON THE "OLYMPIA," SHOWING THE FIVE-INCH GUN WHICH IS OPERATED FROM THIS ROOM.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. C. Hemment.

that had been put into his mouth, nor would he allow the other correspondents to denounce either the trick by which he had been induced to receive the offender at all or the falsity of the statements attributed to him. Speaking of some stories that had been published about him, he said to me one day:

"I was the champion bad boy of the town, in spite of the efforts that some kindly disposed people are making to represent me as a good boy. My mother died when I was very young, and my father had not the time to keep a very careful oversight upon me; and so I had my own way most of the early part of my boyhood. I don't remember that I ever did anything that was seriously objectionable, but I was in all the scrapes that a healthy youth of an active turn of mind would naturally get into, and I guess the neighbors didn't hold me up as a shining example to their own boys. I suppose they will tell me they have forgotten all my tricks now, just as I have; but I don't want to appear to be claiming any angelic qualities in my youth."

Walking on the after-bridge with the Admiral while the ship was exercising at general quarters for battle, off Leghorn, I sought an expression of his sentiments toward the men.

"Well, just look at them," he replied; "did you ever see a finer set of men aboard ship? See how intelligent they are. We keep them well drilled for discipline and exercise, but they don't need to have the same thing done over and over again to enable

them to carry out their duty. I had the Archbishop of Manila up here on this bridge, one day while the men were at general quarters, just to let him see them at work. You know it was he who wrote that bombastic proclamation that Captain-General Augustin signed just before we arrived off Manila. Well, he watched them for a good while, and at last he said: 'Admiral, I have seen the warships of all countries, but I have never before seen men equal to those. I suppose you have a 'picked crew.' I told him that I had twenty-five ships under my command, and the men aboard all of them were just like my own crew."

The afternoon the "Olympia" left Leghorn for Villefranche, reference was made to the short, easy runs into which the voyage through the Mediterranean had been divided, and the Admiral said: "I like to go to sleep in one port, and wake up in another. I have spent in all ten years on the European station, which has rather spoiled me for the long-distance cruises. The voyage from Colombo to Port Said and Trieste I found very tiresome."

One more long run is yet in store for him before his homeward journey is done. It begins on September 10th, when the "Olympia," having taken on a full supply of coal, is to leave Gibraltar. But, the elements favoring, almost by the time these informal memoranda of him are read in the United States, the Admiral will have arrived there himself and be receiving the devoted welcome of his fellow-countrymen.



MARINE SENTRY ON DUTY JUST OUTSIDE THE ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS ON THE "OLYMPIA."

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by J. C. Hemment.

# THE KILLING OF THE MAMMOTH.

BY H. TUKEMAN.



R. CONRADI'S sudden death is still fresh in the public mind, and a letter that I have before me from that generous, but eccentric, millionaire will explain my position, and the *raison d'être* of the following pages, in the fewest words. The letter was evidently dictated from his death-bed.

TO H. TUKEMAN, Esq.,  
WADINGTON HALL, KENT.

Dear Sir: In the event of my death, I release you fully from your promise of secrecy in regard to the killing of the mammoth, and I express the hope that you will make public the facts relating to the same. I have always refused to make any statement as to how or where I obtained this specimen, allowing the public to draw whatever inference it pleased; but now that its existence is fully known to the scientific world, I see that I have done you some injustice, merely to gratify a whim of my own. The price I paid you included this gratification—as set forth in our contract—but I am satisfied to go down to posterity as the donor to my country of the most remarkable specimen of fauna in the world.

Thanking you for your faithful adherence to the spirit and letter of our contract, I am,

Yours faithfully,

HORACE P. CONRADI.

It was I then, Henry Tukeman, who secured the specimen of the "Conradi Mammoth," as it has been called, now in the Smithsonian museum, Washington, U. S. A., pictures of which monopolized the papers and magazines in the summer of last year, and over which the scientists of both continents are still quarreling. Mr. Conradi's offer to me was of such magnitude (at least three times what I could have expected to get from any other source) that I, a poor man, found myself unable to refuse it. Many people will, undoubtedly, call me unpatriotic in thus allowing a foreign country to obtain this wonderful specimen, and to this charge I can only reply that the re-purchase of Wadington Hall, with its noble deer park and broad acres, has been the dream of my life. For, till my father broke the entail and sold the estate, it had been handed down from father to son since the time of William the First, as the date and

the Latin inscription over the old stable doorway testify.

In 1890, I journeyed, by way of St. Michaels, and the Yukon River, to Alaska. The Klondike had not then been discovered, and the Alaska Commercial Company's steamer failing to get further than Fort Yukon, owing to the lateness of the season, it was at this point I found myself when winter set in. A small tribe of Indians live at Fort Yukon. A clerk at the trading-post, a private trader, and a missionary and his wife were the only whites there in 1890, except when a rare visitor called from Circle City, a mining camp eighty miles up the Yukon River. The fort, however, had its traditions, and I listened later to many an interesting yarn from the old tribesmen, who told in broken *patois* of the doings of the "Company" fifty years ago, when the Hudson Bay Company represented civilization from this far northwestern limit of their fur trade on the Pacific Slope, and from the Arctic Circle, to the Atlantic coast of stormy Labrador.

The Hudson Bay Company abandoned Fort Yukon many years ago, but the statement that I was a "Hudson Bay man" (an unpaid account was my mental justification), and the fact that I had had some years' experience with northern Indians, enabled me soon to become intimate with the tribe, though at the expense of losing the society of the white residents of the fort.

After I had decided to winter at Fort Yukon, I occupied a roomy, vacant cabin. One night I had opened some old "Graphics" for the benefit of "Joe"—otherwise "Na-thu-joyi-a"—an ancient head-man in the tribe. I was explaining the habits of the various animals portrayed in a series of African hunting scenes. Turning the page, we came to the picture of an elephant, whereupon old Joe became very excited, and finally explained to me, with some reluctance, that he had seen one of these animals "up there," indicating the north with his hand. Nor could any denial of mine that any such animals existed on this continent shake him. To humor the old fellow, I asked him to tell me the tale,

which he did after much persuasion; and I repeat it here, though for my readers' sake I omit the broken *patois*.

"Once, many summers ago, me an' Soon-thai, we go up the Porcupine River—Soon-thai is my son; he is dead now. By an' by we leave the river, an' go up a little river many days, to the mountain. But the mountain is too steep an' very high, an' we cannot climb up it. We go back a little way, an' we shoot a moose at the mouth of a little gully. Soon-thai, he goes off, an' he finds the gully ends in a little cliff, an' he climbs up it, an' finds a cave. He is brave, Soon-thai—he goes in the cave, an' at the end is a small hole, an' Soon-thai looks through it, an' sees an easy way to climb up the mountain. There is a creek in the gully, which runs in the ground near the cave, but the water is bad.

"I go back, an' I blaze a big tree at the canoe, like this"—crossing his fingers "where the gully is, for it is hard to see from the river. By an' by we take some meat, an' we go through the cave, an' it is full of big bones, bigger than my body, an' I am afraid; but we go through the little hole into the sunlight, an' I have courage, an' we climb to the top of the mountain.

"Beyond we see a big valley, an' lakes an' trees there, an' far away, on the other side of the valley, we see the mountains, an' beyond them, very far off, high mountains, with the snow on them which never goes away.

"Soon-thai is brave, plenty brave, an' he says, 'We shoot plenty beaver in the valley, eh?' I say, 'No, that is the devil's country,' an' I tell him it is the country called in Indian Tee-Kai-Koa (the devil's footprint).

Then Soon-thai, he is a little afraid, but by an' by he says, 'Come, my father, we will not stay long; in two days we will shoot plenty beaver, an' then we will run back.'

"So we go down the mountain, an' we find lakes with plenty of beaver an' ducks an' geese, an' it is the month of the first salmon, an' the geese cannot fly, so we get plenty; but we see no moose or caribou sign in the valley. By an' by, after two days, we make a raft, an' cross a long lake, like a river, an' next day we see Tee-Kai-Koa!"

The old man paused, and stiffened in his seat; I sat silent and motionless, waiting.

"At sunrise we go in the woods to hunt. By an' by Soon-thai comes to me—he is a little way off on one side—an' he whispers, 'Look!' An' I come where he says, an' I see that sign, an' my knees are weak, an' shake. The ground is not hard there, an' I see a sign like this"—he drew a circle on the floor—



"I see a sign . . . deep in the ground . . ."

"an' deep in the ground as this"—he placed a finger on his arm, half-way from the finger-tip to the elbow. "An' I can lay my gun in the foot-mark, except for this much"—he indicated a finger length. "But Soon-thai, he is brave; he says, 'I will see this devil, an' if he is no bigger than a very big bear, I will shoot him from a tree, perhaps.' But I—I am afraid, yet I follow Soon-thai as if I slept. Oh, he was brave, my son—very brave!

"Presently we hear a splashing in a lake which is beyond some willows; an' there are no trees there; but we creep in very softly, an' we come to the reeds, an' wade through them to the edge, up to our knees in the water. He is there, the Tee-Kai-Koa, standing on the other side of the little lake."





The old man rose, and pointed before him. A strange glitter was in his eye, and the beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. I could not doubt for a moment that he was describing what he had really seen. "He is throwing water over himself with his long nose, an' his two teeth stand out before his head for ten gun-lengths, turned up, an' shining like a swan's wing in the sunlight. His hair is black an' long, an' hangs down his sides like driftweed from the tree branches after the floods, an' this cabin beside him would be as a two-weeks bear cub beside its mother. We do not speak, Soon-thai an' I, but we look, an' look; an' the water he throws over his back runs in little rivers down his sides. Presently he lies down in the water, an' the waves come through the reeds up to our armpits, so great is the splash. Then he gets up an' shakes himself, an' all is a mist like a rain storm round him.

"Suddenly Soon-thai throws up his gun, an' before I can stop him, he fires—boom!—at Tee-Kai-Koa. Ah, the noise! It is a cry like a thousand thousand geese, only shriller an' louder, an' it fills the valley till it reaches to the mountains, an' all the world seems to have nothing in it but that angry cry. As the gun-smoke rises above the reeds, Tee-Kai-Koa sees it, an' begins to run through the water towards it, an' the noise of his splashing is as of all the wild fowl in the world rising from a calm lake at sunset.

"We turn an' run, Soon-thai an' I. We run through the reeds to the willows, an' to the timber. But once I turn, an' I can see plainly a streak of red blood on the long nose of Tee-Kai-Koa, as he throws it in the air an' fills the valley with his cry. The smoke of the gun has blown across the little lake between us, an' he turns to it, an' stops, an' whistles like a steamboat when the white steam is escaping.

"We run through the trees away from our camp, for it is towards it Tee-Kai-Koa has gone, chasing the smoke, an' after we



"He is there, the Tee-Kai-Koa, standing on the other side of the little lake."

have run a long distance, we rest an' listen. But again we hear the great cry of Tee-Kai-Koa as he seeks us, an' we have new strength



in our legs to run on an' on, till the sun has gone down an' come up again to where it stood when Soon-thai fired his gun. We have no axe, nothing but our guns; but the fear of that which is behind us makes us strong to travel on without sleep or food."

The old Indian sat down and wiped his hand over his forehead, and for fully ten minutes no word was spoken,—he perhaps thinking of his dead son, I racking my brains to remember what my school edition of Cuvier said about mammoths, for I had confirmed a wild idea that had flashed through my brain when the elephant's picture was first noticed. Presently the old man rose, and stepped to the door of the cabin. I made a motion to him to stay, but he shook his head. "I am old an' tired," he said simply, "an' to talk of Soon-thai, my son, makes me wear like a woman. Do not seek Tee-hai-koo, white man, lest you have no tale to tell us as I have told you." And he stepped out into the clear, frosty night, leaving me to wonder how he had divined my thoughts so accurately.

Later I got Joe's account of his return from the land of Tee-hai-koo. He had crossed the first range of mountains on the side of the valley opposite that on which he had entered it, and found on the further side of the mountains high, precipitous cliffs, which he said the greatest difficulty in descending. Making a boat out of a moose-skin, he put on "many days" down a stream which flowed into the Chandler, a river entering the Yukon about one hundred miles below the mouth of the Porcupine. While in the valley they had seen the huge footprints of the mammoth, but never more than those of the animal, and always of the same size, so that it seemed as if this prehistoric giant must be the last of his race alive there.

In the tribe of Indians wintering at Fort Yukon was an unusually intelligent young fellow named Joe, who spoke English well, and was always cheerful during the summer months. He had been a student of the Alaska Agricultural Experiment Station, and had been sent to the University of California to study the habits of the mammoth. He had been in the country for some time, and had seen many things that were new to him. He had seen the mammoth, and he had seen the Indians kill it. He had seen the Indians take the hide and the skull, and he had seen them take the tusks. He had seen them take the bones, and he had seen them take the meat. He had seen them take everything, and he had seen them take it all.

that we should go off together during the coming summer, and bag the mammoth, if he really was there. He was doubly eager when I told him of the vast fortune awaiting any man who could get this absolutely unique specimen of supposedly extinct fauna to the hands of taxidermists in civilization. I had nothing heavier than a couple of Lee-Metfords, a weapon which I had never tried, even as an elephant rifle, and which seemed to be still less suitable as a mammoth slayer. But I had plenty of solid nickel bullets, and I was satisfied these would penetrate the hide or massive skull. It was therefore merely a question of quantity.

By spring we had all our plans completed for the journey, and I had a rough idea formulated as to how I should hunt the mammoth, and (what was equally difficult) preserve, when we had killed him, his vast hide and bones. Paul and I both swore secrecy: he because he did not wish the tribe to know, I for commercial reasons; and giving out that I had had a letter from the Hudson Bay Company calling me to the Mackenzie River district, we bid good-by to Fort Yukon on a fine morning early in July, and prepared to pole our way up the Porcupine River in a long, narrow poling-boat which we had built for the purpose.

I shook old Joe cordially by the hand, and promised to avoid the "devil's footprint" country, though I think the old fellow had a vague suspicion of what I had in mind, roused by my many questions throughout the winter. A round of presents to the Indians (not forgetting an extra one for Joe's pretty laughter made my departure more easy, for I had become excellent friends with the tribe, and they were genuinely sorry to lose me. I held out no likelihood of returning for several summers, while Paul had stated that he would stay with me till I went "outside" once more to the "Grand Pays" and civilization. He had no kith or kin to worry about, and the hair of the scamp's attentions to the girls were too impartial to call for any particular or individual congratulation.

On the nineteenth day after leaving Fort Yukon we arrived at the mouth of the "little river," as called by Joe, easily identified by a large rock mark on the right hand. The current in the Porcupine had delayed us, and on the second day on the "little river" we made no headway, even with the utmost exertion, making more than six or seven miles. Sometimes twice or thrice a day we had to drag our boat over rocks and around log-jams, and on one oc-

casion we had to portage everything a mile overland to avoid a cañon. We had cut our outfit down to the simplest necessities, but I had secured from the steamer 500 feet of stout rope, three double-blocks and tackle, augers, a whip-saw, and a few other tools; and these, with our cooking utensils, winter clothing, and a few supplies, necessitated many weary journeys on the portages. And then the mosquitoes! I have had some experience of them, but I have never seen them so bad as they were on the upper reaches of the river during the month of July.

On August 2d—my birthday, I recollected—we came to the blazed tree. There we cached our stuff, pushing on to look out our route and have a peep at the "devil's country." The blaze was deeply cut, and showed plainly, though it was evidently many years old. The dug-out canoe had been washed away by a freshet. The gully was apparently nothing but a depression in the mountain-side, and it terminated in an abrupt declivity. This cliff extended, as far as we could see, to the head of the river. Soon-thai's object in climbing it had probably been to inspect some massive bones which projected from a ledge about fifty feet up. Above this rose an unscalable ascent of rocks and earth. Climbing to the ledge, we found the cave, or tunnel, as it more properly was. It was about 200 feet long, and wide enough for three men to walk abreast. The entire length was literally paved with gigantic mammoth bones, which made even the matter-of-fact Paul exclaim. I experimented on a skull, and also on a piece of spinal vertebrae, and was glad to find that the solid bullet of the .303 drilled through them with ease.

The end of the tunnel was



"We had to use our blocks and tackle to land our stuff at the tunnel entrance."

blocked by a recent fall of rock and rubbish, which it took us some hours to remove. Had we not known there was an exit, we should have turned back, believing this to be a cave. Having effected a passage through, we found the "gully" to be in reality a considerable creek, which had evidently been blocked by a rock slide or an eruption. The water sank into the ground near the exit from the tunnel. I did not notice where the creek joined the river we had just left. Three hours' easy climbing took us to the summit of the divide from the tunnel.

I shall not easily forget the first view we had of the Tee-Kai-Koa River and Valley, as they will now be named on the maps. The sun was low in the sky when we won the summit of the divide, and a high range of snow-clad mountains to the

northeast stood out so distinctly that they seemed to be but a few miles away. They were very rugged and precipitous, and dark patches of perpendicular cliffs assumed fantastic shapes against the intensely white background. As I knew the Noyukuk River must rise in these ranges, I estimated the distance to be about 200 miles. Below us extended a valley fifty miles wide, bounded by a range of low mountains which hardly ran above the timber line. This valley ran southward for about seventy miles, when the

mountains on either side contracted sharply. I was at once satisfied that Joe's "long lake" was in reality a sluggish river, and I had no doubt I should find a deep cañon where the valley ended. Looking north, the valley showed no sign of narrowing, but turned to the northeast behind the opposite mountain range. From one end of it to the other, as far as eye could see, shining patches of water showed here and there, and the pine trees



appeared to be larger than I should have expected to find them in these latitudes. The descent to the valley was on an easy incline.

I will not detail the weary work of the portage from the "little river." We had to use our blocks and tackle to land our stuff at the tunnel entrance. We had difficulty in obtaining water in our camp on the creek, the creek water being undrinkable from the presence in it of copper ore. And there were delays and troubles without number. Finally, however, we had everything at the summit, and a few days later, on the banks of the Tee-Kai-Koa River. As to Paul, I have never met his equal in any of my travels. He was strong, active, untiring, cheerful, and full of a native ingenuity which overcame obstacles as soon as they appeared, while his courage, and his quiet and absolute confidence in our ultimate success, acted as a nerve tonic to me when I found myself speculating whether we had too heavy an undertaking on hand.

We rafted across the Tee-Kai-Koa, the current being hardly perceptible, and camped on a small island about one hundred yards from the main bank. My plan of campaign was based largely on an assumption which, on reflection, I am bound to admit had very little foundation. Joe had told me how the mammoth had run after the gun smoke, and assuming the huge beast to be fearless - what living thing could inspire it with fear? I speculated - I decided to make a fire within and beneath a pile of green logs, the largest I could find, and then from the biggest adjacent tree to open fire with our Lee-Metfords, trusting to the brute's blindly attacking the log pile and fire, under the impression that this was the source of danger. But from the moment of reaching the mammoth's country, we were extremely careful to build no campfires, unless the smoke blew back across the river, and only allowed ourselves the smallest fires by which to cook our meals. We found some large pieces of cottonwood bark, which helped us, since after being thoroughly dried in the sun this bark will burn to a white heat, and is almost smokeless. Paul kept the camp amply supplied with young ducks and geese, shooting them with a bow and arrow from a moose-skin canoe, the raw hide for which we had brought with us. He used an arrow with a large barbed head sharpened to a knife-like edge; fired from a hide in the reeds, it would skim into an unwary brood, often cutting the throats of two or three at a flight.

The first day that we explored back from

the river we found enormous footprints of the mammoth, but they were not fresh. The track was nearly circular, and even on hard ground the indentations were made to stay, while in the softer soil around the lakes they were frequently three or four feet deep. Though lichen was abundant in the valley, I saw no caribou sign, nor, indeed, signs of any other game whatever.

On August the 29th, we had our first sight of the mammoth. There he stood in a little clearing, the great beast that only one other living man had seen, tearing up great masses of lichenous moss and feeding as an elephant feeds. His lifelike presentation—an enduring testimony to the wonderful patience and skill of American taxidermists—which now occupies the new wing of the Smithsonian museum, has been so fully pictured in the magazines and newspapers of every country in the civilized world - has not his picture been hung on the line in the Royal Academy this year?—that it is idle for me to describe him closely, and I need only speak of the feeling of awe inspired by the sight of this stupendous beast, quietly feeding in oblivion of the two pigmies who were planning his destruction. His long, thick hair, hanging down beneath his belly like a fringe, had the effect of shortening considerably the appearance of his legs. The points of the immense tusks looked as if they could hardly belong to their owner, being, as all the world knows, thirty-one feet, nine inches away from the bases. The portion between the points and the bases was hidden from our sight by the scrub and long tufts of grass.

Paul must have watched him very coolly, for on comparing notes in camp (we had slipped quietly back without disturbing the monster), I found that he had observed details, such as the smallness of the eye and the absence of any tail, which had escaped my notice. The shortness of the trunk, as compared with an elephant's, was what struck me the most.

About twenty-five miles below our first camp we had found a clump of spruce trees larger than any we had seen in the valley, and here we set to work. At one side of the two largest trees, and across a small dry watercourse, we built a solid erection of five rounds of logs, and placed within this a mass of dry and rotten wood, leaving one small hole where we could crawl in and light it. On top of the "house" we felled the nearest large trees, and others we felled and drew up by the aid of our block and tackle, stacking them up in such a manner as to leave



*"There he stood in a little clearing, the great beast that only one other living man had seen."*

a slight air-space, but pinning them very solidly together with green birch. When the structure was completed, it looked like a huge drift-pile of green logs. We put ladder pegs up to the branches (about sixty feet up) of the two highest standing trees, and selecting suitable places, built seats, and took up rope, with which we could lash ourselves in if necessary. By the end of September we had everything prepared, and we had but to prove the truth of my supposition, namely, that smoke would attract our quarry.

We had from time to time reconnoitered,

and found that the mammoth was slowly working towards us. At first I thought it remarkable that we should have found him so near the place where the Indians had seen him years before; but the rapid lichenous growth in the vicinity probably made it a favorite spot, and the lonely giant had it all to himself. On October the 11th, the wind was favorable for our experiment, and having gone over the details carefully, we proceeded to make a preliminary trial, on the failure or success of which hung the fate of our large venture.

The mammoth had now worked up to within three miles of the wood-pile. Having first located him, we laid pieces of dry rotten wood about 300 yards apart through the trees, and directly in line. Having done this for about a mile and a half, and selected a large tree into which we drove ladder pegs, we crept back, and were lucky enough to find the mammoth standing on the far side of a small lake. We lighted the first piece of rotten wood, and then ran back to the tree at our best speed, igniting the other pieces on our way, and a final one near our tree, into which we hastily climbed to watch the result of our experiment.

We were scarcely ensconced among the branches when a cry resounded over the valley which made the chills run down my back. I have heard the scream of an angry bull elephant, the roar of an African lion, and the savage, half-human cry of the great gorilla; but none of these compare with the awe-inspiring cry of a mammoth. Perhaps the Indian's description of "a thousand thousand geese" approaches it most nearly, for there were two distinct pitches; but the very immensity of the volume of sound as the brute approached us confused any comparison I tried to make. For five, perhaps ten, minutes we waited, strung up to the highest pitch of excitement. Then suddenly the huge form loomed up through the trees, and seeing our smoking fire, he rushed at the burning logs with a cry which shook the very branches on which we sat, and with his ponderous foot trampled them into the ground. Though the tree was fully seventy-five feet away from him, it trembled noticeably, and I was glad that I had placed our log-pile twice that distance away, with the dry watercourse to still further isolate us from the vibration. My chance conjecture had evidently hit the mark: the mammoth, with the instinct born when volcanoes were active and fire was the only foe to be dreaded by these mighty beasts, had hastened to stamp out the threatened conflagration.

Having satisfied himself that the fire was out, Tee-Kai-Koa proceeded to smell the ground. Our scent evidently troubled him somewhat, for he frequently blew with a sound not unlike escaping steam. After a while he turned away, and struck into the woods at right angles to the course we had to make to our camp. We climbed down the tree, and hastened off, well satisfied as to the result of our plan.

By the 16th, everything was ready, and before daylight we placed our rifles and car-

tridges in our stations in the trees. We then started out, and by 10 A.M. had located our quarry, about three miles away. He seemed to be restless, and kept sniffing the air. A very quiet breeze was blowing in the tree tops. We fired an armful of dry wood, and started back as fast as we could run; but the moment the smoke rose, that terrible cry came booming down the valley behind us, and we felt the earth vibrate as the mammoth charged down in our direction. High up in the branches of a stout tree we had felt comparatively safe; but it was a very different matter on the ground, and we knew it was a veritable race for life as we tore through the woods, touching off the prepared fires with a match as we passed.

At last we came to the log-pile, and in a few seconds a thin wreath of smoke announced that the battle would soon begin. We hastened to our respective stations, and awaited developments. We were not kept in suspense long. Rushing forth from the forest, and charging up to the wood-pile with an ear-splitting cry, the king of the primeval forests stood beneath us in all his pride of strength. He was evidently puzzled for a moment by the huge log-pile confronting him, through which the smoke was now rolling in a thick volume. But with the crack of our rifles came the most appalling scream of rage I have ever heard, and the vast brute, apparently unaffected by our shots, attacked the wood-pile with incredible fury. Charging his enormous tusks beneath it, he gave a mighty heave, and for a second lifted the whole mass of green logs—remember they were pinned together, and stood at least twenty-five feet high—clear off the ground. Finding this more than even his colossal strength could compass, he seized a top timber, a solid green log twenty-five feet long and over a foot in diameter, and threw it clear behind him.

Meanwhile our rifles had not been idle, and I had already got through my second magazine-full, generally aiming behind the ear. So loud was the noise, scream following scream till the hills rang with the sound, that I could not hear the report of my rifle; but the barrel, hot in my hand, told me that the wicked little bullets were speeding on their mission. I glanced at Paul, and saw him aiming and firing with a coolness that I envied, for the din in my ears confused and worried me, and the sweat was running down my face as I fired again and again at the massive target.

The mammoth seemed to have no idea that his assailants were above him, but blindly

attacked the burning wood-pile, seizing the logs and hurling them this way and that, till I saw it was only a matter of minutes until the whole edifice should be scattered far and wide. One log, smaller than the rest, came hurling through the air into my refuge, and crashed through the branches overhead. Another struck the tree about half-way up, splintering the bark, and nearly shaking me off my seat.

But the end was drawing near, for the great brute was bleeding profusely from the mouth and ears, and staggered uncertainly back and forth. A feeling of pity and shame crept over me as I watched the failing strength of this mighty prehistoric monarch whom I had outwitted and despoiled of a thousand peaceful years of harmless existence. It was as though I were robbing nature, and old Mother Earth herself of a child born to her younger days, in the dawn of Time.

Suddenly the noise ceased, the mammoth seeming to realize that the danger came from the trees behind him rather than from the now demolished wood-pile. Our rifles cracked again, this time to a square forehead shot. But the huge animal stumbled uncertainly forward, crossed the dry ditch, and turned towards Paul's tree, as if to tear it down. I saw Paul seize the piece of rope and quickly lash it round him, when the mammoth, stumbling half-way past the tree, suddenly swayed from side to side, pitched forward on his knees, and slowly, very slowly, subsided. As he rolled gently on his side, the tree, torn from its roots by the weight, fell forward, and for one horrible moment I thought that Paul and the tree would be dashed to the ground. But at an angle of forty-five degrees the tree swayed and stopped, upheld by the weight lying on its long roots, and Paul walked down the trunk, and climbed on to the body of the mammoth, waving and cheering to me.

When I joined him and stood beside our quarry, I could hardly realize that we had killed so enormous an animal with such comparative ease and with the diminutive weapons that we held in our hands. Now that the excitement was over, I found that I had become deaf

"One log . . . came hurling through the air into my refuge."



from the noise, nor did I recover my hearing for some days.

The deed was done, and we now had to justify it by saving the skin, bones, and every portion capable of preservation. This proved a tremendous task. The skin we cut into sections, using our block and tackle, attached to a tree, to pull it back. We skinned one side completely in this way; then took out the ribs, and removed the immense entrails, by the same means. The weather was our salvation, being cool and frosty at night; for though we worked like beavers, it took us ten days to get all the hide removed, scraped, and carefully rolled, and the several pieces tagged to identify their positions. The tusks were the most difficult things for us to handle, for with the portion of skull attached to them their weight was enormous. By the middle of December, the bones were all removed from the body, and carefully cleaned and numbered. When once we had the hide safely away, we were able to light a large fire and roast a lot of the meat. This greatly helped in cleaning the bones. I took careful measurements of the lungs, heart, and all the perishable portions. We worked steadily till nearly the end of January, not leaving the camp at all. The meat was not unpalatable, but terribly tough. We buried the best portions in the ever-frozen ground, and were thus able to preserve it perfectly.

It is unnecessary to detail how we spent the rest of the dark winter days, until they lengthened sufficiently for us to explore the valley at its lower end, about thirty miles from our camp. As I had expected, it terminated in a narrow and extremely deep cañon, where the river went rushing over the rocks, and I saw at once that no boat could possibly ascend it. We found this gloomy gorge to be about three and a half miles long. We could see the stars overhead when the sun was shining, so high and straight were its walls; and with the noise of the water beneath the ice, in this gloom, it was one of the weirdest places I have ever been in. At the foot of the cañon the valley widened as suddenly as at the head, and I saw that the river was navigable.

Our only chance of getting our prize out of the valley was to sleigh it over the ice through the cañon; so we hurried back, and proceeded with all possible despatch to this rather formidable task. Fortunately, the months of March and April were remarkably fine, and as the sleigh trail improved with usage, and the sun began to make its power felt, we were able to increase our loads.

We moved everything to the head of the cañon, and then made two trips a day to the foot, camping below. Finally we built a solid cache of heavy green logs in a safe place, and having shut everything securely in it, we built a small boat, and waited for the opening of the river.

The rest of my story is told in a few words. We journeyed down the Tee-Kai-Koa River to the Chandelar, and thence to the Yukon and St. Michaels, and proceeded by the first steamer to San Francisco. There I met Mr. Conradi—quite by accident—and finding him deeply interested in zoology, I disclosed the secret of the prize we had left on the banks of the Tee-Kai-Koa. I had kept the matter secret because I wished to find out for myself from the various authorities in America and Europe something as to the value of the mammoth. My design was, if possible, to get the British Museum authorities to purchase it. Mr. Conradi's offer astounded me—it was in millions of dollars—and after a week's thought I closed with him.

Paul absolutely refused to accept more than a quarter share, arguing, not without reason, that even this portion was more than he knew what to do with or could possibly spend. Civilization had few attractions for him; he soon tired of 'Frisco, and used to long impatiently for the wilds. He and I went north that summer, and wintered on the Tee-Kai-Koa River near our cache. In the spring, we conveyed the mammoth to a certain place on the Yukon River, where we met Mr. Conradi, and everything was packed in specially prepared cases. At the mouth of the river we were met by Mr. Conradi's steam yacht, which had wintered in North Sound, and at once sailed for San Francisco.

I do not know what it cost him to keep the crew silent; but judging from the wildness of the conjectures made by the newspapers in dealing with the matter, and from the fact that it never got published that the specimen was taken aboard at the mouth of the Yukon, the sum paid for secrecy was certainly sufficient, and must have been considerable. I believe that the most generally accepted theory heretofore has been that Mr. Conradi found the carcass frozen in an iceberg in the Arctic Ocean. The various dimensions of the mammoth, both of the skeleton and the mounted specimen, are too well known to need tabulating here. The measurements, exactly as taken by me, were handed to the Smithsonian authorities by Mr. Conradi for publication, and accepted without question as his own.



## SCENES AND ACTORS IN THE DREYFUS TRIAL.

By G. W. STEEVENS,

Author of "With Kitchener to Khartum."



OUR name?" asked the president of the court martial.

"Alfred Dreyfus."

"Profession?"

"Captain of artillery."

"Age?"

"Thirty-nine years."

With these three common phrases he broke the silence of four and a half years.

Nothing could be more formal, and yet here, in the first five minutes of the trial, was summed up the most incredibly romantic history ever recorded. Alfred Dreyfus—five years ago scarcely anybody knew there was such a name as Dreyfus in the world; now the leading comic singer of Paris, who was born with it, has had to change it because it is too embarrassingly famous! Captain of artillery—and generals who have led armies in the presence of the enemy have lost their commands because of him! Thirty-nine years—and here were men who were known before he was born staking their ripe reputations for or against him! The only living ex-chief of the state in which he was a simple unit; five successive heads, and nine generals besides, of the army in which he was an unregarded subordinate; the minister who for years has conducted foreign relations in which he could never have dreamed of figuring—all were there because he was. Novelists like Prévost and Mirbeau, poets like Maurice Barrès, philosophers like Max Nordau, French journalists like Arthur Meyer and Cornély, foreign journalists whose names are familiar as far away as Helsingfors and San Francisco—they had all come to see him. There were men like Picquart and Lebrun-Renault, nobodies when last he saw them, now famous by reason of an accidental connection with him. Most dramatic of all, there was a little, close-veiled woman in black—Madame Henry, a woman he had never seen, widow of a man whom he never knew, yet who had risen to celebrity and fallen to an infamous death because of him.

What did he think of such a miracle? To all appearances he did not think of it at all: he was concentrating all the energies of a

mind starved for five years on the answers he would presently make to the charges against him. Perhaps that was as well for him. For had he thought a moment, he would have seen that he, the most famous man in the world, was at the same time the most insignificant person in the court. He supposed they were there to try him; they were not. To him it was everything whether he left his prison a free man or a doubly damned convict for the Devil's Island; it was nothing to them. He was simply something for them to fight over—a Homeric carcass round which had rallied heroes and demi-gods to hack and stab at each other. On one side were the army, the church, the aristocracy; on the other the civil law, the anti-military proletariat, Protestantism, and the Jews. The prize of the struggle was not Alfred Dreyfus, Captain of Artillery, but France.

To the English eye, it all looked like what it was—a public meeting rather than a court of law. An English court is almost ostentatiously grim and business-like. The room is small and none too light; the walls bare, unless a plan should be hung on them to illustrate an argument. The judge sits on the bench—a nose, mouth, and chin appearing out of his white wig—like a silent sphinx. Lawyers drone and mumble. Witnesses stumble over monosyllables. The impression is one of hush and dimness—man suppressed, but the awful majesty of the law brooding over all. But this court martial in the Hall of the Lycée was utterly different. The room was large enough for a lecture or orchestral concert, which is exactly what it is used for. With two rows of large windows at each side—square in the lower tier, circular in the upper—it was almost as light as the day outside. The walls were colored a cheerful buff; round the cornice were emblazoned the names of Chateaubriand, Lamennais, Renan, and the intellectuals of Brittany. At the top of the room was a stage; hanging on its back wall the white Christ on a black cross proclaimed the place a court of justice—only instead of the solemn sphinx in black, there sat at a table seven officers in full uniform. In the

center was the president, Colonel Jouaust, a little old gentleman with dark hair, eyeglasses, and a huge white mustache that seemed part of the same stuff as the tall white aigrette in his *képi* on the table before him. On each side sat three officers—four small and two heavy men, in the black, red-faced uniform of the artillery; their *képis* also—tricolor for the senior officers, red for the junior—edged the judicial table with a line of color. Behind, there sat some other officers, the supplementary judges. On a small tribune to the left of the stage sat three more, the prosecuting commissary of the Government and two officers of the court. Opposite, on our right, was a similar tribune, but a new costume—four men in black gowns with one flap and one streamer edged with white fur, white muslin bands round the neck, and a high black cap like a priest's biretta. These were Dreyfus's two counsel and their assistants. Below them on a chair sat Dreyfus himself, an officer of gendarmes at short arm's length behind him. Right in front of the president was a chair for the witnesses. These and the reporters thronged the forward part of the hall—generals with crimson, gold-brimmed *képis*, and with ribbons and stars on their breasts; civilians in black and brown and gray, tall hats, stiff hats, soft felt hats elaborately arranged into the shape of a hay-cock, *pince-nez* with broad black ribbons, drooping green silk neckcloths with fringes—in a word, French dress. In the middle of it shone the silks and feathers of the reporters of the "*Fronde*," the woman's paper of Paris, which does not employ a single man. Sprinkled everywhere were the blue and white uniforms of gendarmes with sword and revolver; along the back of the hall twinkled the red and blue and steel of an infantry force with fixed bayonets. You might have taken it for a political meeting, or an assault at arms, or a fancy ball for anything except a trial.

The witnesses assisted the impression. Each was brought in by a door beside the stage, came before the president, and raised his hand to the crucifix as he swore to tell the truth, all the truth. The president asks him what he knows of the affair. And then—and then he embarks in a pretentious speech, written out in whole or part beforehand. Sometimes it is interspersed with original documents, which are handed up to be read by the registrar of the court. For the manner of the speeches, the politicians stand upright, declaiming, waving their hands

at the president, as if they were asking the suffrages of their fellow-citizens; the soldiers usually sit and murmur confidences into the Colonel's ear. But for the matter, it is always the same—the speaker's self. Dreyfus's case is mentioned, no doubt, but merely as a thread to hang together the witness's first impressions of the case; what he did to correct or confirm them; what view he takes of the importance of this document or the interpretation of that; what view he took of the international situation in 1894, and what measures then suggested themselves to his mind; what he said to General A., and what Major B. told him that Captain C. had said to Lieutenant D. "This is at fourth hand, it is true," he will ingenuously add; "still it should be allowed its relative value." Hours are spent in repeating at second and third hand the evidence of witnesses who in a day or two are to be heard themselves. It seems no part of the president's business to guide the inquiry; if he wishes for information on any point, he must wait half a day, till the witness has exhausted the subject of his past life and opinions. Cross-examination fails to drag the case out of the rut, for the moment the lawyer asks a question—prefixing, of course, a brief speech of his own—the witness is off again, to the same tune, like a re-wound musical box. While he is speaking, the cross-examiner is composing his next oration; during that, the witness is composing his; and so on for days.

Here is an example of French methods of taking evidence. The officer who was with Dreyfus on the day of his degradation, Captain Lebrun-Renault, has asserted that the condemned man made a confession. A confession, of course, is evidence everywhere. But everybody knows that false confessions of crime are not rare; therefore, in English law, even a confession requires confirmation. In this case the confession is disputed. Captain Lebrun-Renault wrote in his diary that Dreyfus said, "The Minister knows well that, if I gave up documents, they were worthless, and that it was to get more important ones for them." On another occasion he said "had given up," instead of "gave up." Dreyfus, interrogated on the Devil's Island by the President of the Court of Appeal of Cayenne, said that he said, "The Minister knows well that I am innocent. He sent du Paty de Clam to ask me if I had not given up some important documents to get others in exchange for them." It is not pretended that anybody else heard



CAPTAIN ALFRED DREYFUS.

From a sketch made in the court-room at Rennes. Copyright, 1899, by Harper and Brothers.

what Dreyfus said. Yet almost every witness has discussed this alleged confession. First, the president questioned Dreyfus himself on it. Dreyfus denied it. Next, M. Casimir-Perier deposed that Captain Lebrun-Renault had said nothing about the matter to him. Next, General Mercier deposed that he told Captain Lebrun-Renault to tell M. Casimir-Perier about it. Next, these two witnesses were heard in "confrontation," as they call it; that is, standing up side by side and contradicting each other's statements. The ex-Minister of War said that General Gonse heard him tell the Captain to tell the President; the ex-President said that M. Dupuy had told him that

Captain Lebrun-Renault did not tell him (Dupuy) that he told him (Casimir-Perier). M. Cavaignac went into the same incident at great length. He said that General Gonse wrote to him that Captain Lebrun-Renault told him (Gonse) that he (Lebrun-Renault) heard Dreyfus confess. This jungle of pronouns is what the French seem to call evidence. And when you have struggled through it, you hear that Captain Lebrun-Renault is to be called himself to give his own evidence in Dreyfus's presence and to be cross-examined upon it. What a trial!

It is incredible, but it is absolutely true, that the first four days of the public trial yielded not one rag of first-hand evidence,

either for Dreyfus or against him. In that time twelve witnesses testified—one ex-President, four ex-Ministers of War, three other ex-ministers, a diplomatist, a miscellaneous general, and the widow of Henry, the forger—and all testified simply about themselves. What they said we will leave to French history to tell; this is an article on the Dreyfus case.

Upon the foreign mind, accustomed, if not professionally to weigh evidence, at least to procedure where evidence consists of statements of fact, the gloom fell deeper and deeper hour by hour and day by day. We came with curiosity aflame; we were not merely to see a great show, but to solve a great mystery. Day passed day, general came after general, and discoursed for hours; the mystery only grew denser. The first witnesses of any moment—for M. Casimir-Perier came to Rennes, not to say what he knew of the case, but to complain that he, then President, knew nothing—were a procession of French war ministers. Only two of them had anything to say, General Mercier and M. Cavaignac. Nothing could be more utterly different than the manner and methods of the two; yet both created an identical effect—mystification. M. Cavaignac was all open and above-board. He is the good boy of French politics: a toy Brutus who has lived on his reputation for integrity ever since, at school, he refused to take his prize from the son of the emperor who imprisoned his father. This profession of honest man leads to high eminence in France; the more so in that Cavaignac has a monopoly of it. He is the housemaid who sweeps up all the scandals of France. When every public man but half a dozen had dirtied his fingers in Panama, Cavaignac was the man to restore public confidence in public honesty. When Billot had succeeded Mercier, and the Dreyfus case had become worse tangled than ever, and the General Staff and the War Office were suspect, who but Cavaignac could go to the Ministry of War and vouch for them? To the outsider he is a tiresome prig, with his eternal protestations of Roman virtue; and he looks it, with his narrow, stooping chest, his narrow pedant's head, his little mustache, and the close-cropped, smug side-whiskers on his cheek bones. But to France it is an obvious god-send to have one public man who can be relied upon to tell the truth. Cavaignac duly went to the Ministry of War and announced that Dreyfus was guilty. Cavaignac said so; France was reassured at once. Pres-

ently Cavaignac got up in the Chamber and read a letter from one foreign military *attaché* to another, proving that Dreyfus was a traitor. France had it posted up on the walls of every commune in the country. And then, one day, it was known that the letter was a forgery and that its author, the chief stand-by of the General Staff in its fight against Dreyfus, was in prison with his throat cut. And the mystery was that Cavaignac still said Dreyfus was guilty. The discovery of Henry's forgery, whereof he himself extorted confession and instantly acknowledged it, was the strongest confirmation of his famous integrity. But this time France doubted. His heart remained unimpeachable—only what about his head?

Now came Cavaignac into court at Rennes to set all doubt to rest. He stood up before the council of war, stretched forth his hand, and harangued it as if it had been the Chamber of Deputies. Frankly and clearly he told them everything he knew; and it proved that he knew nothing. Not one single revelation to satisfy the world of Dreyfus's guilt—only an argument such as any man who knew a little of the French army could have made quite as well! It was a good argument, clear, cogent, everything except convincing; and to the impartial mind it disposed forever of the superstition that a man cannot honestly believe Dreyfus guilty. Cavaignac proved that Dreyfus was in an exceptionally good position to know all the secrets detailed in the intercepted letter which forms the basis of the charge. Very few officers in the French army are able to betray the information that was betrayed; none was more able than Dreyfus. To be evidence to hang a man and worse, this demonstration, to Anglo-Saxon ideas, should have gone further and shown that none other was able to betray these secrets at all. It establishes Cavaignac's good faith, and makes it easy to believe in other men's; it explains maybe why Dreyfus was accused and condemned. But it does not clear the mists from the most extraordinary affair that ever perplexed the world.

Mercier's evidence explained nothing; but Mercier's personality suggested whole volumes. He said no more than Cavaignac, and said it a great deal less clearly; but the very obscurity hinted at possibilities immeasurable. It was characteristic of the man that his deposition dealt largely with the cryptic methods of the bureau of espionage, and it was itself so cryptic that we knew no more of them after he had dis-

coursed for an hour than when he began. Mercier's personality strikes the note of the whole case. Looking at his back as he gave evidence—tall, straight, and slim—you would have called him soldierly and suspected him stupid. But his face and head are a nightmare of the Inquisition. On his face the brownish skin hangs loosely. There is neither depth of cranium nor height of forehead to hold a brain in. The eyes are slits with heavy curtains of lids, and bags beneath them that turn the drooping cheeks into caverns. A little mustache and beard frame thin lips that might be evil, sensual, humorous, but could never be human. If you look at his head, you call him a vulture; at his face, you call him a mummy. He speaks in a slow, passionless monotone; his gestures seem calculated to follow his words, instead of proceeding, as a Frenchman's should, along with them, on the same impulse. When he stood up side by side with Casimir-Perier, he persisted in his assertions with the dogged mumble of a school-boy detected in a lie. When he sat and strove to wind the toils of treason round the prisoner, he seemed as unmoved by hate as by pity; he accused him dully, as if repeating a lesson. Cold, deliberate, tortuous, thorough, yet ineffective; verbose, but not candid; bravely barking with native stupidity; conscientiously believing himself to be doing God's work; untouched by hate or love, anger or fear or hope, for others or for himself—General Mercier was the very type and mirror of a Jesuit grand inquisitor.

Mercier was the spirit of darkness; but there was also a spirit of light. Nearest to the audience of the four robed figures on the counsel's bench was a young man of great stature and size. As he sat loosely on his chair, hitched his gown up on to his shoulders, leaned forward to listen or heaved himself back to loll, every motion had a vast sweep, embodied easy power. When he stood, he was a clear head above most Frenchmen in court. His keen eye looked out from under bushy brows as a gun looks out of its port. A light-brown beard, neither very trim nor shapeless, and light-brown hair just beginning to nod over his brow, tempered brute strength with a look of bluff kindness. If Mercier was an inquisitor, this sunny-faced giant was a viking. It was Labori, the great cross-examiner. Since he defended Zola he has given himself heart and soul to the cause of Dreyfus. Perhaps his skill in eliciting reluctant truths was piqued at the persistence of a mystery unfathomed; cer-

tainly his fighting spirit was roused by contumely to resolute hostility. When first he rose to cross-examine, his voice was agreeable, yet seemed too soft and liquid for the man. But the moment he approached a point, a distinction, an admission, it hardened and rang like steel. In anger, you knew he could roar out of that great chest like a bull. If any champion could plunge into the black shades, choke lies and errors and ignorance, and pluck out the truth, it was surely Labori.

Therefore, this being the most tangled riddle of the century, a French journalist galloped into court at half-past six on the third morning with the screech, "Labori is shot!" And Labori was lying on the canal bank with his head in his wife's lap and a bullet in his back. He had been shot from behind; letters, including a threatening missive received the day before, had been taken from his pocket; it was said that a man had tried to wrest from him the portfolio that held his notes for the imminent cross-examination of Mercier. Certain it was that the assailant got away and remained uncaught for days; which, as he must want food and the whole countryside knew of him, spelt sympathy and friends. Plot or no plot, Rennes went mad. Jews wept. Newspaper-sellers volleyed "Long live the army!" or "Down with the tonsure!" and hundreds came out into the street to watch them do it. At every street corner somebody was calling somebody on the other side an assassin. When we returned from court that morning, Jewish ladies were waiting at the doors of the hotel to make sure that no one had assassinated their husbands. They told each other with shaking lips that the lower quarters, inflamed by-cider far weaker than St. Louis beer, were contemplating a massacre of Jews. They remembered, and went pale, that it was less than a week to the St. Bartholomew. An eminent novelist went up to an eminent anti-Semite and remarked, "Assassin! Your face displeases me. Assassin! I give you five minutes to leave this hotel. Assassin!" The anti-Semite, who happens to be a Jew, went to the prefect and asked for protection.

"Perfectly," replied the high-minded official, "it is my duty to protect every law-abiding citizen, irrespective of party, race, sex, or creed. I shall do my duty." The anti-Semite Jew breathed more easily. "But," added M. le Prefect, "it would be wrong to disguise from you that my au-

thority stops at the door of your hotel. By the way," he went on pleasantly, "when do you count to leave Rennes?"

"To-morrow."

"Well, then, let me advise you, as a man of well known law-abiding tendencies, and considering the emotion aroused by the odious attempted assassination of this morning, to advance the time of your departure by a day." And he did. The novelist, a much bigger man, accompanied him to the door, shouting "Assassin!" and Rennes saw that defender of the honor of the army no more.

The only Frenchman who remained indubitably sane was Labori himself. But bravely as he bore it, the loss of the five hours he had promised himself with General

Mercier and of the distinction he had hoped to win in the greatest case of the century must have been a bitter disappointment. And to the seeker after truth the loss was almost as irreparable. Without Labori the case was dull, and grew daily duller. The day of the shooting brought a procession of generals ruddy, tubby generals of comic opera; clean-limbed, elastic-bodied, clear-eyed generals of the manœuvre field; bald, white-headed generals like elders in somebody else's crimson trousers; Jesuitical generals, winding coil on coil of cold insinuation around the pale, silent prisoner. Day after day, day after day, and Dreyfus was helpless, and the accusers uncontradicted. It was not evidence, it was not first-hand, it was not new. But the judges, with this

perpetual stream of accusation washing over them, for the most part from their own superior officers, must needs be carried away by it in the end. They were plainly earnest, conscientious, impartial; took notes, asked questions, listened with fixity; were worthy of the momentous part fate had assigned to them in their country's history. But from day to day accusation and harm trickled over, and Dreyfus's face went whiter and whiter and his chances blacker and blacker.

To the unrepentant truth-seeker these days brought a feeling of absolute, fatal levellement. The fog of uncertainty receded further and further into the shades; and the case, instead of any palpable facts, the sense of mystery grew stronger and stronger. There was something behind the scenes, something that the public could not see. The case was not a case of a man's guilt or innocence, but a case of a man's life or death. The public could not see the truth, but they could see the consequences. The case was not a case of a man's guilt or innocence, but a case of a man's life or death. The public could not see the truth, but they could see the consequences. The case was not a case of a man's guilt or innocence, but a case of a man's life or death. The public could not see the truth, but they could see the consequences.



hour there had been a great plot and a ring of traitors in the army. Dreyfus was in it, and had been sacrificed to save the others. The next, ambitious Dreyfus had really, as he was said to have acknowledged, given up trumpery documents in the hope, Jew-like, of making a personal success by bringing to the Intelligence Department some great secret of Germany. Presently Esterhazy was telling the truth; he had written the letter to Schwartzkoppen which never went, so as to implicate Dreyfus, innocent or guilty. Anon Dreyfus had been shunned and tabooed by his brother officers, and had rushed to his revenge in treason.

Hour by hour, accusation on accusation, Dreyfus whiter and whiter, his chances blacker and blacker! And then one morning, when the military clericalists seemed to have their hands on the prize, came a man who restored the balance of the fight. Colonel Picquart slouched into court in a shocking bad morning coat and ill-fitting trousers, lifted his hand to the Christ and swore to tell the truth, sat down in the witnesses' chair, got up, and sat down more comfortably, settled his shoulders to the back of it, crossed his legs, poured himself a glass of water, took hold of the table before him with both hands, and began.

Until he ran his head upon the Dreyfus case, three years ago, Picquart was almost the most promising soldier in France. Like most of France's best men, he is an Alsatian. He had seen fighting in Algeria and Tongking, and had spent most of the rest of his service on the General Staff. On these two roads to distinction he had gone so far that he was major at thirty-two and lieutenant-colonel at forty. He speaks and writes English, German, Russian, Spanish, and Italian, an accomplishment almost unearthly in a Frenchman. He enjoyed the highest esteem of his chiefs. There was nothing in the French army to which he could not legitimately aspire, till he ruined himself by taking



M. LABORI, LEADING COUNSEL FOR DREYFUS.

up the cause of Dreyfus. He has spent ten out of the last thirteen months in a secret prison. His enemies have never suggested that he had any other motive than a predilection for justice and truth.

He sat down deliberately, as one who means to stay, and began. From the first word his voice was audible to everybody in court. His calm, reasonable-looking face was not stirred by any kind of emotion. He articulated with clearness, spoke with emphasis, with pauses for his audience to digest him, with pauses to prepare them for an important point, with utter lucidity and fastidious exactness of phrase. It was easy to see that he had been a professor at the French West Point. Frankly, he was there to tell them what they did not know, and he no more expected it to be questioned than the schoolmaster expects the child to dispute the multiplication table. The judges hated it. Even if he had not gone against the army, he was younger than any of them, yet senior in rank to six out of the seven. He was a staff man, what they call in the



English army a "brass hat," and therefore not beloved by less lucky regimental officers. You could see their hostility: they looked at each other—looked away—leaned back—yawned. Picquart went on in his absolutely clear voice, with his absolutely clear exposition of facts. This was not evidence either; it was a speech for the defense this time, but a masterly one. It was obvious in five minutes that he knew the whole case from A to Z. He knew the work of the General Staff as he knew the alphabet. He knew where every document was kept, where everybody worked, what his work was, what he was in a position to know and what he was not. He saw the nature and bearing of every fact by the dry white light of pure reason. This was a man in some sort like Mercier—a man for whom hate or love, anger or hope or fear could never color what seemed true and right—only this was a man with a brain. His brain was like a swift, well-oiled machine, every wheel running easily in its place, every nut and bolt doing its due share of work, no less and no more. The judges ceased to look about, they looked at Picquart; in the last hour of the five and a half hours' sitting they leaned forward motionless. In two hours Picquart had swept away over three days of the other side, and the case was back on the level again.

And what of Dreyfus all this while? If the chances of the fight excite the man who merely wishes to know, what of him to whom, little as the fighters may care about him, it spells a new life or the old hell? To look at Dreyfus as he usually is, you would say he was the only quite disinterested spectator in the court. To hear him speak, as he rarely does, you would say he was the only man in the case who had the clear head to appreciate the evidence at its just value. Whatever he is or has been, Dreyfus is no common man.

The first day, he came into court like a dead man just beginning to come to life. He walked like an automaton. His hair was gray; his face was like clay; his eyes were invisible behind his glasses. His voice, when he spoke, was withered and sapless. He was a translation into awful fact of the metaphor "living death." But during his interrogation that very day his voice came back—harsh, abrupt, gusty, but sonorous and vibrating. His denials followed charges with the instant rebound of a sharp volley at tennis. He was stiff, certainly, and formal—it was well said that he looked more like a German officer than a French—and he

denied everything with emphasis, but without emotion. The French, of course, found him unsympathetic, and certainly he looked stubborn and none too cordial or genial.

When we saw him again, after four days' secret session, he had thawed amazingly; he was almost back to normal life. He moved with signs of elasticity, leaped to his feet, and spoke promptly, in a full voice. When it was his cue to be still, he sat with his knees together like an Egyptian statue. But when the long series of accusations came lapping over him, intangible, impossible to deny, much less disprove, with Labori gone and his other counsel ponderous, then we saw Dreyfus slowly freeze back to death again. That head that always thrusts itself into the middle of every photograph and insists on striking the note of every glance of the man—the deep, rounded, close-cropped cranium and the harsh, strong, hatchet profile, looked like a death's-head. It had a queer archaic, Oriental suggestion; it might have been a skull from Chaldæa, endowed by wizardry with a moment's life and slowly fading back into grinning bones again. At all times, indignant or patient, hopeful or stony, it is the face of a strong man, both powerful to think and brave to suffer; but it is a face that you can never describe. It is sheer suffering as it can hardly have ever been seen—suffering both objective and subjective, agony felt and agony borne. There is only one such face, because there is only one France, and France has but one Devil's Island.

As the days wore on, especially when the trial passed into a stratum of smaller witnesses, who made definite statements instead of harangues for prosecution and defense, there gradually appeared a new Dreyfus. He became a man. When he stood, he stood poker-backed as ever; but he walked every day into court as if he were going to his office. His voice was still harsh, but it was measured. Instead of protesting, protesting, half like a wounded beast and half like a machine, he began to argue—to give reasons why he did this or could not have done that. From a man trying to fight his way back to life he had become a man balancing probabilities. His demeanor, his voice, his thought, while always dignified, were daily more even, better oiled, so to speak; more on the level of the rest of us, who have never died and come to life again.

But the real Dreyfus—the unique Dreyfus of the Devil's Island—the petrified soul in the rigid body—that is the wonderful, awful

thing that none who saw and heard will ever forget and none will ever see and hear again. For such, Dreyfus will ring through their heads till they die in one cry. It was at the end of the second public audience. General Mercier, cold, hard, passionless, had been accusing him of treason for three hours—accusing him as though the accused were either not there or, seeing he was there, were a clod of clay. At length he turned, and looked Dreyfus in the face. He said in that measured, pitiless monotone, "If—I—had—the—least—doubt—that—Dreyfus—was—guilty—I—should—be—the—first—to—say" (oh, why in mercy could he not hurry and get it done?) "I—was—honestly—mistaken——"

Ah! A yell that seemed to rip the sleepy hall in twain! Dreyfus was up, eyes blazing, head thrust fiercely forward, fist flung out. "You should say that," were the words; but they tore out so furiously that they were less like words than an inarticulate scream of supreme agony. For a mo-

ment he stood thus, eyes and head and fist, with the officer's pitying hand on his arm. It was a tiger checked in his spring—only a human tiger, which is as capable of rage and so much more capable of suffering. And the tone! It is useless to wrestle with description: it was the whole story of the man of the Devil's Island. Everybody in the hall sat stupid and confounded, as though a bolt had fallen from heaven. Everybody felt shy and ashamed in presence of something so incomparably more intense than they had ever known. It was rage, and it was hope—just a tiny dash of hope to embitter the flavor of utter despair. It was passion that a man who always lived among men could never feel, and that passion was trying to burst out all in a phrase and did not know the way. The torment of a dead soul, knowing itself dead, in one anguished strain to break through into life again—all that was in four words of Dreyfus. It told his whole history: there is no other man on earth that could have uttered it.

## MARK TWAIN.

### A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.



IN 1835 the creation of the Western empire of America had just begun. In the whole region west of the Mississippi, which now contains 21,000,000 people—nearly twice the entire population of the United States at that time—there were less than half a million white inhabitants. There were only two States beyond the great river, Louisiana and Missouri. There were only two considerable groups of population, one about New Orleans, the other about St. Louis. If we omit New Orleans, which is east of the river, there was only one place in all that vast domain with any pretension to be called a city. That was St. Louis, and that metropolis, the wonder and pride of all the Western country, had no more than 10,000 inhabitants.

It was in this frontier region, on the extreme fringe of settlement "that just divides

the desert from the sown," that Samuel Langhorne Clemens was born, November 30, 1835, in the hamlet of Florida, Missouri. His parents had come there to be in the thick of the Western "boom," and by a fate for which no lack of foresight on their part was to blame, they found themselves in a place which succeeded in accumulating 125 inhabitants in the next sixty years. When we read of the westward sweep of population and wealth in the United States, it seems as if those who were in the van of that movement must have been inevitably carried on to fortune. But that was a tide full of eddies and back currents, and Mark Twain's parents possessed a faculty for finding them that appears nothing less than miraculous. The whole Western empire was before them where to choose. They could have bought the entire site of Chicago for a pair of boots. They could have taken up a farm within the present city limits of St. Louis. What they actually did

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Owing to the number of unauthorized and largely apocryphal accounts of his life that have appeared in various countries, Mark Twain asked his nephew, Mr. Samuel E. Moffett, to write a sketch of him that should be authentic. The result was the present article, of which Mark Twain wrote, when it was submitted for his opinion, "This biographical sketch suits me entirely—in simplicity, directness, dignity, lucidity—in all ways." It so completely satisfied him that he has chosen it to appear in the collected subscription edition of his works, soon to be published by the American Publishing Company, and also with the German translation of his works. Copyright, 1899, by Samuel E. Moffett.

was to live for a time in Lexington, Kentucky, with a small property in land and six inherited slaves; then to move to Jamestown, on the Cumberland plateau of Tennessee, a place that was then no farther removed from the currents of the world's life than Uganda, but which no resident of that or any other part of Central Africa would now regard as a serious competitor; and next to migrate to Missouri, passing St. Louis, and settling first in Florida and afterward in Hannibal. But when the whole map was blank, the promise of fortune glowed as rosily in these regions as anywhere else. Florida had great expectations when Jackson was President. When John Marshall Clemens took up 80,000 acres of land in Tennessee, he thought he had established his children as territorial magnates. That phantom vision of wealth furnished later one of the motives of "The Gilded Age." It conferred no other benefit.

If Samuel Clemens missed a fortune, he inherited good blood. On both sides, his family had been settled in the South since early colonial times. His father, John Marshall Clemens, of Virginia, was a descendant of Gregory Clement, who was one of the judges that condemned Charles I. to death, was excepted from the amnesty after the restoration in consequence, and lost his head. A cousin of John M. Clemens, Jeremiah Clemens, represented Alabama in the United States Senate from 1849 to 1853.

Through his mother, Jane Lampton (Lambton), the boy was descended from the Lambtons, of Durham, whose modern English representatives still possess the lands held by their ancestors of the same name since the twelfth century. Some of her forbears on the maternal side, the Montgomerys, went with Daniel Boone to Kentucky, and were in the thick of the romantic and tragic events that accompanied the settlement of the "Dark and Bloody Ground;" and she herself was born there, twenty-nine years after the first log-cabin was built within the limits of the present commonwealth. She was one of the earliest, prettiest, and brightest of those Blue Grass belles that have given Kentucky such an enviable reputation as a nursery of fair women, and her vivacity and wit left no doubt in the minds of her friends concerning the source of her son's genius.

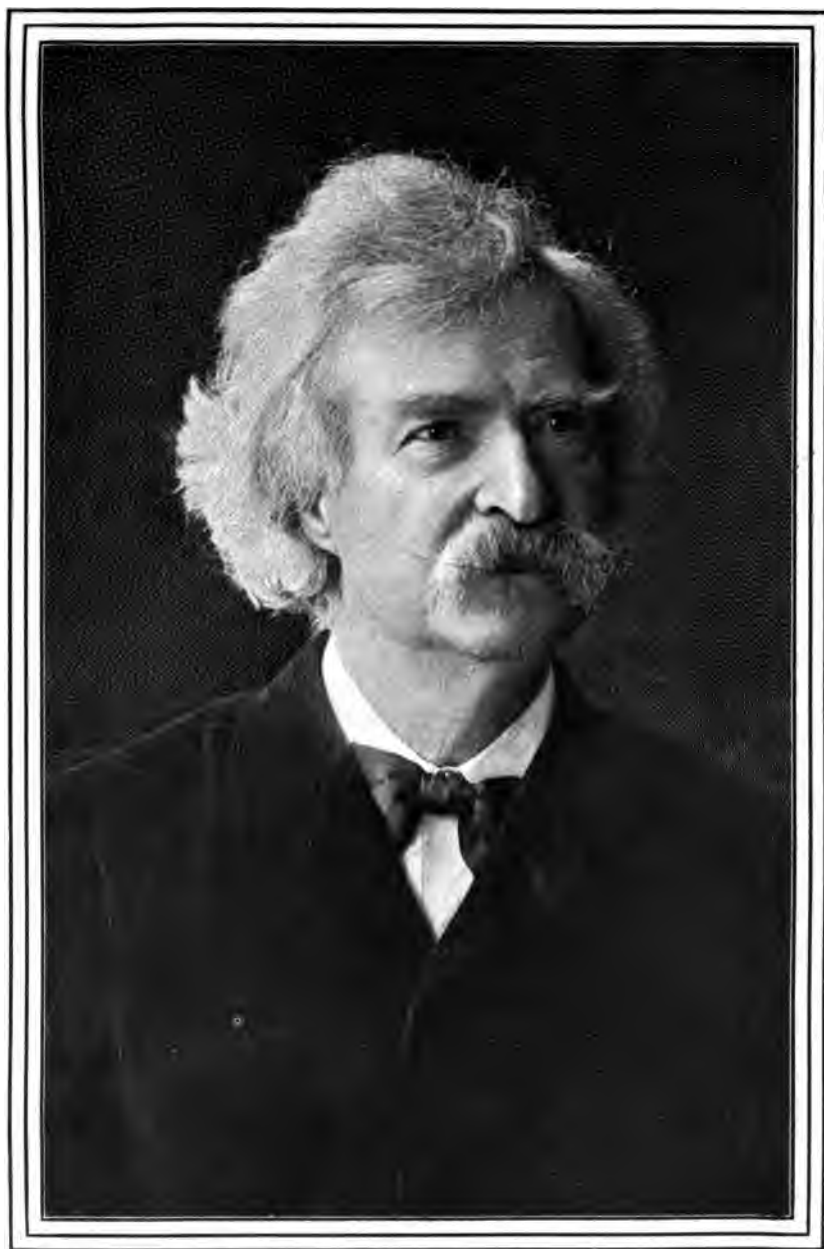
John Marshall Clemens, who had been trained for the bar in Virginia, served for some years as a magistrate at Hannibal, and was finally elected county judge, but died (March, 1847) before he could assume office. With this event Mark Twain's formal educa-

tion came to an end, and his education in real life began. He had always been a delicate boy, and his father in consequence had been lenient in the matter of enforcing attendance at school, although he had been profoundly anxious that his children should be well educated. His wish was fulfilled, although not in the way he had expected. It is a fortunate thing for literature that Mark Twain was never ground into smooth uniformity under the scholastic emery wheel. He has made the world his university, and in men and books and strange places and all the phases of an infinitely varied life has built an education broad and deep on the foundations of an undisturbed individuality.

His high school was a village printing-office, where his elder brother, Orion, was conducting a newspaper. The thirteen-year-old boy served in all capacities, and in the occasional absences of his chief he reveled in personal journalism, with original illustrations hacked on wooden blocks with a jack-knife, to an extent that riveted the town's attention, "but not its admiration," as his brother plaintively confessed. The editor spoke with feeling, for he had to take the consequences of these exploits on his return.

From his earliest childhood young Clemens had been of an adventurous disposition. Before he was thirteen he had been extracted three times from the Mississippi and six times from Bear Creek in a substantially drowned condition. But his mother, with the high confidence in his future that never deserted her, merely remarked: "People who are born to be hanged are safe in the water." By 1853, the Hannibal tether had become too short for him. He disappeared from home, and wandered from one Eastern printing-office to another. He saw the World's Fair at New York and other marvels, and supported himself by setting type. At the end of this *Wanderjahr*, financial stress drove him back to his family. He lived at St. Louis, Muscatine, and Keokuk until 1857, when he induced the great Horace Bixby to teach him the mystery of steamboat piloting. The charm of this warm, indolent existence in the sleepy river towns has colored his whole subsequent life. In "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," "Life on the Mississippi," and "Pudd'nhead Wilson" every phase of that vanished estate is lovingly dwelt upon.

Native character will always make itself felt, but one may wonder whether Mark Twain's humor would have developed in quite so sympathetic and buoyant a vein if he had been brought up in Ecclefechan instead of



SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS—"MARK TWAIN."

From a photograph taken in London July 4, 1899, by Russell and Sons. Reproduced by special permission of the "Illustrated Buffalo Express."

in Hannibal, and whether Carlyle might not have been a little more human if he had spent his boyhood in Hannibal instead of in Ecclefechan.

A Mississippi pilot in the later fifties was a personage of imposing grandeur. He was a miracle of attainments; he was the absolute master of his boat while it was under way; and just before his fall, he commanded a salary precisely equal to that earned at that time by the Vice-President of the United States or a justice of the Supreme Court. The best proof of the superlative majesty and desirability of his position is the fact that Samuel Clemens deliberately subjected himself to the incredible labor necessary to attain it—a labor compared with which the efforts needed to acquire the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at a university are as light as a summer course of modern novels. To appreciate the full meaning of a pilot's marvelous education one must read the whole of "Life on the Mississippi," but this extract may give a partial idea of a single feature of that training—the cultivation of the memory:

"First of all, there is one faculty which a pilot must incessantly cultivate until he has brought it to absolute perfection. Nothing short of perfection will do. That faculty is memory. He cannot stop with merely thinking a thing is so and so; he must *know* it; for this is eminently one of the exact sciences. With what scorn a pilot was looked upon, in the old times, if he ever ventured to deal in that feeble phrase 'I think,' instead of the vigorous one 'I know!' One cannot easily realize what a tremendous thing it is to know every trivial detail of 1,200 miles of river and know it with absolute exactness. If you will take the longest street in New York and travel up and down it, conning its features patiently until you know every house and window and door and lamp-post and big and little sign by heart, and know them so accurately that you can instantly name the one you are abreast of when you are set down at random in that street in the middle of an inky black night, you will then have a tolerable notion of the amount and the exactness of a pilot's knowledge who carries the Mississippi River in his head. And then if you will go on until you know every street crossing, the character, size, and position of the crossing stones, and the varying depth of mud in each of those numberless places, you will have some idea of what the pilot must know in order to keep a Mississippi steamer out of trouble. Next,

if you will take half of the signs on that long street and *change their places* once a month, and still manage to know their new positions accurately on dark nights, and keep up with these repeated changes without making any mistakes, you will understand what is required of a pilot's peerless memory by the fickle Mississippi."

Young Clemens went through all that appalling training, stored away in his head the bewildering mass of knowledge a pilot's duties required, received the license that was the diploma of the river university, entered into regular employment, and regarded himself as established for life, when the outbreak of the Civil War wiped out his occupation at a stroke and made his weary apprenticeship a useless labor. The commercial navigation of the lower Mississippi was stopped by a line of fire, and black, squat gunboats, their sloping sides plated with railroad iron, took the place of the gorgeous white side-wheelers whose pilots had been the envied aristocrats of the river towns. Clemens was in New Orleans when Louisiana seceded, and started North the next day. The boat ran a blockade every day of her trip, and on the last night of the voyage the batteries at the Jefferson Barracks, just below St. Louis, fired two shots through her chimneys.

Brought up in a slave-holding atmosphere, Mark Twain naturally sympathized at first with the South. In June he joined the Confederates in Ralls County, Missouri, as a second lieutenant under General Tom Harris. His military career lasted for two weeks. Narrowly missing the distinction of being captured by Colonel Ulysses S. Grant, he resigned, explaining that he had become "incapacitated by fatigue" through persistent retreating. In his subsequent writings he has always treated his brief experience of warfare as a burlesque episode, although the official reports and correspondence of the Confederate commanders speak very respectfully of the work of the raw countrymen of the Harris Brigade. The elder Clemens brother, Orion, was *persona grata* to the Administration of President Lincoln, and received in consequence an appointment as the first Secretary of the new Territory of Nevada. He offered his speedily reconstructed junior the position of private secretary to himself, "with nothing to do and no salary." The two crossed the plains in the overland coach in eighteen days—almost precisely the time it will take to go from New York to Vladivostok when the Trans-Siberian Railway is finished.

A year of variegated fortune-hunting among the silver mines of the Humboldt and Esmeralda regions followed. Occasional letters written during this time to the leading newspaper of the Territory, the "Virginia City Territorial Enterprise," attracted the attention of the proprietor, Mr. J. T. Goodman, a man of keen and unerring literary instinct, and he offered the writer the position of local editor on his staff. With the duties of this place were combined those of legislative correspondent at Carson City, the capital. The work of young Clemens created a sensation among the lawmakers. He wrote a weekly letter, spiced with barbed personalities. It appeared every Sunday, and on Mondays the legislative business was obstructed with the complaints of members who rose to questions of privilege and expressed their opinion of the correspondent with acerbity. This encouraged him to give his letters more individuality by signing them. For this purpose he adopted the old Mississippi leadsmen's call for two fathoms (twelve feet)—"Mark Twain."

At that particular period dueling was a passing fashion on the Comstock. The refinements of Parisian civilization had not penetrated there, and a Washoe duel seldom left more than one survivor. The weapons were always Colt's navy revolvers—distance, fifteen paces; fire and advance; six shots allowed. Mark Twain became involved in a quarrel with Mr. Laird, the editor of the "Virginia Union," and the situation seemed to call for a duel. Neither combatant was an expert with the pistol, but Mark Twain was fortunate enough to have a second who was. The men were practising in adjacent gorges, Mr. Laird doing fairly well, and his opponent hitting everything but the mark. A small bird lit on a sage bush thirty yards away, and Mark Twain's second fired and knocked off its head. At that moment the enemy came over the ridge, saw the dead bird, observed the distance, and learned from Gillis, the humorist's second, that the feat had been performed by Mark Twain, for whom such an exploit was nothing remarkable. They withdrew for consultation, and then offered a formal apology, after which peace was restored, leaving Mark Twain with the honors of war.

However, this incident was the means of effecting another change in his life. There was a new law which prescribed two years imprisonment for any one who should send, carry, or accept a challenge. The fame of the proposed duel had reached the capital,

eighteen miles away, and Governor North wrathfully gave orders for the arrest of all concerned, announcing his intention of making an example that would be remembered. A friend of the duelists heard of their danger, outrode the officers of the law, and hurried the parties over the border into California.

Mark Twain found a berth as city editor of the "San Francisco Morning Call," but he was not adapted to routine newspaper work, and in a couple of years he made another bid for fortune in the mines. He tried the "pocket mines" of California this time, at Jackass Gulch, in Calaveras County, but was fortunate enough to find no pockets. Thus he escaped the hypnotic fascination that has kept some intermittently successful pocket miners willing prisoners in Sierra cabins for life, and in three months he was back in San Francisco, penniless, but in the line of literary promotion. He wrote letters for the "Virginia Enterprise" for a time, but, tiring of that, welcomed an assignment to visit Hawaii for the "Sacramento Union" and write about the sugar interests. It was in Honolulu that he accomplished one of his greatest feats of "straight newspaper work." The clipper "Hornet" had been burned on "the line," and when the skeleton survivors arrived after a passage of forty-three days in an open boat on ten days' provisions, Mark Twain gathered their stories, worked all day and all night, and threw a complete account of the horror aboard a schooner that had already cast off. It was the only full account that reached California, and it was not only a clean "scoop" of unusual magnitude, but an admirable piece of literary art. The "Union" testified its appreciation by paying the correspondent ten times the current rates for it.

After six months in the islands, Mark Twain returned to California, and made his first venture upon the lecture platform. He was warmly received, and delivered several lectures with profit. In 1867 he went East by way of the Isthmus, and joined the "Quaker City" excursion to Europe and the Holy Land as correspondent of the "Alta California," of San Francisco. During this tour of five or six months the party visited the principal ports of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. From this trip grew "The Innocents Abroad," the creator of Mark Twain's reputation as a literary force of the first order. "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" had preceded it, but "The Innocents" gave the author his first introduction

to international literature. A hundred thousand copies were sold the first year, and as many more later.

Four years of lecturing followed—distasteful, but profitable. Mark Twain always shrank from the public exhibition of himself on the platform, but he was a popular favorite there from the first. He was one of a little group, including Henry Ward Beecher and two or three others, for whom every lyceum committee in the country was bidding, and whose capture at any price insured the success of a lecture course.

The "Quaker City" excursion had a more important result than the production of "The Innocents Abroad." Through her brother, who was one of the party, Mr. Clemens became acquainted with Miss Olivia L. Langdon, the daughter of Jervis Langdon, of Elmira, New York, and this acquaintance led, in February, 1870, to one of the most ideal marriages in literary history.

Four children came of this union. The eldest, Langdon, a son, was born in November, 1870, and died in 1872. The second, Susan Olivia, a daughter, was born in the latter year, and lived only twenty-four years, but long enough to develop extraordinary mental gifts and every grace of character. Two other daughters, Clara Langdon and Jean, were born in 1874 and 1880 respectively, and still live.

Mark Twain's first home as a man of family was in Buffalo, in a house given to the bride by her father as a wedding present. He bought a third interest in a daily newspaper, the "Buffalo Express," and joined its staff. But his time for jogging in harness was past. It was his last attempt at regular newspaper work, and a year of it was enough. He had become assured of a market for anything he might produce, and he could choose his own place and time for writing.

There was a tempting literary colony at Hartford; the place was steeped in an atmosphere of antique peace and beauty, and the Clemens family were captivated by its charm. They moved there in October, 1871, and soon built a house which was one of the earliest fruits of the artistic revolt against the mid-century Philistinism of domestic architecture in America. For years it was an object of wonder to the simple-minded tourist.

The facts that its rooms were arranged for the convenience of those who were to occupy them, and that its windows, gables, and porches were distributed with an eye to the beauty, comfort, and picturesqueness of that

particular house, instead of following the traditional lines laid down by the carpenters and contractors who designed most of the dwellings of the period, distracted the critics, and gave rise to grave discussions in the newspapers throughout the country of "Mark Twain's practical joke."

The years that followed brought a steady literary development. "Roughing It," which was written in 1872, and scored a success hardly second to that of "The Innocents," was, like that, simply a humorous narrative of personal experiences, variegated by brilliant splashes of description; but with "The Gilded Age," which was produced in the same year in collaboration with Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, the humorist began to evolve into the philosopher. "Tom Sawyer," appearing in 1876, was a veritable manual of boy nature, and its sequel, "Huckleberry Finn," which was published nine years later, was not only an advanced treatise in the same science, but a most moving study of the workings of the untutored human soul in boy and man. "The Prince and the Pauper," 1882; "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court," 1890, and "Pudd'nhead Wilson," first published serially in 1893-94, were all alive with a comprehensive and passionate sympathy, to which their humor was quite subordinate, although Mark Twain never wrote, and probably never will write, a book that could be read without laughter. His humor is as irrepressible as Lincoln's, and like that it bubbles out on the most solemn occasions; but still, again like Lincoln's, it has a way of seeming, in spite of the surface incongruity, to belong there. But it was in the "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," the anonymous serial publication of which in 1894-95 betrayed some critics of reputation into the absurdity of attributing it to other authors, notwithstanding the characteristic evidences of its paternity that obtruded themselves on every page, that Mark Twain became most distinctly a prophet of humanity. Here at last was a book with nothing ephemeral about it—one that will reach the elemental human heart as well among the flying-machines of the next century as it does among the automobiles of to-day, or as it would have done among the stage-coaches of a hundred years ago.

And side by side with this spiritual growth had come a growth in knowledge and in culture. The Mark Twain of "The Innocents," keen-eyed, quick on understanding, and full of fresh, eager interest in all Europe and its show, but frankly avowing that he could not



know what in the mischief the Renaissance was," had developed into an accomplished scholar and a man of the world for whom the globe had few surprises left. The Mark Twain of 1895 might conceivably have written "The Innocents Abroad," although it would have required an effort to put himself in the necessary frame of mind; but the Mark Twain of 1867 could no more have written "Joan of Arc" than he could have deciphered the Maya hieroglyphics.

In 1873, the family spent some months in England and Scotland, and Mr. Clemens lectured for a few weeks in London. Another European journey followed in 1878.

"A Tramp Abroad" was the result of this tour, which lasted eighteen months. "The Prince and the Pauper," "Life on the Mississippi," and "Huckleberry Finn" appeared in quick succession in 1882, 1883, and 1885. Considerably more amusing than anything the humorist ever wrote was the fact that the trustees of some village libraries in New England solemnly voted that "Huckleberry Finn," whose power of moral uplift has hardly been surpassed by any book of our time, was too demoralizing to be allowed on their shelves.

All this time fortune had been steadily favorable, and Mark Twain had been spoken of by the press sometimes with admiration as an example of the financial success possible in literature, and sometimes with uncharitable envy as a haughty millionaire, forgetful of his humble friends. But now began the series of unfortunate investments that swept away the accumulations of half a lifetime of hard work, and left him loaded with debts incurred by other men. In 1885 he financed the publishing house of Charles L. Webster & Company, in New York. The firm began business with the prestige of a brilliant coup. It secured the publication of the *Memoirs of General Grant*, which achieved a sale of more than 600,000 volumes. The first check received by the Grant heirs was for \$200,000, and this was followed a few months later by one for \$150,000. These are the largest checks ever paid for an author's work on either side of the Atlantic. Meanwhile Mr. Clemens was spending great sums on a type-setting machine of such seductive ingenuity as to captivate the imagination of everybody who saw it. It worked to perfection, but it was too complicated and expensive for commercial use, and, after sinking a fortune in it between 1886 and 1889, Mark Twain had to write off the whole investment as a dead loss.

On top of this the publishing house, which had been supposed to be doing a profitable business, turned out to have been incapably conducted, and all the money that came into its hands was lost. Mark Twain contributed \$65,000 in efforts to save its life, but to no purpose; and when it finally failed, he found that it had not only absorbed everything he had put in, but had incurred liabilities of \$96,000, of which less than one-third was covered by assets. He could easily have avoided any legal liability for the debts; but as the credit of the company had been based largely upon his name, he felt bound in honor to pay them.

In 1895-96, accompanied by his wife and second daughter, he made a lecturing tour around the world; wrote "Following the Equator," and cleared off the obligations of the house in full. The years 1897, 1898, and 1899, to the present writing, have been spent in England, Switzerland, and Austria. Vienna took the family to its heart, and Mark Twain achieved such a popularity among all classes there as is rarely won by a foreigner anywhere.

Mark Twain, although so characteristically American in every fiber, does not appeal to Americans alone. His work has stood the test of translation into French, German, Russian, Italian, Swedish, Norwegian, and Magyar. "The Gilded Age," "Tom Sawyer," "The Prince and the Pauper," and "Pudd'nhead Wilson" have all proved successful also on the stage.

In the thirty-eight years of his literary activity Mark Twain has seen a numerous succession of "American humorists" rise, expand into sudden popularity, and disappear, leaving hardly a memory behind. If he has not written himself out like them, if his place in literature has become every year more assured, it is because his "humor" has been something radically different from theirs. It has been irresistibly laughter-provoking, but its sole end has never been to make people laugh. Its more important purpose has been to make them think and feel. And with the progress of the years Mark Twain's own thoughts have become finer, his own feelings deeper and more responsive. Sympathy with the suffering, hatred of injustice and oppression, and enthusiasm for all that tends to make the world a more tolerable place for mankind to live in, have grown with his accumulating knowledge of life as it is. That is why Mark Twain has become a classic, not only at home, but in all lands whose people read and think about the common joys and sorrows of humanity.



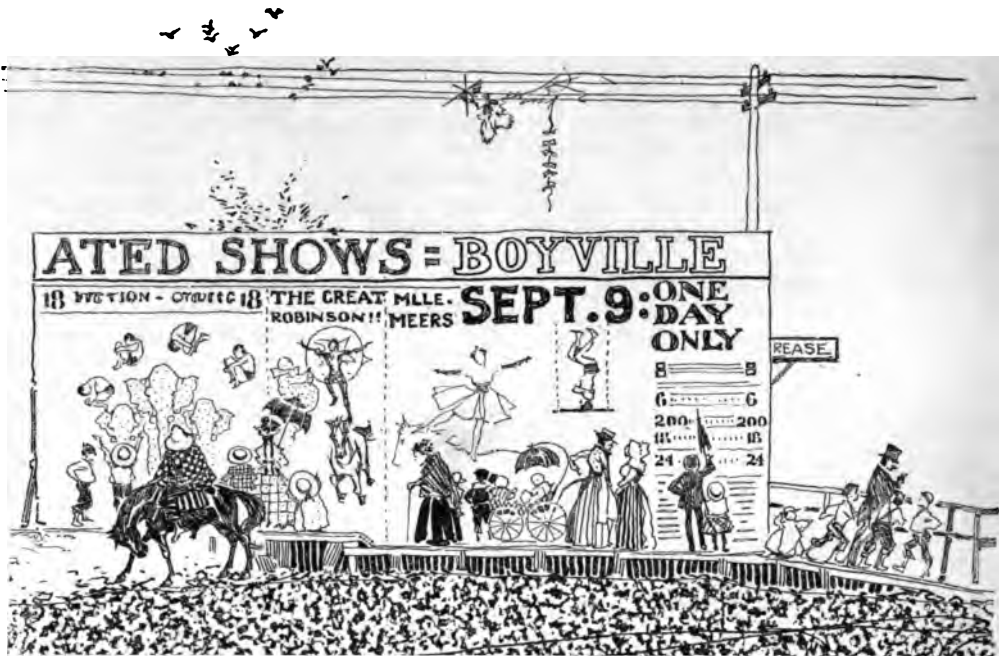
## MUCH POMP AND SEVERAL CIRCUMSTANCES.

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

Author of "James Sears: A Naughty Person," and other Boyville stories.



ACK of Pennington's barn, which was the royal castle of the Court of Boyville, ran a hollow. In the hollow grew a gnarly box-elder tree. This tree was the courtiers' hunting-lodge. In the crotches of the rugged branches Piggy Pennington, Abe Carpenter, Jimmy Sears, Bud Perkins, and Mealy Jones were wont to rest of a summer afternoon, planning for the morrow's chase, recounting the morning's adventures in the royal tourney of the marble-ring, meditating upon the evil approach of the fall school term, and following such sedentary pursuits as to any member of the court seemed right and proper. One afternoon late in August the tree was alive with its arboreal aristocracy. Abe Carpenter sat on the lowest branch, plaiting a four-strand, square-braided "quirt;" Jimmy Sears was holding the ends. Piggy was casually skinning cats, hanging by his legs, or chinning on an almost horizontal limb, as he took his part in the lagging talk. Hidden by the foliage in the thick of the tree, in a three-pronged seat, Bud Perkins reclined, his features drawn into a painful grimace, as his right hand passed to and fro before his mouth, rhythmically twanging the tongue of a jews'-harp, upon which he was playing "To My Sweet Sunny South Take Me Home." He breathed heavily and irregularly. His eyes were on the big white clouds in the blue sky, and his heart was filled with the poetry of lonesomeness that sometimes comes to boys in pensive moods. For the days when he had lived with his father, a nomad of the creeks that flowed by half a score of waterways into the Mississippi, were upon the far horizon of his consciousness, and the memory of those days made him as sad as any memory ever can make a healthy, care-free boy. He played "Dixie," partly because it was his dead father's favorite tune, and partly because, being spritely, it kept down his melancholy. Later he took out his new mouth-organ, which his foster-



mother had given to him, and to satisfy his boyish idea of justice he played "We shall Meet, but We shall Miss Him," because it was Miss Morgan's favorite. While he played the jews'-harp his tree friends flung ribald remarks at him. But when Bud began to waver his hand for a tremolo upon the mouth-organ as he played "Marsa's in de Col', Col' Groun'," a peace fell upon the company, and they sat quietly and heard his repertoire—"Ol' Shady," "May, Dearest May," "Lilly Dale," "Dey Stole My Chile Away," "Ol' Nicodemus," "Sleeping, I Dream, Love," and "Her Bright Smile." He was a Southern boy—a bird of passage caught in the North—and his music had that sweet, soothing note that cheered the men who fought under the Stars and Bars.

Into this scene rushed Mealy Jones, pell-mell, hat in hand, breathless, bringing war's alarms. "Fellers, fellers," screamed Mealy, half a block away, "it's a-comin' here! It's goin' to be here in two weeks. The man's puttin' up the boards now, and you can get a job passin' bills."

An instant later the tree was deserted, and five boys were running as fast as their legs would carry them toward the thick of the town. They stopped at the new pine bill-board, and did not leave the man with the paste-bucket until they had seen "Zazell" flying out of the cannon's mouth, the iron-

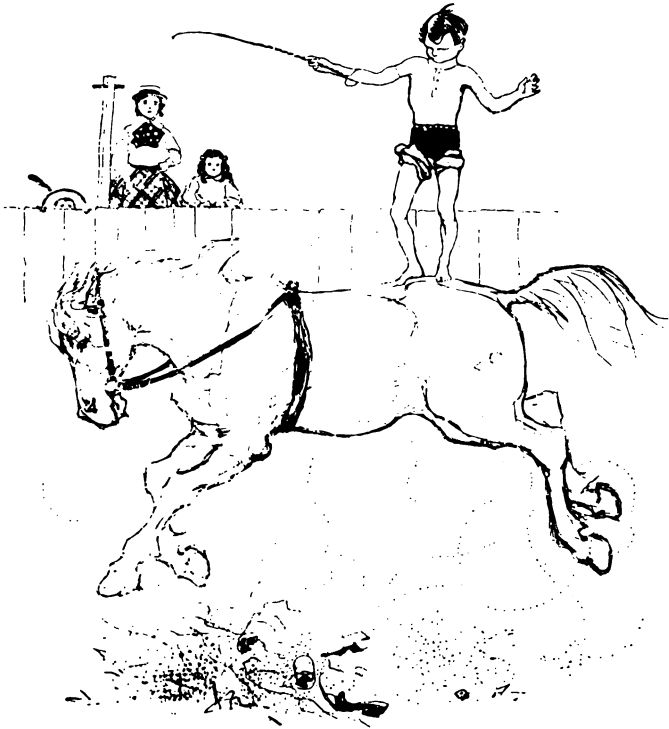
jawed woman performing her marvels, the red-mouthed rhinoceros with the bleeding native impaled upon its horn and the fleeing hunters near by, "the largest elephant in captivity" carrying the ten-thousand-dollar beauty, the acrobats whirling through space, James Robinson turning handsprings on his dapple-gray steed, and, last and most ravishing of all, little Willie Sells in pink tights on his three charging Shetland ponies, whose break-neck course in the picture followed one whichever way he turned. When these glories had been pasted upon the wall and had been discussed to the point of cynicism, the Court of Boyville reluctantly adjourned to get in the night wood and dream of a wilderness of monkeys.

During the two weeks that followed the appearance of the glad tidings on the bill-boards, the boys of Willow Creek spent many hours in strange habiliments, making grotesque imitations of the spectacles upon the boards. Piggy Pennington rolled his trousers far above his knees for tights, and galloped his father's fat delivery horse up and down the alley, riding sideways, standing, and backwards, with much vainglory. To simulate the motley of the tight-rope-walking clown, Jimmy Sears wore the calico lining of his clothes outside, when he was in the royal castle beyond his mother's ken. Mealy donned carpet slippers in Pennington's

barn, and wore long pink-and-white-striped stockings of a suspiciously feminine appearance, fastened to his abbreviated shirtwaist with stocking-suspenders, hated of all boys. Abe Carpenter did his shudder-breeding trapeze tricks in a bathing-trunk; and Bud Perkins, who nightly rubbed himself limber in oil made by hanging a bottle of angleworms in the sun to fry, wore his red calico baseball clothes, and went through keg-hoops in a dozen different ways. In the streets of the town the youngsters appeared disguised as ordinary boys. They reveled in the pic-

graceful "Human Fly" walking upside down—"defying the laws of gravitation;" and they considered no future, however pleasant, after the day and date on the bills. Thus the golden day approached, looming larger and larger upon the horizon as it came. In the interim, how many a druggist bought his own bottles the third and fourth time, how many a junk-dealer paid for his own iron, how many bags of carpet rags went to the ragman, the world will never know.

Now, among children of a larger growth, in festive times hostile demonstrations cease,



"PIGGY PENNINGTON . . . GALLOPED HIS FATHER'S FAT DELIVERY HORSE UP AND DOWN THE ALLEY."

animosities are buried; but in Boyville a North-ender is a North-ender, and a South-ender is a South-ender, and a meeting of the two is a fight. Boyville knows no times of truce. It asks nor offers quarter. When warring clans come together, be it work day, holiday, or even circus day, there is a clatter of clods, a patter of feet, and retreating hoots of defiance. And because the circus bill-boards were frequented by boys of all kiths and clans, clashes occurred frequently, and Bud Perkins, who was the fighter of the South End, had many a call to arms. Indeed, the approaching circus unloosed the dogs of war rather than nestled the dove of peace. For Bud Perkins, in a moment of pride, issued an ukase which forbade all North-end boys to look at a

tured visions of the circus, but were skeptical about the literal fulfilment of some of the promises made on the bills. Certain things advertised were eliminated from reasonable expectation: for instance, the boys all knew that the giraffe would not be discovered eating off the top of a cocoanut tree; they knew that the monkeys would not play a brass band; and they knew that the "Human Fly" would walk on the ceiling at the "concert"—and no boy has ever saved enough money to buy a ticket to the "concert." Nevertheless, they gloated over the pictures of the herd of giraffes and the monkey band and the

certain bill-board near his home. This ukase and his strict enforcement of it made him the target of North-end wrath. Little Miss Morgan, his foster-mother, who had adopted him at the death of his father the summer before the circus bills were posted, could not understand how the lad managed to lose so many buttons, nor how he kept tearing his clothes. She ascribed these things to his antecedents and to his deficient training. She did not know that Bud, whom she called Henry, and whose music on the mouth-organ seemed to come from a shy and gentle soul, was the Terror of the South End. Her guileless

mind held no place for the important fact that North-end boys generally traveled by her door in pairs for safety. Such is the blindness of women. Cupid probably got his defective vision from his mother's side of the house.

The last half of the last week before circus day seemed a century to Bud and his friends. Friday and Saturday crept by, and Mealy Jones was the only boy at Sunday-school who knew the Golden Text, for an inflammatory rumor that the circus was unloading from the side-track at the depot swept over the boys' side of the Sunday-school room, and consumed all knowledge of the fifth chapter of Acts, the day's lesson. After Sunday-school the boys broke for the circus grounds. There they gorged their gluttonous eyes upon the canvas-covered chariots and the elephants and the camels and the spotted ponies, passing from the cars to the tents. The unfamiliar noises, the sight of the rising "sea of canvas," the touch of mysterious wagons containing so many wonders, and the intoxicating smell that comes only with much canvas, many animals, and the unpacking of Pandora's box, stuffed the boys' senses, until they viewed with utter stoicism the passing dinner hour and the prospect of finding only cold mashed potatoes and the necks and backs of chickens in the cupboards. They even affected indifference to parental scoldings, and lingered about the enchanting



"OIL MADE BY HANGING A BOTTLE OF ANGLEWORMS IN THE SUN TO FRY."

spot until their shadows fell eastward and the day was old.

When a boy gets on his good behavior he tempts Providence. And the Providence of boys is frail and prone to yield. So when Bud Perkins, who was burning with a desire to please Miss Morgan the day before the circus, went to church that Sunday night, any one can see that he was provoking Providence in an unusual and cruel manner. Bud did not sit with Miss Morgan, but lounged into the church, and took a back seat. Three North-end boys came in, and sat on the same bench. Then Jimmy Sears shuffled past the North-enders, and sat beside Bud. After which the inevitable happened. It kept happening. They "passed it on," and passed it back again; first a pinch, then a chug, then a cuff, then a kick under the bench. Heads craned toward the boys occasionally, and there came an awful moment when Bud Perkins found himself looking brazenly into the eyes of the preacher, who had paused to glare at the boys in the midst of his sermon. The faces of the entire congregation seemed to turn upon Bud automatically. A cherub-like expression of conscious innocence and impenetrable unconcern beamed through Bud Perkins's features. The same expression rested upon the countenances of the four other malefactors. At the end of the third



"HOW MANY BAGS OF CARPET RAGS WENT TO THE RAGMAN."

second, Jimmy Sears put his hand to his mouth and snorted between his fingers. And four young men looked down their noses. In the hush, Brother Baker—a tiptoeing Nemesis—stalked the full length of the church toward the culprits. When he took his seat beside the boys, the preacher continued his discourse. Brother Baker's unction angered Bud Perkins. He felt the implication that his conduct was bad, and his sense of guilt spurred his temper. Satan put a pin in Bud's hand. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, Satan moved the boy's arm on the back of the pew, around Jimmy Sears. Then an imp pushed Bud's hand as he jabbed the pin into the back of a North-ender. The boy from the North End let out a yowl of pain. Bud was not quick enough. Brother Baker saw the pin; two hundred devout Methodists saw him clamp his fingers on Bud Perkins's ear and march him down the length of the church and set him beside Miss Morgan. It was a sickening moment. The North End grinned under its skin as one boy, and was exceeding glad. So agonizing was it for Bud that he forgot to imagine what a triumph it was for the North End—and further anguish is impossible for a boy.



"BROTHER BAKER  
—A TIPTOEING  
NEMESIS."



"DRESSED-UP CHILDREN WERE FLITTING ALONG THE SIDE STREETS,  
HURRYING THEIR SENIORS."

Miss Morgan and Bud Perkins left the church with the congregation. Bud dreaded the moment when they would leave the crowd and turn into their side street. When they

did turn, Bud was lagging a step or two behind. A boy's troubles are always the fault of the other boy. The North-end boy's responsibility in the matter was so clear—to Bud—that, when he went to justify himself to Miss Morgan, he was surprised and hurt at what he considered her feminine blindness to the fact. After she had passed her sentence, she asked: "Do you really think you deserve to go, Henry?"

The blow stunned the boy. He saw the visions of two weeks burst like bubbles, and he whimpered: "I dunno." But in his heart he did know that to deny a boy the joy of seeing Willie Sells on his three Shetland ponies, for nothing in the world but showing a North-ender his place, was a piece of injustice of the kind for which men and nations go to war. At breakfast Bud kept his eyes on his plate. He wore on his face the resigned look of a martyr. Miss Morgan was studiously gracious. He dropped leaden monosyllables into the cheery flow of her conversation, and after breakfast put in his time at the woodshed.

At eight o'clock that morning the town of Willow Creek was in the thrall of the circus. Country wagons were passing on every side street. Delivery carts were rattling about with unusual alacrity. By half-past nine dressed-up children were flitting along the side streets, hurrying their seniors. On the main thoroughfare flags were flying, and the streams of strangers that had been flowing into town were eddying at the street corners. The balloon-vender wormed his way through the buzzing crowd, leaving his wares in a red and blue trail behind him. The bark of the fakir rasped the tightening nerves of the town. Everywhere was hubbub; everywhere was the dusty heated air of the festival; everywhere were men and women ready for the marvel that had come out of the great world, bringing pomp and circumstance in its gilded train; everywhere in Willow Creek the spirit which put the blue sash

about the country girl's waist and the flag in her beau's hat ran riot, save at the home of Miss Morgan. There the bees hummed lazily over the old-fashioned flower-garden;



"THE BALLOON-VENDER WORMED HIS WAY THROUGH THE BUZZING CROWD, LEAVING HIS WARES IN A RED AND BLUE TRAIL BEHIND HIM."

there the cantankerous jays jabbered in the cottonwoods; there the muffled noises of the town festival came as from afar; there Miss Morgan puttered about her morning's work, trying vainly to croon a gospel hymn; and there Bud Perkins, prone upon the sitting-room sofa, made parallelograms and squares and diamonds with the dots and lines on the ceiling paper. When the throb of the drum and the blare of the brass had set the heart of the town to dancing, some wave of the ecstasy seeped through the lilac bushes and into the quiet house, for the boy on the sofa started up suddenly, checked himself ostentatiously, walked to the bird cage, and began to play with the canary. But the wave carried the little spinster to the window. The circus had a homestead in human hearts before John Wesley staked his claim, and even so good a Methodist as Miss Morgan could not be deaf to the scream of the calliope or the tinkle of cymbals.

To emphasize his desolation, Bud left the room, and sat down by a tree in the yard, with his back to the kitchen door and window. There Miss Morgan saw him playing mumble-peg in a desultory, listless fashion. When the courtiers of Boyville came home from the parade, they found him; and because he sat playing a silent, sullen, solitary game, and responded to their banter only with melancholy grunts, they knew that

the worst had befallen him. Much confab followed, in which the pronouns "she" and "her" were spoken. Otherwise Miss Morgan was unidentified. For the conversation ran thus, over and over:

"You ask her."

"Naw, I've done ast 'er."

"'Twon't do no good for me to ast 'er. She don't like me."

"I ain't 'fraid to ast 'er."

"Well, then, why don't you?"

"Why don't *you*?"

"Let's all ast 'er."

"S'pose she will, Bud?"

"I dunno."

Then Piggy and Abe and Jimmy and Mealy came trapesing up to Miss Morgan's kitchen door. Bud sat by the tree twirling his knife at his game. Piggy, being the spokesman, stood in the doorway. "Miss Morgan," he said, as he slapped his leg with his hat.

"Well, Winfield?" replied the little woman, divining his mission and hardening her heart against his purpose.

"Miss Morgan," he repeated; and then coaxed sheepishly: "Can't Bud go to the show with us, Miss Morgan?"

"I'm afraid not to-day," smiled back Miss Morgan as she went about her work. A



"THE BLUE SASH ABOUT THE COUNTRY GIRL'S WAIST AND THE FLAG IN HER BEAU'S HAT."

whisper from the doorstep prompted Piggy to "ask her why;" whereat Piggy echoed: "Why can't he, Miss Morgan?"



"Henry misbehaved in church last night, and we've agreed that he shall stay home from the circus."

Piggy advanced a step or two inside the door, laughing diplomatically. "O—no, Miss Morgan; don't you think he's agreed. He's just dyin' to go."

Miss Morgan smiled, but did not join in Piggy's hilarity—a bad sign. Piggy tried again: "They got six elephants, and one's a trick elephant. You'd die a-laughin' if you saw him." And Piggy went into a spasm of laughter.

But it left Miss Morgan high and dry upon the island of her determination.

Piggy prepared for an heroic measure, and stepped over to the kitchen table, leaning upon it as he pleaded:

"This is the last circus this year, Miss Morgan, and it's an awful good one. Can't he go just this once?"

The debate lasted ten minutes, and at the end four boys walked slowly, with much manifestation of feeling, back to the tree where the fifth sat. There was woe and lamentation after the manner of boykind. When the boys left the yard, it seemed to



"'ONE'S A TRICK ELEPHANT. YOU'D DIE A-LAUGHIN', IF YOU SAW HIM.'"

Miss Morgan that she could not look from her work without seeing the lonesome figure of Bud. In the afternoon the patter of feet by her house grew slower, and then ceased. Occasionally a belated wayfarer sped by. The music of the circus band outside of the tent came to Miss Morgan's ears on gusts of wind, and died away as the wind ebbed. She dropped the dish-cloth three

times in five minutes, and washed her cup and saucer twice. She struggled bravely in the Slough of Despond for a while, and then turned back with Pliable. "Henry," she said, as the boy walked past her carrying pepper-grass to the bird, "Henry, what made you act so last night?"

The boy dropped his head and answered: "I dunno."

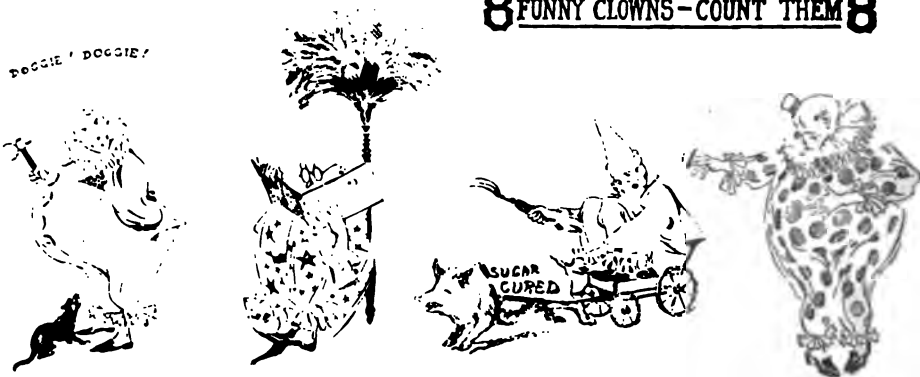
"But, Henry, didn't you know it was wrong?"

"I dunno," the boy reiterated.

"Why did you stick that little boy with the pin?"

"Well well—" he gasped, preparing for a defense. "Well—he pinched me first."

## 8 FUNNY CLOWNS—COUNT THEM 8



"Yes, Henry, but don't you know that it's wrong to do those things in church? Don't you see how bad it was?"

"I was just a-playin', Miss Morgan; I didn't mean to."

Bud did not dare to trust his instinctive reading of the signs. He went on impulsively: "I wanted him to quit, but he just kept right on, and Brother Baker didn't touch him."

The wind brought the staccato music of the circus band to the foster-mother's ears. The music completed her moral decay, for she was thinking that, if Brother Baker would only look after his own children as carefully as he looked after those of other people, the world would be better. Then she said: "Now, Henry, if I let you go, just this once—now just this once, mind you—will you promise never to do anything like that again?"

Blackness dropped from the boy's spirit, and by main strength he strangled a desire to yell. The desire revived when he reached the alley, and he ran whooping to the circus grounds.

There is a law of crystallization among boys which enables molecules of the same gang to meet in whatever agglomeration they may be thrown. So ten minutes after Bud Perkins left home he found Piggy and Jimmy and old Abe and Mealy in the menagerie tent. Whereupon the South End was able to present a bristling front to the North End—a front which even the pleatings of the lute in the circus band could not break. But the boys knew that the band playing in the circus tent meant that the performance in the ring

was about to begin. So they cut short an interesting dialogue with a keeper, concerning the elephant that remembered the man who gave her tobacco ten years ago and tried to kill him the week before the show came to Willow Creek. But when the pageant in the ring unfolded its tinsel splendor in the Grand Entry, Bud Perkins left earth and walked upon



"IT'S AN AWFUL GOOD ONE. CAN'T HE GO JUST THIS ONCE?"

clouds of glory. His high-strung nerves quivered with delight as the ring disclosed its treasures—Willie Sells on his spotted ponies, James Robinson on his dapple-gray, the "8 funny clowns—count them 8," the



Japanese jugglers and tumblers, the bespangled women on the rings, the dancing ponies, and the performing dogs. The climax of his joy came when Zazell, "the queen of the air," was shot from her cannon to the trapeze. Bud had decided, days before the circus, that this feature would please him

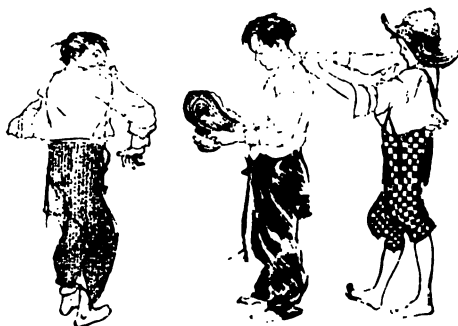


"WELL, SON, YOU'RE A DAISY. THEY GENERALLY DROP THE FIRST KICK."

most. Zazell's performance was somewhat tame, but immediately thereafter a really startling thing happened. A clown who was holding the trick mule called to the boys near Bud, who nudged him into the clown's attention. The clown pantomimed to Bud, drawing from the wide pantaloons a dollar. He held it up for the boy and all the spectators to see. Alternately he pointed to the trick mule and to the coin, coaxing and questioning by signs, as he did so. It took perhaps a minute for Bud's embarrassment to wear off. Then two motives impelled him to act. He didn't propose to let the North-enders see his embarrassment, and he saw that he might earn the dollar for Miss Morgan's missionary box, thus mitigating the disgrace he had brought upon her in church. This inspiration literally flashed over Bud, and before he knew it, he was standing in the ring, with his head cocked upon one side to indicate his utter indifference to everything in the world. Of course it was a stupendous pretense. For under his pretty

starched shirt, which Miss Morgan had forced on him in the hurry of departure, his heart was beating like a little wind-mill in a gale. As Bud bestrode the donkey the cheers of the throng rose, but above the tumult he could hear the North End jeering him. He could hear the words the North-enders spoke, even their "ho-o-oho-os," and their "nyayh-nyayh-nyayahs," and their "look-at-Old-Pretty-boys," and their "watch-him-hit-the-roofs," and their "get-a-baskets," and similar remarks less desirable for publication. As the donkey cantered off, Bud felt sure he could keep his seat. Once the animal bucked. Bud did not fall. The donkey ran, and stopped quickly. Bud held on. Then the donkey's feet twinkled—it seemed to Bud in the very top of the tent—and Bud slid off the animal's neck to the ring. The clown brought the boy his hat, and stood over him as he rose. Bud laughed stupidly into the chalked face of the clown, who handed Bud a dollar, remarking in a low voice, "Well, son, you're a daisy. They generally drop the first kick."

What passed in the ring as Bud left it, bedraggled and dusty, did not interest him. He brushed himself as he went. The band was playing madly, and the young woman in the stiff skirts was standing by her horse ready to mount. The crowd did not stop laughing. Bud inclined his head to dust his knickerbockers, and then in a tragic instant he saw what was convulsing the multitude with laughter. The outer seam of the right leg of his velveteen breeches was gone, and a brown leg was winking in and out from the flapping garment as he walked. Wildly he gathered the parted garment, and it seemed to him that he never would cover the ground between the ring and the benches. In the course of several æons—which the other



"THE OTHER WRANGLERS . . . DROPPED OUT FOR HEAVY REPAIRS."



"WHEN MR. PENNINGTON'S EYES FELL ON BUD, HE LEANED ON A SHOW-CASE AND LAUGHED TILL HE SHOOK ALL OVER."

boys measured by fleeting minutes—the wave of shame that covered Bud subsided. Pins bound up the wounds in his clothes. He drew a normal breath, and was able to join the mob which howled down the man who announced the concert.

After that the inexorable minutes flew by until the performance ended. In the menagerie tent Bud and his friends looked thirstily upon the cool, pink "schooners" of lemonade, and finally, when they had spent a few blissful moments with the monkeys and had enjoyed a last, long, lingering look at the elephants, they dragged themselves unwillingly away into the commonplace of sunshine and trees and blue sky. Only the romantic touch of the side-show banners and the wonder of the gilded wagons assured them that their memories of the passing hour were not empty dreams.

The boys were standing enraptured before the picture of the fat woman upon the swaying canvas. Bud had drifted away from them to glut his eyes upon the picture of the snakes writhing around the charmer. The North-enders had been following Bud at a respectful distance, waiting for the opportunity which his separation from his clan gave to them. They were enforced by a country boy of great reputed prowess in battle. Bud did not know his danger until they pounced upon him. In an instant the fight was raging. Over the guy ropes it went, under the

ticket wagon, into the thick of the lemonade stands. And when Piggy and Abe and Jimmy had joined it, they trailed the track of the storm by torn hats, bruised, battle-scarred boys, and the wreckage incident to an enlivening occasion. When his comrades found Bud, the argument had narrowed down to Bud and the boy from the country, the other wranglers having dropped out for heavy repairs. The fight, which had been started to avenge ancient wrongs, particularly the wrongs of the bill-board, only added new wrongs to the

list. The country boy was striking wildly, and trying to clinch his antagonist, when the town marshal—the bogie-man of all boys—stopped the fight. But of course no town marshal can come into the thick of a discussion in Boyville and know much of the merits of the question. So when the marshal of Willow Creek, seeing Bud Perkins putting the finishing touches of a good trouncing on a strange boy, and also seeing Bill Pennington's boy, and Henry Sears's boy, and Mrs. Carpenter's boy, and old man Jones's boy dancing around in high glee at the performance, the marshal quietly gathered

in the boys he knew, and let the stranger go.

Now no boy likes to be marched down the main street of his town with the callous finger of the marshal under his shirt-band. The spectacle operates distinctly against the peace and dignity of Boyville for months thereafter. For passing youths



"MISS MORGAN, I JUST WANT YOU TO LOOK AT MY BOY."

who forget there is a morrow jibe at the culprits, and thus plant the seeds of dissensions which bloom in fights. It was a sweaty, red-faced crew that the marshal dumped into Pennington's grocery with, "Here, Bill, I found your boy and these young demons fightin' down 't the circus ground, and I took 'em in charge. You 'tend to 'em, will you?"

Mr. Pennington's glance at his son showed that Piggy was unharmed. A swift survey of the others gave each, save Bud, a bill of health. But when Mr. Pennington's eyes fell on Bud, he leaned on a show-case and laughed till he shook all over; for Bud, with a brimless hat upon a tousled head, with a face scratched till it looked like a railroad map, with a torn shirt that exposed a dirty shoulder and a freckled back, with trousers so badly shattered that two hands could hardly hold them together—

Bud, as Mr. Pennington expressed it, looked like a second-hand boy. The simile pleased Pennington so that he renewed his laughter, and paid no heed to the chatter of the pack that was clamoring to tell, all in one breath, how the incident began, progressed, and closed which had led to Bud's dilapidation. Also they were drawing gloomy pictures of the appearance of his assailants, after the custom of boys in such cases. Because his son was not involved in the calamity, Piggy's father was not moved deeply by the story of the raid of the North-enders and their downfall. So he put the young gentlemen of the Court of Boyville into the back room of his grocery store, where coal-oil and molasses barrels and hams and bacon and black shadows of many mysterious things were gathered. He gave the royal party a cheese knife and a watermelon, and bade them be merry, a bidding which set the hearts of Piggy and Abe and Jimmy and Mealy to dancing, while Bud's heart, which had been sinking lower and lower into a quagmire of dread, beat on numbly and did not join the joy. As the



"NOW, HENRY, DON'T EVER HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT KIND OF TRASH AGAIN."

time for going home approached, Bud shivered in his soul at the thought of meeting Miss Morgan. Not even the watermelon revived him, and when a watermelon will not help a boy his extremity is dire. Still he laughed and chatted with apparent merriment, but he knew how hollow was his laughter and what mockery was in his cheer. When the melon was eaten, business took its regular order.

"Say, Bud, how you goin' to get home?" asked Abe.

Bud grinned as he looked at his rags.

"Gee," said Mealy, "I'm glad it ain't me."

"Aw, shucks," returned Bud, and he thought of the stricken Ananias in the Sunday-school lesson leaf as he spoke; "run right through like I always do. What I got to be 'fraid of?"

"Yes, Mr. Bud, you can laugh, but you know you'll catch it when you get home."

This shaft from Jimmy Sears put in words the terror in Bud's heart. But he replied: "I'll bet you I don't."

Bud's instinct piloted him by a circuitous route up the alley to the kitchen door. Miss Morgan sat on the front porch, waiting for the boy to return before serving supper. He stood helplessly in the kitchen for a minute, with a weight of indecision upon him. He feared to go to the front porch, where Miss Morgan was. He feared to stay in the kitchen. But when he saw the empty wood-box a light seemed to dawn. Instinct guided him to the woodpile, and the law of self-preservation filled his arms with wood, and instinct carried him to the kitchen wood-box time and again, and laid the wood in the box as gently as if it had been glass and as softly as if it had been velvet. Not until the pile had grown far above the wainscoting on the kitchen wall did a stick crashing to the floor tell Miss Morgan that Bud was in the house.

But there is a destiny that shapes our ends, and just as the falling wood attracted Miss Morgan's attention, it was diverted by a belligerent party at her front gate. The belligerent party was composed of two persons, to wit: one mother from the North End of Willow Creek, irate to the spluttering point, and one boy lagging as far behind the mother as his short arm would allow him to lag. The mother held the short arm, and was literally dragging her son to Miss Morgan's gate, to offer him in evidence as "Exhibit A" in a possible cause of the State of Kansas vs. Henry Perkins. Exhibit A was black and blue as to the eyes, torn as to the shirt,

mind held no place for the important fact that North-end boys generally traveled by her door in pairs for safety. Such is the blindness of women. Cupid probably got his defective vision from his mother's side of the house.

The last half of the last week before circus day seemed a century to Bud and his friends. Friday and Saturday crept by, and Mealy Jones was the only boy at Sunday-school who knew the Golden Text, for an inflammatory rumor that the circus was unloading from the side-track at the depot swept over the boys' side of the Sunday-school room, and consumed all knowledge of the fifth chapter of Acts, the day's lesson. After Sunday-school the boys broke for the circus grounds. There they gorged their gluttonous eyes upon the canvas-covered chariots and the elephants and the camels and the spotted ponies, passing from the cars to the tents. The unfamiliar noises, the sight of the rising "sea of canvas," the touch of mysterious wagons containing so many wonders, and the intoxicating smell that comes only with much canvas, many animals, and the unpacking of Pandora's box, stuffed the boys' senses, until they viewed with utter stoicism the passing dinner hour and the prospect of finding only cold mashed potatoes and the necks and backs of chickens in the cupboards. They even affected indifference to parental scoldings, and lingered about the enchanting



"OIL MADE BY HANGING A BOTTLE OF ANGLEWORMS IN THE SUN TO FRY."

spot until their shadows fell eastward and the day was old.

When a boy gets on his good behavior he tempts Providence. And the Providence of boys is frail and prone to yield. So when Bud Perkins, who was burning with a desire to please Miss Morgan the day before the circus, went to church that Sunday night, any one can see that he was provoking Providence in an unusual and cruel manner. Bud did not sit with Miss Morgan, but lounged into the church, and took a back seat. Three North-end boys came in, and sat on the same bench. Then Jimmy Sears shuffled past the North-enders, and sat beside Bud. After which the inevitable happened. It kept happening. They "passed it on," and passed it back again; first a pinch, then a chug, then a cuff, then a kick under the bench. Heads craned toward the boys occasionally, and there came an awful moment when Bud Perkins found himself looking brazenly into the eyes of the preacher, who had paused to glare at the boys in the midst of his sermon. The faces of the entire congregation seemed to turn upon Bud automatically. A cherub-like expression of conscious innocence and impenetrable unconcern beamed through Bud Perkins's features. The same expression rested upon the countenances of the four other malefactors. At the end of the third



"HOW MANY BAGS OF CARPET RAGS WENT TO THE RAGMAN."

called me names, and he tried to hit me, and I just shoved him away like this," and Henry executed a polite pantomime. "And I was swingin' my arms out to keep 'em all from hittin' me, and he got in the way, and I couldn't help it. And they was all a-pickin' on me, and I told 'em all the time I didn't want to fight."

But Exhibit A kept looking at his mother and shaking his head in violent contradiction of Bud as the story was told.

Miss Morgan asked: "Who scratched your face so, Henry?"

"Him; he's all the time fightin' me."

"No, ma, I didn't. You know I didn't."

Exhibit A and Exhibit B were still back to back. Then Exhibit B responded: "Miss Morgan, you ast him if he didn't cuss and damn me, and say he was goin' to pound me to death if I ever come north of Sixth?"

To which the leader of the raiders returned in great scorn: "The very idea! Just listen at that! Why, Miss Morgan, that Perkins boy is the bully of this town. Come on, Willie, your pa will see if there is no law to protect you from such boys as him." Whereupon the war party faced about, and walked down the sidewalk and away.

Miss Morgan and Bud watched the North-end woman and her son depart. Miss Morgan turned to Bud, and spoke spiritedly: "Now, Henry, don't ever have anything to do with that kind of trash again. Now, you won't forget, will you, Henry?"

Bud examined his toes carefully, and replied, "No'm."

In the threshold she put her hand on the boy's shoulder, and continued: "Now, don't you mind about it, Henry. They shan't touch you. You come and wash, and we'll have supper."

When a boy has a woman for a champion, if he is wise, he trusts her to any length. So Bud went to the kitchen, picked up the water-bucket, and went to the well, partly to keep from displaying a gathering wave of affection for his foster-mother, and partly to let the magnificence of the wood-box burst upon her in his absence. When he returned, he found Miss Morgan pointing toward the wood-box and beaming upon him. Bud grinned, and fished in his pocket for the coin.

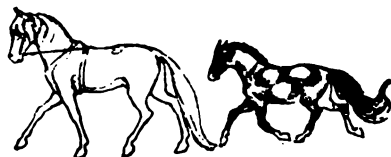
"Here's a dollar I got for ridin' the trick mule," he faltered. "I thought it would be nice for the missionary society." That he might check any weak feminine emotions, he turned his attention to the supper-table, and blurted: "Gee, we're goin' to have pie, ain't we? I tell you, I'm mighty pie hungry."

The glow of Miss Morgan's melted heart shone upon her face. Through a seraphic smile she spoke: "It's apple pie, too, Henry—your kind." As she put the supper upon the table, she asked: "Did you have a good time at the circus, Henry?"

The boy nodded vehemently, and said: "You bet," and then went on, after a pause, "I guess I tore my pants a little gettin' off of that mule; but I thought you'd like the dollar."

It was the finest speech he could make. "I guess I can mend them, Henry," she answered, and then she asked, with her face in the cupboard, "Shan't we try some of the new strawberry preserves, Henry?"

As she was opening the jar she concluded that Henry Perkins was an angel—a conclusion which, in view of the well-known facts, was manifestly absurd.





# THE RACING YACHT: ITS POINTS AND ITS PACES.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.

BASED ON INTERVIEWS WITH HERRESHOFF, LAWLEY, AND OTHER LEADING BUILDERS AND THE BEST SKIPPER.



THE "MUG."

SOMETHING more than a quarter of a million dollars have been expended in building, fitting, and racing the greatest of American yachts, the *Columbia*, in preparation for her contest with the greatest of English yachts, the *Shamrock*. In addition to this, it is estimated, and the estimate is conservative, that the five races of early October will cost the cup defenders at least \$200,000. Lipton and his Englishmen, what with crossing the ocean twice with the *Shamrock* and her great steam tender, will spend even more than the Americans.

And yet the average superiority of the *Columbia* over the former champion, the *Defender*, as shown by numerous trial races, is only five or ten minutes in thirty miles. In other words, for an increase of sailing speed equal to ten or twenty seconds to the mile three Americans, and some others, will pay nearly half a million dollars, and take the equal chances that the genius of the American designer has out-pointed the genius of the English designer. All this in the face of the fact that this prime racing-machine, reaching to the very limit of its speed, will not sail as fast by several knots an hour as an unpretentious little steam yacht costing perhaps a quarter as much. Indeed, it is quite possible that a number of such powerful pleasure craft as the Commodore's yacht *Corsair* may lay by at the start with the indulgence of superiority, and, when the racers are away, steam calmly past them, reaching the finish in time to have tea before they come in. And when the five great races have been sailed and the country has once more returned to politics, the *Columbia*, perfect though she be as a racing-machine, will sell for hardly more than the cost of the lead on her keel. In the event that she is beaten, her owners can expect no returns in gate money, nor in guarantees, to salve the hurt of their losses; and in case she wins—may

Neptune favor her!—the reward will consist merely in a high kind of satisfaction and an old, bottomless silver pitcher, called, disrespectfully, "The Mug."

There is something glorious—like war—in the very disregard of cost with which yachtsmen are seeking the honors of this most finished of sports—honors so great that the whole country shares freely in them, and will feel the glory of victory or the sting of defeat only less acutely than the cup-defenders themselves. Good sport is always its own best justification; and yet there is a deep additional satisfaction in the feeling that, even from the point of view of strict utility, every penny of these great sums has been well spent. For every one of the great cup contests has taught American ship-builders and American seamen important new lessons, to each according to his craft—a subject large enough to make an article in itself. Moreover, we are so constituted that we must have visible symbols of our supremacy, and a battered silver mug serves its own unique and patriotic purpose.

Viewed in this regard, we must look upon the modern racing yacht as an important, as well as a curious, production. She is as much a result of high breeding as a race-horse; indeed, it is difficult to feel that this splendid creature, with her all but human beauty, her frailties, and her foibles, is really inanimate. A yachtsman will trace the pedigree of his favorite racer back through *Gloriana*, *Puritan*, and *Magic*, and name the exact points of excellence which she has obtained from each. One has given windward qualities, one has given exceeding stiffness on the legs, one has given beauty, and so on through all the long list since the America brought home the famous cup. And now there are those in high authority who believe that the *Columbia* and the *Shamrock* have nearly reached the utmost of racing excellence. For forty years the English designer has bred from the best of the American types, and the American has bred from the best of the English types;

so that to-day we may be said to have reached the perfect type of racing yacht, and any race between two individual yachts must be won by superior skill in management or through purely fortuitous conditions. Thus, from a mere contest of skill between yacht designers, the sport of yacht racing has become in recent years more exclusively a splendid contest in seamanship, introducing an element of human rivalry which has added greatly to the interest of the sport.

#### THE HULL—ITS LIGHTNESS AND STRENGTH.

A racing yacht bears much the same relation to a cruising yacht that a high-bred, pampered race-horse does to a family dobbie. It is a high-strung, fragile, beautiful creature, bred with the single idea of making speed. It has been called a "golden egg-shell." In a general way, it may be said that the lighter

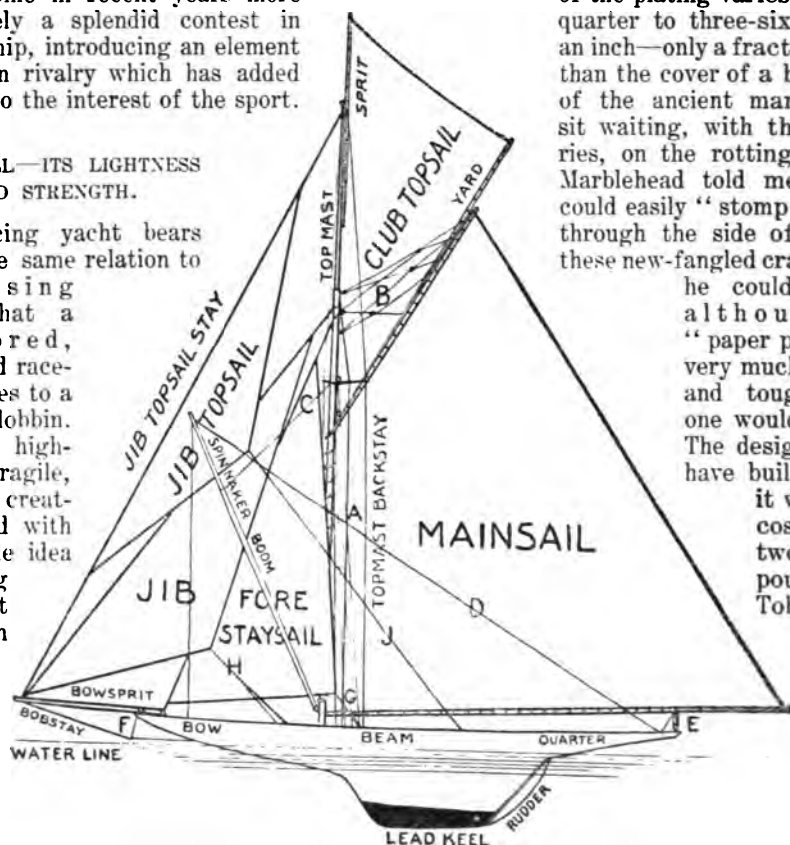
the yacht and the greater the spread of sail, the faster will be the speed. One well-known designer said, decisively: "The races will go to the builder who can produce the lightest boat."

But a boat too light will not be strong enough to support the necessarily immense sails, and the genius of the designer finds its perfect work in approaching closest to this dead-line ratio between lightness and strength. And the very fact that every portion of the yacht has been pared down to its finest is a broad warning to the racing enthusiast that he must look sharp for accidents: a Columbia just from the ways will

snap its huge steel mast like a pipe-stem; a broken gaff will douse the mainsail of a Defender in the midst of a race.

To insure the necessary lightness, the designer has built the Columbia of a peculiar new alloy somewhat resembling gun metal and known as Tobin bronze. The thickness of the plating varies from one-quarter to three-sixteenths of an inch—only a fraction thicker than the cover of a book. One of the ancient mariners who sit waiting, with their memories, on the rotting docks of Marblehead told me that he could easily "stomp" his heel through the side of "one of these new-fangled craft." And

he could—almost: although this "paper plating" is very much stronger and tougher than one would imagine. The designer might have built of steel: it would have cost barely two cents a pound where Tobin bronze costs twenty; but he has learned — one of the refinements of experience — that steel



A DIAGRAM OF THE MODERN RACING YACHT.

A, Shrouds; B, Peak halyards; C, Spinnaker boom lift; D, Spinnaker sheet; E, Main sheet; F, Muzzing; G, Fore staysail sheet; H, Jib sheet; J, Jib-topsail sheet.

fails the first season because a certain amount of rust is necessary to remove the scale of the rolling-mill and leave a smooth surface for paint. Tobin bronze is not affected by sea water, and requires no paint; consequently the bottom of the Columbia will be as shiny and smooth as a New England copper kettle. The designer might also have built of aluminum, as he did, partially, in the Defender. Aluminum, although exceedingly expensive, weighs only half as much as bronze, and is more than half as strong; but it was found in the Defender that salt water caused rapid corrosion and deterioration.

The Columbia's shell of bronze, 131 feet



THE DEFENDER AND THE COLUMBIA JOCKEYING FOR A START IN THE TRIAL RACE OFF LARCHMONT, LONG ISLAND SOUND, ON JULY 8TH.

From a photograph. The Columbia, as shown in the picture, got well to windward before the start, and so was able to run down and cross the line one second ahead. The stake-boat is seen just off the Defender's bow.

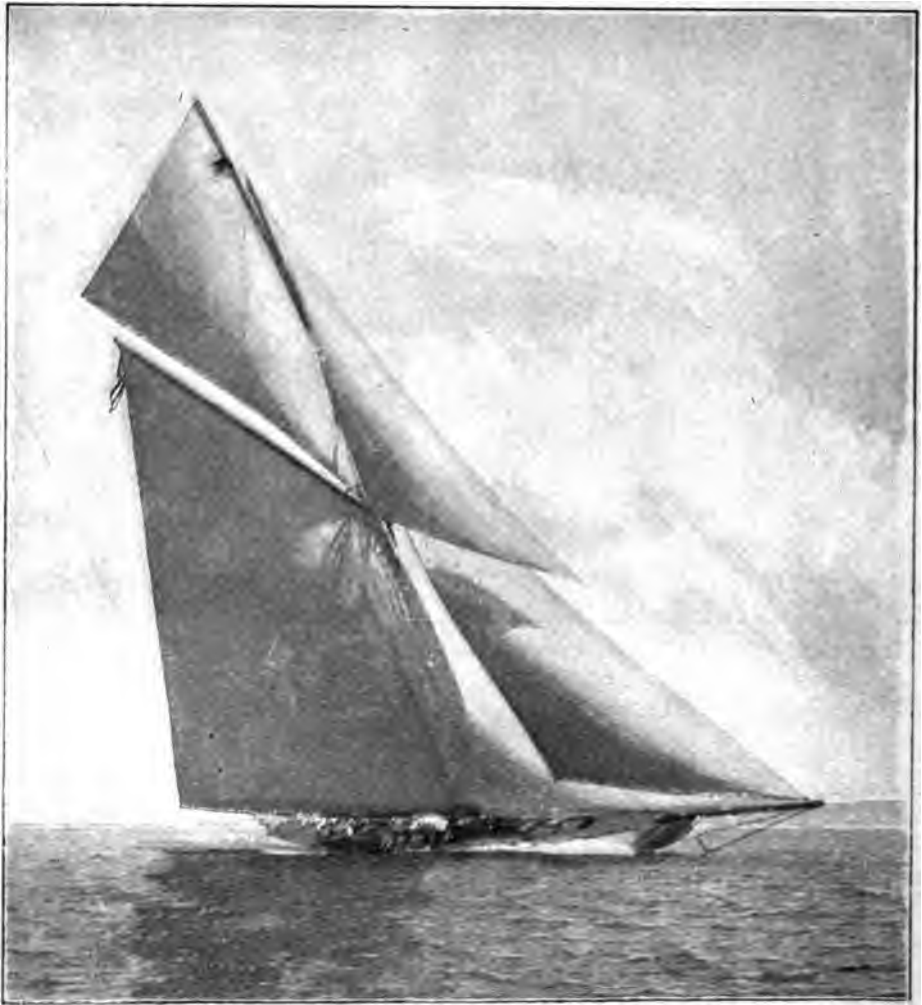
and two inches long, and more than twenty-four feet wide, is held rigid with the finest quality of nickel-steel frames, and is decked with yellow pine, the deck being almost the only wooden part in all the yacht. Its weight is known exactly to no one but the builders, but it has been estimated at seventy tons (the Defender's hull weighed sixty tons). And yet—and here is one of the wonders of the racing yacht—this seventy-ton body supports a great solid slab of lead on its keel weighing more than ninety tons, to say nothing of fifteen or twenty tons of rigging, sails, and live load. This slab is what is known to yachtsmen as the “lead mine,” and it is said to put a yacht “on stilts.”

#### THE KEEL AND ITS “LEAD MINE.”

No question in yacht building is quite so interesting and important as this one of keel: whether it shall be a center-board—that is, a loose keel-board which drops down sidewise through a slit in the bottom of the boat; or a fin keel, cutting deep like the fin of a fish; or an ordinary deep cutter keel. The famous old cup-winners, Volunteer and Puritan, were provided with center-boards, a pet American institution, whereas the later yachts, Defender and Columbia, and all the

English racers, have been deep-keel boats. A number of years ago a racer was ballasted with pigs of lead or iron; but since 1873 the best yachts have all depended on what is called “outside ballast;” that is, the weight of lead, or the “lead mine,” attached to the keel. This weight prevents the yacht from being pried out of the water when the wind strikes her beam or side. For this reason the skipper is enabled to spread a big canvas even in a heavy wind, where a boat of lesser draft and lighter keel load would be overturned and all but blown out of the water. The Columbia, with her enormous lead keel—which cost, by the way, something more than \$10,000—is said, therefore, to be a “stiff sailer;” “she stands up well to the wind.” Some day, if the yachting rivalry continues, a man will be found rich enough to have a keel made of solid gold (it would cost him only about \$7,000,000), which is nearly twice as heavy as lead. He would in this way secure his keel weight with less “wetted surface” to be pushed through the water, and he would probably win every race he entered.

These two fine points of the racer—the light hull and the deep, heavy keel—have been made more effective in the Columbia by a wonderful economy and beauty of design.



THE COLUMBIA, THE AMERICAN YACHT THAT IS TO DEFEND THE AMERICA'S CUP, IN COMPETITION WITH THE SHAMROCK, IN THE RACES OF OCTOBER, 1899.

From a photograph by James Burton.

Her curves have the indescribable grace of the arched neck of a high-born horse. In older times, before racing was as much esteemed as it is to-day, the designer whittled his model from a block of wood and tried it according to the pleasure of his eye, and it often happened that after the vessel was finished it must perforce be pared away at this point and thickened up at that to remedy vital sailing defects. To-day yacht modeling is much more of a science. The designer knows the curve of displacement with mathematical certainty, and he can float his yacht exactly on a predetermined water-line. But the genius of a Burgess or a Herreshoff may still find play in shaping the beauty curves

of the hull, for in that particular yacht designing is still an art, and always will be. One of the greatest advancements made in the development of the hull of the racing yacht and it has come chiefly through the Herreshoffs and their first great yacht, *Gloriana* has been in cutting away the bulk of the vessel under water. The hull of the *Columbia*, for instance, is about ninety feet long where it meets the surface of the water, whereas its total length, or "length over all," as yachtsmen say, is more than 131 feet; in other words, about forty-one feet is "overhang" at the bow and stern. Think of it! The hold of an ordinary ninety-foot merchant schooner has a storage capacity



THE SHAMROCK, THE ENGLISH YACHT THAT IS TO CONTEND FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP IN THE RACES OF OCTOBER, 1899.

From a photograph by West and Son, Southsea.

of about 100 tons; but the cutting away at bow and stern and on the sides leaves the racing yacht with hardly more of a hold than a cat-boat. The object of this marvelous "cutting away" is, primarily, to reduce the area of friction, although the "overhang" has its own special and important purpose. When the yacht is beaten over on one side during the heat of a race, the overhanging portions of the hull come in contact with the water and prevent further tipping, thereby adding greatly to the "stiffness" of the yacht. The "overhang" forward is also of great assistance in bringing up the yacht when she is plunging and ascending among high waves.

#### THE RIGGING AND THE IMMENSE SAILS.

So much for the hull of a great racer. The rigging and the sails are quite as wonderful. The cup-defenders of recent years have been sloop-rigged; that is, they have had a single mast. The original cup-winner, the America, was a schooner yacht, or, in sea talk, a "two-sticker." In the case of the Columbia, the mast is a mighty affair, a great steel tube, made of plates, and braced inside with angle irons, the first steel mast ever used on a cup-defender. Above it rises the topmast, sixty-four feet long, and above that the club-topsail pole; so that the highest tip of the yacht is 175 feet above the

water, thirty-five feet too high to pass under the Brooklyn Bridge and forty-four feet more than the length of the yacht. The exact location of this mighty mast, so that the center of effort of the sails will bear the proper relation to the center of lateral resistance of the hull, and the sails will be exactly balanced, is the last and most important secret which the builder has to divulge. And there is no hard and fast rule for him to follow—he must rely on the wise dictates of experience.

A racing yacht is provided with the very best of everything in spars and rigging—and with duplicates at that. Besides her steel mainmast, the *Columbia* has a noble “stick” of Oregon spruce, to be used in the event of an accident, although it weighs nearly a ton more than the steel



CAPTAIN BARR, WHO WILL SAIL THE COLUMBIA IN HER RACE FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP.

From a photograph by James Burton.



CAPTAIN HOGARTH, WHO WILL SAIL THE SHAMROCK IN HER RACE FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP.

Drawn from a photograph by J. C. Hemment.



THE COLUMBIA POINTING, OR SAILING TOWARD THE WIND.

From a photograph by James Burton. In pointing, the mainsail is “close hauled”—that is, drawn in almost parallel with the yacht. The men are lying well up toward the windward side, to keep the yacht balanced. The arrow in this and the succeeding diagrams marks the direction of the wind.

mainmast. The yacht's rigging is largely of flexible wire rope, and even the halyards (ropes which are used to lift the sails) are of metal, with manila cords cunningly spliced to their handling ends.

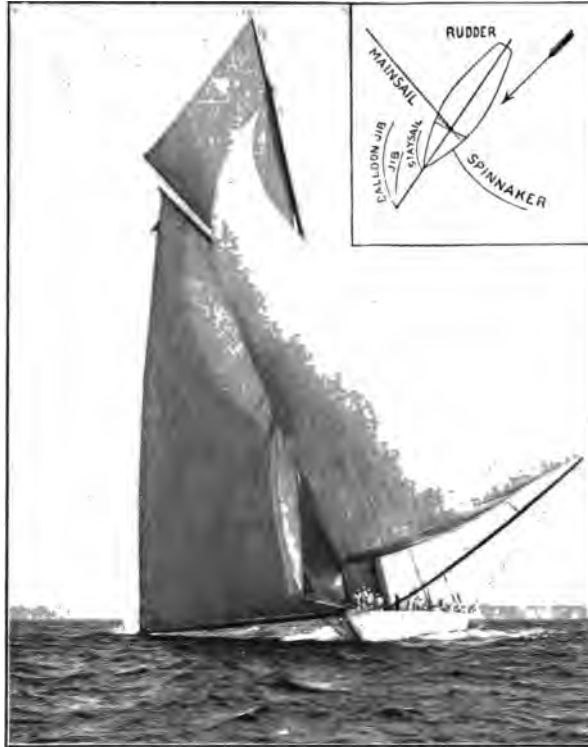
It is hard to realize the immense spread of the *Columbia's* canvas. The steel boom which stretches the foot of her mainsail is nearly 110 feet long, exceeding by twenty feet the water-line length of the yacht herself, so that, when “close hauled”—that is, when the boom is drawn in until it is nearly parallel with the length of the boat—the tip extends far out over the water to the rear of the yacht. It has been calculated that this mighty piece of canvas—the largest sail, indeed, ever placed on a vessel of any size would have furnished all the sails of the old America, with enough canvas left over to make several jib-topsails and a complete set of sail covers. The entire stretch of the *Columbia's* canvas is about 15,000 square feet, or more than a third of an acre enough to supply a complete suit of canvas for a full-

rigged ship. All the sails, except the spinnaker and the balloon jib-topsail, are of the very finest cotton duck, costing as high as a dollar a yard. The two sails mentioned, while not of silk (according to general belief), cost almost, if not quite, as much as if they were. The material of which they are made is known as balloon cloth, or sometimes as "union silk," a fine quality of cotton fabric

treated with a peculiar French preparation which makes it air-tight. Most of these sails, too, have been duplicated, so that if one is torn, another can be instantly supplied to take its place. The old Volunteer had no fewer than seven jib-topsails when she raced the Thistle. The Columbia's mainsail cost something more than \$2,000; and it required ten men working twelve and one-half days to sew its long seams. The full suit of sails for the great racer cost fully \$12,000, a sum quite sufficient to purchase outright a good, full-rigged cruising yacht. The making of

these sails so that they will curve and catch the wind like a bird's wing, drawing perfectly and yet without wrinkling or straining the canvas, requires a degree of art and accuracy not easily appreciated without a visit, such as I made, to the lofts of the Wilsons, who have rigged many a famous racer. Indeed, the snowy cotton sails of American ships are famous the world over. Up to the time when the Genesta came cup-seeking in the eighties the English had used

hempen sails exclusively. The English yachtsmen of the Genesta, wondering at the marvelous work of the American canvas, took back with them the material for a new suit of sails. Since then American cotton has been widely adopted by all grades of British ships, as well as the American system of attaching the sails to the spars—both being a curious outgrowth of the cup races.



RUNNING BEFORE THE WIND.

The yacht here shown is the Defender. In this pace the wind is straight behind. The captain's hand is light on the tiller. Two broad wings—the mainsail on the left and the spinnaker on the right—belly with the following wind. At the top spreads the triangular club-topsail, in the management of which the racing yachtsman exercises his greatest skill. Between the two wings a little jib and a forestaysail are set to catch the wind spilled from the greater sails. The crew stand about in such positions that their backs will catch the wind and so help the sails. From a photograph by Hugh O'Neill; reproduced by permission of the New York "Journal."

#### THE COST OF A RACING YACHT.

It is probable that no one outside of the builders and owners of the Columbia knows exactly what she cost. She could be constructed, so a well-known builder told me, for \$80,000. But the Herreshoffs were given *carte blanche*, and the very best of everything was used in her construction, so that she probably cost, including the services of the designer, Captain "Nat" Herreshoff, fully double that sum. The cost of the Defender was about \$100,000, a striking contrast with the

old America, which was built for about \$20,000. The famous cup-defender Puritan, built in 1885, cost about \$30,000, so Mr. George Lawley, her builder, told me. It will be seen that the price of cup-defenders has gone up marvelously in fourteen years. A substantial merchant vessel of the same length of water-line as the Columbia, first class in every particular, can be built and fully rigged for \$12,000 or \$14,000—proof positive, if any was needed, that yacht rac-



ing, like horse racing, is an expensive pastime.

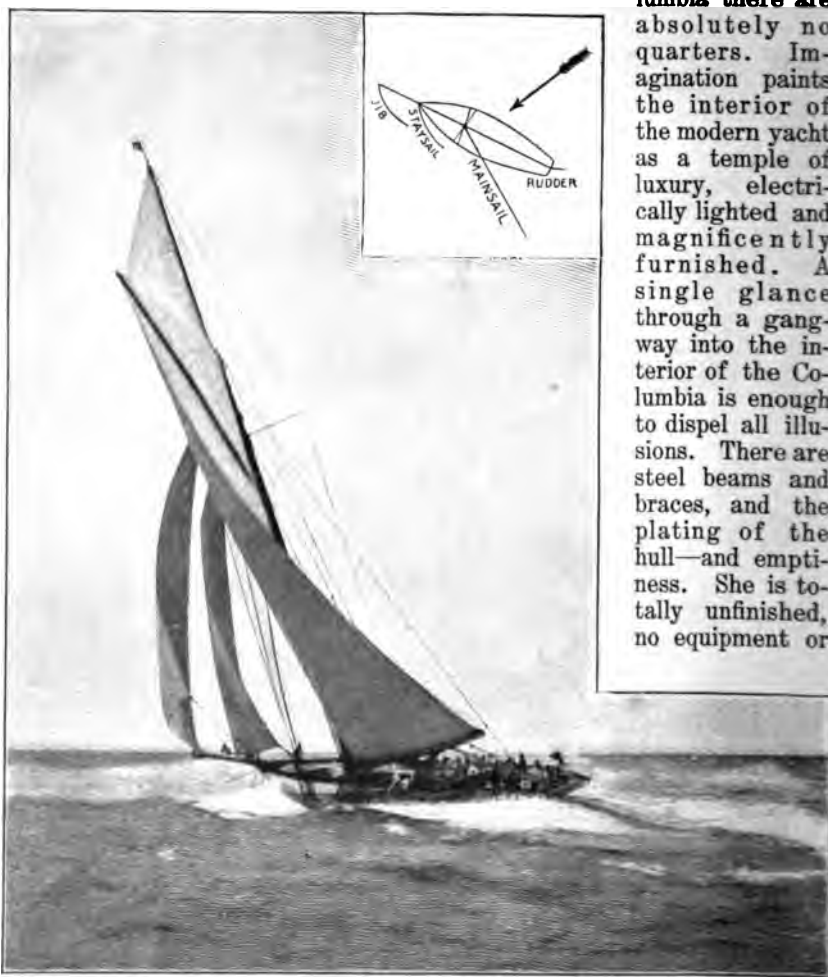
When the racer is launched and rigged and the sails properly fitted, the designer and the builder have done their utmost to win the victory. The yachtsman-owner and his skipper must now take the dainty craft in hand and sail her to victory. In each succeeding cup race more assiduous attention has been given to the selection of the crew. In 1895, when the veteran skipper, Captain Hank Haff, went to Maine to pick a crew of native-born

American seamen to man the Defender, there were those who shook their heads. Americans might do, but why ship them when Scandinavians could be had? The Defender sailed to victory, and her crew made such a record for coolness and precision that the Columbia must needs draw her men from the same source. They are big, hardy, fearless fellows, these sailormen from Maine, whose fathers and grandfathers were fishers and sailors before them, and are well schooled to the rugged service of a northern coast.

More than one ninety-ton schooner has doubled

the Horn with a crew of five men and the cook, but these latter-day racers require from thirty to fifty men to handle their enormous sails, enough of a crew to crowd the narrow deck until it has the appearance of an excursion boat, and enough of a weight to help appreciably in crushing down a windward beam in a squall. In order to feed and bunk these great crews, both the Columbia and the Shamrock are accompanied by big steam tenders, that of the Shamrock, the Erin, having cost \$400,000. In the Co-

lumbia there are absolutely no quarters. Imagination paints the interior of the modern yacht as a temple of luxury, electrically lighted and magnificently furnished. A single glance through a gangway into the interior of the Columbia is enough to dispel all illusions. There are steel beams and braces, and the plating of the hull—and emptiness. She is totally unfinished, no equipment or



REACHING.

The yacht shown is the Vigilant. In reaching, the wind is on the yacht's beam or side, and were it not for the deep keel, with its heavy load of lead, she might be blown flat. The "sheets" (the ropes that control the boom) are "started," or let out until the mainsail makes a sharp angle with the boat. The rudder, if moved at all, is set a little to leeward, to keep the yacht well up to the wind. In the present instance the racing top (the big light club-topsail, owing to the evident force of the wind, is not in use; but the working topsail, which is much smaller and stronger, the forestaysail, and jib are all spread. The jib-topsail, which is often used to advantage, is not out; but the two men forward may be getting it ready. The crew lies up to windward and well to the stern of the yacht, in order to aid by their weight in keeping the vessel upright and with her nose well lifted to meet the waves. From a photograph by West and Son, Southsea.



HAULING IN THE MAINSAIL—A SCENE ABOARD THE DEFENDER.

From a photograph by J. C. Hemment.

furnishing being added for fear of increasing the weight and thereby reducing speed.

Racing yachts, like racing horses, have three principal paces. A horse specializes—he is a good trotter, a good runner, or a good pacer, according to his training—but a yacht is expected to be almost equally proficient in all of her paces. The chief of these, and it is unquestionably the finest of all developments in yacht racing, is called “pointing;” which expresses the ability of a yacht for sailing in the direction from which the wind is blowing. All sailing craft, when the wind is dead ahead of them, are compelled to tack back and forth, and the vessel that can make its course with the fewest tacks—that is, sail straightest toward the wind—will necessarily win the race. The Columbia will point her bowsprit well within four points, or forty-five degrees, of the wind, closer, perhaps, than any American ship ever before was able to sail. In pointing, the sheets (the ropes which let out or pull in the boom and control the mainsail) are hauled in close, so that the boom is almost parallel with the length of the yacht; and if the wind is strong, the racer often lies over until her lee rails

(the side of the yacht away from the wind) are awash, and the men lie up to windward flat on their sides, like rows of dried herring. A yacht in this trim is said to be “close hauled.”

The next most important pace of the yacht is called “reaching,” in which she is said to be sailing with “started sheets.” That is, her boom is allowed to swing a little outboard, at an acute angle with the length of the yacht, so that the mainsail catches a good deal of the breeze. In reaching, the wind is on one side, or beam, of the yacht, or just abaft the beam, that is, toward the stern.

The third pace of the racer is called “running,” in which the wind is blowing directly behind the yacht. In this case the sheets are “eased away,” or let out until the mainsail stands at a broad angle with the length of the boat. It is in running before the wind that the yachtsman “breaks out” or spreads his spinnaker, the spinnaker being an exceedingly important racing sail, which is set by means of a removable boom, just opposite and balancing the mainsail. It is an enormous sail of light balloon cloth. A good yacht’s crew can put up the spinnaker boom

and break out the great sail within five minutes. It is always the occasion of great activity and apparent excitement aboard ship, and he is a wise skipper who knows just the proper moment to put up his spinnaker and to take it in again.

A landlubber is quite likely to think that a yacht makes its best speed when running before the wind—that is, when the wind is exactly on its stern—but that is not the case. The *Columbia*, for instance, can make more speed by several miles an hour when reaching than when running before the wind. The reason for this is very simple. With the wind astern, only her mainsail and spinnaker, with possibly a topsail and one forward sail, are filled and drawing, whereas while she is reaching she spreads her full canvas—mainsail, topsail, forestaysail, jib, and jib-topsail, and often an enormous balloon jib-topsail, provided the wind is not too heavy. A racer will sometimes make as high as fourteen knots an hour while reaching. It would take a 300-horse-power engine, burning 750 pounds of coal an hour, to drive a steam vessel of the size of the *Columbia* at such a speed.

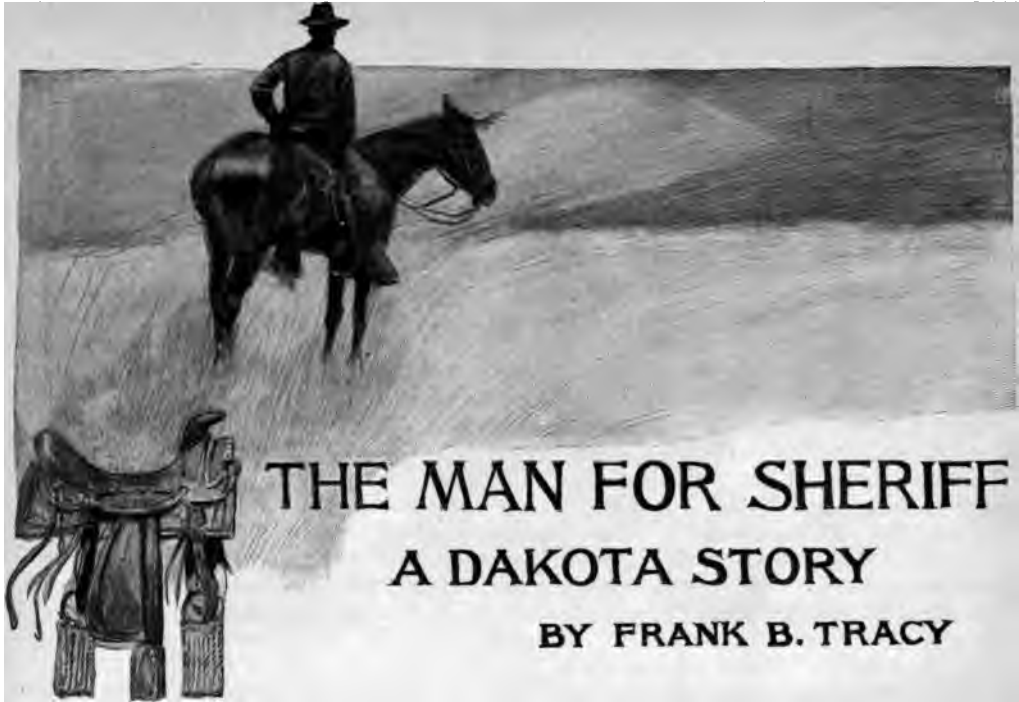
There are several important sails used on a racing yacht which do not appear on an ordinary cruiser. The typical sloop rig consists of a big mainsail, a forestaysail, a jib, a topsail, and two or three sizes, perhaps, of jib-topsails. In addition to this full complement of canvas, the racer has a spinnaker, a balloon jib-topsail, and a club-topsail. I have already explained the use of the spinnaker for running before the wind. The balloon jib-topsail, which is an enormous sail made of soft light cloth, is spread at the extreme bow of the boat when the wind is light. It will often drive a great racer at considerable speed when there is apparently not a breath of air. The club-topsail is a great, light, triangular sail which occupies the place of the ordinary topsail, but spreads far above and beyond it. In the *Columbia*, the "sprit," or the longer of the two club-topsail poles on which the club-topsail is spread, is fifty-eight feet in length. This enormous sail is only used to catch light winds, and the skipper must keep a sharp lookout for squalls, else he may have his racing top blown entirely away.

In all yacht races the courses are so arranged as to give the yachts the greatest possible variety of sailing weather. For instance, in the coming races between the *Columbia* and the *Shamrock* off Sandy Hook, one course will be a straight-away run of fifteen miles and return. If the wind follows

on the run out, it will probably be a head wind during the run home; so that the yachts will be matched under two exactly opposite sets of conditions. The other races will be sailed over a triangular course, ten miles on a side, or "leg," so that the yachts can be tried in all of their paces.

As in a horse race, perhaps the most important feature of a yacht race is what is called "jockeying for a start." Just as that rider who is successful in getting the pole is regarded as the most accomplished jockey, so the skipper who succeeds in driving his boat closest into the wind, and crossing the line exactly on time to the windward of his rivals, is likely to get a long advantage, at least on the first leg of the course; for, being to the windward, he cuts off, or *blankets*, the other yachts from the wind with his own huge sails, and it is not until he has passed entirely beyond them that they can really enter the race at all. This effort to get to windward and not to cross the starting-line until the exact moment of the firing of the gun, causes a degree of excitement hardly less acute than that of the finish itself.

When the races are over, the day of the racers themselves is done. The *Columbia*, for instance, has been built for the express purpose of developing a speed sufficient to beat the *Shamrock* on a particular occasion. When that occasion is past, her value to a large extent has passed with it. Her owners will do well if they can sell her for \$25,000. The *Vigilant*, which is said to have cost upward of \$100,000, was sold, after she defeated *Valkyrie II.*, to George J. Gould for \$27,000; but she was better fitted for general service, perhaps, than the *Columbia*. The *America*, although rebuilt, still possesses the racing blood which made her famous. She has had a most remarkable history. After her famous race around the Isle of Wight, she attracted such wide interest among British yachtsmen that she was purchased by Lord de Blaqui re, and raced in English waters with much success. During the Civil War she was employed as a despatch-boat and blockade-runner by the Confederate Government, a service for which her swiftness eminently fitted her. She was sunk for some time in St. John's River, being afterward raised and refitted by the Federal Government, man-o'-war fashion, as a practice vessel for the cadets of the Naval Academy. Only last year she beat the *Puritan* in a lively sailing race in the schooner class, and she stands out to-day, as she did in 1851, as a splendid example of American shipbuilding.



## THE MAN FOR SHERIFF

### A DAKOTA STORY

BY FRANK B. TRACY

**I**T was autumn in North Dakota. The sun shone bright and warm, and the sky was its own bluest blue, a tint which many a traveler in foreign lands has said is the deepest and most vivid on which man gazes. There were sudden and chill whiffs of wind, now from the north and now from the south, to warn all that winter was not far away. Hudson, the county seat, was that day alive with all the bustle and stir of the one busy season of the year. Yonder, where the dust clouds rose, you could be sure was a train of teams and wagons, hauling great loads of wheat to market. Long lines of cars stood on the railway side-tracks, and the *hoosh* of the giant scoops, as they threw the grain from wagon into car, was heard all day and far into the night. In fields within sight of the town you could see thresher crews, and the buzz of the separator and the shrill toot of the engines told of the magical transformation of masses of broken weeds into the greatest commodity in the world.

But Hudson was unusually agitated that day. There was something plainly out of the ordinary in progress. That something was the Republican county convention, which had just assembled in Plain's Hall. Plain's Hall was not at this time exactly fitted up for conven-

tion purposes. It formed the second story of the Senator's machinery warehouse, and would not be finished for about one month. It was to be the first real "opera-house" in the county, and promised to be more than fine enough for Hudson; but at present the entire south end was open; no window-sashes were in place; no platform had been built; shavings were strewn along the north side of the room, and a carpenter's bench served for seats for some of the spectators, while the delegates to the convention sat in chairs borrowed from the hotel and the Methodist church. Jim McDowall, "from Bruce County," was in the chair, and his stentorian tones and the resounding whacks of his cane on the table quite drowned the ring of the hammer which was nailing on the siding just behind him.

A Republican county convention in that county was a serious, if not a solemn, affair. There was no applause or levity, and matters went on in a halting, painful fashion, as if the convention were ashamed of itself. It was indeed ludicrous that the Republicans of that county always took so much time to deliberate on their choice of standard-bearers, for ever since the county had been organized they had not been able to elect even one of their nominees. This year, however, the convention seemed to have somewhat of excite-

ment attending its deliberations—as much excitement, at least, as those prosaic folks ever permitted themselves to indulge. One after another of the nominations was made with the utmost serenity and decorous acquiescence; but when Chairman McDowall, with his best Scotch tones, the burr of which had not been eliminated after thirty years in Ontario and fifteen in Dakota, announced, in his own impressive way, “Yur nomorations for thu office of shuriff are now in order,” a still deeper silence fell upon the gathering, a sure sign in that clime of intense public interest. Then Walter McDougall, red-faced, gray-haired, and huge of frame, arose, and after clearing his throat, said, in an apologetic tone, “Weel, Meester Chairman, I’ll nominate Mr. Cushman, Ned Cushman, fur shuriff.”

At once Mike McGauvran leaped to his feet, and said, “I’ll second the nominate, Mr. Chairman,” and the delegates sat aghast. Had Walter and Mike made it up? Was the millennium in sight? For the past ten years these two worthies, the one Scotch and the other Irish, had fought one another, and had carried their battle into almost every public and many private activities of the whole county.

“Do I hear any more nomonations?” Eef note, I’ll declare thu nomonations closed. All in favor of Ned Cooshman fer shuriff wull say, Aye; them opposed, Nay. ‘S uh vote, and Mr. Cooshman is yor nomonee fer shuriff.”

Was that a cheer? It really sounded like it. At any rate, there was hand-clapping and feet-stamping and scattered cries of “Speech,” which surprised no one so much as the delegates themselves. This great crisis brought the chairman to his feet, and, gazing steadily toward the back of the hall, with the utmost gravity and solemnity, and with dictatorial emphasis, he declared, “Uh speech is called fer, Mr. Cooshman.”

In the direction of his gaze sat a young man whom few would pass in Fifth Avenue or Copley Square without a second glance. His tall, athletic form showed strength in its every line, and the keen, bright eye was full of life and fire. The face was row of a swarthy hue, thanks to the work of the North Dakota sun on a skin whose delicate texture, previous to the past five years, had not known a greater exposure than that found in the White Mountains or at Nahant. He was just now biting his lips with vexation; but after a moment’s pause, he rose quickly, and stepping to the side of the chairman, spoke in quiet, clear tones:

“Gentlemen of the convention, I have to thank you for the heartiness and sincerity of this nomination. There are many reasons why I should not accept it; but as I have urged others in the past years to accept when there were few chances for victory, I feel that I cannot with decency refuse.

“I am very glad to see such harmony prevailing to-day, and I hope it will continue throughout the entire campaign. I feel that any one who engenders strife in this party is its worst enemy. The conditions within our party in this county have been most disgusting and disgraceful. I am a member of no faction, and despise this factional strife. If I should be elected, I pledge myself to recognize no portion or clique of my party, nor will there be any partisanship in the distribution of the favors which I may be able to give out. In fact, it is my opinion that county officers should be elected on a non-partisan basis.

“There is no doubt that there ought to be a change in the office of sheriff of this county, and conditions and circumstances are such that nothing short of a complete weeding out of the men and influences which have made this office such a stench in the nostrils of the people of this county will suffice. We ought to have a clean sweep of the offices, and to that end we seek the aid and support of all fair-minded and honest voters. So far as my acts in this campaign, and afterward, are concerned, I hope to merit the approbation of this party and this convention, which represents, I am sure, the best sentiment of the county.”

This speech was applauded by the delegates; but there was a frightened expression on their faces on account of the blunt reference to the factional differences. “And yet,” they all mused as they rode home that night, “he told the truth. These two factional leaders have kept the party and the whole county rent with quarrels, and neighbors are at deadly enmity simply because of an old fight, the origin of which no one remembers. It is a shame, no doubt of that.”

It had long been a puzzle to the good people of the county and town why Ned Cushman came there. It was a favorite saying that no one came there who was not poor or who had not made a failure in all other places; and when one, more bold than the rest, hinted this to Cushman, he laughed and replied, “Well, put me down in both classes.”

Sensitiveness had driven Cushman from Boston to Dakota. The death of his parents

when he was just entering the high school had left the care of the family estate to an old friend of his father's. This man became involved in the witchery of speculation. The result was the usual one, and the crash revealed to Ned, then in the midst of his senior year at Harvard, that he must work for a living. After commencement he began to search for employment, and soon found out the limitations of his acquaintance and the impotency of his education. But the family name at last became an open sesame to one firm, and a fairly remunerative position was offered to him. There was nothing false, unhealthy, or morbid about his views on the changed conditions, and he accepted his lot with thanksgiving and without grumbling. He was willing to grub it, he told himself, and his intelligence and industry were obtaining adequate recognition when an incident occurred which changed his life's plans.

There was a beautiful home, just one block from his own, which was more like a salon than any other in Boston. The receptions held there were Ned's delight. His mother and father had liked to see Ned go there, for the Winslows were "of the old families," and were entirely cordial and friendly. But one Sunday morning his eyes chanced to stray to the "Herald's" society columns, and he read an account of the first

evening of the season at Mrs. Winslow's. This fact struck him as odd, and he mused, "That is queer; I must have forgotten about it." Then his brows contracted, and the thought came to him, "Can it be possible that I was not invited?" But a search over his letters revealed no such card. He tried to banish the matter from his mind, and to believe that it had been an oversight or a fault of the mails. But when the second and third reception of the season came, he was forced to face the fact that he had been ignored deliberately. He began to notice other things, trivial in themselves, but significant. The boys at the club were not as cordial as they had once been; the girls with whom he had boated, danced, and played tennis for years seemed distant when he met them on the street or in the foyer; and some fellows, distinctly beneath him in the old social scale, and who had been very respectful to him while he was wealthy, now greeted him with disgusting familiarity in the lunch-rooms which he was compelled to frequent. The combination of these trifling slights was too



NED CUSHMAN.

much for Cushman. Guiltless and wholly pure as he knew himself to be, the position in which he was placed made him feel as if he had committed some crime and had been ostracized for it. "Try as hard as I am able, I can never regain the place which I have lost by suddenly becoming poor," he mourned.

ing, like horse racing, is an expensive pastime.

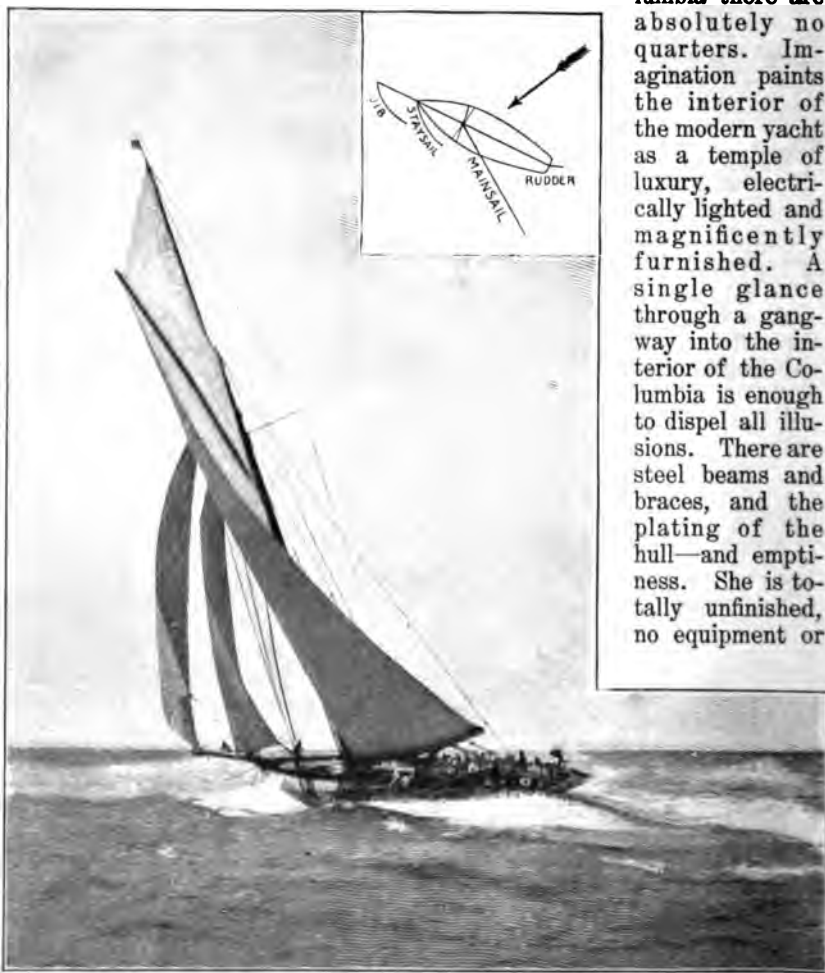
When the racer is launched and rigged and the sails properly fitted, the designer and the builder have done their utmost to win the victory. The yachtsman-owner and his skipper must now take the dainty craft in hand and sail her to victory. In each succeeding cup race more assiduous attention has been given to the selection of the crew. In 1895, when the veteran skipper, Captain Hank Haff, went to Maine to pick a crew of native-born

American seamen to man the Defender, there were those who shook their heads. Americans might do, but why ship them when Scandinavians could be had? The Defender sailed to victory, and her crew made such a record for coolness and precision that the Columbia must needs draw her men from the same source. They are big, hardy, fearless fellows, these sailormen from Maine, whose fathers and grandfathers were fishers and sailors before them, and are well schooled to the rugged service of a northern coast.

More than one ninety-ton schooner has doubled

the Horn with a crew of five men and the cook, but these latter-day racers require from thirty to fifty men to handle their enormous sails, enough of a crew to crowd the narrow deck until it has the appearance of an excursion boat, and enough of a weight to help appreciably in crushing down a windward beam in a squall. In order to feed and bunk these great crews, both the Columbia and the Shamrock are accompanied by big steam tenders, that of the Shamrock, the Erin, having cost \$400,000. In the Co-

lumbia there are absolutely no quarters. Imagination paints the interior of the modern yacht as a temple of luxury, electrically lighted and magnificently furnished. A single glance through a gangway into the interior of the Columbia is enough to dispel all illusions. There are steel beams and braces, and the plating of the hull—and emptiness. She is totally unfinished, no equipment or



REACHING.

The yacht shown is the Vigilant. In reaching, the wind is on the yacht's beam or side, and were it not for the deep keel, with its heavy load of lead, she might be blown flat. The "sheets" (the ropes that control the boom) are "started," or let out until the mainsail makes a sharp angle with the boat. The rudder, if moved at all, is set a little to leeward, to keep the yacht well up to the wind. In the present instance the racing top (the big light club-topsail), owing to the evident force of the wind, is not in use; but the working topsail, which is much smaller and stronger, the forestaysail, and jib are all spread. The jib-topsail, which is often used to advantage, is not out; but the two men forward may be getting it ready. The crew lies up to windward and well to the stern of the yacht, in order to aid by their weight in keeping the vessel upright and with her nose well lifted to meet the waves. From a photograph by West and Son, Southsea.





HAULING IN THE MAINSAIL—A SCENE ABOARD THE DEFENDER.

From a photograph by J. C. Hemment.

furnishing being added for fear of increasing the weight and thereby reducing speed.

Racing yachts, like racing horses, have three principal paces. A horse specializes—he is a good trotter, a good runner, or a good pacer, according to his training—but a yacht is expected to be almost equally proficient in all of her paces. The chief of these, and it is unquestionably the finest of all developments in yacht racing, is called “pointing;” which expresses the ability of a yacht for sailing in the direction from which the wind is blowing. All sailing craft, when the wind is dead ahead of them, are compelled to tack back and forth, and the vessel that can make its course with the fewest tacks—that is, sail straightest toward the wind—will necessarily win the race. The Columbia will point her bowsprit well within four points, or forty-five degrees, of the wind, closer, perhaps, than any American ship ever before was able to sail. In pointing, the sheets (the ropes which let out or pull in the boom and control the mainsail) are hauled in close, so that the boom is almost parallel with the length of the yacht; and if the wind is strong, the racer often lies over until her lee rails

(the side of the yacht away from the wind) are awash, and the men lie up to windward flat on their sides, like rows of dried herring. A yacht in this trim is said to be “close hauled.”

The next most important pace of the yacht is called “reaching,” in which she is said to be sailing with “started sheets.” That is, her boom is allowed to swing a little outboard, at an acute angle with the length of the yacht, so that the mainsail catches a good deal of the breeze. In reaching, the wind is on one side, or beam, of the yacht, or just abaft the beam, that is, toward the stern.

The third pace of the racer is called “running,” in which the wind is blowing directly behind the yacht. In this case the sheets are “eased away,” or let out until the mainsail stands at a broad angle with the length of the boat. It is in running before the wind that the yachtsman “breaks out” or spreads his spinnaker, the spinnaker being an exceedingly important racing sail, which is set by means of a removable boom, just opposite and balancing the mainsail. It is an enormous sail of light balloon cloth. A good yacht’s crew can put up the spinnaker boom

and break out the great sail within five minutes. It is always the occasion of great activity and apparent excitement aboard ship, and he is a wise skipper who knows just the proper moment to put up his spinnaker and to take it in again.

A landlubber is quite likely to think that a yacht makes its best speed when running before the wind—that is, when the wind is exactly on its stern—but that is not the case. The *Columbia*, for instance, can make more speed by several miles an hour when reaching than when running before the wind. The reason for this is very simple. With the wind astern, only her mainsail and spinnaker, with possibly a topsail and one forward sail, are filled and drawing, whereas while she is reaching she spreads her full canvas—mainsail, topsail, forestaysail, jib, and jib-topsail, and often an enormous balloon jib-topsail, provided the wind is not too heavy. A racer will sometimes make as high as fourteen knots an hour while reaching. It would take a 300-horse-power engine, burning 750 pounds of coal an hour, to drive a steam vessel of the size of the *Columbia* at such a speed.

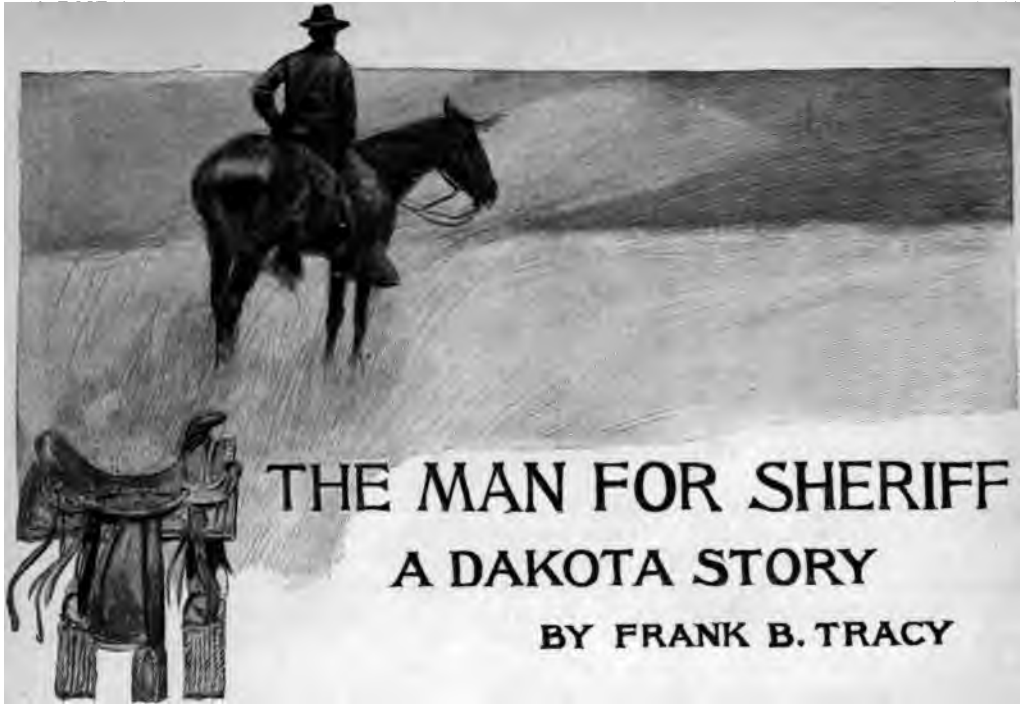
There are several important sails used on a racing yacht which do not appear on an ordinary cruiser. The typical sloop rig consists of a big mainsail, a forestaysail, a jib, a topsail, and two or three sizes, perhaps, of jib-topsails. In addition to this full complement of canvas, the racer has a spinnaker, a balloon jib-topsail, and a club-topsail. I have already explained the use of the spinnaker for running before the wind. The balloon jib-topsail, which is an enormous sail made of soft light cloth, is spread at the extreme bow of the boat when the wind is light. It will often drive a great racer at considerable speed when there is apparently not a breath of air. The club-topsail is a great, light, triangular sail which occupies the place of the ordinary topsail, but spreads far above and beyond it. In the *Columbia*, the "sprit," or the longer of the two club-topsail poles on which the club-topsail is spread, is fifty-eight feet in length. This enormous sail is only used to catch light winds, and the skipper must keep a sharp lookout for squalls, else he may have his racing top blown entirely away.

In all yacht races the courses are so arranged as to give the yachts the greatest possible variety of sailing weather. For instance, in the coming races between the *Columbia* and the *Shamrock* off Sandy Hook, one course will be a straight-away run of fifteen miles and return. If the wind follows

on the run out, it will probably be a head wind during the run home; so that the yachts will be matched under two exactly opposite sets of conditions. The other races will be sailed over a triangular course, ten miles on a side, or "leg," so that the yachts can be tried in all of their paces.

As in a horse race, perhaps the most important feature of a yacht race is what is called "jockeying for a start." Just as that rider who is successful in getting the pole is regarded as the most accomplished jockey, so the skipper who succeeds in driving his boat closest into the wind, and crossing the line exactly on time to the windward of his rivals, is likely to get a long advantage, at least on the first leg of the course; for, being to the windward, he cuts off, or blankets, the other yachts from the wind with his own huge sails, and it is not until he has passed entirely beyond them that they can really enter the race at all. This effort to get to windward and not to cross the starting-line until the exact moment of the firing of the gun, causes a degree of excitement hardly less acute than that of the finish itself.

When the races are over, the day of the racers themselves is done. The *Columbia*, for instance, has been built for the express purpose of developing a speed sufficient to beat the *Shamrock* on a particular occasion. When that occasion is past, her value to a large extent has passed with it. Her owners will do well if they can sell her for \$25,000. The *Vigilant*, which is said to have cost upward of \$100,000, was sold, after she defeated *Valkyrie II.*, to George J. Gould for \$27,000; but she was better fitted for general service, perhaps, than the *Columbia*. The *America*, although rebuilt, still possesses the racing blood which made her famous. She has had a most remarkable history. After her famous race around the Isle of Wight, she attracted such wide interest among British yachtsmen that she was purchased by Lord de Blaquière, and raced in English waters with much success. During the Civil War she was employed as a despatch-boat and blockade-runner by the Confederate Government, a service for which her swiftness eminently fitted her. She was sunk for some time in St. John's River, being afterward raised and refitted by the Federal Government, man-o'-war fashion, as a practice vessel for the cadets of the Naval Academy. Only last year she beat the *Puritan* in a lively sailing race in the schooner class, and she stands out to-day, as she did in 1851, as a splendid example of American shipbuilding.



## THE MAN FOR SHERIFF A DAKOTA STORY

BY FRANK B. TRACY

**I**t was autumn in North Dakota. The sun shone bright and warm, and the sky was its own bluest blue, a tint which many a traveler in foreign lands has said is the deepest and most vivid on which man gazes. There were sudden and chill whiffs of wind, now from the north and now from the south, to warn all that winter was not far away. Hudson, the county seat, was that day alive with all the bustle and stir of the one busy season of the year. Yonder, where the dust clouds rose, you could be sure was a train of teams and wagons, hauling great loads of wheat to market. Long lines of cars stood on the railway side-tracks, and the *hoosh* of the giant scoops, as they threw the grain from wagon into car, was heard all day and far into the night. In fields within sight of the town you could see thresher crews, and the buzz of the separator and the shrill toot of the engines told of the magical transformation of masses of broken weeds into the greatest commodity in the world.

But Hudson was unusually agitated that day. There was something plainly out of the ordinary in progress. That something was the Republican county convention, which had just assembled in Plain's Hall. Plain's Hall was not at this time exactly fitted up for conven-

tion purposes. It formed the second story of the Senator's machinery warehouse, and would not be finished for about one month. It was to be the first real "opera-house" in the county, and promised to be more than fine enough for Hudson; but at present the entire south end was open; no window-sashes were in place; no platform had been built; shavings were strewn along the north side of the room, and a carpenter's bench served for seats for some of the spectators, while the delegates to the convention sat in chairs borrowed from the hotel and the Methodist church. Jim McDowall, "from Bruce County," was in the chair, and his stentorian tones and the resounding whacks of his cane on the table quite drowned the ring of the hammer which was nailing on the siding just behind him.

A Republican county convention in that county was a serious, if not a solemn, affair. There was no applause or levity, and matters went on in a halting, painful fashion, as if the convention were ashamed of itself. It was indeed ludicrous that the Republicans of that county always took so much time to deliberate on their choice of standard-bearers, for ever since the county had been organized they had not been able to elect even one of their nominees. This year, however, the convention seemed to have somewhat of excite-

deal Barnes has give the people." The special danger was that the voters would disregard party and vote for the honest man, when it came to sheriff, an office which, with its high fees and rich "plums," the party could not afford to lose. So the managers determined on the step always undertaken by rogues in such cases. They decided to put up the most nearly faultless man they could find for the position of sheriff, in order that behind his cloak of purity the hideous sins of the bosses and their party might be hidden.

When the chairman announced nominations for the office of sheriff in order, excitement began in all parts of the hall, and it was increased when Webster, the "broker," as he

They're going to come around to some of us here, wantin' our support for him, for they know he can't be elected except by Democratic votes. And we all know well enough that, if he should happen to get elected, every last one of them fellows would be howlin' around how the Republicans carried this county!"

At this point there was a stir of applause which vastly encouraged the orator, and he proceeded with increased energy and enthusiasm, concluding in this way:

"The minority party in this county always talks as if it had hogged all the virtue in the whole county; that's their style. They are braggin' around here that this young dandy is so far ahead and above anybody that we can nominate that he will surely be elected. Gentlemen, I am going to place in nomination for the position of sheriff a man whose name and face are



"A SOFT HAND EXTENDED FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COUCH, AND LAID ITSELF UPON HIS BROW."

called himself, arose. There was a sneer on his face and a malignant gleam in his eye when he began:

"Gentlemen of the convention, the minority party in this county has placed in nomination for the important office of sheriff of this county a dainty young fellow from the far East—Bosting, I think they call it there; and some of his party say they're going to elect this high-toned chap to that office.

known to you all and who needs no praises from me. He is an honest man, a man of the best character and reputation, and a hard worker, like all the rest of us, although he don't claim to have a college education and don't part his hair in the middle. He will do the levies right, and will give us all square treatment. The man whom I nominate to thrash the ground with this young dude from the East is our honored and es-

teemed pioneer of White Oak township, William H. Somers."

The speaker had so played upon the sensibilities and the prejudices of his audience, as well as excited their curiosity, that it was a burst of real applause, led, of course, by the claqueurs, which arose as he finished. The nomination was at once seconded, and carried unanimously. It was a great surprise. Somers had not been at all prominent in politics, and had never attended any of the county conventions. In spite of this fact, however, he was a bitter partisan, and was not free from ambition. He had been approached by some of the leaders just previous to Cushman's last visit to his sister, and although he had given them no definite answer at the time, his narrow, suspicious soul and his party bias, being cultivated to a high point, had induced him to make the race.

Campaigning for county office in North Dakota is *sui generis*. Of speech-making there is none, of hand-shaking there is much. National and State issues are of little avail. The matter is largely individual. Ned Cushman made a most careful and painstaking canvass over a region larger than the State of Rhode Island and very much more difficult to traverse. His German and French helped him greatly (although his French was very unlike the *patois* of the "Breeds"), and he humorously wrote to his aunt that for the first time in his life his college education was of benefit to him. He found in a few days that campaigning had its light and pleasing phases. He made no false basis of acquaintance with the people. Many of them had heard of his kind and generous actions, as in the case of the O'Neill family, and their hearts warmed to this young man, who really seemed to have a pure aim and who wished to help those who needed help. The factional strife melted away under the pressure of Cushman's candidacy. He found himself saying airy nothings with as much grace and with much less strain on his conscience than in a ball-room, and his driver declared on the third day out that Ned was a born campaigner. He did not fail to meet angry and hostile people, of course, but he remained cool, and left them with much less resentment.

On the other hand, Somers elicited little sympathy, and lost votes. In some places he assumed a familiarity which was plainly forced and which disgusted the most obtuse. In other places he was his true self, cold and haughty, and this damaged his cause. Toward the latter part of the campaign, the

county chairman became frightened, and went with him on all his trips, endeavoring to help him and turn back the tide which had plainly set in toward Cushman. Even Somers's virtues were telling against him. "By thunder!" growled the chairman to the secretary, after a long ride with Somers, "I believe Jack Delano, with all his drunkenness, would have run better."

One evening Somers was returning home in a very ugly frame of mind. He had just paid a second visit to a strong Democratic township, and found the Cushman sentiment stronger than on his previous visit. He had also heard some stories which some of Cushman's "fool friends" were circulating in regard to Somers, and they angered him greatly. No man becomes so indignant when criticised or gossiped about as the suspicious man. These stories were rushing through Somers's mind, and he was also experiencing chagrin at the knowledge of Cushman's growing popularity, when, as he neared his house, he saw Cushman's horse tied to the block in front.

Cushman had seen no reason for discontinuing his visits to Mary Somers simply because her brother was his opponent for a county office. He came seldom, but occasionally a portion of Sunday was spent in the little house. She greeted him with a little embarrassment at first, and at times acted with singular constraint; but Cushman affected to see nothing, and appeared to assume that there could be no change in their relations. To-day the conversation was progressing in the old free and delightful way when William burst through the door. Ned at once arose, and started to shake hands with him; but Somers refused to see the motion, and cried roughly: "You here again? I didn't think you'd have the face to come here after the way you've done me dirt. I'd much prefer your room, and I guess Mary would, too."

"I beg your pardon, sir," instantly replied Ned, with perfect calm, but with a slight flush on his cheek. "I shall leave this house if my presence offends either of you; but I have 'done you no dirt.' If any one has been slandering you, it has not had my consent."

"Then it wasn't you, hey, that started that story in Montrose Township that I swindled George Jones in the division of grain last month, when we shipped together, by pretending that the load was No. 2 when it was No. 1—and now he's gone off to Canada, and I can't reach him to get him to deny it?" sneered Somers.

"I know nothing of such a story, and if I

hear it, I shall take pains to deny it. I take little interest in the stories which I hear about myself. Some of them are, I admit, annoying; but they are nearly all so plainly false that I think they do me no harm; and, I presume, that has been your experience. You will notice, however, that the conduct of the 'Republican' toward you has changed, and I am glad to say that I brought about the change."

"Oh, yes, I know that. You knew its course was doing you more harm than good, and that was the reason you choked Jones off, I'm told. I guess I can see through your game," and he leered into Ned's face. Then he burst out: "What are you doin' here, keeping company with my sister, when everybody knows you've got a girl in Boston and get regular letters from her?"

"Oh, William!" cried Mary, and she rushed upon him, and too late placed her fingers upon his lips, receiving in reward a push that almost threw her off her feet.

Ned could have struck Somers down for this act, but refrained. So the clerk of the post-office, he reflected, had been gossiping about the weekly letters that his aunt in Milton insisted on sending to him; and he smiled a little, but the smile quickly passed from his face, and he replied: "Really, Mr. Somers, this has gone too far. I see that, as you stated at the beginning, my presence here is unwelcome, and I shall not bother you any longer," and he glanced at Mary, who stood with face averted and bosom heaving with emotion.

"Then you don't deny that you have a girl back East?" demanded Somers.

Was it only imagination, or did he not see Mary's face take on an eager look and turn just a trifle toward him, while her breath seemed to suddenly stop, as if she waited for his answer? But he scorned to look again, and replied proudly: "I deny nothing, and must decline to pay any attention to such insolence. Good-evening, Miss Somers; good-evening, sir," and left the house.

Mary turned away with a great sob, and passed quickly to her room, flinging herself upon the bed.

"How dared William say what he did, and how beautifully Mr. Cushman acted!" she moaned. "But he didn't deny it, he didn't deny it; and I'm sure it is true. And I've gone on thinking that perhaps he cared for me. He's just been playing with me no, he hasn't—he never said a word to me that was anything more than kind and helpful, and I—Oh, what a fool I have been!

How miserable I am! Why did I ever come here? I wish I could die!"

William sat in the other room, and stared into the fire with gloomy face. He had made himself and two other persons miserable, and he could not see that he had gained anything. He tried several times to go in and console his sister as she lay sobbing in the little bedroom, but at length went out, and rode back to town to consult with the committee.

As for Ned, he was livid with rage, tempered with a sort of excited happiness. "Does she care? Was that manifestation a kind of jealousy? Did that change of features mean anything? Does she care? And if she does care, what is that to me?" And so on he ran. He could not rid himself of the picture of Mary standing in the house with that odd expression on her face. It bothered him that night, and the next day he was so abstracted in his canvass that his driver was perplexed, and he made little headway.

Election day dawned with a clear sky, and both sides were rushing to "get out the vote." Two of Ned's colleagues on the ticket had plucked up courage, and hoped to win, and this feature made the fight all the more interesting. On the day before, the Democrats had suddenly begun to boast of the ease with which Cushman would be defeated, and had accepted some of the bets which Republicans had been vainly offering since the opening of the campaign. This fact caused a feeling of apprehension among Cushman's friends, and they soon found that the Democratic chairman had secured a good sum of money from the State committee by pretending that the legislative ticket was in danger, and had placed it to be used against Cushman. When he learned this fact, Ned smiled, and said with energy: "All right, we'll be ready for them, if that's their game. Have all our men notified to be on the lookout for that money, and if any of it is offered, we'll have some of those fellows in the Bismarck 'pen' before the snow is off the ground."

This declaration alarmed the Democratic leaders, and they were very cautious. Ned was not sanguine of winning; he knew too much of the uncertainties of politics, and he was not satisfied with reports coming from certain venal "leaders" whom he had declined to pay for their support. He stoutly refused to work at the polls on election day, saying tersely: "It's plainly against the law, and I don't believe in it anyway." He would

have liked to spend the day with Mary Somers, but he had not been at the house since the scene with her brother; and he felt that, with all her unconventionality, she should know that his further visits there must depend on her invitation. So he remained at home nearly all day, riding to town in the evening to get the mail and learn the returns from the town. These were, as expected, largely in his favor, although the town was Democratic. From the country precincts it would take at least twelve hours to hear, and so he knew that nothing definite could be known as to the result that night. It was early when he retired, and as he slept he dreamed of canvassing, of the election, of Aunt Elizabeth and old Boston, while through all his dreams floated the face of Mary Somers, half-averted, and with eyes seeming to turn toward him with absorbing and agonizing question.

It was the close of autumn, the beginning of winter. The wind had begun in the afternoon to blow chilly from the northwest, and by nightfall it had increased to what would be called at sea a gale. That blast from the north meant winter sure. Ned's house was situated a mile south of the town, and he was rarely disturbed at night; but that election night, as he lay dreaming, a rapid and vehement pounding on the door, and a loud and excited calling of his name, awakened him. He at once recognized the voice, and answered good-naturedly: "Yes, yes, Billy. I hear you, but please don't pound down the house. You can't tell me anything about the election to-night, for I won't believe it. We can't know anything until morning; so go back to bed, or I'll thrash you for waking me up at this time of night."

"It ain't election," cried the voice. "It's fire! The north prairie's afire, and comin' this way like mad, and they want you to help."

"Oh, all right," answered Ned, coolly. "Go along and wake up others, and I'll be there in a jiffy."

Ned did not believe that there was any real danger, for he was well used to Billy McNery's "crazy turns," as the neighbors called them. But when he had dressed and looked out of the house to the north, it was very plain to him that there was a real and awful peril. He had never before seen a prairie fire, but the sight which met his eyes left no doubt of its meaning. There is little that is lurid, fantastic, and thrilling about a prairie fire. It has none of the spectacular and gaudy elements of the forest or city fire.

What Ned saw was, not the sky reddened by flame, but dark masses of smoke which, even where he stood, were being blown by the swift, cold blast into his face. The odor of that smoke and the awful blackness in the north told him that a scene of horror might be before him. He stopped to gaze no longer, but leaped on his horse, and rode swiftly to town.

There everything was either panic or paralysis. Coming so suddenly, and in the night, the fire had robbed the people of their senses. Some stood gazing at the approaching demon as if fascinated by a mermaid. Others rushed hither and thither, weeping, swearing, and praying by turns. Some had loaded parts of their household goods on their wagons to start—whither? For if the town was destroyed, nothing could stop the flames for twenty miles; and before any wagon could go one-half that distance, the fire would be upon it. The cause of the fire was quickly learned. Threshers at a place about fifteen miles north of the town had set fire to their straw piles, as usual, at the conclusion of their day's work, and the wind rising so suddenly in the evening had started the mischief. It had whisked the burning straw far and wide, and the sparks had caught in other straw piles, scattered shocks of wheat and oats and loose hay, and before any one could realize the danger, the fire was out on the prairie on its devastating way, swiftly, eagerly, voraciously bounding toward the south. There was no natural or artificial barrier to stop its spread. On the other hand, all circumstances favored it. The long, dry season had left no moisture in the grass; there were no rivers nor creeks in its path; no fall plowing is done in that frozen clime; and strewn over all the ground were large quantities of wheat and oat straw, completely covering the earth, and forming just the sort of mat that the flames would relish. There had been a ditch plowed around the town five years before, but it was now useless, and filled with straw and dead grass. It seemed that nothing but a change of the wind could save the town, and that meant the loss of hundreds of lives. As Cushman stood gazing alternately at the approaching tempest and at the hopeless faces of the frightened people, he felt, as he had never felt before, the absence of the defenses of civilization. A thousand thoughts ran through his mind; then suddenly, through the mist of years, came the memory of a lecture given by a traveler who had crossed the plains of Kansas thirty years before; and he wheeled his horse sharply,



and rode to the mayor, who stood, looking as stupidly as the others, while the black grew blacker and the smoke became more pungent and overpowering.

"Come, Jack," shouted Cushman, with a voice of command and triumph which caused the stupid light to leave the poor wretch's eyes, and he turned to Cushman with a flash of hope and glad faith on his countenance, which even in that excited scene Cushman felt in his inmost heart. "We must build a counter-fire to stop this one. You know how. Get ten men, and set fire to that patch on the left, and ten of us will fire this patch on the right, and be sure to leave enough room here to keep the fire from catching on any of the buildings."

The man was off in an instant, giving orders and seizing torches. He knew at once what was wanted. All he needed was the leader, the man to give the hint. Twenty men with blazing torches ran twenty yards directly toward the on-coming demon. Then they stopped and dipped their torches into the dry grass and straw, until the whole space, somewhat longer than the north side of the village and twenty yards wide, was a mass of flames. Women and men stood ready to beat it back if it should threaten to catch on the buildings, while others poured water on the earth thus burned over. And so it was that, in ten minutes from the time that Ned Cushman came upon that scene of hopelessness and utter misery, the town was saved.

Couriers were sent to farmers living to the west, south, and east, warning them of the danger and suggesting the same remedy. Perhaps some other man might in time have thought of the one thing which can stop the spread of a prairie fire, but you cannot make the people of Hudson think so, and to this day they declare that "Nobody but Ned Cushman saved this town from bein' wiped off the map."

After the work had been well done, Cushman began to notice the constant stream of refugees that poured out of the smoke, families escaping from the fire and leaving everything behind. Their faces told the terror in their hearts, and many dropped down in their wagons as their frightened horses were caught and held by the people of the town. As Ned looked at them a face uplifted from a wagon-bed sent the blood straight to his heart.

"Where is Mary Somers?" His brain seemed to catch on fire, and above all the noise and confusion there seemed to cry a voice from within his soul, "Where is Mary

Somers?" Then a chill of agony and fear shook his frame. But as cool and calm as ever was the voice that asked: "By the way, have you seen Will Somers?"

"Yes," said some one; "he went down to Hope Township this morning, early, to work at the polls, and hain't got back yet."

"Ah," remarked Cushman, dryly, "I believe we did have an election to-day." Then, after a pause, he ventured: "I suppose his sister is in town?"

Oh, the awful eternity that gaped between question and answer!

"Well, I hain't seen her, but I reckon she's around here somewhere. 'Tain't likely that she'd stay out there alone all night."

Ned Cushman knew better. Mary Somers did not fear to stay alone. She rejected, time after time, the invitations of friends to pass evenings in town, and Ned knew that it was almost certain that she had not come to town unless she had been driven in by the fire. A quick turn with his horse through the town revealed the fact that she was not there and that no one had seen her. She might have driven on to the south, as many of the first arrivals did when they saw the helpless condition of the town. "But where is she?" his heart cried. "I dare not trust to fortune that she is safe. The house is right in the path of the fire. Suppose that she is even now being burned to death!"

This thought was too much for him, and his brain reeled - for just a moment. Then, recovering himself, he whispered a few words to the mayor, and turned his horse with a leap right into the face of the giant tempest of wind and fire.

A glance at the horrible blackness told him that the flames had by this time reached the Somers home, and would soon be upon the village. It was only a question of a very few moments, and he knew that if his horse stumbled or he lost his balance, his chance for life would not be worth a penny. But he tossed aside that thought with contempt as compared with his divine errand. And even that was almost forgotten and swept from the mind's view by the sight of that fire as it drew nearer him and as he rushed into its embrace. No crackling of boughs, no lurid lights, no grand illumination of the sky—no, none of these. Almost silently the tongue of flame ran along, hugging the earth like a snake on his belly. There was a peculiar, hissing sound, and, when the wind was very strong, a gentle roar. A forest fire is merciful, for it warns by its tumult and light. It often stops to exult over its victims and to

leap aloft in their summits with joy. But the prairie fire glides upon its foe like a tiger, and crushing it with one blow, sweeps on to the next one. It is in this way that those awful tragedies on the plains occur, when whole families are surprised and destroyed without a chance for a fight for life.

Never had Cushman's horse made such speed. Despite cough and snort, she leaped bravely forward wherever her rider might command. Cushman held to the rein with a grip of iron, and though the horse swayed to and fro, and though the smoke rolled blacker and blacker before him, he kept on, peering toward his goal, guided, certainly not by light, for there was none, but by intuition, which is another name for God. So long seemed the ride that he began to fear that he had lost his way; but at last the dim outlines of the little house began to appear through the darkness and storm. The fire was already there, and as Cushman leaped from his horse the flames were licking up the pine siding and mounting to the roof. The horse stood perfectly still, though trembling and snorting, while Cushman burst through the rude door. On the floor of the farther room he saw a white heap. It was plain that the smoke had aroused her only to stifle, conquer, and choke out her life when she arose and attempted to flee. There was no time to learn if breath yet remained in that precious body. Cushman, in a passion of love, seized it in his arms, rushed again out into the blast, leaped on his faithful horse, and turned back toward the town.

The fire was now on all sides of him. It had billowed on ahead, and seemed mad in its swift leaps toward the town. The awful smoke poured into his nostrils, and almost overcame him. As he was nearly strangled by its power, he thought of his fair burden, and threw the gown over the face to cheat the demon of its prey, if, happily, its victory was not yet complete. The horse snorted and squealed as the fire ran up the poor creature's legs and burned little patches of rough hair. Ned dared not open his mouth to direct or encourage her; but the noble animal never faltered, and her flight to the town was straight and true, although terror was driving her on. Several times Ned's clothes were on fire, but he kicked and shook the sparks off, never relaxing his hold on the body which lay as if lifeless in his arms. But as the seconds passed the strain began to tell on him; his eyes grew heavy, his body began to sway from side to side. The horse plunged more and more, and at last stumbled in a

ditch, flinging Ned with his burden to the ground, stunned and helpless.

What a cheer rang out to the sky from the lonely Dakota prairie when the anxious watchers at Hudson saw the gallant horse dash clear at last of the smoke and the peril of fire! But it gave way to a shout from the men and a shriek from the women as they saw the horse stumble and fall. A dozen men ran out to the rescue, and carried the man and woman tenderly into the house of Webster, the "broker," whose callous heart had been touched, and whose pleading was so strong that his house received in honor the man he had maligned.

The fire, just a few moments before so threatening and full of death, ran out upon the blackened tract of land, and slowly panted and gasped and died. Here and there it caught a stray straw, but its awful work was over. The people stood gazing at the smoke until daybreak, partly because of the fascination of the rolling clouds, and partly because they were fearful that some power might arise to revive the flames, as no one knows when a prairie fire is really out.

It was almost evening before Ned Cushman opened his eyes, to find Will Somers bending over him with an expression of love on his face, from which the story of the night had chased away all the hard lines of suspicion, avarice, and ambition. They could not keep him away from Ned's bedside after he had ridden into the town that night, almost wild with fear and suspense, and had heard the truth. He had not even thought of his destroyed house, barn, and granary in his joy that his sister was saved. She had recovered rapidly, and seemed to be little injured by the experience of the night. Somers hovered over Cushman, seemingly bent on being the first to greet him when he should regain consciousness, and as Ned opened his eyes and saw him, the brother cried with joy: "Hurrah, you've come to at last, old man! You're elected, and I'm mighty glad, and I——"

"Yes? Eh? What? Elected?" interrupted the half-conscious man; and then there burst upon him the vista of the awful ride, and he tried to leap up, fiercely seizing Somers's arm, and shouting as if mad: "But where is Mary? Was she dead? Is she alive? Tell me! Tell me!"

Then a soft hand extended from the other side of the couch, and laid itself upon his brow, and a low voice, full of love and joy, breathed, "Here I am, Ned."

# THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA.

## A NOVEL.

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON.

(Conclusion.)

### CHAPTER XII.—*Concluded.*

#### THE TREACHERY OF H. FISBEE.



VERY early in the morning a messenger-boy stumbled up the front steps of Meredith's house, and handed the colored servant four yellow envelopes, night messages. The man carried them upstairs, left three with his master's guest, then knocked on Meredith's door till a response assured him that the occupant was awake, and slid the fourth envelope under the door. Meredith lay quite without motion for several minutes, sleepily watching the yellow rhomboid in the crevice. It was a hateful-looking thing to mix itself in with a pleasant dream and insist on being read; but after a while he climbed groaningly out of bed, and perused the message with heavy eyes, still half asleep. He read it twice before it penetrated.

Suppress all newspapers to-day. Convention meets at eleven. If we succeed, a delegation will come to Rouen this afternoon. They will come.

HELEN.

Tom rubbed his sticky eyelids and shook his head violently in a Spartan effort to rouse himself; but what more effectively performed the task for him were certain sounds that issued from Harkless's room across the hall. For some minutes Meredith had been dully conscious of a rustle and stir in the invalid's chamber, and he began to realize that no mere tossing upon a bed would account for a noise that reached him across a wide hall and through two closed doors of thick walnut. Suddenly he heard a quick, heavy tread, *shod*, in Harkless's room, and a resounding bang as some heavy object struck the floor. The doctor was not to come till evening; the servant had gone down-stairs; who in the

sick man's room wore shoes? He rushed across the hall in his pajamas, and threw open the unlocked door.

The bed was disarranged and vacant. Harkless, fully dressed, was standing in the middle of the floor hurling garments at a small trunk. The horrified Meredith stood for a second bleached and speechless. Then he rushed upon his friend and seized him with both hands.

"Mad, by heaven! Mad!"

"Let go of me, Tom!"

"Lunatic! Lunatic!"

"Don't stop me one instant!"

Meredith tried to force him toward the bed. "No; get back to bed. You're delirious, boy!"

"Delirious nothing. I'm a well man."

"Go to bed go to bed!"

Harkless set him out of the way with one arm. "To bed!" he cried. "I'm going to Plattville!"

Meredith wrung his hands. "The doctor . . ."

"Doctor be hanged!"

"What, in the name of all that's terrible, is the matter, John?"

His companion slung a light overcoat, unfolded, on the overflowing, misshapen bundle of clothes that lay in the trunk; then he jumped on the lid with both feet, and kicked the hasp into the lock, while a very elegantly laundered cuff and shirt-sleeve dangled out from under the fastened lid. "I haven't one second to talk, Tom; I have eighteen minutes to catch the express; it's more than a mile to the station, and the train leaves here at nine two. I get there at ten forty-seven. Telephone a cab for me, please; or tell me the number I don't want to stop to hunt it up."

Meredith looked him in the eyes. In the pupils of Harkless flared a fierce light. His cheeks were reddened with an angry, healthy glow, and his teeth were clenched till the line

of his jaw stood out like that of an embattled athlete; his brow was dark; his chest was thrown out, and he took deep, quick breaths; his shoulders were squared, and in spite of his thinness, they looked massy. Lethargy or malaria, or both—whatever his ailment, it was gone. He was six feet of hot wrath and cold resolution.

Tom said: "You are going?"

"Yes," he answered quietly, "I am going."

"Then I will go with you."

"Thank you, Tom," said Harkless simply.

Meredith ran into his own room, pressed an electric button, and began to dive into his clothes with a panting rapidity astonishingly foreign to his desire. The colored man appeared in the doorway.

"The cart, Jim," shouted his master. "We want it like lightning. Tell the cook to give Mr. Harkless his breakfast in a hurry. Set a cup of coffee on the table by the front door for me. Run; we've got to catch a train. That will be quicker than any cab," he explained to Harkless. "We'll break the ordinance against fast driving getting down there."

Ten minutes later the cart swept away from the house at a gait that pained the respectable neighborhood. The big horse plunged through the air, his ears laid flat toward his tail; the cart careened sickeningly; and the face of the servant clutching at the rail in the rear was smeared with palor as they pirouetted around curves on one wheel—to him it seemed they skirted the corners and death simultaneously—and the speed of their going made a strong wind in their faces.

Harkless leaned forward. "Can you make it a little faster, Tom?" he said.

They dashed up to the station amid the cries of people flying to the walls for safety. The two gentlemen leaped from the cart, bore down upon the ticket-office, stormed at the agent, and ran madly at the gates, flourishing their passports. The official on duty eyed them wearily. "Been gone two minutes," he remarked with a peaceable yawn.

Harkless stamped his foot on the cement flags; then he stood stock still, gazing at the empty tracks; but Meredith turned to him, smiling. "Won't it keep?" he asked.

"Yes, it will keep," John answered. "Part of it may have to keep till election day, but some of it I will settle before night. And that," he cried between his teeth, "and

that is the part of it in regard to young Fisbee!"

"Oh, it's about H. Fisbee, is it?"

"Yes, it's H. Fisbee."

"Well, we might as well go up and see what the doctor thinks of you; there's no train."

"I don't want to see a doctor again ever—as long as I live. I'm as well as anybody."

Tom burst out laughing, and clapped his companion lightly on the shoulder, his eyes dancing with pleasure. "Upon my soul," he cried, "I believe you are. A miracle wrought by the witch-wand of indignation. That's rather against tradition, isn't it? Well, let's take a drive."

"Meredith," said the other, turning to him gravely, "you may think me a fool if you will, and it's likely I am; but I don't leave this station except by train. I've only two days to work in, and every minute lessens our chances to beat McCune, and I have to begin by wasting time on a tussle with a traitor. There's another train at eleven fifty-five; I don't take any chances on missing that one."

"Well, well," laughed his friend, pushing him good-humoredly toward a door by a red-and-white-striped pillar, "we'll wait here if you like. But at least go in there and get a shave; it's a clean shop. You want to look your best if you are going down to fight H. Fisbee."

"Take these, then, and you will understand," said Harkless; and he thrust his three telegrams of the morning into Tom's hand, and disappeared into the barber-shop. When he was gone, Meredith went to the telegraph office in the station, and sent a line over the wires to Helen: "Keep your delegation at home. He's coming on the 11.55."

Then he read the three telegrams Harkless had given him. They were all from Plattville.

Sorry cannot oblige. Present incumbent tenacious. Delicate matter. No hope for K. H. But don't worry. Everything all right. WARREN SMITH.

Harkless, if you have the strength to walk, come down before the convention. Get here by 10.47. Looks bad. Come if it kills you. K. H.

You intrusted me with sole responsibility for all matters pertaining to "Herald." Declared yourself mere spectator. Does this permit your interfering with my policy for the paper? Decline to consider any proposition to relieve me of my duties without proper warning and allowance of time. Forced to disregard all suggestions as to policy, which, by your own instructions, is entirely my affair and must be carried out as I direct. H. FISBEE.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE GREAT HARKLESS COMES HOME.

THE accommodation train wandered down through the afternoon sunshine, stopping at every village and every country post-office on the line. There was a passenger in the smoker who found the stops at these wayside hamlets interminable. He got up and paced the aisle now and then, and his companion reminded him that this was not certain to hasten the hour of their arrival at their destination. "I know that," answered he; "but I've got to beat Mc'une."

"By the way," observed Meredith, "you left your stick behind."

"You don't think I need a club to face ---"

Tom choked. "Oh, no; I wasn't thinking of your giving H. Fisbee a beating. I meant to lean on."

"I don't want it. I've got to walk lame all my life, but I'm not going to hobble on a stick."

Tom looked at him sadly for a moment. It was true, and the Cross-Roaders might hug themselves in their cells over the thought. For the rest of his life John Harkless was to walk with just the limp they themselves would have had, if, as in former days, their sentence had been to the ball and chain.

"Sit down, boy, sit down," said Meredith, and his friend obeyed.

The window was open beside the two young men, and the breeze that blew in soothed like a balm, yet held a tang and spice in it, a hint of walnuts and of coming frost. There was a newness in the atmosphere that day, a bright invigoration, that set the blood tingling. The hot months were done with; languor was routed. Autumn spoke to industry; told of the sowing of another harvest, of the tawny shock, of the purple grape, of the red apple; and called upon muscle and laughter, breathing gaiety into men's hearts. The little stations hummed with bustle and noise; big farm wagons rattled off up the village streets, and raced with "cut-under" or omnibus; people walked with quick steps; the baggage-masters called cheerily to the trainmen, and the brakemen laughed good-bys to rollicking girls. At times the train ran between shadowy groves; and delicate landscape vistas, framed in branches, opened, closed, and succeeded each other; and then the travelers were carried beyond, into the level open again, and looked out to where

the intensely blue September skies ran down to the low horizon, meeting the boundless aisles of corn. It takes a long time for the full beauty of the flat lands to reach a man's soul; once there, nor hills, nor sea, nor growing fan-leaves of palm shall suffice him. It is like the beauty in the word Indiana. It may be that there are people who do not consider Indiana a beautiful word; but let it ring true in your ears, and it has a richer sound than Vallombrosa.

All at once the anger ran out of John Harkless. He was a hard man for anger to tarry with. And in place of it a strong sense of home-coming began to take possession of him. He was going home. "Back to Plattville, where I belong," he said to himself, without bitterness, and it was the truth. "Every man cometh to his own place in the end."

Yes, as one leaves a gay acquaintance of the play-house lobby for some hard-handed, tried old friend, so he would wave the outer world godspeed and come back to the old ways of Carlow. What though the years were dusty, he had his friends and his memories and his old black brier pipe. He had a girl's picture that he should carry in his heart till his last day; and if his life was sadder, it was infinitely richer for it. His winter fireside would be not so lonely for her sake; and, losing her, he lost not everything, for he had had the rare blessing of having known her. And what man could wish to be healed of such a hurt? Far better to have had it than to trot a smug pace unscathed. He had been a dullard, a slug-gard, weary of himself, unfit to fight, a failure in life, and a failure in love. That was ended; he was tired of failing; and it was time to succeed for a while. To accept the worst that fate can deal and to wring courage from it instead of despair--that is success, and it was the success that he would have. He would take fate by the neck. But had it done him unkindness? He looked out over the beautiful, "monotonous" landscape, and he answered heartily, "No!" There was ignorance in man, but no unkindness; were man utterly wise, he were utterly kind. The Cross-Roaders had not known better, that was all.

The unfolding aisles of corn swam pleasantly before his eyes. The earth hearkened to man's wants, and answered; the clement sun and summer rains hastened the fruition; yonder stood the brown hay-stack, garnered to feed the industrious horse that had earned his meed; there was the straw-thatched shel-

ter for the cattle. How the orchard boughs bent with their burdens! The big red barns stood stored with the harvest; for this was Carlow County, and he was coming home.

They crossed a by-road. An old man with a streaky gray chin-beard was sitting on a sack of oats in a seatless wagon, waiting for the train to pass. Harkless seized his companion excitedly by the elbow. "Tommy!" he cried. "It's Kim Fentriss—look! Did you see that old fellow?"

"I saw a particularly uninterested and uninteresting gentleman sitting on a bag," replied his friend.

"Why, that's old Kimball Fentriss. He's going to town; he lives on the edge of the county."

"Can this be true?" said Meredith gravely.

"I wonder," said Harkless, thoughtfully, a few moments later, "I wonder why he had them changed around."

"Who changed around?"

"The team. He always used to drive the bay on the near side and the sorrel on the off."

"And at present," rejoined Meredith, "I am to understand that he is driving the sorrel on the near side and the bay on the off?"

"That's it," returned the other. "He must have worked them like that for some time, because they didn't look uneasy. They're all right about the train, those two. I've seen them stand with their heads almost against a fast freight. See there." He pointed to a white frame farmhouse with green blinds. "That's Win Hibbard's. We're just outside of Beaver."

"Beaver? Elucidate Beaver, boy."

"Beaver? Meredith, your information ends at home. What do you know of your own State, if you are ignorant of Beaver? Beaver is that city of Carlow County next in importance and population to Plattville."

Tom put his head out of the window. "I fancy you are right," he said. "I already see five people there."

Meredith had observed the change in his companion's mood. He had watched him closely all day, looking for a return of his malady; but he came to the conclusion that in truth a miracle had been wrought, for the lethargy was gone, and vigor seemed to increase in Harkless with every turn of the wheels that brought them nearer Plattville; and the nearer they drew to Plattville the higher the spirits of both the young men rose. Meredith knew what was happening there, and he began to be a little excited.

As he had said, there were five people visible at Beaver; and he wondered where they lived, as the only building in sight was the station, and to satisfy his curiosity he walked out to the vestibule. The little station stood in the woods, and brown leaves whirled along the platform. One of the five people was an old lady, and she entered a rear car. The other four were men. One of them handed the conductor a telegram. Meredith heard the official say: "All right. Decorate ahead. I'll hold it five minutes."

The man sprang up the steps of the smoker, and looked in. He turned to Meredith: "Do you know if that gentleman in the gray coat is Mr. Harkless? He's got his back this way, and I don't want to go inside. The air in a smoker always gives me a spell."

"Yes; that's Mr. Harkless."

The man jumped to the platform. "All right, boys," he said. "Rip her out!"

The doors of the freight-room were thrown open, and a big bundle of colored stuffs was dragged out and hastily unfolded. One of the men ran to the farther end of the car with a strip of red, white, and blue bunting, and tacked it securely, while another fastened the other extremity to the railing of the steps by Meredith. The two companions of this pair performed the same operation with another strip on the other side of the car. They ran similar lines of bunting near the roof from end to end, so that except for the windows the sides of the car were completely covered by the national colors. Then they draped the vestibules with flags. It was all done in a trice.

Meredith's heart was beating fast. "What's it all about?" he asked.

"Picnic down the line," answered the man in charge, removing a tack from his mouth. He motioned to the conductor: "Go ahead!"

The wheels began to move; the decorators remained on the station platform, letting the train pass them; but Meredith, craning his neck from the steps, saw that they jumped on the last car.

"What's the celebration?" asked Harkless, when Meredith returned.

"Picnic down the line," said Meredith.

"Nipping weather for a picnic; a bit cool, don't you think? One of those fellows looked like a friend of mine, Homer Tibbs, or as Homer might look if he were in disgrace. He had his hat hung on his eyes, and he slouched like a thief in melodrama as he tacked up the bunting on this side of the car." He continued to point out various

familiar places, finally breaking out enthusiastically as they drew nearer the town: "Hello! Look there—beyond the grove yonder! See that house?"

"Yes, John."

"That's the Bowlders'. You've got to know the Bowlders."

"I'd like to."

"The kindest people in the world. The Briscoe house we can't see, because it's so shut in by trees; and besides it's a mile or so ahead of us. We'll go out there for supper to-night. Don't you like Briscoe? He's the best they make. We'll go up-town with Judd Bennett in the omnibus; and you'll know how a rapid-fire machine-gun sounds. I want to go straight to the 'Herald' office," he finished, with a suddenly darkening brow.

"After all, there may be some explanation," Meredith suggested, with a little hesitancy. "H. Fisbee might turn out more honest than you think."

Harkless threw his head back and laughed. "Honest! A man in the pay of Rodney McCune! Well, we can let it wait till we get there. Listen! There's the whistle that means we're getting near home. Why, there's an oil-well!"

"So it is."

"And another—three—five—seven, seven in sight at once! They tried it three miles south and failed, but you can't fool Eph Watts, bless him! I want you to know Watts."

They ran by the outlying houses of the town amid a thousand descriptive exclamations from Harkless, who wished Meredith to meet every one in Carlow. But he came to a pause in the middle of a word. "Do you hear music?" he asked abruptly. "Or is it only the rhythm of the ties?"

"It seems to me there's music in the air," answered his companion. "I've been fancying I heard it for a minute or so. There! No—yes. It's a band, isn't it?"

"No; what would a band—yes, it is!"

The train slowed up, and stopped at a water-tank two hundred yards east of the station, and their uncertainty was at an end. From somewhere down the track came the detonating boom of a cannon. There was a clash of brass, and the travelers became sure of a band playing "Marching through Georgia." Meredith laid his hand on his companion's shoulder. "John," he said, "John."

The cannon fired again, and there came a cheer from three thousand throats, the shouters all unseen. The engine coughed

and panted; the train on, and in another moment it had alongside the station, in the mid of a riotous jam of happy people who were waving flags and banners and handkerchiefs, and tossing their hats high in the air, and shouting themselves hoarse. The band played in dumb show; it could not hear itself play. The people came at the smoker like a long wave, and Warren Smith, Briscoe, Keating, and Mr. Bence of Gaines were swept ahead of it. Before the train stopped they had rushed eagerly up the steps and entered the car. Harkless was on his feet, and started to meet them. He stopped.

"What does it mean?" he said, and began to grow pale. "Is Halloway—did McCune—have you—"

Warren Smith seized one of his hands and Briscoe the other. "What does it mean?" cried Warren. "It means that you were nominated for Congress at five minutes after one o'clock this afternoon!"

"On the second ballot!" shouted the Judge; "just as young Fisbee planned it weeks ago."

It was one of the great crowds of Carlow's history. Since noon an almost unintermittent procession of pedestrians and vehicles had been making its way to the station; and every wagon, buckboard, buggy, and "cut-under" had its flags, or bunting, or streamer of ribbons tied to the whip. The excitement increased as the time grew shorter. Everybody was struggling for a better position. The people in wagons and carriages stood upon the seats, and the pedestrians besieged them, climbing on the wheels or balancing recklessly with feet on the hubs of opposite wagons. Everybody was bound to see him. When the whistle announced the coming of the train, the band began to play, the cannon fired, horns blew, and the cheering echoed and reëchoed till heaven's vault resounded with the noise the people of Carlow were making.

There was one heart that almost stopped beating. Helen was standing on the front seat of the Briscoe buckboard, with Minnie beside her; and at the commotion the horses pranced and backed so that Lige Willetts ran to hold them. But Helen did not notice the frightened roars, nor did she know that Minnie clutched her round the waist to keep her from falling. Her eyes were fixed intently on the smoke of the railway engine, and her hand, lifted to an uncertain, tremulous fashion, as the day in a cir-deepest blush



that ever mantled a girl's cheek. When the train reached the platform, she saw Briscoe and the others rush into the bunting-covered car; and there ensued what was to her an almost intolerable pause of expectation, while the crowd assaulted the windows of the smoker, leaping up and climbing on each other's shoulders to catch the first glimpse of him. Briscoe and a red-faced young man (a stranger to Plattville) came down the steps, laughing like boys, and then Keating and Bence, and then Warren Smith. As the lawyer reached the platform, he turned toward the door of the car and waved his hand as in welcome. "Here he is, boys!" he shouted.

At that it was as if all the noise that had gone before had been mere leakage of pent-up enthusiasm. A thousand horns blared deafeningly; the whistle of the locomotive and that of Hibbard's mill were added to the din; the court-house bell was pealing out a welcome, and the church bells were ringing; the cannon thundered; and then cheer on cheer shook the air, as John Harkless came out under the flags and passed down the steps of the car.

When Helen saw him over the heads of the people and through a heaving tumult of flags and hats and handkerchiefs, she suddenly gave a frightened glance about her, and jumped down from her high perch, and sank into the back seat of the buckboard, with her burning face turned from the station and her eyes fixed on the ground. She wanted to run away, as she had run from him the first time she ever saw him; and then, as now, he came in triumph, hailed by the plaudits of his fellows; and now, as on that long-departed day of her young girlhood, he was borne high over the heads of the people, for Minnie cried to her to look—they were carrying him on their shoulders to his carriage. She had had only that brief glimpse of him before he was lost in the crowd that was so glad to get him back again and so proud of him; but she had seen that he looked very white and solemn.

Briscoe brought Tom Meredith through the crowd, and put him in the buckboard beside Helen. "All right, Lige," called the Judge to Willetts, who was at the horses' heads; "you go get into line with the boys; they want you. We'll go down on Main Street to see the parade," he explained, gathering the reins in his hand.

"Did you tell him about Mr. Halloway?" asked Helen, leaning forward anxiously.

"Warren told him before we left the car,"

answered Briscoe. "He'd have declined on the spot, I expect, if we hadn't made him sure it was all right with Kedge."

"If I understood what Mr. Smith was saying, Halloway must have behaved very well," said Meredith.

The Judge laughed. "He saw it was the only way to beat McCune, and he'd have given his life and Harkless's too rather than let McCune have it."

"Why did you leave Mr. Harkless?" Helen asked her cousin, her eyes not meeting his.

"My dear girl," he replied, "because, for some inexplicable reason, my lady cousin has not nominated me for Congress, and, oddly enough, the indiscriminating multitude were not cheering for me; the artillery was not in action to celebrate me; the band was not playing to do me honor. Why should I ride in the midst of a procession that knows me not? Why should I enthrone me in an open barouche, with four white horses to draw it and draped with silken flags? Since these things were not for me, I flew to your side to dissemble my spleen under the licensed prattle of a cousin."

"Then who is with him?"

"The population of this portion of Indiana, I take it."

"Oh, it's all right," said the Judge, leaning back to speak to Helen. "Keating and Smith and your father are to ride in the carriage with him. You needn't be afraid of any of them letting him know that H. Fisbee is a lady. Everybody understands about that; of course they know it's to be left to you to break it to him how a girl has run his paper."

The old gentleman chuckled, and looked out of the corner of his eye at his daughter, whose expression was inscrutable.

"I!" cried Helen. "I tell him! No one must tell him. He need never know it."

Briscoe reached back, and patted her cheek. "How long do you suppose he will be here in Plattville without its leaking out?"

"But when they kept watch over him for months nobody told him."

"Ah," said Briscoe, "but this is different."

"No, no, no!" she exclaimed. "It must be kept from him somehow."

"He'll know it by to-morrow, so you better tell him this evening."

"This evening?"

"Yes. You'll have a good chance."

"I will?"

"He's coming to supper with us—he and your father, of course, and Keating and Bence and Boswell and Smith and Tom Martin and Lige. We're going to have a big time, with you and Minnie to do the honors; and we're all coming into town afterward for the fireworks, and I'll let him drive you in the phaeton. You'll have plenty of chances to talk it over with him and tell him all about it."

Helen gave a little gasp. "Never!" she cried. "Never!"

The buckboard stopped on the "Herald" corner, and here, and along Main Street, the line of vehicles which had followed it from the station took positions to await the parade. The Square was almost a solid mass of bunting, and the north entrance of the court-house had been decorated with streamers and flags so as to make a sort of stand. Hither the crowd was already streaming, and hither the procession made its way. At intervals the gun boomed from the station, and Schofield's Henry was winnowing the air with his bell: nobody had a better time that day than Schofield's Henry, except old Wilkerson, who was with the procession.

In advance came the boys, whooping and somersaulting, and behind them rode a band of mounted men, sitting their horses like cavalymen, led by the sheriff and his deputy and Jim Bardlock. Then followed the "Harkless Club of Amo" led by Boswell, with the magnanimous Halloway himself marching in the ranks, and at sight of this the people shouted like madmen. But when Helen's eye fell upon Halloway's fat, rather unhappy face, she felt a pang of pity and unreasoning remorse, which warned her that he who looks upon politics when it is red must steel his eyes to see many a man with the heartburn. After the men of Amo came the "Harkless Club of Gainesville," Mr. Bence in the van, with the step of a grenadier. There followed next Mr. Ephraim Watts, bearing a light wand in his hand and leading a detachment of workers from the oil-field, in their stained blue overalls and blouses; and after them came Mr. Martin and Mr. Landis, at the head of an organization recognized in the "Order of Procession" printed in the "Herald" as "The Business Men of Plattville." The band played in such magnificent time that every high-stepping foot in all the line came down with the same jubilant plunk, and lifted again with a unanimity as complete as that of the last vote the convention had taken that day. The leaders of the procession set a brisk pace, and who could have set any other kind

of a pace when on parade to the strains of such a band playing such a tune as "A New Coon in Town" with all its might and main?

But as the line swung into the Square, there came a moment when the tune was ended and the musicians paused for breath, and there fell comparative quiet. Among the ranks of the "Business Men" ambled Mr. Wilkerson, singing at the top of his voice, and now he could be heard distinctly enough for those near him to distinguish the melody with which it was his intention to favor the public.

"Glory! glory! hallelujah!  
As we go marching on."

The words, the air, that husky voice recalled to the men of Carlow another day and another procession, not like this one. And the song Wilkerson was singing is the one song every Northern-born American knows and can sing. The leader of the band caught the sound, signaled to his men, twenty instruments rose as one to twenty mouths, the snare drum rattled, the big drum crashed, the leader threw his baton high over his head, and music burst from twenty brassy throats.

"Glory! glory! hallelujah!"

Instantaneously the whole procession began to sing the refrain, and the people in the street and those in the wagons and carriages and those leaning from the windows joined with one accord. The ringing bells caught the time of the song, and the upper air reverberated in the rhythm.

The "Harkless Club of Carlow" wheeled into Main Street, two hundred strong, with their banners and transparencies. Lige Willetts rode at their head, and behind him strode young William Todd and Parker and Ross Schofield and Newt Tibbs and Hartley Bowlder; and even Bud Tipworthy held a place in the ranks, through his connection with the "Herald." They were all singing. And, behind them, Helen saw the flag-covered barouche and her father; and beside him sat John Harkless, with his head bared. She glanced at Briscoe. He was standing on the seat in front of her with Minnie, and both were singing. Meredith had climbed upon the back seat, and was nervously fumbling at a cigarette. "Sing, Tom!" the girl cried to him excitedly.

"I should be ashamed not to," he answered, and dropped his cigarette, and began to sing "John Brown" with all his strength. Wilkerson sprang up beside him, and the swelling

## THE GENTLEMAN

chorus her full soprano rose, lifted with all the power in her.

The barouche rolled into the Square, and as it passed, Harkless turned and bent a sudden gaze upon the group in the buckboard; but the western sun was in his eyes, and he only caught a glimpse of a vague, bright shape and a dazzle of gold, and he was borne along and out of view down the singing street.

"Glory! glory! hallelujah!  
Glory! glory! hallelujah!  
Glory! glory! hallelujah!  
As we go marching on."

The barouche stopped in front of the court-house, and Harkless passed up a lane they made for him to the steps. When he turned to them to speak, they began to cheer again, and he had to wait for them to quiet down.

"We can't hear him from over here," said Briscoe. "We're too far off. Mr. Meredith, suppose you take the ladies closer in; I'll stay with the horses."

"He's a great man, isn't he?" Meredith said to Helen, as he handed her out of the buckboard. "I've been trying to realize that he's the same old fellow I've been treating so familiarly all day long."

"Yes; he is a great man," she answered. "This is only the beginning."

"That's true," said Briscoe. "Only wait a while, and we'll all go on to Washington and get a thrill down our backs when we hear the Speaker say, 'The gentleman from Indiana,' and see John Harkless rise to speak. But hurry along, young people."

Crossing the street, they met Miss Tibbs. She was wiping her streaming eyes with the back of her left hand, and still mechanically waving her handkerchief with her right. "Isn't it beautiful?" she said, not ceasing to unconsciously flutter the little square of cambric. "There was such a throng that I grew faint and had to come away. I don't mind your seeing me cry. Pretty near everybody cried when he walked up the steps and we saw that he was lame."

John Harkless looked down upon the attentive, earnest faces and into the kindly eyes of the Hoosier country people, and as he spoke the thought kept recurring to him that this was the place he had dreaded to come back to; that these were the people he had wished to leave—these who gave him everything they had to give; and this made it difficult to keep his tones steady and his throat clear. Helen stood so far from the steps (nor could she be induced to penetrate further, though they would have made way

but I am embedded.

"I have come home. . . . Ordinarily man needs to fall sick by the way; he is set upon by thieves, in order to get that nine-tenths of the world is ignorant to be. Down here he realizes with no necessity of illness or wounds to make him know it, and if he does get hurt—you send him to Congress. . . . There will be no other in Washington so proud of what he stands for as I shall be. To represent you is to stand for fearlessness, honor, kindness. . . . You have sent all of the Cross-Roaders to the penitentiary. But probably each of us is acquainted with politicians who ought not to be sent there. . . . When the term is over, I shall want to take the first train home. . . . This is the place for a man who likes to live where people are kind to each other and where they have the old-fashioned way of saying 'home;' other places they don't seem to get so much into it as we do. And to come home as I have to-day—to see the home faces. . . . I have come home. . . ."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### IN A GARDEN.

It was five o'clock when Harkless climbed the stairs to the "Herald" office, and his right arm and hand were aching and limp. Ross Schofield was the only person in the editorial room, and there was nothing in his appearance that should have caused a man to start and fall back from the doorway; but that is what John did. "What's the matter, Mr. Harkless?" cried Ross, hurrying forward with a fear that the other had been suddenly re-seized by illness.

"What are those?" asked Harkless, with a gesture of his hand that seemed to include the entire room.

"Those?" repeated Ross, staring blankly.

"Those rosettes—these streamers—that stove-pipe—all this blue ribbon?"

Ross turned pale. "Ribbon?" he said, inquiringly, "ribbon?" He seemed unable to perceive the decorations referred to.

"Yes," answered John; "these rosettes on the chairs, that band, and——"

"Oh!" Ross answered. "That?" He fingered the band on the stove-pipe as if he saw it for the first time. "Yes; I see."

"But what's it for?"

"Why—it's—it's likely meant fer decorations."

"It seems to have been here some time."

"It has. I reckon it's 'most due to be called in. It's be'n up ever sence—sence——"

"Who put it up, Ross?"

"We did."

"What for?"

Ross was visibly embarrassed. "Why—fer—the other editor."

"For Mr. Fisbee?"

"Land, no! You don't suppose we'd go to all that work and bother to brisken things up for that old gentleman, do you?"

"I meant young Mr. Fisbee. He is the other editor, isn't he?"

"Oh!" said Ross. "Young Mr. Fisbee? Yes; we put 'em up fer him."

"You did? Did he appreciate them?"

"Well—he—seemed to—kind of like 'em."

"Where is he now? I came here to find him."

"He's gone."

"Gone? Hasn't he been here this afternoon?"

"Yes; some the time. Come in and stayed durin' the leevy you was holdin', and saw the Extry off all right."

"When will he be back?"

"Sence it's be'n a daily he gits here by eight after supper, but don't stay very late; old Mr. Fisbee and Parker look after whatever comes in then, unless it's something special. He'll likely be here by half-past eight at the farthest off."

"I can't wait till then. I've been wanting to see him every minute since I got in, and he hasn't been near me. Nobody could even point him out to me. Where has he gone? I want to see him now."

"Want to discharge him again?" said a voice from the door, and turning, they saw that Mr. Martin stood there observing them.

"No," said Harkless, "I want to give him the 'Herald.' Do you know where he is?"

Mr. Martin stroked his beard deliberately. "The person you speak of hadn't ought to be very hard to find—in Carlow—and, well, maybe, when found, you'll want to put a kind of a codicil to that deed to the 'Herald.' The committee was reckless enough to hire that carriage of yours by the day, and Keating and Warren Smith are setting in it up at the corner with their feet on the cushions to show how used they are to ridin' around with four white horses every day in the week. It's waitin' till you're ready to go out to

Briscoes'. There's an hour before supper-time, and you can talk to young Fisbee all you want. He's out there."

The first words Warren Smith spoke had lifted the veil of young Fisbee's duplicity; had shown John with what fine intelligence and supreme delicacy and sympathy young Fisbee had worked for him, had understood him, and had made him. If the open attack on McCune had been made and the damnatory evidence published in Harkless's own paper while Harkless himself was a candidate and rival, he would have felt dishonored. The McCune papers could have been used for Halloway's benefit, but not for his own; and young Fisbee had understood, and had saved him. It was a point of honor that many would have held finical and inconsistent, but one that young Fisbee had comprehended was vital to Harkless. And this was the man he had discharged like a dishonest servant; the man who had thrown what (in Carlow eyes) was riches into his lap; the man who had made his paper, and who had made him and saved him. Harkless wanted to see young Fisbee as he longed to see only one other person in the world.

As the barouche drove up to the brick house he made out, through the trees, a retreating flutter of skirts on the porch, and the thought crossed his mind that Minnie had flown indoors to give some final directions toward the preparation of the banquet. But when the barouche halted at the gate, he was surprised to see her waving to him from the steps, while Tom Meredith and Mr. Bence and Mr. Boswell formed a little court around her. Lige Willetts rode up on horseback at the same moment, and the Judge was waiting in front of the gate. Harkless stepped out of the barouche, and took his hand. "I was told young Fisbee was here."

"Young Fisbee is here," said the Judge. Mr. Fisbee came around the corner of the house, and went toward Harkless. "Fisbee," cried the latter, "where is your nephew?"

The old man took his hand in both his own, and looked him between the eyes, and thus stood while there was a long pause, the others watching them. "You must not say that I told you," he said at last. "Go into the garden."

But when Harkless's step crunched the garden path, there was no one there. Asters were blooming in beais between the green rose-bushes, and their many fingered hands were flung open in wide surprise that he should expect to find yo Fisbee there.

It was just before sunset; birds were gossiping in the sycamores on the bank. At the foot of the garden, near the creek, there were some tall hydrangea bushes, flower-laden; and beyond them, one broad shaft of the sun smote the creek bends for a mile in that flat land, and crossed the garden like a bright, taut-drawn veil. Harkless passed the bushes, and stepped out into this gold brilliance. Then he uttered a cry and stopped. Helen was standing beside the hydrangeas with both hands pressed to her face and her eyes cast on the ground. She had run away as far as she could run; there were high fences extending down to the creek on each side, and the water was beyond.

"You!" he said. "You! You!"

She did not lift her eyes, but began to move away from him with little backward steps. When she reached the bench on the bank, she spoke with a quick intake of breath and in a voice he almost failed to hear, the merest whisper; and her words came so slowly that sometimes minutes separated them. "Can you—will you keep me—on the 'Herald'?"

"Keep you—"

"Will you—let me—help?" she said.

He came near her. "I don't understand. Is it you—you—who are here again?"

"Have you forgiven me? You know—now—why I wouldn't—resign? You forgive my—that telegram?"

"What telegram?"

"The one that came to you—this morning?"

"Your telegram?"

"Yes."

"Did you send me one?"

"Yes."

"It did not come to me."

"Yes—it did."

"But—what was it about?"

"It was signed," she said, "it was signed—" She paused, and turned half away, not lifting the downcast lashes. Her hand, resting upon the back of the bench, was shaking; she put it behind her. Then her eyes were lifted a little, and though they did not meet his, he saw them, and a glory sprang into being in his heart. Her voice fell still lower, and two heavy tears rolled down her cheeks. "It was signed," she whispered, "it was signed—'H. Fisbee.'"

He began to tremble from head to foot. There was a long silence. She had turned full away from him. When he spoke, his voice was as low as hers, and he spoke as slowly as she had. "You mean—then—then it was—you?"

"Yes."

"You!"

"Yes."

"And you—you have—you have been here all the time?"

"All—all except the week—you were—hurt."

The bright veil that wrapped them was drawn away, and they stood in the quiet, gathering dusk. He tried to loosen his neck-band; it seemed to be choking him. "I—I can't—I don't comprehend it. I am trying to realize what it all means."

"It means nothing," she answered.

"There was an editorial yesterday," he said, "an editorial that I thought was about Rodney McCune. Did you write it?"

"Yes."

"It was about—me—wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"It said—it said that—that I had won the—the—love of every person in Carlow County."

Suddenly she found her voice. "Do not misunderstand me," she said rapidly. "I have done the little that I have done out of gratitude." She faced him now, but without meeting his eyes. "I owed you more gratitude than a woman ever owed a man before, I think, and I would have died to pay a part of it."

"What gratitude did you owe me?"

"What gratitude? For what you did for my father!"

"I have never seen your father in my life."

"Listen. My father is a gentle old man with white hair and kind eyes. My name is my uncle's; he and my aunt have been good to me as a father and mother since I was seven years old, and they gave me their name by law, and I lived with them. My father came to see me once a year; I never came to see him. He always told me everything was well with him; that his life was happy; and I thought it was easier for him not having me to take care of, he has been so poor ever since I was a child. Once he lost the little he had left to him in the world, his only way of making his living. He had no friends; he was hungry and desperate—and he wandered. I was dancing and going about wearing jewels—only—I did not know. All the time the brave heart wrote me happy letters. I should have known; for there was one who did, and who saved him. When at last I came to see my father he told me—he had written of his idol before; but it was not till I came that he told it all to me. Do

you know what I felt? While his daughter was dancing cotillions a stranger had taken his hand and—and—" A sob rose in her throat, and checked her utterance for a moment, but she threw up her head proudly. "Gratitude, Mr. Harkless!" she cried. "I am James Fisbee's daughter!"

He fell back from the bench with a sharp exclamation, and stared at her through the gray twilight. She went on hurriedly, still not looking at him. "I wanted to do something to show you that I could be ashamed of my vile neglect of him—something to show you his daughter could be grateful; and it has been such dear, happy work, the little I have done, that it seems, after all, that I have done it for love of myself. It is what I had always wanted to do; to earn a living for myself—to live with my father. When I came here, my aunt and uncle were terribly afraid I would stay with him. It was to prevent this that they determined to go abroad, and my father said I must go back to them. Then you were—were hurt—and he needed me so much he let me stay. When you—when you told me"—she broke off with a strange, fluttering, half-inarticulate little laugh that was half tears, and then resumed in another tone—"when you told me you cared, that night—that night of the storm—how could I be sure? It had been only two days, you see, and even if I could have been sure of myself, why—I couldn't have told you. Oh! I had so brazenly thrown myself at your head, time and again, those two days, in my—my worship of your goodness to my father, and my excitement in recognizing in his friend the hero of my girlhood, that you had every right to think I cared; but if—but if I had—if I had—loved you with my whole soul I could not have—why, no woman could have—I mean the sort of girl I am—couldn't have admitted it—must have denied it. Do you think that then I could

have answered—'Yes'—even if I had wanted to—even if I had been sure of myself? And now—" Her voice sank again to a whisper. "And now—"

"And now—" he said tremulously. She gave a hurried glance from right to left and from left to right, like one in terror seeking a way of escape; she gathered her skirts in her hand, as if to run into the garden; but suddenly she turned and ran to him. She threw her arms about his neck, and kissed him on the forehead.

When they heard the Judge calling from the orchard, they went back through the garden toward the house. It was dark; the whitest asters were but gray splotches. There was no one in the orchard; Briscoe had gone indoors.

"Did you know you are to drive me into town in the phaeton for the fireworks?" she asked.

"Fireworks?"

"Yes; the Great Harkless has come home." Even in the darkness he could see the look the vision had given him when the barouche turned into the Square. She smiled upon him, and said: "All afternoon I was wishing I could have been your mother."

He clasped her hand more tightly. "This wonderful world!" he cried. "Yesterday I had a doctor—a doctor to cure me of love-sickness!"

After a time they had proceeded a little nearer the house. "We must hurry," she said. "I am sure they have been waiting for us." This was true; they had.

From the dining-room came laughter and hearty voices, and the windows were bright with the light of many lamps. By and by they stood just outside the patch of light that fell from one of the windows.

"Look," said Helen. "Aren't they good, dear people!"

"The beautiful people!" he answered.

THE END.



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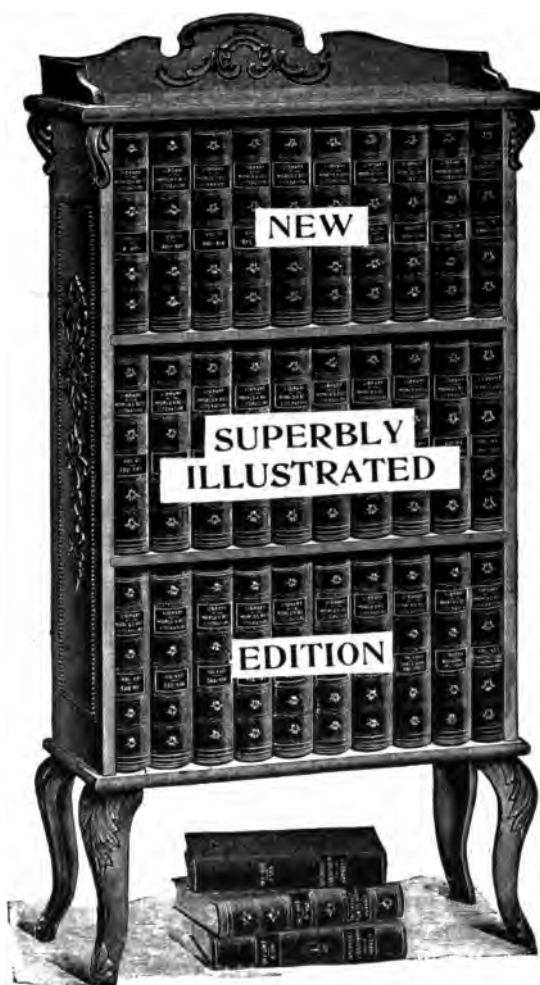
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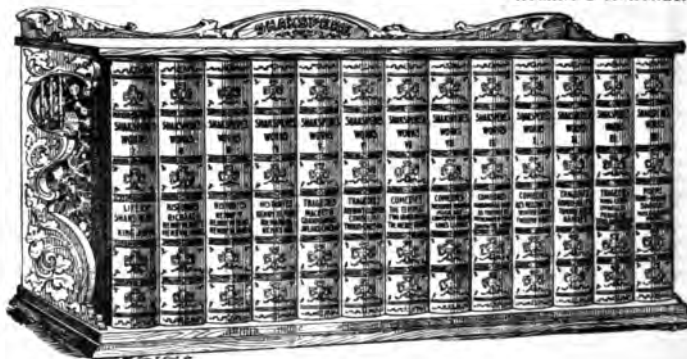
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*Size, 5 x 7½; Two volumes, boxed; Pages, 860; Binding, cloth, decorated; Price, \$2.00.*

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A timely feature of the October Magazine is a sketch of **ADMIRAL DEWEY**, by Hon. John Barrett, former U. S. Minister to Siam, who was familiarly connected with the Admiral at Manila. It is illustrated from hitherto unpublished photographs. A powerful paper by G. W. Steevens, the well-known English correspondent, author of "With Kitchener to Khar-toum," on "**FRANCE AS AFFECTED BY THE DREYFUS AFFAIR**," draws a vivid picture of the opening of the trial at Rennes, and explains the gradual process by which the corruption and instability of Paris are sapping the strength of the provinces, and reducing France to the position of a second-rate power.

Sir Martin Conway, the greatest living mountain-climber, contributes an intensely interesting descriptive article on one of his most dangerous feats, "**THE ASCENT OF ILLIMANI**," the South American peak which he was the first to climb. The work of the well-known American artist, **JOHN W. ALEXANDER**, is discussed in a paper illustrated with engravings from the pictures by F. Florian and E. Schladitz.

The number is also strong in fiction. I. Zangwill has written a Jewish story which is admirably illustrated by Louis Loeb. There is another rollicking Irish tale, called "**MISTHER McCRAN OF BELFAST**," by Seumas MacManus, and a Whilomville Story, entitled "**THE LOVER AND THE TELLTALE**," by Stephen Crane.

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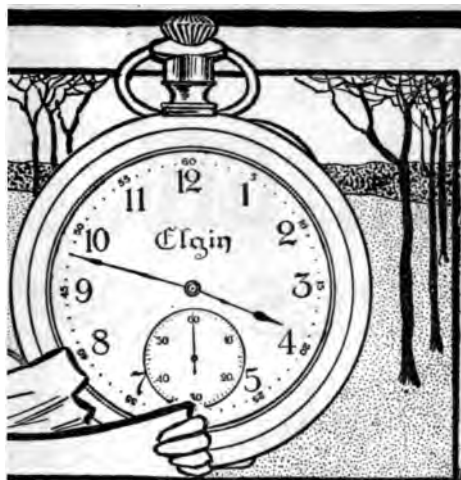
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DEAR SIR: In 1881 (16 years ago) I ord  
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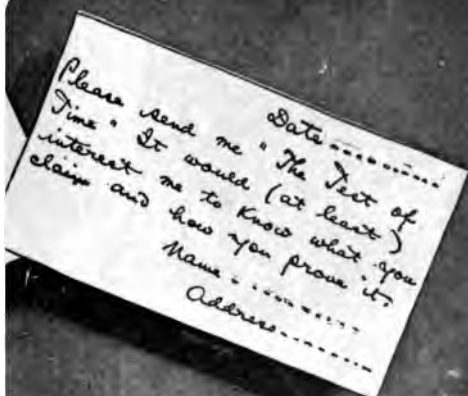
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an absolutely indispensable device. It saves the capacity of the clothes-dresser and renders it. A 50-page illustrated descriptive booklet (well-known men think of our device, which, ago, has universally satisfied the most exacting). YOU MAY RETURN THE GOODS AND OUR EXPENSE IF YOU ARE NOT COME. WE WILL IMMEDIATELY REFUND.

Our \$5.00 set consists of six trousers has guaranteed, on receipt of price. This quantity meets the average single man's needs. For \$4.00 we will send one trousers hanger when ordered, the balance of the \$5.00 set for \$4.00.

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# Save \$8 to \$20

on Your Suit or Overcoat.



If you wish to be well dressed in every particular — Style, Cloth, Lining, Workmanship — in fact, everything that pertains to a perfect suit or overcoat at

**NO MORE EXPENSE** than if you wore ready-made clothes, send for

**KRAMER'S SAMPLES OF \$10 SUITS or OVERCOATS**

**All Wool Goods**

actually cut, trimmed and made to your order in any style. Fit guaranteed. We do not handle ready-made clothes, custom-made clothes, tailor-made clothes, as many houses advertise, but **Actually Make** each individual garment according to measure.

All our garments are strictly Merchant Tailor Made. Others are satisfied, so why not make use of our 22 years experience and have your clothes made by us.

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Suits \$10 and up.

Full Dress Suits \$25 and up.

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All garments sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination and trying on before you pay for them.

We are the only exclusive merchant tailors in America that prepay express charges.

New Fall and Winter booklet with **Five Reasons Why** we sell our Suits and Overcoats below others, with samples, fashion plate and tape measure **Free**.

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We also desire a responsible local representative in every City or Town where we are not already represented.

## In the Dark Stewart's Duplex Safety Pins

Work as easily as in the light. They fasten from either side, but cannot slip through.

Patented  
March 7,  
1882  
June 19,  
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SIZES

NOTICE THE GUARD

on the inside of the spring positively prevents tearing the fabric. If your dealer will not supply you, send 2 two-cent stamps for samples of 10 assorted sizes. Made in Nickel and Jet Black.

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Also Makers of "Holdfast" Hairpins.

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**RUSSEL DRESS** **FINISH LININGS**

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50c  
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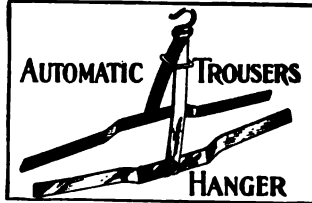
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 rent styles. **THE HURLEY SHOE CO., Lynn, Mass.**

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## Annual Statement

OF THE

## TRAVELER

INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insu

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1899.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, \$1,000,0

## ASSETS.

Real Estate, - - - - -	\$2,000
Cash on hand and in Bank, - - - - -	1,510
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate, - - - - -	5,785
Interest accrued but not due, - - - - -	261
Loans on collateral security, - - - - -	1,182
Loans on this Company's Policies, - - - - -	1,175
Deferred Life Premiums - - - - -	324
Premiums due and unreported on Life Policies, - - - - -	251
United States Bonds, - - - - -	14
State, county and municipal bonds, - - - - -	3,614
Railroad stocks and bonds, - - - - -	6,658
Bank stocks, - - - - -	1,086
Other stocks and bonds, - - - - -	1,462
Total Assets, - - - - -	\$25,315.4-

## LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department, - - - - -	\$18,007
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't, - - - - -	1,889
Present value Installment Life Policies, - - - - -	507
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers, - - - - -	430
Losses in process of adjustment, - - - - -	220
Life Premiums paid in advance, - - - - -	35
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rent, etc., - - - - -	110
Special Reserve, Liability Department, - - - - -	100
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest, - - - - -	400
Total Liabilities, - - - - -	\$21,209.6-

Excess Security to Policy-holders, - - - - - \$4,105.8-

Surplus to Stockholders, - - - - - \$3,105.8-

## STATISTICS TO DATE.

## LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force, - - - - -	\$97,352.8-
New Life Insurance written in 1898, - - - - -	16,087.5-
<i>Insurance on Installment plan at commuted value</i>	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898, - - - - -	1,382.00
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, - - - - -	14,532.3-

## ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1898, - - - - -	10
Whole number Accident Claims paid, - - - - -	32
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898, - - - - -	\$1,254.50
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, - - - - -	22,464.50
Totals,	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898, - - - - -	\$2,636.50
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, - - - - -	36,996.90

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-Pres't.

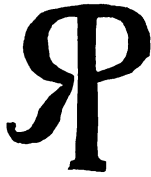
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.

H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.

EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies

J. B. LEWIS, M. D., Surgeon and Adm.

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The value of a work of art is enhanced when it is original and uncopied.

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has distinct coloring, forms and character, and no two pieces are alike. A book about this ware and showing its distinguishing marks will be sent to any address.

*Rookwood Pottery, Cincinnati.*

Rookwood ware is for sale by a dealer in each of the larger cities and at the Pottery.

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**WE SELL MORE  
FINE  
CLOAKS & SUITS  
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THREE HOUSES COMBINED**

**Time** was when foggy mer-  
chants waxed  
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on poorly made and poorly bought  
Cloaks, but we have revolutionized the  
Cloak trade of America. While they sat  
by the roadside howling "hard times"  
and slumbered and slept in their moss-  
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Cloak trade of America.

This phenomenal growth **has not  
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made from extra fine materials,  
Jackets that are superior to all others in style,  
fit, finish and workmanship, at \$3.75 and up.

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of which the style alone is worth more than  
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Desk, No. 10-H, *direct from the factory, Free paid, sent "On Approval,"* to be returned at our if not found positively the best roll top desk even **retail** at so low a price.

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"THE CLUB WITH LIFE IN IT."

Concealed within the club are weights shifting on a polished metal rod between spiral steel springs, giving it a surprising and life-like movement.

Its use not only develops great strength and size of muscle, but gives wonderful quickness and control to both muscle and brain to meet surprises.

It takes off unhealthy flesh. It puts on full, solid tissue.

It wears out stomach "fat" and leaves active muscles there.

It imparts life, celerity, energy, self-control to body and brain.

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Only one club is used. The shell, or body, is aluminum and with each club is furnished two handles—"spade" and straight—three nickel-plated weights, four spiral steel springs—all interchangeable, making the club adaptable to any person, weak or strong, man, woman or child.

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A Few Good Agents will be Appointed. **BUFFALO, N. Y.**



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Wear the

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and you will realize the luxury of walking—relieving that tired feeling from standing—the relief to nerves and rheumatic joints. Notice that the Velvet Heel has small nail holes that do not catch the mud or dirt to track in the house or office.

Send 40 cents in stamps for a pair, postpaid—give diagram of heel—wear them one day, then send them back and get your money if you don't find that the Velvet Heel is the acme of comfort.

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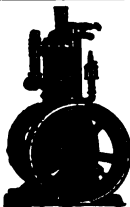
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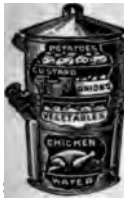
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Cooks a whole meal over one burner, on gasoline, oil, gas, or common cook stove. **Reduces Fuel Bills One-Half.** Makes tough meats tender. Prevents steam and odors. Whistle blows when cooker needs more water. Dinner Sets, Bicycles, Watches, and other Valuable Premiums given with order for Cookers. Send for illustrated catalogue. Agents Wanted.

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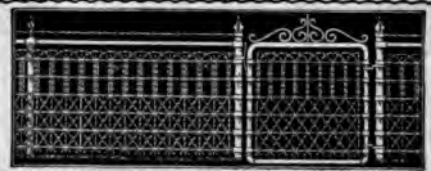
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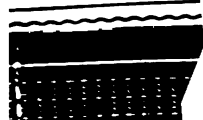
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Fraver Scharwenka says of the Liszt organ: "I found the Liszt organ most delightful companion, and must admit it only confirms my former opinion, that no other instrument so enraptures the player, and without question is the finest and most wonderful organ manufactured."

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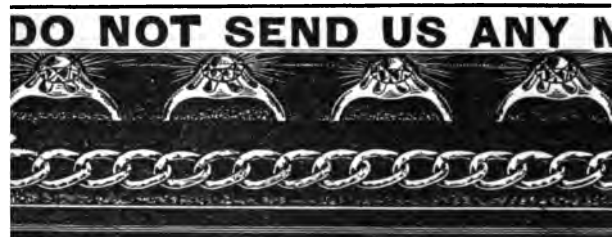
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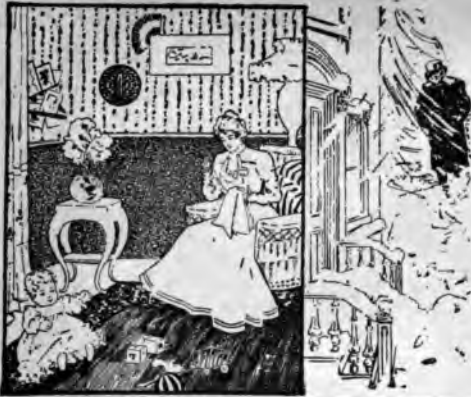
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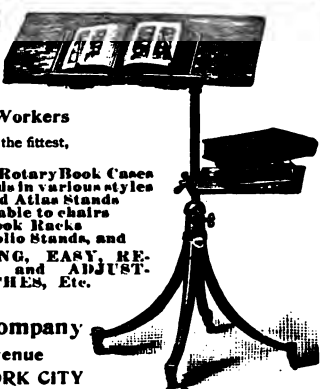
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### Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

#### The Perfect Writing Instrument

Ask your dealer.

Write for catalogue giving full particulars.

L. E. Waterman Co.

Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturers in the World,  
155 and 157 Broadway, New York



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\$1.95

Buys a  
Shaw-Walker  
Card System

## WORTH 47 PIGEONHOLES

and any number of books. Placed in the top drawer of your desk it becomes a receptacle for all sorts of information that, in its absence, is scattered throughout your desk and office. It brings to your notice each day those matters that should have immediate attention. It replaces note books that are useless because not properly indexed and because the worthless matter cannot be removed.

**THE BOX** is made of selected quarter-sawn white oak, with three ply built-up bottom is nicely finished inside and out, fitted with adjustable follower, and filled with 400 Linen Threaded Record Cards, 3 x 5 inches, ruled; 1 set of Alphabetical Indexes; 20 blank index cards, various colors, for special indexes. The box is nine inches long. Includes 10c. extra for each additional inch required to fit the width of your desk drawer.

If not satisfactory, we will return your money. Complete catalogue, showing the "Shaw-Walker" Card Systems in actual use, free for the asking.

**THE SHAW-WALKER CO., MUSKEGON, MICH.** CHICAGO, TORONTO.

The largest exclusive Makers of Card Systems in the world.



## THE STELLA MUSIC BOX...

is the only music box with snap the steel tone sheets, no pins on hand or break off. It is no local music box for the home, having a SWEETNESS, HARMONY, and VOLUME of tone found in no other. Its construction is simple and durable, and the cost of new tones is trifling. Do not buy a music box before you hear the STELLA. Can be ordered through your dealer.

## IDEAL SWISS CYLINDER MUSIC BOXES

playing 6 to 600 tunes, and changing tunes automatically, from \$28 to \$2000.

Write for catalogues of Stella and Ideal Music Boxes.  
**JACOT & SON, 31 UNION SQUARE, N.Y.**  
BROADWAY & 17th ST.

To any person who intends to buy nice furniture it will pay, and pay well, to send for our catalogue and investigate the positive advantages of buying "Direct from Factory at Factory Prices."

This space is too small to give full details, but the following will give an idea of the extremely low prices at which we sell strictly HIGH-GRADE furniture.

## Turkish Rocker

**\$29.50** buys this luxurious easy rocker, No. 677, direct from factory. FREIGHT PREPAID, sent "On Approval," to be returned AT OUR EXPENSE if not positively the best leather rocker ever sold at so low a price.

COVERED with best quality machine-buffed genuine leather. Has genuine hair cushions, tufted back, spring rockers, and ball-bearing casters. Choice of maroon, olive-green or russet color leather. At retail a similar rocker costs \$45 to \$60.



## Ladies' Mahogany Desk.

**\$9.75** buys this dainty desk direct from the factory. FREIGHT PREPAID, sent "On Approval," to be returned AT OUR EXPENSE if not positively the best ladies' desk ever sold at so low a price. A dainty birthday or wedding gift.

FRONT is figured mahogany, tastily inlaid with pearl and white holly. Has French legs both back and front, two locks. Small drawer inside, places for paper, pen, ink, etc. Bottom of large drawer is of pretty bird's eye maple. Trimmings are all solid brass (not plated), including the crest. This desk is polished like a piano, and from a dealer will cost \$15 to \$20. Ask for catalogue.



## Mahogany Music Cabinet

**\$8.80** buys this nice music cabinet, direct from the factory. FREIGHT PREPAID, sent "On Approval," to be returned AT OUR EXPENSE if not positively the best music cabinet obtainable at so low a price.

FRONT is figured mahogany, tastily inlaid with mother-of-pearl and white holly. Has French legs, adjustable shelves and lock. Trimmings are solid brass, and bottom of drawer is pretty bird's-eye maple. This cabinet has a rich polish finish, and from a dealer will cost \$12 to \$15.



## Home Desk

**\$21.50** buys this beautiful home desk, direct from the factory. FREIGHT PREPAID, sent "On Approval," to be returned AT OUR EXPENSE if not positively the best obtainable at so low a price.

THE DESIGN of this desk is almost perfection for a "home" desk. It combines all the practical features of a regular office desk—roll top, letter file, book stalls, sliding arm rest, plenty of drawers, pigeon-holes, ball-bearing casters, etc.—and in a way that is graceful, artistic and full of style. At retail it would cost from \$25 to \$35.



**We Prepay Freight** (Points beyond an ocean basis.)

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**THE FRED MACEY CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.**  
Makers of Office and Library Furniture.

Direct from the Factory

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Those who wish speed, certainty and freedom from bother in their writing will find that

## The Ruyter Fountain Pen is Righter than any other Pen.

A feed so perfect that it will maintain an unbroken line, no matter how uneven the pressure in writing.

IT is "jointless," won't leak, always writes and never gives trouble. The price is \$2.50 with the best 14-K gold pen skill can produce.

So certain are we that the Ruyter Fountain Pen will please you, we will send one on a week's trial to anyone who will say where he saw this advertisement. Send money or not as you prefer. If you prefer not to send money, just say you are a writer who wishes to try the Ruyter and that you will send us either \$2.50 or the pen in good order at the end of a week, and we will get one to you as quickly as the mail can travel.

THE RUYTER MFG. COMPANY,

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THE RUYTER PEN

THE RUYTER PEN

Any Initial Desired.

**10c.**

This is a fine **SOLID GOLD** plated initial ring, engraved in black around the initial and is fully worth \$1.00. We shall give away 5,000 of these to advertise our business. Send 10 cents to pay postage and packing. *Send size.* **CURTIN JEWELRY CO., Attleboro, Mass.**

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Names of Accounts, Cities, etc., printed—or may be written—on. A Tag for each Account.



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Magic Lantern Slides with views of the Philippine Insurrection, Spanish-American War, etc.

Outfits complete with Advertising Posters, Admission Tickets, Printed Lectures, etc.

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**SENT FREE**

**Solid Gold or Silver** plated bracelet sent free to an elegant Dress Pin for exquisite jewelry. (See name & address and we will be paid. When sold, send us the bracelet. The chain lock opens with a dainty key. back all pins you cannot sell.

Write for our **LABELS GOLD** each pin set with a fine line. Simply send your name and we will send you a finely engraved and the we trust you will like. Co., Box 200, St. Louis, Mo.



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Goldsmiths, Silversmiths  
and Jewelers.

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The variety of suitable offerings for Wedding Gifts which our stock embraces, at prices varying to suit the requirements of all, aids greatly in making a selection that will be satisfactory to the donor and acceptable to the recipient.

Our new "Suggestion Book," mailed on application.

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YOUR INITIAL OR MONOGRAM (2 OR 3 LETTERS) IN ANY ONE OF 5 STYLES, FURNISH YOU 50 ENVELOPES, 2 QUIRES OF FINEST WRITING PAPER (WHITE OR TINTED) AND STAMP PAPER WITH YOUR INITIAL OR MONOGRAM AT THESE PRICES.

STAMPED	INITIAL	MONOGRAM
IN PLAIN COLORS	.75 CENTS	\$1.50
IN GOLD, SILVER OR BRONZE	.85	1.60
ILLUMINATED IN 2 COLORS	\$1.00	1.75

MONOGRAM DIE BECOMES YOUR PROPERTY.

WEDDING INVITATIONS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS ENGRAVED.

PROMPT ATTENTION TO MAIL ORDERS. SAMPLES FREE. ALL MAIL & EXPRESS CHARGES PREPAID.

## Sterling Silver Desk Novelty.



(WARRANTED)

**25 CENTS**

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Money refunded if not satisfactory.

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**WE WILL ENGRAVE A MONOGRAM OF TWO OR THREE LETTERS,**

choice of five beautiful and exclusive designs, and furnish two quires finest quality Writing Paper, packed in handsome box, with plain envelopes, with

**Monogram Stamped in any Plain Color, \$1.25**  
**in Gold, Silver, or Copper Bronze, - 1.40**  
**in Illuminated Work (two colors), - 1.50**

Envelopes Stamped in Plain Color, 20c. extra.  
 In Gold, Silver, or Copper Bronze, 30c. extra.

Future orders furnished at a reduction of 25c. per box from above prices. Five qualities of paper. Seven fashionable sizes, in white and all latest tints.

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"The Gram-o-phone is the best reproducing machine extant. . . . A never-failing source of pleasure. Our yachting friends instantly realized its adaptability to use on the water."—HERRESHOFF MANUFACTURING CO.



## America's Great Author-Manager

"The Gram-o-phone has afforded so much entertainment at my house that I have concluded to purchase another for a friend."—AUGUSTIN DALY.



## Our Great Admiral

"Certainly the most entertaining and interesting of instruments. Nothing in the sound reproducers of to-day so marvelous as this wonderful discovery."—ADMIRAL SCHLEY.



## The Maine's Commander

"The Gram-o-phone gave officers and men on the *St. Paul* great pleasure, being remarkably loud, clear and true; and I want it to do the same good office on the *Texas*."—CAPTAIN SIGSBEE.



## The World's Greatest Operatic Manager

"At my home the wonderful reproductions of the Gram-o-phone were constantly the source of entertainment to ourselves and friends."—MAURICE GRAU.



## The Banjo King

"The Gram-o-phone reproduces the playing of the banjo in a manner surprisingly natural, the tone-quality being so like the actual sound of the instrument itself as to deceive even the most expert."—V. L. OSSMAN.



## The World's Fair Cornet Soloist

"A reproduction of the latest cornet records on the Gram-o-phone are so perfect that it is almost impossible to distinguish between them and the original productions."—W. PARIS CHAMBERS.



## The Prince of Entertainers and Entertainer of Princes

"Imagine Sousa's Band of fifty pieces condensed into a box a foot square, and you have the Gram-o-phone."—MARSHALL P. WILDER.

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On receipt of \$5.00, simply as evidence of good faith, we will ship to any subscriber to McClure's our new \$18.00 Gram-o-phone, and six (6) signed, indestructible 50-cent records (total \$3.00) your own or our selection, with the privilege of 24 hours' examination, when the balance may be paid your express company, or returned and your money refunded. Also instalment payments.

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*Geo. S. Parker*  
Jointless Lucky Curve  
Fountain Pen

Costs no more than the old fashioned joint-leaking screw breaking kind. To make a luxury of writing use a "Lucky Curve." It is warranted perfect by us and also warranted, recommended and sold by more than 6000 dealers in all parts of the world. Sold at \$2.00, \$2.50 and upward. If the dealer of whom you inquire does not keep them, and urges you to buy "a just as good," don't buy. Insist on having the pen with the "Lucky Curve." Investigate. He is either a back number or trying to make an extra profit at your expense.

No Screw to Break.  
No old-fashioned Nozzle.  
No Joint to Leak. PERFECTION.

**PERFECT PARKER PENS.**

To those who have never owned a Fountain Pen, the "Parker" is a delight—to those who have tried others, it is perfection. First right in principle, then skillfully made to avoid the weak points found in other makes. Parker Pens seem to "go" alone, so smooth and easy is the movement.

When you buy an up-to-date "Parker" Lucky Curve Jointless, you have the world's greatest fountain pen. This pen is purchased in large numbers by the United States Government.

**THE PARKER PEN CO.,**  
Manufacturers Fountain Pens, Inks, Typewriter Ribbons, Etc.,  
36 Mill St., Janesville, Wis., U. S. A.

The Home of the Lucky Curve.  
The largest bona fide mfrs. of Fountain Pens in the world.

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**HARTSHORN**

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The reason that Hartshorn Shade Rollers can always be depended upon is: they are made by a concern that has devoted over thirty years to the improvement and exclusive manufacture of Shade Rollers.

The New Improved Hartshorn has new end settings and patent clamps for fastening on the shade.

If you buy a shade mounted on a roller and it does not work smoothly or gives out in a short time—it's your fault—you failed to look for the Stewart Hartshorn autograph on the roller. See that the following signature is on all rollers that you buy and you will never have any trouble.

*Stewart Hartshorn*

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Of Devices for Brain Workers

Embraces all the survivals of the fittest, including

Sargent's Ball Bearing Rotary Book Cases  
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**SARGENT'S WORKING, EASY, RECLINING LIBRARY, AND ADJUSTABLE CHAIRS, COUCHES, Etc.**

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For the Home, Library, Sick Room, Studio, Office, School Room.

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gorgeous color.

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## WORTH 47 PIGEONHOLES

and any number of books. \* Placed in the top drawer of your desk it becomes a receptacle for all sorts of information that, in its absence, is scattered throughout your desk and office. It brings to your notice each day those matters that should have immediate attention. It replaces note books that are useless because not properly indexed and because the worthless matter cannot be removed.

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FRONT is figured mahogany, tastily inlaid with pearl and white holly. Has French legs both back and front, two locks. Small drawer inside, places for paper, pen, ink, etc. Bottom of large drawer is of pretty bird's eye maple. Trimmings are all solid brass (not plated), including the crest. This desk is polished like a piano, and from a dealer will cost \$15 to \$20. Ask for catalogue.

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**We Prepay Freight** to all points east of the Mississippi and north of South Carolina. (Points beyond on an equal basis.)

Write for our Complete Catalogue.

**THE FRED MACEY CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.** Makers of Office and Library Furniture.

Direct from the Factory

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There are two ways of making ink. One is by a rule of thumb, haphazard process which produces one thing today and another tomorrow and in which the element of certainty and reliability is never present. The other is a process of scientific intelligence and exactness which produces not only the utmost excellence but keeps it so.

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Ink is so cheap everybody can afford to have the best. That leaves **you** with no good reason for not having **Carter's**. Sixteen different kinds to choose from—choose the one adapted to your needs.



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by using the **Daily Reminder**.

**WHAT IT IS**—The Daily Reminder is an index for keeping track of matters that must be attended to in the future. A nicely finished oak box, 2 in. high, 3½ in. wide and 5¼ in. deep, has two compartments. One part contains separate cards for each day of the month. In the other part is a card for each month in the year, and year cards for six years ahead. Two memorandum pads, 3 by 5 inches, are furnished with each Reminder.

**HOW IT IS USED**—Make a note of some matter that must be attended to in the future. If it must come up on a certain day of the current month, place the slip of paper in front of the card for the day of the month on which you wish to be reminded of the matter. If the date is three months ahead, write the day of the month on the memorandum slip and place it in front of the card for that month. If a year hence, date it and place it in front of the card for next year. Every morning memoranda for the current day are brought to the front by transferring the previous day's card to the rear of all the day cards. On the first of the month memoranda for that month are distributed to the proper days, and on the first of the year memoranda are distributed to the different months.

This is just what you need. It will be sent to you complete, for \$1.00, postage paid.

It ought to be worth \$1.00 to be able to "defy forgetfulness."

**The Interstate Supply Co.**  
SCRANTON, PA.

## The Fountain of Pen Satisfaction

### Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

#### The Perfect Writing Instrument


Ask your dealer.  
Write for catalogue giving full particulars.

**L. E. Waterman Co.**  
Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturers in the World.  
155 and 157 Broadway, New York



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## WERNICKE ELASTIC BOOKCASE

"A SYSTEM OF UNITS."

Always complete but never finished. Small enough for 10, large enough for 10,000 books. Varieties to suit every taste and requirement. Dust proof glass doors, and every feature of a perfect and beautiful bookcase. Sent anywhere on trial and approval.

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FREE BOOKLET AND LIST OF DEALERS FOR THE ASKING.



## Write One and Copy the Rest

You can produce 1000 letters an hour, each a fac-simile copy of the original, but only on the

## Edison Mimeograph


Invented by Thomas A. Edison.

For daily office use in duplicating both handwriting and typewriting. Anybody can operate it. Simple. Compact. Cleanly. Cheap. Endorsed by over 200,000 Users. Descriptive Catalogue for the asking.

Made only by

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This machine will work as no other typewriter works — more easily, more swiftly, longer and better—because it's a

## Remington

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT,  
327 Broadway, New York.



## Wellington No. 2

### PRICE SIXTY DOLLARS


The Best all-around Typewriter yet produced.  
EQUAL TO ANY \$100 MACHINE ON THE MARKET AND SUPERIOR TO ALL IN SEVERAL IMPORTANT FEATURES.

A Practical Business-Like Typewriter at a Reasonable Price.  
Money returned in any case where after ten days' trial the Wellington does not prove satisfactory in every respect.

Our Illustrated Catalogue tells all about it. Send for it.

The Williams Mfg. Co., Ltd., Box 40 Plattsburg, N. Y.

## THE Advantages of THE Columbia Bar-Lock TYPEWRITER



### ARE PLAIN TO ALL.

FOR CATALOGUE & FULL PARTICULARS ADDRESS  
**COLUMBIA TYPEWRITER M'FG. CO.**  
39 WEST 116 TH STREET, NEW YORK.

## PLAYS

Recitations, dialogues, and other entertainment books. New 128-page catalogue sent free on request.  
DRAMATIC PUB. CO., CHICAGO.

## STAR BRAND TYPEWRITERS

ANY STANDARD MACHINE SHIPPED FOR TRIAL & EXAMINATION.


Send for catalogue & net prices to Department E

ALL MAKES F.S. Webster Co. 317 BROADWAY NEW YORK  
150 MONROE ST. CHICAGO  
PRINCIPAL OFFICES, 754 CONGRESS STREET ST. LOUIS

Those who like a blunt pen that is not a stub will be specially pleased with

## ESTERBROOK'S

### JEFFERSON No. 1743.



A remarkably easy writer.

150 other styles. Ask your Stationer

## The Esterbrook Steel Pen Co.,

Works, Camden, N. J. 66 John St., New York.

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It took 25 years to find out that typewriters were built upside down.

# The Visible Writing OLIVER TYPEWRITER

is built right side up where the work is in sight.

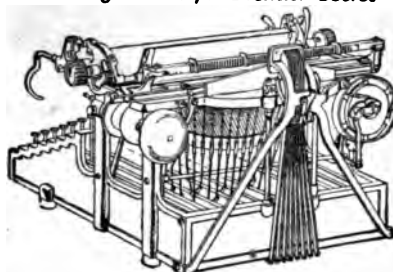
It is a light, compact, simply constructed, durable machine—easily learned, operated and cleaned; aligns perfectly and needs least repairs. Write for catalogue "A" and get name of nearest representative and beautiful celluloid blotter. Agents in all leading cities.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.,

N. E. Cor. Washington and Dearborn Sts., Chicago.

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An Ever Ready, Effective Time and Labor  
Saving Device for Premier Users.



Simplifies Bill Making and Writing figures  
of different denominations in columns.  
It in no way interferes with the type-  
writer for usual lines of work.

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(No 5)

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Beautiful Work in 1899.

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at the smallest price is what you buy in

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**CONCENTRATED SOUPS.**

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No water in the can to make additional bulk and increase the price. Ten cents buys sufficient "stock" for a quart of delicious soup, whichever kind you prefer. Dealers sell them. A sample can sent for six cents in stamps. Recipe book free.

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Fresh and fruity. Made from the pick of the choicest beef—deliciously seasoned. Put up in convenient packages, enough for two big pies.

Drop postal for book, "How to Make Good Things to Eat."

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**1 CENT A CUP.**

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## BURNHAM'S CREAM CUSTARD

Will Make Ten Cups of Custard, or Two Quarts of superior Ice Cream—only milk to be added. No Cooking. Prepared in a Minute . . . . .

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Do  
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Know  
Uneeda  
Biscuit  
?

The advertising success of the century is that of "Uneeda Biscuit" and "Uneeda Jinjer Wayfer."

The name "Uneeda" was coined by us. The name "Uneeda Jinjer Wayfer" was produced by us.

The popular catch phrases, "Do You Know Uneeda Biscuit", "Everybody Knows Uneeda Biscuit" and "Now Uneeda Jinjer Wayfer" were originated by us.

The advertising campaign was planned, and is being executed in all its branches by us.

We are not in the general scramble to get an advertising order regardless of the interest of the advertiser.

We do not accept advertisements relating to vile diseases, disreputable business or intoxicating drinks.

We are anxious for all the first-class advertising that can be made profitable to the advertiser and to ourselves—and only such.

Our long experience (thirty years) and our large business (the greatest in our line), should give us unequalled advantages and facilities for doing *good* advertising.

Advertising would open a profitable field to many a manufacturer

who to-day is fretting over the evils of the old way of marketing goods, little dreaming of the opportunities that might be his. We are specially glad to talk to thinking men of this class.

NOW  
Uneeda  
Jinjer  
Wayfer  
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Everybody  
—Knows  
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TRADE MARK

# Cream of Wheat

A Dainty Breakfast Dish, made solely of the gluten of the wheat, literally the "cream." Pure, healthful, nourishing. If you want a breakfast dainty or an ideal dessert dish ask your chef to serve Cream of Wheat, you will not be disappointed.

You should also ask your Grocer to show you those elegant Cream of Wheat Pictures which he will give you

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They are not common prints but artistic Gravures which you will want to hang in the finest room in your house. You will miss it if you do not look them over.

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BEST LINE CHICAGO OR ST. LOUIS TO

## DENVER

**W**IDE - VESTIBULED trains are operated also to Omaha, Kansas City, St. Paul and Minneapolis, equipped with modern, roomy, comfortable Pullman Cars and Reclining Chair Cars. The European plan Dining Car service is a special feature of excellence on this line. Delicate china, roses, spotless linen, perfect ventilation and strictly first-class cooking.

On the "Burlington's Number One" fast express, is a Pullman Buffet smoking car, fitted with sideboard and card tables. This train is only one night on the road between Chicago and Denver. Its luxurious equipment and fast time make a long journey seem short.

**"Colorado Outings"**

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ENAMELED BATH.**  
6 galls. a full bath

Tub fits bathers so 2 galls of water make full submergent bath. Hot bath made ready in 5 min. Wt., 10 lbs. Durable, compact, cheap. Cat. free. Baths or 15 styles Folding Boats. Award at World's Fair. ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., MIAMISBURG, OHIO



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**56 PIECES.**

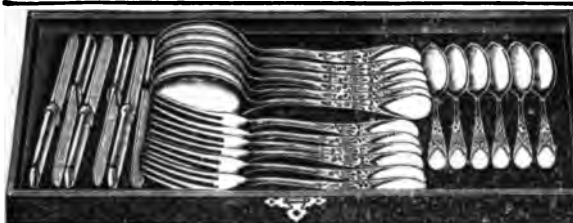
Full size for family use, beautifully decorated & most artistic design. A rare chance. You can get this handsome china tea set & one dozen silver plated tea spoons for selling our Pills. We mean what we say & will give this beautiful tea set absolutely free if you comply with the extraordinary offer wanted to every person taking advantage of this advertisement. To quickly introduce our Vegetable Pills, a sure cure for constipation, indigestion & torpid liver, if you agree to sell only six boxes of Pills at 25 cts. a box write to-day and we send Pills by mail, when sold send us the money & we send you one dozen Silver plated tea spoons together with our offer of a 56 piece china tea set same day money is received. This is a liberal inducement to every lady in the land and all who received the spoons and tea set for selling our Pills are delighted. **AMERICAN MEDICINE COMPANY, Dept. A 30 West 15th St., NEW YORK CITY.**



## Easily Earned. No Money Required. Samples FREE.

You can earn this splendid Cushion, 76x24 in., extra large, upholstered in figured velours or corduroy, best steel springs, deeply tufted, very heavy fringe, worth \$13 in any retail store; by selling 52 boxes of our High Grade Toilet Soap, among your friends and neighbors at 25c. per box. We trust you for the Soap. Our handsome illustrated catalogue showing 150 other valuable premiums. **Send free. Don't miss this wonderful offer. Write today.**

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You can obtain this beautiful **Case of Volcanic Silverware** absolutely free of all expense. This is a square, honest offer, made for the purpose of increasing our already large and growing circulation, and thereby enhancing the value of our advertising premiums from which we derive our profit. The **Case** contains 6 Table Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Tea Spoons and 6 Table Spoons, all of beautiful design and finish, and warranted for ten years with ordinary everyday use. Any one is free to accept this liberal offer, and you can test our honesty by enclosing fifteen cents in stamps to cover cost of postage, mailing, packing, etc., and we will forward our gift. **The Family Physician, Dept. 91. New York.**

Free for three months free. We pack, box and ship the Silverware at our own expense.





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"A Book About a Light," sent free on request, tells the facts and the methods of utilizing this wonderful illuminant.

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"A distinctively ORIGINAL CREATION,  
both as regards the Scale,  
and Manner of Construction."

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### KRELL PIANO

stands pre-eminent, adds daily to its host of friends. A handsomely illustrated brochure, containing reasons why the Krell Piano is worthy the Friendship of discerning musicians, sent free.

## The Krell Piano Co.,

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and Ninth Sts.,  
CINCINNATI, O.

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a piano, or intend at  
any time to buy one,  
you should have a  
copy of "Facts,"  
It contains valuable  
points of interest to  
all, and is sent free.



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Renowned Throughout the World for

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Greatest Power and Durability

"The achievements of Albert Weber, Senior, in the realm of tone production, like the violin masterpieces of Cremona, still stand unrivaled, the hope and despair of other and lesser lights in the musical world."

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# Vose PIANOS

are receiving more favorable comments to-day from an artistic standpoint than all other makes combined.

WE  
**Challenge**  
**Comparisons.**

By our easy payment plan, every family in moderate circumstances can own a fine piano. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange, and deliver the piano in your house free of expense. You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston. Send for catalogue and full information.

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# THE "ANGELUS" ORCHESTRAL PIANO PLAYER

IT PLAYS ANY PIANO—ANY ONE CAN PLAY IT.

**T**HE New Angelus Orchestral Piano Player is a handsomely constructed little cabinet, containing felt fingers which strike the keys of the piano, and in addition thereto has two sets of beautifully toned reeds, producing a violin and flute effect.

It can be instantly adjusted to play any piano, Grand, Square or Upright; it is in itself a complete self-playing organ and can be played as such in any part of the home.

It plays the piano with the touch and technique of the artistic musician, and the individuality of the performer is never lost, the instrument being at all times under complete control; it is an instrument that is as valuable to the skilled musician as to the person who has never played a note of music—it supplies technique that would require years of practice to master.

Any of the following effects can be produced at will by the performer on an Angelus Orchestral Piano Player:

1. A piano playing alone.
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4. A piano with flute effect.
5. Piano and full Orchestral Organ combined all at the same time.

Many of the best musicians speak in terms of the highest praise of the Angelus, and we invite investigation by the most critical.

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The Gramophone for Halls, Churches, Societies and Home Entertainment. Complete outfits for public concerts; Advertising Posters, Admission Tickets, etc.

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The handle of the brush is a magazine, holding tooth-powder. The handle folds over like a jack-knife. You tap out a small quantity of powder on the brush, turn back the handle and use as an ordinary brush.

### For Travel or Home Use.

Handsomely finished in nickel; fitted with extra fine bristle brush. Sent post-paid on receipt of price: **50 cts.**

Extra Brushes 25 cents extra.

**Special Offer** We will, upon further notice, send with each Lincoln Magazine Brush a handsome morocco case.

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## Fall

house heating is a specialty. It is the specialist to-day who is solving questions of vital importance.

### The Jackson Ventilating Grate

stands alone in its profession of sanitary and economical heating during the chilly Autumn and damp Spring days.

Three-fourths of the heat from an ordinary open fire goes up the chimney. The furnace and steam heater eat fuel all day and all night, whether heat is needed or not, and are therefore unhealthful and extravagant.

Up to freezing weather one Ventilating Grate will heat your entire house, if it be of moderate size, at one-half the cost that your present system incurs.

Catalogue "No. 5" contains our guarantee.

## GRATE



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The ventilating system of our grate is similar to that of the human lungs. Warmed outdoor air is carried into the house and the cold, impure air is withdrawn.

The Ventilating Grate keeps the air pure and has wonderful heating power. It would be a great addition to your present plant during freezing weather. Burns either coal or wood, and can be fitted in any ordinary fireplace. Thousands are in use in all parts of the country. Our guarantee is endorsed by all purchasers.

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now wasted up chimney  
BY USING THE ROCHESTER RADIATOR  
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Never; and these conditions were never known until the introduction of zinc white, "combination lead," and ready-mixed paints, the two last composed largely of zinc, barytes, whiting, etc., very little lead, if any.

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**FREE** By using National Lead Co.'s Pure White Lead Tinting Colors, any desired shade is readily obtained. Pamphlet giving valuable information and card showing samples of colors free; also folder showing picture of house painted in different designs or various styles or combinations of colors forwarded upon application to those intending to paint.

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**BATTERY HANGING LAMP**  
\$3 COMPLETE



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**BATTERY HANGING LAMP**  
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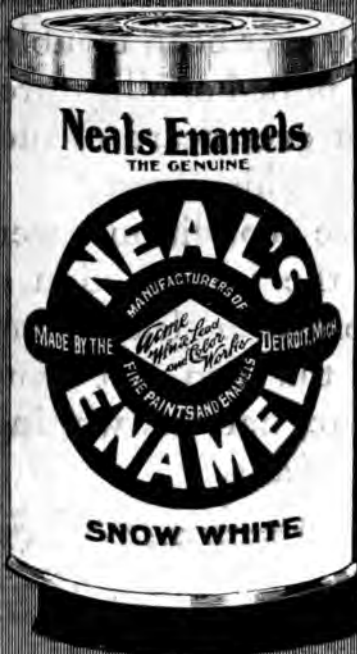
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"Pearl top" and "pearl glass" are trade-marks. Look out for them and you needn't be an expert.

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of Neal's Enamel (the genuine) is enough to show what ANYBODY can do in the way of imparting a real ENAMEL finish to shabby articles of furniture (wood or metal), wood-work, the bath-tub, radiator, etc.

Rich colors and delicate tints to harmonize with furnishings.

Cost trifling.

Complete directions on label.

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Dept. D, ACME WHITE LEAD  
AND COLOR WORKS

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OUR BOOKLET, "Enamels and Enameling," with samples of colors, tells how and what kinds to use for furniture, woodwork, bath-tubs, radiators, SENT FREE.

Don't imagine that

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are all alike. Quite the contrary. Some never look well. Some look well at first, but soon give out because not honestly made. Others look well at first and continue to look well because they are honestly made. We guarantee our floors against all defects that may ever arise from faulty material or workmanship, and our guarantee is good. We could not afford to do this unless we did our work well. We can satisfy you on this point. All we ask is that the floors have reasonable care. We furnish wax and brushes for keeping floors in order. We will tell you all about these things if you will write us. Catalogue free.

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If you want the proper Wall Papers for 1899, by all means, send for our free samples.

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WILL GIVE YOU UNIFORM TEMPERATURE  
DAY AND NIGHT IF YOU USE . . . .



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Sufferers from  
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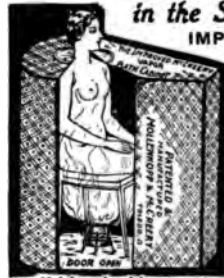
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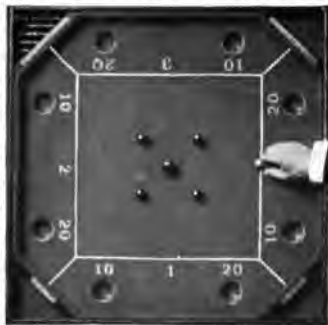
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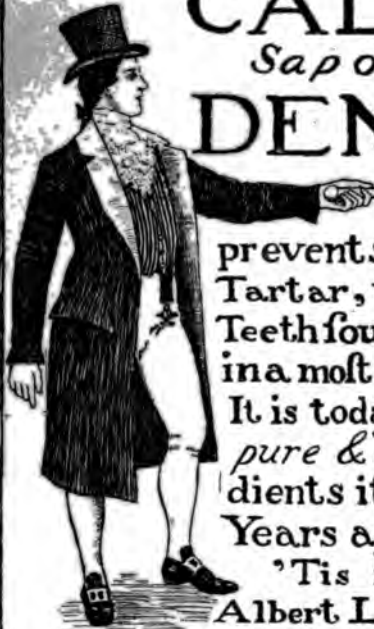
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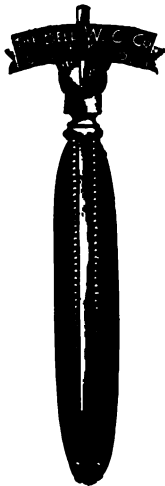
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**SULPHUME** is pure sulphur in liquid form,—a new chemical discovery. Sulphur heretofore was considered insoluble. Sulphume when taken internally, and applied as a lotion, will cure any skin disease.

**SULPHUME BATHS** can be taken at home, having all the advantages (and more) of the most famous Sulphur Springs. One bottle of Sulphume makes 12 strong sulphur baths, or 1200 doses.

**SULPHUME SOAP** is the only soap in the world made with Liquefied sulphur. That is why it is a *Genuine Sulphur Soap*. It stops itching and all skin irritations, softens and whitens the skin, and has no equal for the toilet and bath. Price per box (3 cakes), 75 cents, express prepaid. One cake for trial mailed on receipt of 25 cents.

**SULPHUME PILLS** act directly on the liver, kidneys and bowels, but do not gripe or nauseate. Price 25 cents. ALL intelligent people know what valuable remedial properties sulphur possesses, but FEW realize what wonderful cures are effected by liquid sulphur, *Sulphume*. Gargling once will cure an ordinary sore throat.

Drop a postal card and we'll mail you our **SULPHUME BOOK** and **SKIN BOOK** both **FREE**—in them you will find solid facts about the care of your skin and blood.

Correspondence invited. Consultation **FREE**, and strictly confidential.

**SULPHUME COMPANY, 111 Marine Building, CHICAGO.**

Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, Canadian Depot.



## DON'T NEGLECT DANDRUFF.

If you want to keep your hair, get rid of your dandruff. Dandruff is a disease of the scalp. It always ends in baldness.

### Coke Dandruff Cure

has cured so many thousands that we believe it is a sure cure. It doesn't cure yours we give the money back. One bottle at one dollar cures most cases. Delays are dangerous.

Most druggists sell it. Most barbers use it. If yours does not, send \$1 and his name for a bottle by express prepaid. Booklet free.

**A. R. BREMER CO., 13 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.**  
Canadian Depot, **LYMAN BROS. & Co., Ltd., Toronto**

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## The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium, FOR THE SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT OF **CANCER**



Tumors, and all Forms of Malignant and Benign Growths.

## Without the use of the Knife

**THE LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED PRIVATE INSTITUTION IN THE WORLD.**

We have never failed to effect a permanent cure where we have had a reasonable opportunity for treatment.

Please state your case as clearly as possible and our book with complete information will be mailed free. Address,

**Drs. W. E. Brown & Son, North Adams, Mass.**

## *A Revelation to Soap Users.*



**Made from the Fresh Green Leaves of  
the Tasmanian Blue Gum Tree.**

**SPECIAL  
MAIL  
OFFER**

*We have prepared 500,000 large sample cakes which we will mail free on application, if you will enclose a 2c. stamp to pay the postage. It will delight you.*

Perhaps you have not given it a thought, but there has never been but one way of making soap: the base of all, from the commonest washing to the finest toilet, has always been the same—fats, grease or oil combined with an alkali. To be sure, different grades of these materials are used, delicate perfumes and medicament of some kind often added, but nine-tenths of every cake of soap made is composed of the above ingredients. In fact, it has always been thought that soap could not be made in any other way, and for this reason no physicians have ever recommended the use of any soap for the skin. As a general thing they are made from cheap fats and grease collected by street scavengers, and thrown out from houses in which all kinds of disease is prevalent; however, of late most of the oils used come from incinerating plants now erected near all large cities where is burned the refuse collected from private houses, hotels and restaurants. Thousands of gallons are produced in this way every year, and being too cheap for other uses, is purchased almost exclusively by soap makers. It is claimed that the heat used destroys all the germs of disease; but the medical profession assert the contrary, and state that the use of cheap soap accounts for most of the blotched and pimply faces we see daily. One thing, at least, has been proven conclusively—that the dry and scaly skin with which so many persons are troubled is due to the use of alkali in soap. However true this may be, the thought of using such products daily is not a pleasant one, and the discovery of a method by which soap can be made without these dangerous ingredients will be hailed with delight by all.

### **Hyomei Antiseptic Skin Soap**

is the most perfect Toilet and Medicinal Soap ever known and the first one to be manufactured by the new process. Made from the fresh, green leaves of the Tasmanian Blue Gum Tree, and containing all its fragrant, well known healing and antiseptic qualities, this soap will be a revelation to users. As a skin food it has no equal. It acts not only as a cleanser and preventative against disease, but cures all cutaneous affections in a short time. It gives a rich creamy lather, an invigorating and refreshing odor, and leaves the skin soft, white and velvety. HYOMEI ANTISEPTIC SKIN SOAP is sold by all druggists. Price, 25c.

**THE R. T. BOOTH COMPANY    ❀❀❀    ITHACA, N. Y.**

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**GOOD FOR LITTLE FOLKS**  
**CANDY CATHARTIC**

# abcarets



**10¢.**  
**25¢. 50¢.**

**ALL**  
**DRUGGISTS.**



**There are none so deaf**  
as those who won't buy

## Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums

The only scientific sound conductors. Invisible, comfortable, efficient. They fit in the ear. Doctors recommend them. Thousands testify to their perfection and to benefit derived.

Information and book of letters from many users, free.  
Wilson Ear Drum Co., 108 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

## LOST 40 lbs. OF FAT.

**Are You Too Stout?**

If so, why not reduce your weight and be comfortable? Obesity predisposes to Heart Trouble, Paralysis, Liver Diseases, Constipation, Rheumatism, Apoplexy, etc., and is not only dangerous but extremely annoying to people of refined taste. We do not care how many REDUCTION remedies you may have taken without success, we have a treatment that will reduce weight, as thousands can testify. The following are a few who have been reduced in weight and greatly improved in health by its use:

Mrs. C. Bliss, 30 Hudson St., Rochester, N. Y., reduced 20 lbs.

Mrs. Laura L. Martin, Duck Creek, Ind., reduced 60 lbs.

Mrs. M. M. Cummins, Ottawa, Ill., reduced 75 lbs.

Miss M. Holsington, Lake View, Mich., reduced 60 lbs.

Mr. W. A. Follock, Hardington, Neb., reduced 60 lbs.



Mrs. Helen Weber of Marietta, O., reduced 40 lbs. without loss of time or any inconvenience whatever.

We are going to give away barrels and  
**BARRELS of Sample Boxes Free.**

Just to prove how effective, pleasant and safe this remedy is, to reduce weight. If you want one, send us your name and address and 4 cents to cover postage. Each box is mailed in a plain sealed package with no advertising on it to indicate what it contains. Price, large size box, \$1.00, postpaid. Correspondence strictly confidential.

**HALL CHEMICAL CO.,**  
**N. E. Box, St. Louis, Mo.**



Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

# FAIRY SOAP

is purer, whiter, more delicate and of finer quality than any other floating white soap made. It is "The Soap of the Century" for toilet, bath and fine laundry use.

## 1900 Art Calendar Free

Fairbank's Fairy Calendar for 1900 is a beautiful six-piece art calendar, 10 x 12", inches in size, on heavy plate stock. There are six different designs (one on each sheet), elegantly lithographed in colors and tied with silk ribbon. These designs are original water color paintings by some of America's best artists, and show pretty children in the uniform of our navy, cavalry, artillery, infantry, etc. They are strikingly beautiful and will please everybody. This calendar is equal to those usually retailed for 50 cts. to \$1.00 in the art and stationery stores and will be sent free to any address on receipt of five (5) Fairy Soap Wrappers, or 10 cts. in stamps to cover expense of wrapping and mailing.

Address, Dept. N,

The N. K. Fairbank Company,  
Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Miller,

wife of Ex-Attorney General, says :

"I have given Fairy Soap a fair trial in my household, and consider it without a superior. It is most excellent for bath and toilet uses, and especially good to use on fine fabrics and delicate colors."



Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers

# WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury Conn.

Dear Sirs:—

I enclose a picture taken by me in one of the leading barber shops in this city yesterday. While awaiting "my turn," the old gentleman in the chair entered and asked if he could be shaved. Being told that he could, he asked what soap they used, and said if they didn't use WILLIAMS' Soap he would go elsewhere. He stated that he was ninety-three years old, and had used nothing but WILLIAMS' Soap for more than half of his life. That many years ago his face had been badly poisoned in a shop, where one of the so-called cheap soaps was used, and he had suffered agonies. He at once quit that shop and went to one where WILLIAMS' Soap was always used. Since then he had fought shy of all barbers who did not use "WILLIAMS' SOAP."

Very Respectfully, J. W. URQUHART,

Detroit, Mich.

**MORAL:** Protect yourself by insisting that your barber uses WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP. Accept no substitute from dealers, if you shave yourself. Williams' Soaps are sold all over the world.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY Glastonbury, Conn.

Depots

London,

Paris,

Dresden,

Sydney.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

# Wool Soap

## Toilet and Bath



Blowing Wool Soap bubbles is great fun, but it is greater fun to know that by using Wool Soap for all home purposes, especially for the Toilet and Bath, it means a saving in household expenses.

For Six Wool Soap Wrappers we will send to any address, postpaid, a Double-Bubble Soap Pipe. It makes bubbles within bubbles—new and novel—pleases the children—amuses the grown people.

SWIFT AND COMPANY, CHICAGO

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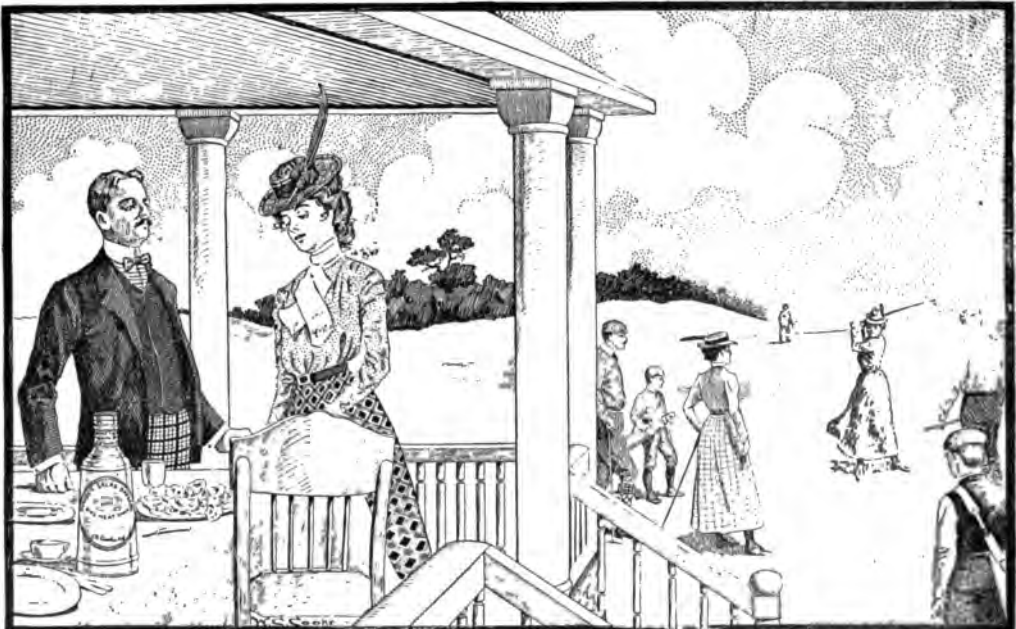


**A SOUTH AMERICAN CATTLE FARM.**

Fine material and fine workmanship produce fine articles. The Liebig Company have their own immense cattle farms in South America, where many prize cattle, adapted by nature to the climate and soil, are to be found, and where the finest animals reared in the richest pastures of the world are reared for the manufacture of

**LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF.**

GENUINE *Liebig* SIGNED IN BLUE.



"Never mind watching that girl; she is going to fizzle the drive anyway; there is a bottle of **DURKEE'S SALAD DRESSING** here so we can have a good lunch."

Send for **FREE** booklet on "Salads: How to Make and Dress Them," giving many valuable and novel recipes for Salads, Sandwiches, Sauces, Luncheon Dishes, etc. **Sample 10 cents.**

**E. R. DURKEE & CO., 538 Washington Street, New York.**

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



## Pettijohn's Breakfast Food

ALL THE WHEAT BUT THE OVERCOAT

### He's a Jolly Good Fellow

The man who lives on blood-heating, gout and rheumatism-breeding meat may be called a good liver, but he is sure to have a bad liver. How foolish! when **Pettijohn's Breakfast Food** is more economical and infinitely more wholesome and healthful; it is more appetizing for breakfast.

At all Grocers in 2-lb. Packages





# MELLIN'S FOOD BABIES

"WE ARE ADVERTISED BY OUR LOVING FRIENDS"

HAPPY, HEALTHY MELLIN'S FOOD BABIES. HAPPY BECAUSE HEALTHY.  
HEALTHY BECAUSE FED ON MELLIN'S FOOD. THERE IS NO OTHER FOOD LIKE MELLIN'S.  
CONTAINING THE RIGHT PROPORTIONS AND PROPER AMOUNTS OF THE FOOD ELEMENTS NECESSARY FOR  
THE BABY, IT MAKES, WITH FRESH MILK, A PERFECT AND SATISFACTORY SUBSTITUTE FOR MOTHER'S MILK.  
A FREE SAMPLE WILL BE SENT UPON REQUEST.  
MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers



# The Story of Vanilla.

## CHAPTER XI.

By ROBERT MANTON.

**T**HERE is no important article of commerce about which so little is known as the vanilla bean. In a general way, it can be said that its fragrance, flavor and odor are due to an element technically known as "vanillin," and yet no one is wise enough to tell what it really is or from whence it comes.

In the ripe fruit itself, this peculiar element is not present to any appreciable extent. It makes its appearance during the process of curing. The Mexican Indian wraps the fruit up in blankets a great many times to sweat it, and when his task is done the odor is there.

Of course, man has made an imitation of vanilla. That is the way he cheapens extracts. That is the way people are cheated. That is the way the imitator makes money—at the expense of the public's health.

Nobody knows, or ever will know, how many foreign substances are used in making artificial vanilla. It is produced from beet sugar, from Siam benzoin, from hemlock. Great quantities of so-called "vanilla extracts" are made of tonka beans prepared in balsam of Peru. There is no more true vanilla flavor in these than there is the odor of the rose in a head of cabbage.

Artificial vanilla is not and never can be a substitute for the Mexican vanilla. The fragrance of a flower, or the flavor of a spice, is never due to a single constituent. Nature blends various substances in her own peculiar way. She does this in the vanilla bean.

Artificial vanilla is coarse in taste, inferior in odor, and lacks the delicate blendings of the real bean.



(COPYRIGHT PROTECTED BY LYMAN D. MORSE.)

All these remarks serve to emphasize the supreme excellence of the Vanilla Extract made by the Joseph Burnett Company of Boston, Mass. Its odor, fragrance, flavor, and bouquet are exactly as nature creates them. When you get Burnett's Extract of your dealer, you can use it with the full knowledge that it is made from genuine Mexican vanilla beans, the best beans in the world, and the only ones, in fact, from which it is possible to make a first-class extract.

(To be continued.)

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



## An Autumn Morning Dish.

Pillsbury's VITOS, the ideal Wheat Food, can be prepared in the form of fried mush, but fried mush of unusual delicacy and ease of digestion. Fried mush made of Pillsbury's VITOS is neither greasy nor heavy. Served with maple syrup it is an ideal breakfast dish for cool autumn mornings.

PILLSBURY-WASHBURN FLOUR MILLS CO., LTD., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN

MAKERS OF PILLSBURY'S BEST FLOUR.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



## A Healthy Reflection.

**EAT MORE  
Quaker  
Oats  
LESS MEAT**

How foolish to keep on eating meat to the exclusion of Quaker Oats when dietary experts agree that Quaker Oats is more nourishing and wholesome. It certainly is more agreeable and appetizing; then, too, it is more economical. Why then?

**At all Grocers in 2-pound Packages**

QUAKER OATS makes not only the best breakfast porridge in the world, but also delicious and wholesome bread, muffins, cakes, soups and puddings. Write for our *Cereal Cook Book*, edited by Mrs. Rorer.

**THE AMERICAN CEREAL CO.,**

**Monadnock Building, Chicago, Ill.**

**Quaker  
Oats  
WITH FRUIT**

PAUL F. HERRICK ADG. AGT.

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